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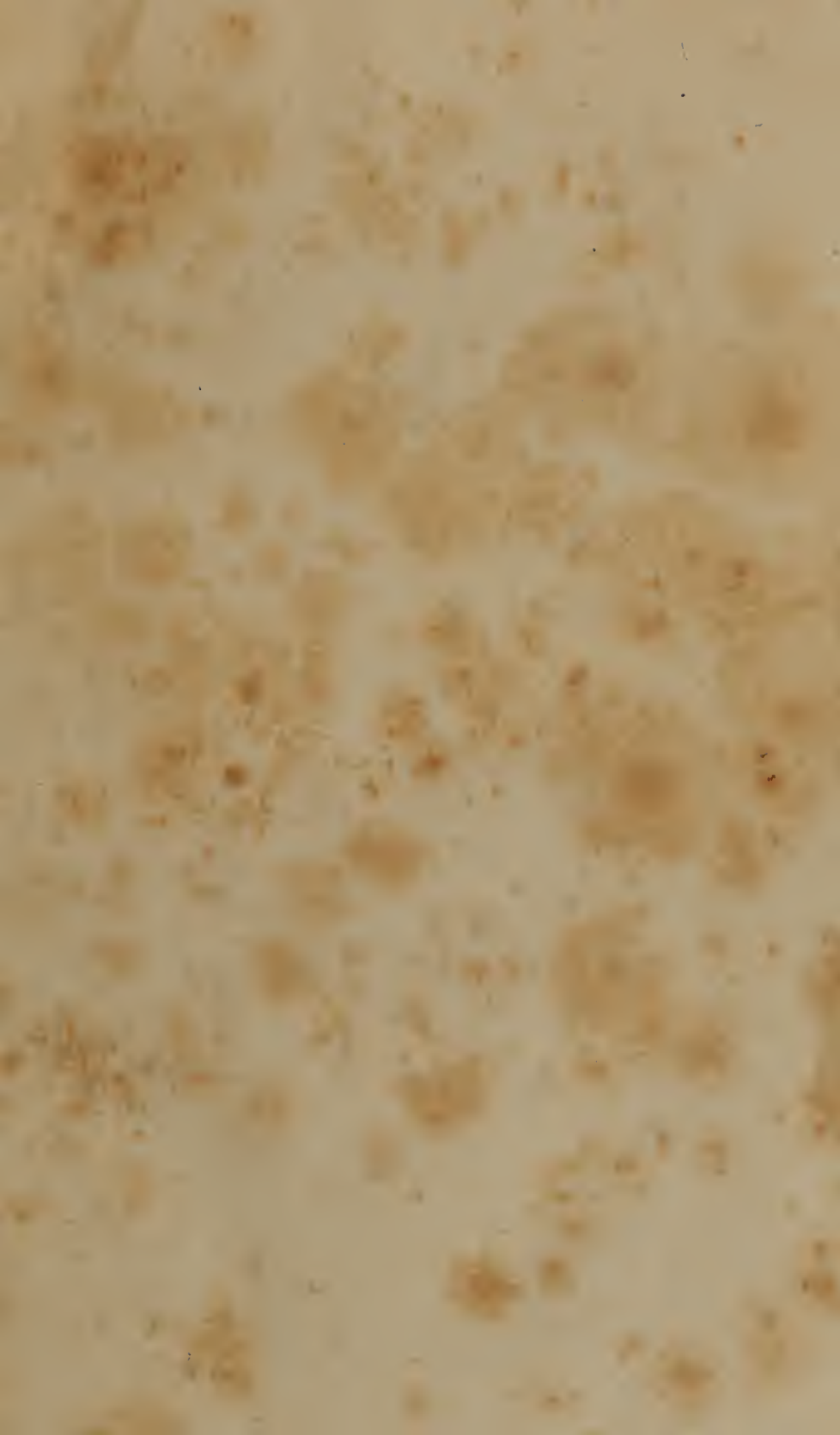
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MISSIONARY HOUSE, OTAHEITE.

A CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC.

FROM THE LOG

OF

A NAVAL OFFICER.

EDITED BY

CAPT. FENTON ATLMER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

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A YEAR'S CRUISE

IN

THE PACIFIC.

Port Dr L A

CHAPTER I.

“ How beautiful it is ! fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base.”

LONGFELLOW.

UPON approaching the Island of Madeira, the first striking thing you notice is an unusually luminous appearance in the water, which seems to flash as the ship moves on. This phenomenon is caused by innumerable little animals, named (according to learned

men) zoophytes, which float upon the surface of the water. When brought up in a bucket, the little lightning-mockers are discovered to belong to two families, one resembling a shrimp in size, tiny rays of light emanating from each ring; these rejoice in the name of *Cancer Fulgens*. The second a *Medusa*, measuring about six inches in diameter, the centre being the thickest part. Humboldt calls these pretty creatures "torch-bearers," a name they well deserve, as they light you on your approach to and departure from this lovely green island; an island which Moore might have hailed as the realization of his sweet song, "Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own!"

The ship, whose voyage is to form the groundwork of our travels, reached the Bay of Funchal in the evening; and when the first dawn of day stole over the mountains, many a heart beat high as the glorious green hills burst upon our view.

Funchal itself is such a sunny, clean town,

lying so snug and white along the shore, and dotting the face of the hill, that one cannot help wondering where the dirty, half-naked, squalid-looking wretches come from, who, immediately it is practicable, flock round the vessel, offering fruit and flowers for sale; and when, on landing, crowds of sick and diseased beggars rush down, clamouring, rather than whining for charity, you are almost tempted to think you are in a certain green isle, not so far from home. A few years ago, the beggars became such a crying nuisance, that the Government erected an "Asilo da Mendicidade," where good food and work are provided.

The rides round Funchal are many, and all equally beautiful. Every one goes first to the Curral das Fréiras; so, of course, we went, as merry a party as could be, consisting of the first and third lieutenants, three midshipmen, a couple of cadets, and myself.

The animals we bestrode comprised numerous varieties of the equine race. There were two veritable donkeys, three indescribables,

which might be anything except, perhaps, cows, and the remaining specimens were the queerest-looking horses I ever saw. Off we went, a crowd of horse-drivers or *burroqueras* running alongside, uttering wild yells, never for a moment deserting their property; up hill or down dale—all the same—on they run without any apparent inconvenience to their lungs; and even when the beast you ride stops dead short, the *burroqueras* will pull up, clear of wind, and ready for a laugh or joke. The exercise seems to agree with them, as they are the finest men on the island, and, from what I could hear, the longest-lived. At first I felt a little disgusted at the idea of a man running alongside, ready to pick me up if I fell; but the novelty soon wore off. We were much amused at the ascent of the first hill, as each man seized a horse's tail, and holding on like grim death, was thus towed to the top.

On we galloped, mile after mile, the road growing rougher and narrower as we pro-

ceeded ; and no wonder, for our first regular halt was made at a point three thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The last stage to the Curral is made on foot, and a regular scramble it is, hands and knees being both at work. At last you come to a stand-still, and panting with fatigue, lie down to gaze on what must appear to all one of the loveliest scenes in nature. I thought of fairy cars which bear you far away into worlds beyond the clouds, a simile by no means so unreasonable, as we had actually passed through a belt of clouds, and lost sight of the southern side of the island, before we attained the height of the Curral.

At first, all is wonderful, and on so grand a scale, but at the same time so confusedly heaped, as it were, together, that you gaze as at a vision in dreamland. You look over a perpendicular wall of rock two thousand feet down into a valley of the most indescribable green, from which rise sharp, jagged peaks of rock, five or six thousand feet high, while be-

neath you, like a little toy, lies the church of Libramento.

As one by one my messmates reached the height, many and various were the exclamations of wonder and admiration. After resting awhile, and refreshing our throats with very bad wine, we determined to make use of the daylight, and get as far as Rio Grande, an unprecedented trip for midshipmen. Then followed a little wrangling with the burroqueras, who, thinking they would make more by a second day's journey, while expatiating on the beauty of the view, assured us the horses were dead beat, that the best way lay in quite another direction, and finally, that a mist was sure to come on, and we should be all lost. To all these objections we turned deaf ears (in fact, I believe I was the only one who understood anything of Portuguese); and, jumping on our Rosinantes, we started off, and, like the Scotch lover, made them fain to follow us.

Our former perils sank into nothing in com-

parison with those now surrounding us, but at the same time, the wonderful aspect of the scenery, changing at almost every step, made all other thoughts vanish ; and as we wound on in single file, I almost forgot the presence of my companions, and imagined I was alone amongst the finest works of Nature I had as yet visited. Thoughts of the ages gone by filled my mind, and as I gazed upon the rugged masses piled indiscriminately about, I pictured to myself their mighty birth, when, from the trackless ocean, the island rose into being, swelling up until the hot lava burst through every seam and crack, forming a higher crust over the already gigantic mountains.

What ages must have passed since those wondrous days, ages in which no human foot trod the green sod, ages in which the lava decayed, and passing into fertile dust, gave birth to plants and flowers, which, nourished by a genial sun, and watered by the hand of Providence, grew and died, adding their mite to

the rapidly improving soil, so that when the Island of Madeira was discovered by Juba, about the time of Pliny (who makes particular mention of the Purple Islands, supposed from the position to be Madeira), the whole Roman nation were in ecstasies of wonder and delight at the glowing descriptions given by the fortunate mariners who visited it. After a few years of prosperity came the fall of Carthage, and consequent cessation of all Roman communication with the islands of the Atlantic. In 1420, some Portuguese, who, a few years before, had discovered Porto Santo, and were, by the orders of King John, returning to plant a colony there, sighted what was supposed to be a new island, and landing, called it Madeira, from the number of trees.

There is another story of the rediscovery of the island, which is so romantic and delightful that I cannot help believing it the true one. It is this :

In the reign of Edward the Third, Anna d'Arfet, daughter of a powerful Baron, fell

in love with a poor squire, named Robert Machim. He was imprisoned, and she was married to an equal in station.

However, it happened that a civil war broke out, and the bridegroom was obliged to leave his ladye love and attend his liege Lord and King. Robert's term of imprisonment ending at the same time, he immediately set off for the castle of his true love, gained admittance, and finally carried her off, intending to seek service in France. The little boat in which they embarked, after being tossed about and almost lost, broke her helm and ran helplessly before the wind, until she was cast upon the flowery shores of the Island of Madeira. Here, in spite of sunny skies and devoted affection, poor Anna pined and died, and it is said her lover followed her in a few months, broken-hearted.

Robert and his faithful wife were both buried in the same grave, in a chapel at Machino, where the priests still show a small

piece of the cedar cross supposed to have been erected over the tomb by the survivors of the crew, and inscribed with a petition that the first Christians who landed on the island would make that spot the site of their chapel.

While my thoughts have been running over the history of the first days of Madeira, the reader must imagine us resting at the Rio Grande, listening to the wild songs of the burroqueras, smoking a pipe of peace, and gazing over the crags and peaks which are verily "fragments of an earlier world," and look like Brobdingnagian jewels set in the purest green enamel. The grass, shrubs, and often the fairest trees, forming a fringe to the grey rocks, while, here and there, the masses of flowers in the valleys actually colour large portions, and many a little white-washed cottage gleams through the dark green foliage, and now and then the note of a horn, or the shrill piping cry of the herdsman, rings through the clear air.

On the north, you look down upon a valley or basin clothed with every description of tree, their tops presenting a varied carpet, changing from the most delicate green of the young beech to the dark, sombre hue of the pine, only broken by the gleam of a waterfall. Far away is the everlasting blue sea, here bluer than usual, but scarcely so blue as the sky above, in which the eye, gathering awe as it gazes, begins to realize the wonders of eternal space.

People told me, afterwards, I should have made a two days' trip and run directly across the island, as the view of the north coast, bound in by enormous black rocks, is the finest to be found. Unfortunately, like many other pieces of good advice, it came too late for this visit, although some of us may profit by it another time.

Our return from Rio Grande to Funchal was accomplished in a short time comparatively, and most gladly did we turn in and enjoy what a sailor considers one of the

luxuries of life, "a feather bed." - I once ventured upon this remark before a very nice little girl; her blue eyes opened a great deal more than I could have thought possible, and she said,

"Good gracious! Arthur, do sailors never go to bed?"

"Oh yes, but they sleep tied up in bags," volunteered her brother.

"Poor fellows, how shockingly hot and uncomfortable it must be," sighed my interrogator, and her blue eyes looked so pitiful I had not the heart to undeceive her. On the whole she was right; hammocks are horrible things, and, as every cadet knows, liable to numberless accidents.

The remaining days of our stay were devoted to journeys about the town, and lastly to a visit to the English burial ground. This is truly a sweet, solemn spot, hallowed by the many names which peep out, upon the marble pages, through wreaths of evergreens and flowers, while the weeping willow, cypress, and yew stand

sentinels round the resting place of the dead. I think if many a poor heart in our own land, sorrowing for the dear one lying in that distant island, could but see the spot where they have laid him, they would regret his departure from his own country no more.

I could not help comparing the happy, patient, and sometimes almost angelic faces of the invalids I encountered on the island with those I had seen at home, confined to a close, hot room, muffled with shawls, and dreading as a tormenting demon every breath of air.

I love Old England dearly, but depend upon it the present fashions of men and manners are not the most suitable to our changeable climate; and when I look at poor little bare, blue-legged two and three-year-olds paraded in the parks by warm petticoated mammas, or maids, I cannot wonder at the increase of deaths from colds, consumption, and diphtheria.

The suite of a certain Eastern ambassador

found out the inutility of such a light and silken costume ; and many will remember the strange figure they cut in Piccadilly and Bond Street a couple of years ago, their saucer-looking faces appearing over the collar of a pea-jacket, their legs clad in red or blue silk inexpressibles, looped up at the knee, and there met by grey or purple worsted stockings, and finished off with great nailed shoes. On they clattered, the cruel wind blowing through their silk pants, and freezing them to the bone, in spite of what they considered English preventives against cold. And yet they never thought of changing their silken garments, for what reason I cannot say.

At the time of my visit to Madeira there were a great many English there, and pic-nics, rides, and parties going on every day, to many of which our officers received invitations, some, of course, meeting with acquaintances, one only with relations. The story connected with the latter is sad, but I think interesting.

Charley Vernon's last visit, before leaving

Plymouth, had been to the mother and sister of his greatest friend, who had died at Madeira about a year before, and the poor mother's last request was, "Write and tell me what they have done to my boy's grave." Charley's first visit was therefore to the Cemetery, where he found the marble cross sent out by the mother after her return to England. Gay flowers clustered round its base, and violets grew all over the little mound.

Charley had loved his friend dearly, and as he plucked a handful of the violets to send home, the tears fell fast. He raised his head at last and looked round. A newly made grave lay next, a large white pillar at the head, and on it, with a thrill of horror, he read his own name; he started and looked away—then, thinking it must be imagination, he turned back—but no, there it was, "In memory of Charles Vernon, aged twenty."

What could it mean? Was it a warning to him to prepare? A cold feeling of superstitious longing to know more was stealing over

him, when a step behind made him turn round. A girl stood near him, with a basket of flowers in her hand and a small spade. Her quick eyes saw the horror and tears still on the stranger's face. It could only mean one thing in her opinion. He had known him who lay buried there. So, with a slight colour mounting to her face, she said,

“Did you know my brother, Sir?”

“Your brother! What do you mean? It is my name!” said Charley, still frightened at heart.

A deeper flush succeeded the first, and tears sprung to the girl's eyes.

“Your name, did you say? Then you must be my cousin Charley. Papa saw your ship had arrived, but was too ill to visit you.”

Charley's superstitions were dispelled, but he often remarked to me afterwards, when what we sailors call “down in the mouth,” that if he had not found out it was his cousin's grave, he would have been sure it

was a spiritual appearance meant only for him. It turned out the poor father was dying, and had left the inscription unfinished, until his own name could be added, which took place soon after.

CHAPTER II.

“ And now the storm blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong ;
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings
 And chased us south along.”

COLERIDGE.

THERE is a great deal of monotony in a long voyage ; the slightest incident becomes of interest, and when I look over my log-book, and read the chronicles of each day, I cannot but smile at the events I then deemed worthy of note. We had a good library on board, it is true, but somehow, sailors, at least young ones, do not take much to books, and would rather chaff away an hour or two, than read the most amusing work going.

A copy of “ Frank Fairleigh ” had the great-

est run of any book I ever saw, and many an hour, when trying to make up my log or accounts, I have been obliged to shut up shop and take part for the twenty-fifth time in some of Lawless's escapades, or Freddy Coleman's puns. It brought some of us laughing even out of the harbour of Plymouth, and I verily believe it was the last book thrown aside on sighting Rio.

Dancing, single-stick, and boxing were kept up pretty regularly. Our band was getting into some sort of order, and could stumble through one or two old polkas and waltzes without breaking down altogether, so that by practising in company, and dancing on till the band recovered the lead, we managed to have some rattling good fun. I assure you it is no joke, hauling a great heavy fellow round, who thinks he can do the lady in elegant style, but forgetting which foot to begin with, generally ends by taking you round the waist with the wrong arm, and off you go like two tops, until, hitting some other equally

ill-matched couple, you canon off, and try the strength of the deck, by no means pleasant if you fall lowest. The sailors, A.B's., enjoy dancing amazingly, and come up in clean shirts, their faces and hair shining with a plentiful allowance of soap, their shoes like ebony, and broad bows elaborately tied; this last being one of their dandyisms.

When the fiddler strikes up, it is great fun to watch the attempts made at genteel life, and the low bows with which the tars invite the *ladies* to take a hop. Then, as jigs are the favourites, and two or four stand up at once, it is worth any money to see the gravity and care they display in their steps, going through the cut and shuffle, heel and toe, Highland fling and cover the buckle, with the most laborious exertion, every now and then stopping a second to mop their faces, amidst the cheers and approbation of their messmates.

Of course every change in the weather is a matter of interest, and the advent of a thunder

storm brings with it its own share of excitement. During the voyage of the —— to Rio, there was but one regular storm, and that certainly was a rattler. It came on about six o'clock in the morning, with a low belt of lurid clouds in the west, while a rumbling like the roll of guns in the distance thrilled over the waters, which lay smooth as a mill-pond; we were within five days sail of the line, and from the signs afloat might expect rough weather. Although, from the slow progress made by the storm, which for six hours continued muttering afar off, without any perceptible approach, it was just possible it might pass off to the northward, or exhaust its fury before reaching us. Meanwhile we were perfectly helpless, not a breath of wind stirred, and the air was so hot and thick that, as one of the sailors expressed himself, "it rubbed against you."

At one o'clock, the bank of thunder cloud began to move with a heaving, billowy motion, a few smoky-looking detachments rising and

scudding about like skirmishers; then the whole mass was in motion, slowly enough, but still perceptibly rising to the zenith, while the roll became more distinct every few minutes. "We are in for it now!" was the general exclamation, and all hands were piped to make all secure against the squalls which usually accompany such a storm. Buckets were kept ready in case of the lightning striking, a probable enough accident, and as our rigging had been drying under a hot sun ever since our departure from Madeira, lightning was pretty sure to end in fire.

While these preparations were making, the storm-fiend was riding on, great flocks of birds whizzed past the ship, some of a small grey kind, not unlike swallows, clustering about the rigging, but rushing off again at the nearer approach of their pursuer.

The air grew hot and sulphurous, making our breath come quick, and cheeks burn like the blast from a furnace; up the blue vault stole the terrible cloud, glowing red with

anger, and bellowing forth its rage ; and now too the lightning became visible, not, as in England, a sudden streak of red out of one cloud, but twenty forks at once springing into momentary life from different points of the horizon, some blue, some green, some red, while in the reflection the stagnant water “ burnt green, and blue, and white.”

I never, before or since (and I have seen storms in most portions of the world), have witnessed anything like the flashes of lightning that were soon chequering the whole sky. I could scarcely believe them flashes, but rather the rending asunder of the clouds, shewing the dazzling light before which, we are told, “ angels veil their faces.”

There is something truly awe-inspiring in a thunder-storm, and I think more so at sea than elsewhere, particularly when it is attended by that fearful stillness of the ocean itself, which lies as if trembling and afraid beneath its power. The most careless heart must feel the omnipotence of Him who ruleth

the storm and the air, and prayer will rise to the lips, however unused to it.

I noticed a singular example of this among the men that evening. Two of the fore-castle men were standing near me; the storm was at its height, the air cracking and rattling with thunder, and electric fire running about the mast-head, every flash threatening us with destruction.

"I wonder if the last day'll come like this," said one of the men in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Perhaps it's a-coming now," answered another, who by his voice I recognized as a man we had picked up, just before leaving port, under suspicious circumstances, and who had already been in irons twice for insubordinate conduct, and half a dozen times lectured for bad language and blaspheming. "Perhaps it's a-coming now, old boy, so you'll stand a chance to see the show."

I suppose the first speaker was too indignant to mind order, and struck him, for I heard a slight scuffle, and the man's voice

roaring forth some of the most blood-curdling oaths I ever heard, then a loud splash, and an instant cry of "man overboard."

I rushed round; there stood the swearer, an immense powerful fellow, his face as white as a sheet. I seized him by the collar, exclaiming, "You infernal rascal, you have thrown the man over." He looked at me for a moment, then sank trembling on his knees. Just then the most vivid flash which had yet come struck the ship, passing along the mainmast down to the bulwarks, and within a few feet of where I stood. I was myself stunned for the instant, and when I gained my half blinded sight, the man was lying flat on his face, I thought dead.

There was no time to attend to him; the rigging was on fire, and the boat lowering to pick up the man, who was holding on to a life-buoy, and singing out lustily for help. Both dangers being safely over, I went back to the man I supposed dead, and kneeling

down, half afraid to turn him over, put my ear down to listen.

What I heard then I shall never forget. I have read of death and sudden conversions, of the instantaneous conviction of a sinner as to the misery of his ways, and lately of the wonderful scenes at the Revivals; but never in the whole course of my life have I read or heard such wild, agonized prayers for mercy, as those which actually seemed to break from the poor fellow's heart.

I listened for a moment or two, spell-bound, then, conscious of the sin of which I was guilty, in thus, as it were, stealing words meant only for a pitying God and Saviour, I rose and stole away. A great noise was going on around the old fellow who had been overboard, everyone trying to find out how it happened. What were my admiration and astonishment to hear him resolutely refuse to answer a question, saying quietly, it was an accident.

When I could get at him, I took hold of his hand and whispered, "Come along."

He saw at a glance that I knew all, and said, "For God's sake, Sir, don't tell on the poor sinner."

"Heaven forgive me if I do," I answered; and then I told him of the scene I had witnessed.

Tears rolled down the good old tar's hard cheeks as he bent his head, and I know thanked God for what had nearly been his death. He was still standing when I was called away; and, to end the story, I may here add, we never had another fault to find with the altered man, and I soon found him reading the Bible to his messmates, much to their amazement. This episode of the storm riveted it firmly upon my mind, and was remembered long after the last peal had died away.

At twelve o'clock at night the noise began to lull, and then came to us the worst of it, in the shape of a regular gale, or rather, I should say, irregular, as the gusts came short and

sharp, as if from a gigantic pair of bellows, sending the spray over the mast-head, and dousing us at every blast. This went on until the rain came, and then the wind settled, drowned out by a torrent more like a waterspout than steady, respectable rain. Down it came all next day, almost flooding the vessel, the only comfort being that it filled our tubs, which, to the sailor, is a great luxury! So, you see, there is truth in the old proverb, that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

After this clearing of the atmosphere, we had a spell of fine weather, and bowled along at a splendid pace for the line.

Most of the fun in crossing the line is done away with now, not according with the discipline of a man-of-war. A few days previous to our crossing, a deputation of the sailors came aft, seeking permission to introduce the "green hands" to King Neptune. The Captain gave them leave to have it as much as they liked among themselves; this, however, was not what they wanted, so it was doubtful

whether there would be any fun ; and to speak for myself, I felt ready to go through the ceremony a dozen times, only to see some of the jolly marines get dipped. In the meantime, it was arranged that we of the gun-room should give a dinner.

The Captain declined, but all the ward-room officers accepted ; so we had enough to do to prepare the repast, which we determined should be the most luxurious we could provide. Great and manifold were the discussions as to the routine, &c., of the feast, and I, for one, had a regular blow-up with one of the mates, which ended in his getting his temper a little heated, and retiring on deck to cool ; after a time he came down again, we shook hands, and all went right.

Two days before this great dinner or supper came off, we saw the Southern Cross for the first time. I had been looking anxiously out for some nights, and am glad to think, after all, I was the first to see it.

The sight of it set me thinking on many

things, and I did not much wonder at the superstitious terror of the early Portuguese mariners, who, in 1499, under the command of Vincent Yanez, were driven out of their reckoning, and losing sight of the Polar Star, imagined themselves totally lost, and upon sighting the beautiful cross, considered it was a sign of displeasure from heaven. I cannot say I was disappointed, yet it was not so striking as my imagination had led me to suppose, and by no means a perfect cross.

Wednesday the 7th at last dawned, and the tables were all laid; wonderful heaps of pastry began to appear, towers of cake, tartlets and sweet sandwiches that set our teeth watering, while large water-pails stood full of claret and champagne, ready to be drawn at a moment's notice. Every man was busy, some at their wit's ends, rushing here, there, and every where, tumbling over everything, and in everybody's way; some again, mostly very young ones, kept on deck, not willing to place themselves in the way of such terrible

temptation ; and when I went up I found three little cadets astonishing each other with descriptions of birth-day feasts at home, and many other equally festive occasions recalled by the display below. Well, I shall say no more ; at seven we sat down, took our napkins, and for four hours were the jolliest fellows in the world ; laughs, jokes, and lastly songs went round, noisy chorusses followed, and it was not till eleven o'clock we could give up the fun, and turn in for a sleep. Sailors always sleep sound somehow, so there is no good calling their sleep sound at any particular time. The only thing is that, after such a feast as the one I have been writing of, it is more than likely that some one with eyes larger than his stomach (as we used to say in the nursery) will be troubled with nightmare, and give the alarm by unearthly yells and struggles, waking some of his neighbours, who generally bestow on him on a good kick, the best thing indeed they can do, as it either rouses up the dreamer, or alters the current

of his thoughts sufficiently to let them and him have peace.

On the night in question I was roused from a delightful dream of the housekeeper's closet at home, by something seizing my foot. I tried to draw it up, but in vain—my large toe was fast in a vice. I shouted murder, fire, anything in fact. I tried to sit up, a matter at all times difficult in a hammock, and in the present instance impossible; faster and faster grew the strain, and I began to be conscious of considerable pain; at last, much to my happiness, a man came in with a lantern, and then the cause of discomforture came out.

It appeared that one of the middies, who slept next me, had dreamt that a man was murdering him, and that, his hands being filled with something else (tartlets, I believe) he had seized the murderer with his teeth; so it was he who had my toe fast in his mouth, my struggles only increasing his delusion. In fact it was some time before he would consent to believe that I had not tried to kill him.

I ought to have mentioned before this incident of the night, that while sitting at supper we were apprized of the arrival of King Neptune, and all made a rush to have a sight of the fun. Of course the first of us, I among the lot, got a good dousing *by accident*. This was, however, soon stopped, as contrary to orders, and we stood round looking on at the shaving. There were two razors, a big and a little one, the first for the obstreperous, the second for the easy goers. Every man was armed with a bucket, and it was very absurd to see them rushing at each other, the expert ones managing to send both buckets over their unlucky antagonist, thus often half drowning him.

Next day at half past ten we crossed the line, but there was no jollity. If the wind only continued as fair, we should be in Rio in a week; unluckily it soon changed, squalls came on, sometimes even blowing great guns, coming on with scarcely a moment's notice, and invariably accompanied by

dark clouds floating across the sun. Indeed, so regularly did the wind follow this accumulation of clouds, that we became quite accustomed to look out for the squall when the clouds began to gather. The weather was now growing oppressively hot, so hot, indeed, that our usual exercise of dancing and single-stick was rather exhausting. I took to having a snatch sleep on deck, wrapped in a big coat, but I should not advise others to follow my example. The dews fall heavy, and the frame is naturally very susceptible of the sudden variation of temperature which takes place at midnight, and again at dawn ; nothing keeps out the chill, it creeps like an ague into your bones, and lingers there in an unpleasant way, shewing its effects for months, or even years afterwards.

Upon the 16th, we were within about three hundred miles of Cape Frio, and now began all the preparations to appear in tip-top order in harbour, long drill and no end of bother, so that we were very glad we should soon

be in, and quit of this nuisance. As we neared land, the colour of the water varied very much, first from the dark blue of the deep Atlantic to a bright green, which again faded into a sandy colour, which lasted until we sighted the high lands, when I got my first glimpse of South America, and could scarcely have desired a more enchanting one. The blue mountain peaks rising above the white clouds, which, as we sailed on gradually, assumed tints of gold, crimson, and purple, until the sun set, and the veil of night hid all from our view. Stars peered out, the crescent moon rose, and the bright waves danced in her beams, as we slid on with a fair wind, making about nine knots an hour, During the morning watch, we sighted Cape Frio, and in a few hours were off the lovely bay of Rio de Janeiro.

CHAPTER III.

“Breathe fragrance, breathe! enrich the air,
Though wasted on its wing unknown,
Blow, flow’rets, blow! though vainly fair,
Neglected and alone.”

HEMANS.

WE passed Cape Frio, and ran into the far famed bay of Rio de Janeiro next morning, just rounding the point, and getting our first glimpse of the land-locked harbour, as the sun began to gild the wondrous pile of mountains forming the inland bulwarks of the bay.

To attempt to describe the harbour would, I think, be great presumption, and one might write glowing accounts for a month, and still find he had not said what he wanted, while it would have puzzled even Claude to paint the lovely ocean, unfolding itself as, borne

along by the "doctor" (a sea breeze from the south-east, coming at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. according to the season), you sweep round the foot of the Sugar Loaf, between a natural gateway of high rocks on either side, one of the wonders of the world. Every one was on deck, most of us, being new to this part of the world, stood looking first on one hand, then on the other, sometimes asking a messmate who had been there before, the name of some object more striking than another, even in this land of wonders. Above all spread the loveliest sky I had ever seen, across which floated crimson and purple clouds, coloured by the rising sun, which, as we glided on, mounted higher in the heavens, bathing the rich green hills, blue bay, and white line of breakers in a dazzling glory.

As we moved on, the panoramic view gradually unfolded itself, the Sugar Loaf and Hood's Nose give place, on the left, to the Bay of Botafogo (a miniature Naples) with its cool-looking line of houses, above which loom

the heights of Gavia and Hermanos; on the right hand of the bay a range of hills extend to the mouth, terminating in a cape, which separates the bay of St. Francis Xavier from the principal harbour, and which made some of our Scotchmen begin talking of Arthur's Seat, and the Lion Couchant. Looking back to the left as we approach our anchorage, we see a valley—and such a valley! gleaming with the vivid green of Brazil! Flowers of every dye, from the purple quaresma tree to the better known cactus, while acres of myrtle, heliotrope, and jasmine perfume the breath of the valley of Larangeiras, above which towers the crown of the Carcovada, giving place to a pretty little bay, called Flamingo. Another range of hills, and then the capital itself bursts upon us, reaching miles and miles along the bay, and extending as far back as the line of the Tijnea mountains.

It is quite impossible to express the ecstasy I felt as I gazed round me, perfectly

bewildered what to look at longest. Presently attention was called, by a trumpeted order, to let go the anchor, and then, every man to his duty, until the health boat and Custom-House officers have said good morning, smoked a cigar, given us the papers, and taken their departure.

Then the idle hands are wonder-gazing again, eyes are watering with the long looks through telescopes, and the difficult attempt to bear the dazzling refulgence of the glare of light, mingled with the vain effort to see to the head of the bay, the extent of which may be imagined, when I assure the reader that I have seen a squadron of H.M. ships get under way, and go through the different evolutions of a fleet, as at sea.

The first thing a sailor thinks of is to get leave, and have what is called a run ashore. I was one of those sent for the letters, and a more extraordinary post office I never saw. You pass a large entrance, with a stone floor, where there is always a guard of soldiers.

Entering the front door, leading from the entrance hall into an immense room, you see a counter, where the newspapers and letters are piled in promiscuous heaps, each lot being ticketed as *to where* it came from; along the sides of the room are lists of the names upon the letters, often, however, a greater puzzle than the usual method of searching over the letters yourself, and picking out those for yourself and friends. Oh! Rowland Hill, how could you bear to see such confusion in your department? What agony would penetrate your system! Why cannot the Brazilian government appoint some of those admirable clerks of the Post Office, such as we have in London, and give their young aristocrats a sinecure, or at least something better to do than flirting and wearing jewelry.

It appears that the Brazilian government do not like foreign advice, and think they have no need of changing what "their fathers have done before 'em." So it was when an

American Consul (if I remember the story right, a Mr. Gordon) proposed to put the Rio Post Office on the same principle as that of the United States, he was quietly, but firmly, put down, and politely reminded that the Portuguese were the cleverest, as well as the most patriarchal, nation in the world.

It is a great thing getting a bundle of home letters, some from anxious, patient papas, with directions how much money you can draw, a terrible account of an outfitting bill he knew nothing of, winding up with a capital run with Lord ——'s hounds, or a glorious day's fishing. The dear old lady's, too, with tender advice to keep your feet warm, take care of the dewes, be sure to have the cholera mixture always at hand, and a postscript with some more advice, which sets your eyes watering, and makes you say, "Dear old mother," to yourself. Then come more letters from college and school, such fun to read and recount to your messmates. Of course your budget lasts a week, every one has something

to tell, and every one listens, laughs, and rejoices as warmly as if they knew each member of your family.

There is another sort of letter I have not yet mentioned, partly because it is private property, and partly because it is kept quietly buttoned up in your pocket book, and read whenever you can steal a quiet moment. Sometimes the letter is from a sister, detailing as tenderly and lovingly as only a sister can, the thoughts, actions, and general conduct of some one with whom you spent most of your last leave, and who, after joking and laughing the months away, suddenly got very grave when you said, "good-bye," and left a photograph of trembling lips and dewy eyes deeply engraven on your heart. Of course you cannot write to her, her mamma or aunt make disagreeable inuendoes about sailors, and call midshipmen boys ; so your dear sister, who knows all about it, comforts your heart and somebody else's. Heigh ho ! Is not this often the way, messmates ? Few of us are sure of getting the

honest letter from the darling, franked by the jovial old squire, or a tender message added by the favouring mother ; such is a rare blessing, and perhaps it is better, after all, that a sailor should sail fancy free, leave his tenderest affections with those nearest by right, and never change nor mistake, and wait for the bliss of a wife and wife's love until he need not be torn away for long years of restlessness and suspense.

My first morning at Rio was spent on duty ; towards evening I went on shore to leave a couple of letters of introduction, one to a clergyman, the other to a merchant's wife. Both were absent, so I strolled about the town, met an old friend from a frigate lying near us, and with him went to the shop part, the Regent Street of Rio.

Great and gorgeous was the show of plate glass, feather-flowers of the most brilliant colours, and piles of jewellery, all most tempting to a man with a few pounds in his pocket, and lots of friends at home. Fortunately my

companion had been at Rio six weeks, and resisted my tenderest appeals to let me buy just one wreath or a bracelet, something or anything. It was all in vain, he led me to the window, pointed out, and dwelt on the various beauties of the tempters, and having worked me up to a pitch bordering on frenzy, hurried me off to the Botanical Gardens. I having innocently observed that I believed they were the most beautiful in the world, he replied,

“ You had better see them first, in case you change your mind.”

On our way, my eyes became completely perplexed with the different costumes jostling us at every step, now a fair lady looking as if she had come out of a drawing-room to taste the cool breeze, and by accident wandered into the public streets, her glossy head and white shoulders dazzling the European eye. Then again, people of every shade of complexion and every variety of robe and colour, the greatest contrasts seemingly most admired, Brazilian

exquisites with perfumed hair, immaculate moustaches, clothes, the very beau-ideal of dandyism, and a great display of jewellery—such pins and studs, chains before which a cable would blush, and bunches of charms even Lord —— could not have found a place for. Priests, free servants, slaves, water-carriers, coffee-carriers, quintadeiras (the taffy women of Rio, and delight of the juveniles), pedlars, merchants, soldiers, and sailors, troops of these hurry on like the changes of a kaleidoscope, and I should require the breath and eloquence of Albert Smith* to enumerate the varied passengers along the funny, ill-paved, gutter-middled streets of Rio. Many of the streets are so narrow that a stringent rule has been instituted and rigorously observed by the police, by which certain streets are kept for carriages coming from, others for those going to the large thoroughfares; and when, happening to be in a great hurry, you attempt to per-

* Since writing this, the hero of Mont Blanc has been called from us, and left the memory of many a jolly hour behind him.

suade your coachee to make a bold rush down a wrong one, you only get a shake of the head, and the invariable answer to every question of haste, “*Esperao hum pouco, senhor,*” a reply from which you soon know enough of the language to understand that you must wait.

A long voyage is not the best thing in the world to put a man in walking condition ; so, long before we reached the Gardens, I was puffing like a grampus, and thankful to take refuge in what appeared to me a nondescript sort of omnibus, but which, to my amusement, I heard called a gondola—shades of Venice, how ye would have stared ! Imagine an overgrown, lumbering omnibus dragged along at a floundering gallop by four demons of mules, who every now and then take it all their own way, and dash down a narrow street at full speed, then stand stock still at the foot of a hill, only replying to the whips, oaths, and persuasion of the driver and bystanders by angry squeels, bites at each other and wicked kicks—pleasant, is it not ?—particularly, if you

are, as I was, crammed half way up the side with a fat priest (very hot and not melliferous) on one side ; and an old woman in a terrible fright, and giving vent to her feelings by pinching me and saying her prayers, on the other ; while the rest of the passengers, my friend among the number, sat perfectly indifferent as to whether we proceeded or were turned over, no one appearing to dream of such a thing as lightening the bus. There we remained till the driver bribed some slaves into giving us a long and strong push, when, with a proportionate number of shouts and lashes, off we went, and finally were deposited at our destination.

I certainly agree with the advice I got, that the stranger should see the Botanic Garden the first thing, otherwise I am afraid he will scarcely remember it, excepting always the avenue of palms, or I believe, more correctly speaking, the Casuarina, which is really beautiful. In this, however, consists the great and only wonder of the place. There are pretty

walks certainly, and the climate of Brazil would make any garden a place of resort, but I saw few of the finest native plants and the foreign ones were badly attended to. There are a few bread-fruit trees, some cinnamon and clove, and in the centre some fine bamboos, rising like sentinels above the lesser bushes.

In a country like that surrounding Rio, where every valley is a garden, where our loveliest and sweetest exotics paint the mountain steeps, and every gem of nature flourishes in the genial air, I could not understand how artificial forms were selected ; and fancied, in my heart, that if the garden were filled with the natural beauties of their country, the Brazilians would have the finest botanical collection in the world.

Evening was closing in as we started for the town ; and as the first hour after dark is not the pleasantest at Rio, we hurried on to the hotel where we had ordered dinner.

The Hotel of the Navy is in the Plaza, a large open place close to the water, with the

Cathedral and Palace on two sides; in this establishment is everything to make the sailor forget his voyage, sea fare, and gun-room wines. What luxurious dogs middies are when they get on shore, and revel on fresh meat, game, vegetables, and fruit, not to speak of iced punch in various forms, one of the best of them rejoicing in the name of "flannel." How they talk, and eat, and laugh, and grow merry; what jokes they tell, what awful puns they make, and last, not least, what songs they sing—songs that make your sides ache, and beget choruses from the jolly-looking niggers congregated outside, looking on with broad grins and watering lips in admiring envy of the gastronomic powers of the strangers. Time goes on, some one forgets himself, and sings a sentimental appeal to the moon, or his sweetheart. This is the signal for a break up; when sentiment steals into such a party, it is time to pay the bill and get a little fresh air before going on board. So we leave the one appointed to settle

for us, and take to the balcony, where the full glory of a tropical night bursts upon our view.

Before us glows the Southern Cross, while Orion, familiar with old home scenes, just peeps over the horizon to remind us of other lands. Thousands of new and bright constellations gem the marvellous blue sky, which here, even in the deepest night, is blue. While on sails Diana in her halo of light, paving silvery roads over the heaving bay, the long booming dash and ripple of whose waves steal over the listener's senses like the voice of song, while now and then the sound of the harp or piano is mingled with the air, or the distant peal of evening service in some of the numerous churches.

A fresh earthy perfume pervades the air, with now and then the sweet breath of jasmine or roses. You stand enchanted; suddenly a cry of "tigers" is uttered; new comers are thunderstruck. Tigers in Rio!—impossible

—no one will believe it. "Then stay and look out," shouts an old hand, as he closes the windows, and leaves you eagerly watching, half fancying they are hoaxing you. A moment more, and you too rush frantically at the window, hammering with one hand for admittance, while the other is busily grasping your nasal organ, lucky if you can escape without parting with your dinner. Then amidst roars of laughter, as you inhale Eau de Cologne, cigars, anything one is used to, you are informed you have smelt the Rio "tigers," finding, on examination, that this is the local name for the slaves employed in conveying the contents of what would in other places be confined in a sewer to the beach, where the sea carries all away. Strange to say, there is no such thing as a drainage company in Rio, although some people are planning a large work of the kind.

I confess to being afraid of roaming after dark in Rio, subsequent to this adventure, and could often distinguish the never to be

forgotten exhalations mingled with the spicy gales.

So ended my first day in South America, a pretty full one too, you will say—but the first generally is ; and I have described it as fully, intending to tell my readers as much as I can of each place I visited, as I feel unsatisfied myself with an account that only gives the writer's own impressions (every man naturally noting down different). I like to read and give a little knowledge of those attributes which ushered in the birth of a colony, and still influence its progress.

CHAPTER IV.

“The groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song.
 These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.”

POPE.

BOTH Spain and Portugal lay claim to the discovery of the rich coast of South America, for although Vincent Yanez Pinzon took possession of it on the 25th of January, 1500, before the world heard of his success, Pedro Alvares Cabral had claimed it for the King of Portugal. The honour of the discovery being attributed to Pinzon, does not obtain favour with the Brazilians, who assert that he knew nothing of Brazil, a fact so far true that he had not mentioned the harbour of Rio,

which appears to have been penetrated first by De Solis in 1515, and a few years after by Fernando de Magellan. He, delighted with its security, remained there some weeks, and gave it the name of the patron Saint of the day upon which he entered it, viz., Bahia de Santa Luzia.

In 1531, De Sousa visited the harbour, and imagining it to be the mouth of a great river, christened it Rio de Janeiro, or river of January, it being the first day of the year. Strange to say, he did not choose this as the seat of the first European Colony, but, turning away, proceeded to an exposed headland, and laid the first stone of the settlement of St. Vincent; a settlement of which all that remains are a few ruins and broken fountains.

Accounts of the richness of the Portuguese acquisitions in South America now began to be openly talked of, particularly in France, which at that era was the theatre of much secret and public agitation, and discontent. The

great and good Coligni, awake to every opening for the disciples of the Reformed religion, eagerly sought after those who would and could take personal charge of such emigrants as were inclined to prefer the privations and exile of a new country to the terrible persecutions the good man felt were hanging like a pall over his nation.

Adventurers are ever at hand to take advantage of the eager and credulous; and in the present instance a knight of Malta, named Villegagnon, who was, we are told, "a brave soldier, and of good address," and further more had been honoured by having the custody of the ship which carried the Queen of Scots, the unfortunate Mary, from the land of happiness to that of misery and shame. This same knight had considerable weight at the French Court. He gained Coligni's good will by proposing to take none out but Huguenot settlers.

Henry the Second did not think so much of the settlers as the settlement; but seeing

they would be more likely to gain a permanent footing if belonging to such a united brotherhood, he gladly gave three ships and placed the little squadron under the command of Villegagnon, who, having his own ends in view, so managed that his officers and men should be Romanists, and creatures of his own.

The squadron reached Rio in 1555, and at once began fortifying the Island of Lagi, in the centre of the entrance. The roll of the waves was, however, too powerful, the wood bastions could not resist it, and another island, first named Coligni, but now Villegagnon, was chosen, from whose rocky breast rose the Huguenot's hymn of praise.

For a time all went on well. Great reports of the wondrous New World were sent home by the returning ships, and hundreds more than the ships could carry begged to be permitted to proceed to the colony.

Now, the true character of their leader began to display itself; the accounts brought

from France roused his evil spirit, there was a revolution brewing, and to such an adventurer as he was, what was impossible? A handful of the persecuted race were in his power—he might show his zeal for his faith here, and carry home his sword reeking with the blood of maids and matrons.

One after another the unfortunate colonists found their rights abridged; and at last abuse and robbery reigned hand in hand. Driven desperate, one shipload of the unhappy beings escaped; many more fled to the mainland, where they either joined the Portuguese, or fell by the hands of the natives.

Villegagnon, with his men, remained for some years; but upon St. Sebastian's day, the 20th of January, 1567, their stronghold was stormed, and, it is said, every soul slain.

Then was it that the present city was planned, under the name of St. Sebastian, and although usually known by that of Rio, it is correctly St. Sebastian de Rio Janeiro.

“For one hundred and forty years after its formation,” says the historian, “St. Sebastian enjoyed tranquillity. Its population and commerce increased yearly, and in the eighteenth century was much enhanced by the discovery of the gold mines”; but this roused the cupidity of France, and was followed by a succession of fighting, plundering, and negotiating, which went on until the end of the eighteenth century, when a new era commenced for Brazil, and the Royal Family of her mother country found an asylum on her shores.

Great was the enthusiasm and excitement, when it became known that a fleet was bearing over the Prince Regent and his family, and that the sails might be in sight any hour.

The whole city was in a ferment, workmen of all kinds laboured day and night to put the half tumbling down palace in order. The roof was propped up, and the face plentifully bedaubed with bright paint; while the mer-

chants possessing houses near, voluntarily gave them up to the Court suite.

The town was festooned with silks and flowers; and as soon as the squadron hove in sight, a fleet of gaily ornamented boats set sail to meet and pilot in the exiled monarch. For days and weeks the gaieties were continued; and nothing could exceed the happiness of the people.

The arrival of the Royal Family made a great change in the history of the country. European manners and fashions usurped the old rules; a library was founded and thrown open to the public; a printing house established, academies, schools, and charitable institutions founded; in fact, everything began to assume a European type, and at this day the beautiful bay is the seat of one of the richest cities in the world.

The Roman Catholic religion is, of course, that of the nation; but it strikes me as being very lightly thought of, and though a few of their own saints, with José de Anchieta and

John Marten at their head, are held in great reverence, still the numberless shows and festas of their church tire them, and I have often seen the Host passed by without even an inclination of the head.

There is a prodigious number of churches, I believe nearly fifty, some of them fine, others abominable. The Candelaria Church is that usually first visited, partly owing to the glitter of a pair of tall turrets, surmounted by gilt domes. It was founded nearly eighty years ago, as a cathedral for the diocese of Rio, and has not yet been completely finished, while, like nearly all the ecclesiastical edifices, it is falling into decay; still, it is the best for a stranger to go to, as there is always the attraction of fine singing, the staff being composed, at the time I was there, of two prima-donnas, the élite of their supporters, and the mass, set to the prettiest parts of *Norma*, on purpose, I believe, to please the ladies.

A festa generally ends in an elaborate dis-

play of fire-works, and, absurd as it may seem, the latter as often in broad day-light as after dark, the effect being peculiar, the works ending in fantastic jets of white smoke. Collections of money are made beforehand for these displays, and "the righteous are requested to attend the festival, which will be held with the greatest pomp possible, and end in a magnificent display of fire-works," or *sometimes horse-racing*.

There is no mistaking a priest in Rio; hot and cold, wet and dry, they stalk on with their big flat hats and sweltering gowns, making you perspire to look at them. They are generally jovial, well-fed looking men, having little or nothing to do, unless sitting for a given time on their heels in church is called work. There is hardly even the ordinary duty of the confessional, very few of the Brazilian fair ones caring to open their breasts, particularly to men whose characters are well known; so, except when as children they figure off as "anjinhas," dressed out like

fairies in a pantomime, they seldom come in close contact with their spiritual fathers.

The "intrudo," or carnival, is the great festival of the year, and usually lasts the first three days in Lent. I heard wonderful accounts of it in bygone days, but was a good deal disappointed with the reality, the great fun consisting in hitting each other with bonbons and flowers; being able to laugh and joke without an introduction, and flirt as much as you like without fear of being asked what you mean. At night, masquerades keep up the fun; and certainly it was very jolly, the ladies looking so bright-eyed through their pink and black masks, and making such sharp replies to your blundering civilities, cutting you up without mercy, and then running off you know not where, changing masks and head-dresses, anything to deceive you and enjoy their own joke.

Many of the Roman Catholic Priests are very tolerant to the Protestant faith, and make no objection to the admission of any

of that profession into hospitals under their charge. The liberal philanthropy displayed in the hospitals at Rio makes one forget the vanity and absurdity of the church forms. Of these, the largest is the Misericordia, founded by their great saint, Anchieta, in 1582. This establishment is situated upon the shore, under the Castello Hill, and is always open day and night to receive the sick and destitute. The best proof of its liberality that I can give, is to state that there is no distinction of persons ; Moor or Christian, White or Black, all find a welcome, and none are asked why or wherefore—such, I take it, is the true spirit of charity, and one we should do well to imitate.

From the annual report of the Misericordia, it appears no less than seven thousand patients have been received yearly, of whom the average proportion who die is one thousand. Numbers of English seamen are received into this hospital, and rapidly improve under the admirable care and attention they meet

with, and the wards are perfectly open to visitors ; the friends of the sick may add to their comfort by their occasional society and advice, while many good and charitable women devote their mornings to this praiseworthy task.

When yellow fever appeared in 1854-55-56, it was found impossible to accommodate the vast number of cases ; but the Brazilians did not shut the doors and say, " We have no room." They subscribed liberally, and new hospitals were hastily erected, the most successful of which is that of Jurujuba under the directions of an eminent doctor. My friend, the Chaplain, who frequently visited this hospital, told me he had never met any order of priests there except Italian Capuchins ; an order who, at Rio, do more good than all the other Priests put together, and spare neither labour nor pains to do a charitable action, either to a brother in the faith or in the flesh. The Misericordia is not confined to a hospital only. Outdoor relief is liber-

ally bestowed even to the inmates of the prisons, and two admirable asylums are in immediate connection with it. One the Recolhimento, or Asylum for Female Orphans, and the Foundling Hospital, or Casa de Roda. This last is on the old plan, a covered wheel with padded compartments projecting into the streets, in one of which the mother places her infant, a slight push sending the little creature to its new home—poor thing ! often its last ; it being calculated that more than two thirds of those infants die, and that too in spite of the most stringent attention—Government, for obvious reasons, taking a great interest in the treatment of those thus placed in their care, and likely to be formed into useful men and women.

Charitable as is the intention of this institution, I believe it is a mistake, as from the accounts I have seen, it appears the slaves take advantage of the hospital to save themselves trouble, or insure freedom for their offspring ; and often the slave-owners themselves, rather than lose

the time of a slave, leave the child to the asylum.

There are many other hospitals belonging to the different orders, some of which I shall only have time to name, such as that of S. Francisco de Paulo ; the hospital of Dos Lazaros, in which the poor wretches suffering from "elephantiasis" find refuge, and the Hospital de Pedro, or as more usually named, the Lunatic Asylum, where the scale of building rivals the Misericordia, and is attended by the Sisters of Charity.

The Government of Brazil is a constitutional monarchy, much like that of Great Britain in its general organization. Three members form the council of state, the ministers manage the departments of the Empire, Justice, Foreign Affairs, Marine, War, and Finance. The Senate and House of Deputies form the Legislature, and are publicly elected ; the Senators are fifty-five in number and hold the office for life ; the deputies number about a hundred, and hold office a given time. The

discussions of the legislature are perfectly free and open to all listeners.

Almost all the leading men belong "to the learned professions," and among them there is no prejudice against colour; the highest position in the state being equally open to the Black or Mulatto, as to the untainted scion of the earliest nobles. The salaries given by Government are small, but upon the retirement of a member, the Imperial Treasury gives him a sum equal to the entire salary he has hitherto received.

Justice appears much more easy to comprehend, and more simple to administer here than in our law-ridden realm, though the magistrates and judges are the same. There is the Justice of the Peace, always a consequential man in his own opinion; the Judge of Common Pleas; the Judge of Probate; the Judge of the Supreme Court; three district supreme judges, and one presiding over all the supreme courts. Twelve respectable merchants form the jury; forty-eight may be summoned for a

term, what is technically called the "panel" being selected for each trial by lot.

The soldiers are gay, rattling fellows, fond of dress, and much addicted to flirting; hated, but secretly envied by the priests, who find their gay dresses sometimes of greater value in the fair devotee's eyes than their own fine linen and flowing garments. In my private opinion, it would be well for the Brazilian ladies if they saw less of their spiritual advisers, as, without exception, they are, as a body, the most corrupt, immoral, and openly licentious men I ever heard of.

I was much amused at seeing the officers' wives riding with their régiments, looking remarkably piquante in a sort of vivandière dress, and managing their fiery chargers with a grace and skill which charmed and surprised me.

Next to the soldiers come the police, a body officered by men who have served in the regular army, and placed much on the same footing as the Irish Constabulary, having

to study and pass sharp examinations before entering the service; they are well armed, handsomely dressed, and altogether superior to the privates of the army, who, as I was told by one of themselves, do not enlist at all, but are made prisoners and serve for life.

The last class of which I shall speak in this chapter are the slaves; and Brazil, until very lately, was one of the head quarters of slavery. It was the old story; the planters were sure the white men would not do their work, so to make it surer they left no opening for the attempt. Again, *they* did not ill-treat their slaves;—then what meant the fearful number of suicides, every day's paper presenting columns of such deaths, while at every turn you encountered poor creatures with cruel iron collars, chains, or even large logs fastened to their wrists or legs?

Slavery in Brazil is in a strange state, and when it became illegal to import slaves, the empire was on the eve of a revolution. In this country everything favours the manu-

mission of the slaves, and every appointment is open for their acceptance. Thus if a man has freedom, talents, and industry, no place in the realm is refused to him. In the National Library, which is open to him, he can prosecute his studies, and fit himself for a higher position in society.

The Mina tribe from Benin are the strongest, as well as most superior men, and have a peculiar custom, by which they club together and purchase the freedom of the one most respected. They are Mahomedans in religion, and sometimes express themselves very well in Arabic, at all times speaking a language distinct from both Portuguese and African.

A clever writer speaking on the subject, says, "Slavery is doomed."

It is a striking fact, that emigrants did not begin to arrive "from Europe in thousands until 1852. In 1850, and 1851, the African slave trade was annihilated," and in the succeeding year commenced the present "comparatively vigorous colonization."

In this, we find Providence giving a practical answer to the vexed question triumphantly put, by the planters, when the abolition of slavery was urged, "If you take away the slaves, who will do our work?"

The question is at last answered, and the day must come when there shall not be one slave upon whom the good sun shines.

A clear writer speaking on the subject says, "Slavery is doomed." It is a striking fact that emigrants did not begin to arrive "from Europe in thousands" until 1822. In 1826 and 1827 the African slave trade was "re-established," and in the preceding year commenced the present comparatively vigorous colonization.

as a family to whom I had an introduction (a very useful thing in Brazil) were travelling there for the summer. I often found my letters turned thicker. The journey is partly by sea, a steamer bearing you to the upper end of the bay, where you find a railway as far as the foot of the

CHAPTER V.

"Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress

Met in dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals,

Death-like the silence seemed."

LONGFELLOW.

THE climate of Rio is by no means so bad as many people are inclined to suppose; there is certainly a hot season, but nature does her best to temper the evil. Sea breezes come at regular intervals, heavy rains cool and refresh the earth, bathing the luxuriant vegetation, while among the mountains, and within a few hours' journey, are several pretty sanatory retreats. One of the nicest is Petropolis, and,

as a family to whom I had an introduction (a very useful thing in Brazil) were residing there for the summer, I often found my footsteps turned thither. The journey is partly by sea, a steamer bearing you to the upper end of the bay; here you find a railway as far as the foot of the Organ mountains, and from the terminus you are for ten miles at the mercy of mules, four of which are harnessed to a little vehicle peculiar to Rio.

Constancia is another favourite summer retreat, but, in my opinion, the most picturesque of all is St. Alexio; though, in such a country as that surrounding Rio, it would be impossible to find a valley that was not pretty; and after we had seen them all, I do not think one of us could agree as to the superiority of any one in particular.

One of the pleasantest excursions I joined in was to the Corcavado, which, often as it has been described, always presents new features, and coquettishly gives a new smile to each admirer. I have always thought that there are

only two ways of really enjoying an excursion to a famed spot ; and these are—either to go quite alone, or, if you can manage it, to get a pleasant congenial party made up. If you want to write a description, I believe the first to be the best ; but if (which is generally the case) the place has been described fifty times by much cleverer people than yourself, then I would say, take the second plan, and content yourself by telling things just as they remain upon your memory next morning ; depend upon it, quite enough will be left to please any moderate enquirer, while one who has read a fuller description will be very glad you have not bored him by a repetition, but feel all the pleasure a traveller does in glancing over a sketch which recalls familiar scenes, without forcing another view of them.

The party which I joined to see the wondrous Corcovado was composed of people I had been seeing every day or night since our arrival—kind-hearted, hospitable ladies or gentlemen, who knowing from their own

experience what a fellow feels far away from house and all house pleasures, try to make up by their friendly kindness in any way they can.

The way to the Corcovado is along the side of the aqueduct, one of the Brazilian wonders, down which flows the water which is so priceless a luxury in Rio; it is beautifully built, and the channel inside high enough to allow a man to walk upright in it. The spot from which the water is conveyed, is called the "May da Agua," mother of waters; and here we made our first halt, dipping our hands in the little streams.

As you gaze upwards, the trees meet over your head, and only here and there a slanting gleam of sunshine sparkles through, playing over the moss-covered roots, and revealing new beauties among the clustering plants which are heaped round in wondrous profusion.

I wish I had been an artist, that I might have brought away a sketch of the scene round the May da Agua. The groups of fair

girls with their gay dresses and hats, wreathed with bright feathers or natural flowers; one or two Brazilian officers, all gold lace and green velvet, a few others almost as gay in coloured flannel shirts and white trowsers, and last, not least, certain blue jackets acting very nicely as a foil to the more brilliant costumes, while round us rose the primeval forest, and on our left a frightful precipice, the bottom of which lay in almost total darkness. It is over this the surplus water finds its way when the rains make every little rivulet a roaring torrent, the aqueduct being arranged to admit only a certain quantity.

Humming birds were fluttering round us, gay parrots shrieking among the trees, while now and then a toucan would flap down, chased by a monkey, who, seeing our party, immediately darted off and brought back his family, who all gathered in the thick branches, peeping out with eager curiosity. The scene was so new to me that I could have remained for hours, content to see nothing more; but

time was pressing, we had refreshed our limbs, and polished off several bottles of champagne, so to proceed was now the word, and in a few minutes we emerged into light and sunshine again.

The pathway now grew almost perpendicular, up one bank, down another, now with your shoulders touching your horse's tail, now holding on by his ears; I tried for a time, but at last slipping off going up a hill, I wisely kept my feet and led the horse, gazing with intense wonder at the pertinacity with which the fair sex, as Lawless would say, "stick to their saddles." On we scrambled, more like cats than anything else. The path began to mend a little. We passed a coffee garden; then again up and down worse than ever; but last, oh! blessed relief, we reach a level platform. A moment to breathe, then off again; the same old story, and I am fain to try my horse's back once more, and, leaving him at his own discretion, make the best use I can of my arms and legs, thereby causing

infinite amusement to the fair sex behind; but now we reach the Painsiras, a level and partly artificial platform, connecting the Corcovado with the Painsiras mountains. Here, amidst groves of orange, coffee, and the trees from which the mountains take their name, we find a dwelling-house, and are hailed by an English voice; finding, to our surprise, the doctor belonging to one of our frigates located at this elevation, with the engineer in charge of the water-works.

He had made a beautiful collection of botanical curiosities, and had a case of the finest butterflies I ever beheld.

From this place the ascent was continued on foot, much to my delight. The trees began to look stunted as we clambered on, and scrubby bushes clustered round, looking thirsty and dried up. At last the base of the peak was gained, and a temporary hut erected to keep off the terrible force of the sun, now shining down in full power, without a tree or bush to shelter one.

"Who is for the top?" shouted one of the restless spirits, and I was constrained to answer, "I am." Several others joined us, and leaving the ladies and lazy ones to prepare lunch, we stripped off our jackets, pocketed a bottle of seltzer water, and set off.

The heat was perfectly dreadful. I thought of a description I once read of mid-day,

"The sun's perpendicular rays illumined the depths of the sea,

And the fishes beginning to sweat, cried, 'Criky, how hot we shall be.'"

Myriads of ants, too, began to torment us, and flies of stinging propensities feasted greedily; then came a fine old eagle, or something like one, soaring above us, and disappearing in the blue firmament.

At the top of the Corcovado, rails are placed to prevent accident, but I would not advise any unwary traveller to lean against them; I did not try them certainly, but they did not look well. The level portion of the crest is a curious mixture of spar, white

pebbles, and a dark-coloured mud, and looks almost like rough mosaic. The whole bay of Rio lay before me, with its numberless little bays, and our glorious men-of-war looking like specks on the ocean, while the hazy hills in the distance, as well as those nearer to us, appeared robed in emerald green, the beauty of which was heightened by a brilliant Brazilian sunshine.

We stayed as long as we dared, unwilling to leave a scene we should most probably never see again; but the sun was too strong for us, and a certain swimming sensation about the head warned us it was time to seek the shade. So down we went, reaching the tent in time to escape a *coup de soleil*, and to save what, I believe, we looked upon as equally important, our dinner.

There is no use dwelling upon the homeward route from the Corcovado—all pic-nics end much the same. You have learnt the way in going, so consider yourself competent to give all sorts of advice on the way back;

while, strange to say, the ladies, who almost helped you in the morning, have suddenly become delightfully timid, and require so many little attentions, that it is marvellous we ever reached home at all, particularly when one thinks of the consumption of champagne, and the array of *dead men* left on the field of battle. Well! well! we won't tell all that happened on the way down. I dare say some who read this will have seen enough to awaken memories of the past; all I can say is, that if they enjoyed their pic-nic as much as I did mine, they'll agree with me that the ride to and from the Corcovado is the prettiest thing in the world.

During my numerous walks, I frequently came upon traces of what I imagined was the work of a tropical mole, consequently accounting for what must be its size.

One day, a very hot one, I had strolled farther than usual, having landed at the head of the bay in the hope of getting a shot at the wild ducks said to be there. Coming

to a piece of ground literally ploughed up by these supposed moles, I determined to watch their operations, and lay down under some bushes.

Presently a mound near me betrayed symptoms of an inmate. I lay closer and watched intently. A nose worked itself up; it was very like a pig's in miniature, and I began to think it was only a young porker; when, pop out, came a wonderful animal, not like anything I had ever seen, and enveloped in a complete coat of mail. He looked about him, trotted on, stopped again, then grunted, or squeaked, for it was something like either, or both, and again moved on. He went very slow, so slow, indeed, that I was sure I could catch him, and sprang up to do so. In my hurry I tripped and fell; but speedily recovering myself I looked about for my friend. The little creature had vanished, and I was turning away, scolding myself for my stupidity, when a curious ball attracted my attention. Picking it up, I examined it minutely. It

was something like a double shell, but in substance bore a closer resemblance to the cocoa nut; after puzzling my brains with it for a time, I put it into my pocket, and continued my walk. On going on board three hours after, I displayed my prize, and found I had actually brought home the little creature, whose mining propensities I had watched, and that having frightened him by the noise I made in attempting to get up quickly, he had curled himself up in his natural defence, and that, in fact, this new prize was an armadillo, one of the most harmless creatures in the world; but unfortunately for themselves possessing edible qualities prized equally by man and beast.

An ascent of the Organ Mountains was now my great ambition, and having obtained four days' leave, and the companionship of the chaplain, we set off upon our by no means easy undertaking. Passing the first night at the house of a well-known merchant here, we procured guides and good advice.

The trees that clothe the sides of these mountains are of enormous size, and often entwined by creepers almost as thick in the stem as the parent tree. Many of the trees were of kinds perfectly new to me, and it was not until I read Dr. Gardner's account of the mountains that I was enlightened. Some of them were in flower, covered with pink, scarlet, white, and violet blossoms; others bending with ripe or unripe fruit, while others again, exhausted by the close embrace of the creepers, had dried and spread afar their leafless, melancholy arms, as if in silent appeal for pity.

The air becomes perceptibly cool as you ascend, and many English vegetables are here cultivated, and sent down to supply the town.

The whole of the Organ range is granite, and a rich deposit of soil is found in the valleys, the accumulated vegetation of centuries. These are filled with large trees, and a rank growth of the indigenous plants, and often infested by monkeys, wild cats, barbados, and tapirs, with occasionally the jaguar

and sloth, both of which have become scarce of late years.

The tapir is, I believe, peculiar to South America, and I imagine is a link between an elephant and a pig, having several of the properties of both oddly mingled; they stay in damp places, come out to feed at night, and are usually considered very harmless.

Among the birds that hopped about, scarcely deigning to fly away from us, were numberless parrots, paroquets, owls, hawks, jacutinga, quail, partridges, and lastly toucans.

The latter I had seen for the first time alive on our excursion up the Corcovado—now they were round me in numbers, and sat blinking their eyes and nodding their long bills as if rather pleased with my admiration. The colour of the breast is a mingled rose, orange, and chrome, while the great unwieldy-looking bill is in reality light, and of a honey-comb texture. The guides affirm that, if you knocked it with a stick it paralyzed the bird.

Waterton, whose book kept me awake many a night long ago, says there is a toucan in the north of Brazil which seems to suppose that its beauty can be increased by trimming its tail, which undergoes the same operation as our hair in a barber's shop, only with this difference, that it uses its own beak (which is serrated) in lieu of a pair of scissors. "As soon as his tail is full grown, he begins about an inch from the extremity of the two longest feathers in it, and cuts away the web on both sides of the shaft, making a gap about an inch long."

I shot two large specimens, but, both being male birds, I had to beg a female from our host at Constancia, who further added to my collection by giving me some specimens of snakes, all peculiar to these mountains.

There was a valley near, called the "Happy Valley," a spot in which one might find it bliss merely to breathe and live. Talking of the Happy Valley, in a book I read while at Rio, I found a passage which,

beings in connection with what I am writing of, and relating to a phenomenon I was not fortunate enough to see myself, I must transcribe. The writer says, "One evening I walked from Heath's to the Happy Valley, but not prolonging my promenade long in that direction, I entered a forest and pursued my way to the edge of a precipice, or rather a crater-like hollow. The centre was a thousand feet below me; and the sides were covered with trees; the night was dark, and had fallen so suddenly after a brief twilight, that, so far as anticipation was concerned, I was unprepared for it. Before retracing my steps, I stood for a few minutes looking down into the Cimmerian blackness of the gulf beneath me, and, while thus gazing, a luminous mass seemed to start from the centre. I watched it as it floated up, revealing, in its slow flight, the long leaves of the *Enterpe edulis*, and the minuter foliage of other trees. It came directly towards me, lighting up the gloom around me with its

three luminosities, which I could now distinctly see. This was the *Pyrophorus noctelucens*, so well known to every traveller in the Antilles, and in Tropical America. It is of an obscure blackish brown, and the body is everywhere covered with a short, light brown pubescence. When it walks, or is at rest, the principal light issues from the two yellow tubercles; but when the wings are expanded in the act of flight, another luminous spot is disclosed in the under part of the throat. These luminosities, supposed to be phosphoric in their composition, are so considerable, that the fire-fly is often employed in countries where it prevails as a substitute for artificial light.

“In the mountains of Tejuca, I have read the smallest print by one of these natural lamps. The Indians formerly used them instead of flambeaus in their hunting expeditions.”

The ascent of the mountains is long and arduous, occupying three, or sometimes four

days, according to the route of the travellers. Not being a botanist, and being in a hurry, I persuaded my companion to push ahead, and made the journey in three days, returning with a bag of birds' skins large enough to stock a modern collection, the tusks of a tapir, and the skin of a wild cat. All these we deposited in the hands of a bird-stuffer at Rio, leaving directions to have them packed in readiness for our departure. I have not given any description of the views we met with, partly because I have been expatiating upon the Corcovado, and partly because I really could not give the reader any idea of the difference which exists among objects which are in reality the same. It should appear only as repeating the same panoramic view I saw from the Corcovado, and yet to the eye it is totally different, and new, as if seen for the first time.

The weather at the time of our sojourn in Rio was settled, and on the whole fine, though occasionally thunder-showers came down with

such good will that I heard an old sailor say, when asked if it rained, "No, Sir, it's stopped raining, and coming down any how!" In the midst of these deluges you see troops of washerwomen running down to the bay; then such a scene begins. The first time I saw it, I gave up all hope of finding a single button on my shirts, thankful if they even came home with sleeves, the violent beating, pulling, and tossing they are subjected to making you shudder for your wardrobe.

The night before our ship left Rio, I was sent up the country a few miles to see if the wash was ready, and four of us hired two carriages about ten p.m. Well, after a rough voyage through dark lanes, every few minutes having to pull up and right ourselves, we came to a small hill, up which the horses absolutely refused to proceed. In vain we coaxed and thrashed them, all to no purpose. Our yells made the night hideous, and were enough to waken the dead—the sleeping I know they did rouse, for we saw sundry heads pop out of upper

windows, and occasionally a timid old lady would begin to shriek, for an irate old householder express himself in a very rude manner, wishing us somewhere else. Well, after shouting for ten minutes without eliciting the least acknowledgment from our horses, we tackled them all to one carriage, and setting our shoulders to the wheels, after sundry parts of the gear had given way, we managed to reach the top, and after a short gallop arrived at the washing-house. Here we found the black women, with a very scanty supply of clothing, chopping round large stone tanks, dashing our linen about frantically. There did not appear much hope of their being ready by daybreak, the time at which we were to sail; so our only chance was to find out the proprietor and row him well. This we did to no end, and then went and had a bath in a tank next to the one in use, which having a constant flow of water through it, and the hour being midnight, was delightfully cool. After this we returned

to the washerman's mansion, where we found a capital supper waiting; to this we did ample justice, voting him the best fellow in Brazil, to which he seemed to agree with great complacency. But the hours were stealing away, our clothes were bundled together, wet and dry, the horses harnessed, one cheer for the supper, and off we went; we picked up the other trap at the foot of the hill, divided our forces, and bowled along.

We had only one mishap to speak of; one of the bags of clothes tumbled off the first trap. I was driving the second, and had only time to get my horses well in hand, when they rose at it like steeple-chasers. One cleared it, but the other came down on the starboard broadside, and smashed the steering pole; for a minute all was confusion, then the fallen beast scrambled up, and feeling some of the broken harness tickling her, set off at a gallop. There was no chance of stopping them. Indeed, we could not if we would, for the pole was trailing on the ground, and the road

being a slight declivity most of the way, the carriage rattled along at their heels, giving them a push if they slackened speed. Our friends in front had the best of it, as seeing what had happened, they permitted us to steer past, and then came up in our wake, letting us pilot them on. After a tearing gallop we reached the town, ran the carriage up an embankment, were soon safe on board, and in half an hour more were getting towed out of harbour. I soon became alive to the fact that I was shirtless, for, as misfortune would have it, the bag we were wrecked on contained my wash. My calamity getting public, subscriptions of shirts, socks, &c., &c., poured in, and I began to think it not such a bad move to get a new rig. But here we are at sea again, the sugar-loaf making a parting bow, the first gleam of sunshine stealing over the lovely green mountains, and bright eyes, black, brown, or blue, just opening—shall we ever see their like again?

all. He had been there during the years of the revolution and made our blood creep with vivid descriptions of the murders, &c. daily committed, assuring us he had often seen a dozen men torn to pieces by wild horses and that General Rosas and his beautiful

CHAPTER VI.

"Hurrah! for the sea, the glorious sea,
A sailor's life is the life for me;

I never could stand the dull, dark land—

Then hurrah! for my home on the boundless sea."

T. D. FENTON.

WE were all very sorry to leave Rio, one or two of the more susceptible ones looking very sentimental for a day or two, and cherishing bunches of flowers, which, however, soon withered, and somehow got thrown away. I heard one man threaten to put his servant in irons for committing this same wickedness, but the report that we were going to put in at Buenos Ayres, for a supply of fresh provisions, soon dispelled all melancholy! Marvelous were the tales told by a few who had visited it before; one fellow outstripped them

all. He had been there during the years of the revolution, and made our blood creep with vivid descriptions of the murders, &c., daily committed, assuring us he had often seen a dozen men torn to pieces by wild horses, and that General Rosas and his beautiful daughter, Donna Manuelita, fought side by side in the last great battle. The little boys crowded up, listening with horrible curiosity, and the gentleman was in full swing, when one of the Lieutenants, who had been lying half asleep close by, got up, yawned, and looking hard at the romance-weaver, said, "I didn't know you had such a lively imagination, Croft—where the deuce have you been hiding it all away, my boy?" The other coloured up; he and the speaker were not the closest allies in the ship.

"Perhaps you can tell the story better," was the answer.

"Well, perhaps I ought to be able to tell something of it, seeing that I was on board Henderson's flag-ship when the General and

his daughter took refuge from the allied army."

"Oh! were you? Do tell us all about it, Why didn't you shut up Croft before?—he always tells busters!" exclaimed a cadet cousin of the before-mentioned Croft, who answered by telling him he was an impudent young jackanapes, and that he knew as well as any man what had happened in the Plata, but that Webb might tell his story for their edification. The Lieutenant laughed, and began giving us a wonderful account of the state of the country, the heroic conduct of the Donna, and her final escape in sailor's clothes to the flag-ship, where her beauty and amiability seem to have made a lasting impression. The story took two days to tell, that is to say the cross-examinations occupied that space, and so interested the young hands, that the captain, wondering at the quiet, came twice to ask if any one was ill.

Our run down to the Rio de la Plata was enlivened by a series of shoals of fish, one of

which covered the sea for miles, tossing about in wonderful attitudes, whisking, diving, whirling and throwing somersaults, or going, according to the Authoress of 'Mary Powell,' "top side t'other way." These were all porpoises; and as they generally accompany one or more of the great leviathans of the deep, we were in a state of prodigious excitement; few of us ever having seen one alive, though I must here confess to having been tempted to get inside the skeleton of one in the Isle of Wight, that I might follow the showman's advice and "flabbergast" my acquaintances by telling them of it." Most of us got into the rigging, and glass in hand kept a bright look out, but excepting a suspicion of one at a great distance, we saw nothing, and a clear moonlight night set in; the shoal still following us, gleaming in the silver rays. Presently an alarm was given, we rushed to the side, and there within four hundred yards was a whale, his back standing up out of the bright water as he sailed along

He was going at a great rate, and gaining upon us every moment, passing within eighty yards of us. Just as he did so, he dived and came up a good length ahead, sending up a jet of water that would have made the biggest fountain at Sydenham blush; the monster then continued his course, and was soon out of sight, leaving us watching for his partner—as it is said they seldom travel alone. In this case, however, either the lady was modest, or the gentleman preferred single blessedness, for we watched and watched in vain, the hours of the night slipped by, and the porpoises disappeared.

In the grey dawn of morning we sighted the Island of Lobos, about seventy miles from Monte Video. The name of the island is taken from the enormous quantities of seals which infest it. Numbers of these were lying on the rocks, and as the breeze passed over us, a strong and by no means agreeable perfume was wafted from the island, which, I believe, yields a good round sum in skins and oil.

The northern shore of the river alone is visible, and is low and sandy, varied here and there with a patch of green, and with the steeples and towers in the town of Maldonado. About midway between the island and Monte Video you see the mountainous district of Monte Negro, then we sighted a conical hill, and lastly the town and harbour of Monte Video. All I can say is, that I, for one, was terribly disappointed with the appearance of the country, which, after Rio de Janeiro, looked flat and uninteresting; while the only thing to be seen inland, were herds of wild cattle and horses feeding. The navigation up the Plata is most dangerous and tedious, from the numbers of shifting sandbanks and shallows; the distance is one hundred miles, but the anchorage for a man-of-war not much more than half that distance. Ours being a frigate got a good deal farther up, and cast anchor just at sunset, so there was no chance of shore until morning; and as the light faded away, and the banks of the river became more

indistinct, I gazed with a good deal of longing at the lights ashore. Just as my discontent was at its height, a boat which we had remarked cruising round as if on the look out, came close up, and stood off and on, while the business of furling sails, clearing up, and calling watches was got over. No sooner had the pipe "call the watch" gone, than "side boys" was piped; then up walked one of the gentlemen we had seen in the boat. I was standing near, and one glance was sufficient. "Hollo! Franks!" "By Jove, Fitzgerald!" were our joint exclamations, as we rushed up and greeted each other, as only Englishmen can; none of your kissing and slobbering, but such an honest hearty gripe of two hands as I've seen a Frenchman wince under.

"Where did you spring from, Franks, my boy? Why, last time we parted was when the dear old D— was paid off, and you were going in for your examination; what brought you out here?"

My friend made a face, partly in disgust.—

“The examiners thought I didn’t know enough; then want of money makes folks sad, I had none, and the old gentleman got rusty; so I, remembering the jolly days out here, cut the service and emigrated. Still, Fitzgerald, I can’t help liking a look at a frigate; I often take a cruise down just for the chance of finding an old messmate, and by Jove I’d rather have met you than a dozen.”

Then followed a heap of questions, in the middle of which I remembered I had not spoken to Frank’s friend. “I have forgotten your friends, please introduce me.” So we bowed; and seeing we looked respectable, shook hands—then, “Come along, old fellow! just in time for a taste of the old fare, tell your friends I’ll expect them.”

We dined below, I taking charge of Franks, while the rest were given to the tender mercies of my messmates. “Ah, how well I know these cockroach houses!” says Franks, looking round; “but how is it, you’ve got none? Ah! you didn’t stay long enough at

Rio ; I see, fresh from dear old England. I sometimes wish I was back with your fellows again, but then we have such a jolly wild life here, it just suits me—I am sure it would do for you, too. You must come up the country with us and see how you like it; get some of the jolly ones to come, and I'll show you land will set you going if you like to give up ploughing the salt water."

"Very kind of you, Franks, but I could not think of it yet, everything has been going on swimmingly; when a check comes we'll think of it, so keep a spare bed for me." Then twang went the Bugler, with the "Roast Beef of Old England," the call for dinner. Franks cuts a caper, and we pop (only a few steps) into our seats, then there is a pause; then "a glass of wine, Franks," and off goes the clatter again. This continues till two bells (seven o'clock), when those who smoke (I don't) adjourned to the main deck, and turned themselves into chimney pots. At half past eight we had a glorious bowl of punch, both soup-tureens

full, after which we had great fun. Every one found out he knew friends or relations of Franks, who told us tremendous stories of tigers, wild cattle, Indians, and horses. Then came half past ten, and the imperative order to lower lights. Reluctantly we packed up, and then followed the foreboding words, "Boy, tell the quarter-master to get that boat alongside."

I and a couple of friends rushed off to the Captain, who gave us leave for a couple of days. We didn't require much packing, and were speedily, very much to our own astonishment, on the way to shore. After a long row we reached the right bank of the river; there we found fifteen or twenty horses in waiting, and were soon on their backs, galloping along like the wind, Franks and his friends leading.

It was a lovely night, the crescent moon had just risen, numberless stars danced in the bright blue sky, and beneath us our sprightly horses bounded like the wind. It was a miracle none of us had a tumble; the

ground was rough, and sailors are not the best jockeys in the world, still we got on, puffing it is true, but sticking to our saddles.

After a reasonable, or as it seemed to me unreasonable time, the horses showed symptoms of being blown, but whip and spur kept them up to a wayside establishment, something like an inn; here Franks called a halt, we proceeded to change horses, and were off again in a quarter less than no time. At last, much to my relief, we halted at a very nice looking station, and Franks announced we had reached our destination. To say I was thankful that such was the case was little; the fact is, I was thinking of giving in; sailors are not accustomed to such hard riding every day; so it was with a sense of immense relief I felt myself ushered into a bed-room, and found my equilibrium on a deliciously soft couch. I did not ask any question, but curling myself up fell fast asleep, leaving every one to look out for himself.

I was roused about four hours after, shook, and taken to one of the coolest and freshest streams I ever had the luck to meet with, in which I became fairly awake, and conscious I was in the enjoyment of two days' leave, and the chance of no end of fun.

My friend's place, which he called Mount Rosa, was a lovely spot, standing in a grove of myrtle and geranium trees, and surrounded by numbers of huts belonging to the Guachos (cattle herds), who lounged about in picturesque dresses, not unlike the Zouaves, but wearing their hair nature's length, and having embroidered frills where their trowsers, or, as may be more intelligible, their knickerbockers join their boots.

We had a capital breakfast, cooked in the country style—namely, cut out of the animal the instant he is killed, and before he is really quite dead. This is not done every day, only on special occasions, as of course it destroys the hide, a great piece of this being cut out with the flesh. The hide forms a sort of bag,

which, by keeping in the juice as the meat roasts, renders it the most delicious morsel I ever tasted; indeed, so good that I could not bring myself to desert it, and try the numerous other dishes that graced the board. After breakfast, we set off to an Indian encampment, to which Franks had sent on our arrival, requesting we might see their troops. We found nearly two hundred horse drawn up, and had scarcely approached within five hundred yards, when off they dashed as hard as their legs could carry them. Of course we pulled up, as they really looked as if coming right into us. All at once not a rider was to be seen, they had slung themselves down at their horses' sides; the latter turned sharp, and a flight of arrows whistled past us like a covey of partridges; in a second, the horses were again mounted and bounding on. They performed the same manœuvre, disappearing a second and third time like a gust of wind, all the while the arrows flying past

by scores ; then, changing their tactics, they kept up a retreating movement, their horses going slowly.

Next came the lassoing, and this was great fun, as they tumbled each other over as if they had no bones in their bodies ; then they were sent into a *rancho* or inn to refresh themselves, and the chief returned with us to the settlement, where, after something to eat and drink, we set off to try and get a shot at a lama or ostrich. After a few miles gallop, we came upon a herd of the former, and succeeded in bringing down three, but though we saw many others, we could not get near enough to have a shot.

Our day was finished off by a sight of lassoing wild cattle, and very wild, exciting work it is—the herds often getting very wicked, and showing fight.

As we galloped about watching the sport, Franks expatiated largely on the delights of his free life, telling me that he was now his own master, and that he would advise me

to make up my mind and settle down. Certainly such a life had many temptations, yet it had its hardships, too ; and, after all, when one comes to think of it, there are clouds and sunshine in every life.

That night I saw the mode of slaughtering the tame cattle, or *ganado de rodeo*. A body of men, Guachos of course, sally out after dark, armed with a long sharp knife, and a cow's hide wrapped round the left arm ; they creep through the close thickets where the half-tamed animals are sleeping, and stealing up to them, plunge the knife into their necks. Sometimes, if they miss their stroke, the wounded beast springs up and charges ; then the purpose of the hide shield appears, the tough surface turns off the horns, while the Guacho, springing aside, deals the death blow. The animal staggers and falls dead at his feet. Sometimes an accident occurs, the bull changes his course, and, unprepared for a sidelong shock, the butcher is overthrown, and if so, generally gored. I saw one man

who had been twice tossed, and once left transfixed on the bull's horns. How he escaped seemed to have puzzled himself, and from what I could gather slightly disordered his intellect, though Franks assured me he was his best hand, and had more knowledge, mingled with daring, than all the rest put together.

It did not strike me that the Guachos were naturally brave men. I should have rather said that, from being brought up in the midst of death and blood from their childhood, they had become accustomed to a certain degree of danger—the sight of death made habitual, and the excitement of such scenes, part of life itself. Trained from their boyhood to the use of the knife, they are unable to move without it; and all disputes are thus settled, and of such quarrels the law takes no notice. Fights, and consequently deaths, are so frequent, that even the lookers-on appear unconcerned; and a man drinking in the far end of the room, will pass over the body

of the murdered man without even taking his cigar from his lips.

At day break, next morning, Franks came to me with the intelligence that a tiger had been seen within eight or nine miles, and that he considered it our bounden duty to start immediately in his track. We were accompanied by three of the regular tiger-hunters, men who follow this daring warfare for the sake of the skins. They very seldom carry fire-arms, on account of injuring the hide, but attack the animal armed with a long knife and shield, such as the Guachos use. They generally take well trained dogs with them, which are taught to worry the beast, and attract his attention, so as to enable the hunter to make an attack.

Our route lay across the Pampas, where enormous herds of cattle and horses were quietly feeding; the grass is short and fine, while every little valley has its silvery stream embedded in trees and flowers. The sun rose as we galloped on, and, as usual, our horses

welcomed him with a series of loud sneezes. Gradually his rays cleared away the mist which had been lying like dew over the distant country, and from the high ground, upon which we now were, we looked back upon miles and miles of bright green undulating prairie, or, as it is here called, Pampas, putting me in mind of a gigantic English park. Far off, the Parana flowed majestically along, emptying itself into the Rio de la Plata, where it becomes an inland sea.

But on we went—there was no time to turn and admire the view—I could only catch a glimpse of it over my shoulder as we tore along. Presently we stopped, and were joined by a mob of Guachos, wild, fierce-looking fellows, with their long, matted, black hair hanging like manes round their dark sun-burnt faces, the lower portion of which is perfectly concealed by mustachios and beard.

“Where is the tiger?” demanded Franks.

“There, senhor; he is a very devil, and has killed two men and a hundred cows.”

“Well, we’ll kill him—lead the way.”

The tiger-hunters, having meantime made their own inquiries, took the front rank, each holding a couple of hunting dogs in a leash. We Englishmen, rifle in hand, rode after, while the Guachos followed. Down into the valley we scrambled, where, among the rank reeds forming the bed of a half-dry stream, the tiger was lying. Just as we reached the thicket, the dogs were unloosed, and dashed in with a chorus of yells. And I, grasping my rifle, felt half afraid, and began imagining what my friends would think if I was slain by a tiger.

I had not much time for reflection; a roar, that thrilled through every pulse of my body, drowned the voice of men and dogs. My horse wheeled like lightning, unseating me, and down I came head foremost, my rifle going off as I fell. I had one glance of the tiger close beside me, and the reader may believe I was soon on my legs again, expecting every moment to be

in his grip, to my intense relief he was gone.

Franks hailed me with a cheer, "Well done, Fitz, you've done what you can boast of—jumped a tiger in his spring; but follow up, here's my rifle, you will get a shot at him yet, I'll take yours and load."

I did not stay to ask questions then, my blood was up, my proximity to the brute had banished fear, he was evidently running away too, so my courage rose in proportion.

The hunters were close together at one side of a very thick bush, waiting the breaking of the tiger, a proceeding both the Guachos and dogs were endeavouring to effect; but whether he considered it wiser to charge the mob than the little party of trained men, or whether it was accidental, I cannot say, however, he suddenly bounded out in the opposite direction to where we stood, dashed straight through the mob, and, seizing a man in his teeth, got into the next thicket before he could be stopped. Quick as light a couple of hunters and dogs

stationed at that side were at his heels, and encumbered as he was, almost immediately closed with him; one of the men dashing up and burying his long knife in his side. The tiger turned round like a shot, dropping the body as he did so, and then followed the most wonderful feat I ever saw or heard of. The man carried off was, though much hurt, and with a broken leg, perfectly conscious; he had never let go his knife, and as the beast let him fall and turned away, the long blade gleamed in the air, and sunk quivering into the very heart of the tiger. Without a struggle he rolled heavily over, the blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils, while the gallant fellow who had given the death blow, rose on one arm, and then fell fainting upon the body.

We soon gathered round the spot, and, fortunately, one of the party being the ship's doctor, the wounded man's hurts were bound up, and every care taken of him, while every man, even the hunters themselves, were loud

in praise of his courage and coolness. He soon recovered consciousness, and finding he was not mortally hurt, did not seem to care for the agony he must have endured, but lay watching the others skinning the tiger, telling stories of what he had seen.

The tiger was a large one for the country, and must, from the shape and appearance of his teeth, have been a very old fellow. Franks made me a present of his skin, as a remembrance of my share in the exploit, which, after all, was a novel one. It seemed that when the tiger bounded out of the thicket with the terrible roar I have spoken of, my horse sprung round, pitching me head foremost over the animal, who, the lookers-on assured me, seemed actually afraid of me as I flew over him, the flash of my rifle giving speed to his flight.

Our ride home was a very pleasant one; Franks telling me of many curious and exciting adventures both among the Indians, Guachos, and wild animals. One of these

I shall repeat, hoping it may be new to some of my readers. The hunt I am going to speak of is called *Corridas de yequas chucaras*, or in English, wild mare hunts.

The herds of wild horses are in some parts so enormous that they are slaughtered for their hides. Most of these scenes take place above Corrientes, which town was the first settlement of the Spaniards in the province, and is some distance above Buenos Ayres. When a hunt is arranged, great numbers of Guachos and Chocareros assemble; an immense circular enclosure is formed at the edge of a wood; the fence round the enclosure is made of thick stakes, firmly lashed together with ropes and twined branches; and a large opening is left at the verge of the wood, with a great number of gates or hurdles, ready to fill up the entrance when required. When these arrangements are completed, the Guachos divide and scour the plains in a semicircle, gradually narrowing until they close in the herd of wild horses.

Uttering loud shouts, they keep lessening the space, the frightened horses rushing in a dense mass, while the hunters gather in, and finally the herd is driven into the corral, and the gateway closed up.

Then the work of slaughter begins, the animals being lassoed, killed, and dragged out to be skinned. Such scenes are of course often attended with many and fatal accidents ; sometimes the fence proves too weak for the enormous pressure, and the whole herd escapes. At other times, they will make a simultaneous rush at the hunters, and bear them down with irresistible impetus, trampling both horses and riders to death. I also heard that tigers are frequently trodden down at these forays, as, roused from their lair by the mad rush of horses, they are surrounded and overwhelmed before they can escape. Franks told me of one instance where a tiger was seen borne into the corral clinging to the back of a mare, and was shot while in that position.

Another story of tigers, and I must have done with them—the tiger slayer told it, so I am bound to believe him. It seemed that, when he was a boy, the whole neighbourhood was kept in dread by a ferocious tiger, whose deeds became the subject of tradition, and served as conversation for the entire country. Many hunters went out against this animal, but all failed, he seldom shewing himself, and when he did, behaving in such a strange manner, perfectly invulnerable to knives or balls, that he was at last supposed by the superstitious to be possessed by an evil spirit, and called the “devil’s tiger.”

At last, one bright, moonlight night, the Estancia, near to which his latest depredations had taken place, was alarmed by the sounds of combat; the well-known thundering voice of the “devil’s tiger,” mingling with the bellowing and shrieks of a bull. The people listened in fear; and in the morning a party of them going into the valley, found the earth torn up and covered with blood, whilst in

the thicket lay the bleeding and mangled body of a tremendous bull, upon whose horns the corpse of the "devil's tiger" was trans-fixed. Both were dead.

I have read a similar story—so I suppose it is all true. I should like to believe it, at all events.

Before leaving Buenos Ayres it might be as well to say something of it as a town and residence. The territory of Rio de la Plata was founded in 1778; it reaches from the 16th to the 45th degree of south latitude. It stretches over twenty-nine degrees of latitude, comprehending almost every variety of climate, consequently an infinity of produce. The name Plata, which signifies silver, was given to it by De Solis in 1515.

The situation of Buenos Ayres is low and insignificant, part of it being built on a reclaimed swamp; and although the city, from the peculiar formation of the houses (which are built round square courts), occupies an immense space, it does not shew itself. The

streets intersect each other at right angles, and this uniformity is only interrupted in one or two instances by large public squares. The foundation is of comparatively recent date, having been laid in 1588, by Juan de Garey, who took possession in the name of Spain. It has increased wonderfully in importance, and was long the principal emporium in the world for hides and tallow; the whole country being, as I before said, overrun with cattle in a wild state; and yet it was Garey introduced the first horned cattle seen in the Pampas, and in 1535 the first horses were taken over. The immense increase seems almost impossible, and yet within a few centuries we read of the wild cattle covering the Pampas.

Buenos Ayres has been stained by many a scene of blood and horror, but it is to be hoped a brighter day is coming.

I will not say more of the place, and the reader must take this as a soliloquy, on our way down to join the ship.

We were eagerly greeted, and our trophies

handed up; the tiger skin attracting universal admiration, though some of them pretended to curl up their noses, and said it was no tiger at all. Franks left us at half past ten, and at daylight we were on our way down the river, and Buenos Ayres fading in the distance.

gates, and as the ports were obliged to be kept
closed, I had but much comfort.

We were all busy making ready rifles, guns,
and ammunition for a campaign against the
Indians. Then we
went all round for a disintegrable reproof.

and all be-
CHAPTER VII.
y: a new one for our loss on Sunday;

"The startled waves leap over it, the storm

Smites it with the scourges of the rain,

And steadily against its solid form

Press the great shoulders of the hurricane."

LONGFELLOW.

We are again at sea, and in the midst of
as stormy a water as you could desire, the
morning generally beginning calm, and sunny
clouds falling in the afternoon, and a regular
hurricane often blowing all night. I was par-
ticularly unlucky, in as much as from catching
a severe cold on the second day by getting
wet at the commencement of my middle
watch, and having to remain in that state all
the while, I was confined below for several

days ; and as the ports were obliged to be kept closed, I hadn't much comfort.

We were all busy making ready rifles, guns, and ammunition for a crusade against the rabbits and geese in the Falklands. Then we mids all came in for a disagreeable reproof, being put into watch and watch, and all because we forgot to send in our logs on Sunday ; some of us however got out next day.

The nights are getting delightfully cool, and croakers are already talking of the severity of the weather round the Horn ; but as I was beginning to doubt every thing I had ever read about these regions, I did not give much attention, thinking there would be time enough to shiver when the cold came. Squalls were becoming quite familiar things, and on the first day I was able to do duty again we had a regular clipper.

The ship had been at lower deck quarters, until she took in so much sea that we had to stop ; and that being over I went on deck for my watch. I had not been there many minutes

when the wind freshened; the pipe went, "Shorten sails!" Things looking black and threatening squally weather, we shortened sails to top sails, sent the hands aloft, took in two reefs, and just as that was over, the squall came; looking to windward, it was very wild and pretty, the lightning seeming to chase the clouds of spray, while above the sky was as black as midnight; a few moments of this, then down poured the rain in perfect sheets of water.

The wind continued all night; then came a dead calm, and a bright sun, as if to dry us again; great numbers of albatrosses and Cape pigeons were now round us—the former floating in the air as if buoyed up by some invisible power, actually appearing like magic. A brother sailor of mine, who has given his experience to the world, makes a good enough remark on these strange birds. He says, "It seems odd, but really I am half inclined to think they return to land every night; they always fly that way at sun-set, and even on

the clearest nights I never saw one in the morning. Also they always join the ship a short period after daylight, when you mark the incredibly short time they take to reach you from the verge of the horizon; this seems more probable than at the first mention of it."

We had great fun fishing for these birds, which is done by large hooks baited with pork; this they greedily devour, and are easily pulled on deck, where they waddle and tumble about in the most absurd way, trying to snap at every one, so that you have to keep at a good distance. This is always better on another account, as their feathers are an admirable harbour for myriads of lice!

The high land on the coast of Patagonia was occasionally visible; and, *en passant*, I may as well say a few words of the natives, gleaned from the personal experience of friends who have visited the country. The first accounts brought by the early navigators made the world stare—and no

wonder; they told of a race of men, none of whom were under eight feet, that lived upon human flesh, and devoured their food still quivering with life. Years passed on, their character being still kept up, though to any reasonable observer the cause of their seeming cruelty is apparent enough, and entirely the consequence of the conduct of the very men who have thus stigmatized them; who (when the amazed savages flocked round them, too much astonished to know fear) treated them with insult and harshness; mocking their simple rites, and taking by force whatever their evil passions prompted them to covet.

Later travellers, some of whom have spent years in the country; speak very differently of the inhabitants; and though, upon some parts of the coast, they may deserve a character for cruelty and treachery, they have as a people many noble qualities—are brave, generous, and truthful, faithful in their attachments, and perfectly trustworthy. Whether they have

degenerated in size, or their proportions have been exaggerated by those who gave the first reports, I cannot say, but according to all accounts they are of no prodigious dimensions now, though certainly a fine tall race. They seem to lead a wandering life, roving about their strange, wild country; living generally on the backs of their horses, which they manage with singular skill and courage. A great part of their diet consists of seal's blubber and dried fish, which they store during a certain portion of the year.

There is a belief that an undue number of shipwrecks take place upon this coast; but I scarcely think it is the case, when you take into consideration the violent changes of weather, the bleak and wild coast, and the enormous number of vessels passing.

I had a great desire to visit Patagonia, but of course was unable to do so, as we never put in, but kept right steadily on to the Falklands. If ever I am lucky enough to have a cruise among the giants, I shall hope to

find a hearing, and be able to tell some wonderful stories.

The first land we sighted was Cape Bougainville and Port Salvador. Every one was on deck in a state of great excitement, glasses sweeping the island, upon which we saw immense herds of cattle feeding, while numbers of sea-lions were basking on the rocks. As we got near them we heard them bellōwing like bulls, and great hopes of seal-shooting gleamed upon us, while in imagination I grasped my rifle, and my thoughts went back to old days. Midsummer holidays spent at Holy Island; days before life's cares began, when my greatest grief was saying good-bye to go to school. Alas! and alas! what changes have happened since then! I have learnt the hard side of life; but please God, with it have learnt, too, that even as life is but a drop in the ocean of eternity, so our griefs are as a drop in the ocean of joy everlasting.

At last we cast anchor in Yorke Bay. Here

we were intended to stay three days; quite a delightful prospect, though the weather was so much colder that we had to pile on all the warm things we could get at. The islands are not by any means prepossessing in appearance, and the town of Stanley is, I think, a wretched place, with scarcely one inhabitant who would not give his ears to get away from it. There seems to be no energy or enterprise among the people, who will not even take the trouble to cultivate the commonest English vegetables in a general way, although I saw very fine ones in the market, brought from one or two gardens.

I do not know what the people do with themselves, except eat, sleep, and talk scandal, and soon found we were great attractions, merely from the fact of being strangers.

We did not, however, trouble the town much, although we found a few pleasant, friendly people. Geese, ducks, snipe, and rabbits were so plentiful that we had enough to do laying in a stock for our longer voyage,

not intending to touch until we reached Valparaiso; a good long spell of the salt water.

The day after our anchoring, we had great sport, finding multitudes of rabbits on the banks. These rabbits are of two kinds, some so rank and fishy as to be uneatable; others first rate. We, having received instructions which to bag, soon filled our boat. One rather amusing incident occurred, which one of us will remember a long time. One of the midshipmen, never having seen, nor heard of the peculiar nest made by the penguins, and seeing a curious hole, poked his hand in to feel what was there; the owner was at home, and very soon resented the indignity, by seizing the intruding hand in his bill, which (as the king penguins are much larger and stronger than a swan) is no slight pressure, at least H—— did not seem to relish it, for he yelled and shouted in the most terrific manner, bringing the whole of our party to his rescue. In spite of our commiseration, it was

impossible to help laughing, as there he was, up to the shoulder in a hole, bellowing and writhing with pain. A settler who was with us soon solved the mystery, and by inserting ram-rods into the hole, and regularly boring out the old bird, we managed to rescue our friend.

Having purchased a number of live cattle, we set off next day with the Guachos to see them perform their duty. These men are much the same in habits as those bearing the name at Buenos Ayres; their trade being to slaughter the cattle running wild upon the hills. Some of us tried to shoot the beasts, but found it dull work, and far more exciting to watch the dexterity of the Guachos in lassoing them. We had capital horses for a dollar a day; but many were the misadventures and accidents. One fellow rode slap up against a fine bull; the horse came down, while the unfortunate rider, being shot off, accompanied the bull a short way in his flight; then ploughed up the ground with his nasal organ for a yard or two. We all gathered round to pick

him up, and enquire if any bones were broken.

"Nothing wrong, old fellow, only an inch of skin lost, eh?"

"Why, don't know," was the answer in a very quiet way, "I've been doing what we are told the steam ram is to do with a hook to it, only I was the mast which came over the bows; and by Jove, if that's the way, I'll not volunteer for a steam ram."

Of course we all laughed, and seeing there was nothing wrong, went off to follow our game, leaving our messmate to get into the saddle again.

The Guachos are very sharp with their work. Galloping up within a few yards of the beast they have fixed on, whizz goes the lasso, which by practice they throw so as to twist round any part of the body they please.

The first usually encircles the horns; then a partner throws the second, which goes round the legs, and both draw at once; the horses trained to their work, stopping and throwing out

their fore feet instantly, so as to give them a purchase; then twang goes the string, and the animal arrested in his headlong flight falls helplessly to the ground. Up dash the Guachos, one plunge of the long ready knife, all is over, and the noble animal is merely butcher meat, to be gobbled by a set of hungry sailors.

Having seen as much as we wanted of this work, we rode off to the store to procure a small stock of fresh provisions—though I'm afraid I should come under the head of making a bull for saying fresh provisions, when the fact is we wanted preserves, potted meats, or something like that for suppers. Well, as luck would have it, we found the stores full, and things going for an incredibly low figure. Kid gloves a quarter of a dollar a pair, preserved meats, four pound tins, quarter of a dollar each; only fancy our luck—we immediately bought up mess and private stock, and looked forward to live like fighting cocks.

The solution of the mystery was that the

storekeeper had bought a French ship which had been blown on shore, and condemned for a few thousand dollars as she stood, and having cleared some hundreds per cent by the rigging, spars, &c., which ships are always calling in for, he was glad to get what he could for the other things.

The third day we were again busy looking for a sea stock, and getting eggs, which, although in my private opinion I thought very nasty, tough, and fishy, some of the fellows professed to like very much, and ate accordingly.

Upon the fourth day we set sail and were once more on the blue ocean, but not, as we had expected, to round the Horn. Taking advantage of the fine weather, and feeling the importance of the time we would gain, it was determined to run through the Straits of Magellan; at all times a hazardous undertaking, but still one perfectly feasible in fine weather and with enough hands. Of course we were charmed to think of

escaping the weary passage round the Horn, and cheered the determination in our hearts. Well, on the second day we were in the Straits with a favourable wind, the sea as quiet as a mill-pond, and all going well. At night we put into a Patagonian harbour, and soon found the beach lined with natives of Great strong fellows bearing loads of lama and ostrich flesh, some too with chinchilla skins; these were all readily bought up, but unluckily the moths got at them, and except what we had used as linings for night jackets, all were soon useless. The natives seemed inclined to give us everything for rum; a taste much encouraged by the whalers, who provision their ships at the cost of a few bottles of villanous stuff they call rum. The Straits are so narrow that you require (if a sailing vessel) to be towed through. We made good way with the screw, and anchored at night, by fastening the ship by long ropes to trees on the opposite side of the passage, which, in some parts, seems actually to close

over your head, leaving scarcely, as an Irishman on board said, "a taste of the firmament." The high banks and rocks were completely clothed with trees, which droop and twist about in a beautifully fantastic manner; all, however, bearing evidence of the prevailing wind, which, calm as it was when we passed, was only the day after our exit in such a state of excitement, that one of Her Majesty's ships, coming round with mails after making an attempt to get through, was forced to put back and round the Horn. A friend of mine on board of her gave me an account of their voyage, which, taking place identically with my own, I shall introduce, in order to show the difference between the two passages.

"After dodging about at the entrance to the strait, waiting for a change of breeze, the Commander determined to take the long passage, on the principle that the furthest way round, is the nearest way home; so we turned the ship's head, and made up our minds for a tossing match. There was a smart breeze

blowing, with an ugly sea chopping up all round us. The coast of Terra del Fuego is not interesting, so we kept out considerably, sighting the Cape de Diego at twelve o'clock, noon; we had now the Island of Staten rising on our left hand, the highest mountains all capped with snow, which sparkled and gleamed in the bright sunlight. The great beauty of the hills consists in their peculiar shapes and irregularity, jutting up in every form, in the most unexpected manner; not a single tree was to be seen, and I believe there are none on the island.

"In the strait here, called the Strait Le Maire, there is a terrible current, which, at times, actually makes a top of a small ship, spinning her round in spite of helm or sail. A lull took place just as we turned the Cape, then puff, puff, came a couple of blasts that almost lifted us out of the water, sending a couple of our sails all to ribbons, and giving the men sharp work for the next few minutes to put all straight again. Night set in clear and

calm, just enough wind blowing to waft us along, and with the most beautiful moonlight effect one could imagine. The broad disk rising from a belt of dark purple clouds, just lingering for a minute or two, as if to caress them, shedding a silvery shower along their foreheads; then starting up into the clear blue sky, where her handmaids, the stars, have long been waiting to welcome her. The crest of every wave becoming alive with gladness as she smiles down upon them, bounding, rolling and palpitating—in their mirth. Oh! what would I not have given to have the power to paint and bear away with me a lasting trophy of a moonlight night off the Horn!

“But fair weather in these parts is not to be depended upon; before sunrise we were obliged to alter our headways, and at day-break we were running in quite an opposite direction to that wished, the poor ship pitching and groaning in the most pitiable way! The peculiar double seas that run round the Horn gave us no rest; up and down we

went like a cork on a boiling pot; neither hull nor rest day or night. On the fourth day we got a glimpse of Diego Ramirez, the clouds lifting for a second or two, just as if it were to warn us off. That night we were all roused up by a new alarm, 'Icebergs ahead.' Up I went on deck, and soon had ocular proof of the danger, for the sky being clear, though the wind still continued, we could distinctly see a large floating mass to windward, apparently rapidly making towards us. All was now bustle on board—all hands were piped up; with such an evening threatening us, our full strength was requisite enough. On we went, and on too came the glittering destruction; the moon's rays glancing on its shining sides, from which rays of light appeared to dart forth. It was an hour of intense anxiety, but fortunately we had the ship well in hand, and the wind acting as a friend, gave us a lift, so that we ran out before the ice, which passed on our bow only about two hundred yards off;

rather a close shave. If we had been five, or even three minutes later, it would have carried right over us, and not a soul would have lived to tell the tale. Oh! how many a sad heart still mourns the loss of the fine old Madagascar, which it now seems certain must have perished something in this way. I had a dear cousin on board of her, and shall never forget the months of agony and sickening suspense that his poor parents were doomed to pass, or the sad letters their fellow sufferers wrote. When first I saw an iceberg, his merry face and well known voice came before me, and the cold gleaming island haunted me for many a night."

Such was my friend's account, and now to return to my own story. We were in the Pacific, and on the billows that were to be the home of many of us for three years. I expected only a short spell of it, as I would come in for my promotion in the course of six months, and my friends at home were already at the Admiralty to secure my appointment to

the flagship in the Mediterranean. With such a prospect as this, I looked forward very pleasantly to a cruise in the Pacific. The wind held fair, and all went well with us until off Chiloe, when heavy clouds began to blow up, and presently, without the least warning, there came a regular squall. In a second, the mizzen top-mast (we were carrying full press of sail) came down with a crash, and getting entangled with the sheets, caused a scene of confusion, doubly confused by the tremendous power of the gale. Smash went the rigging, the wind screaming and tearing away all the time, while the water boiled round like a caldron, every now and then sending a shower of foam over the masthead, which, however, scarcely reached the deck, being carried away by the blast. The squall only lasted about a quarter of an hour, but was followed by a heavy gale, during which orders were given to run up to the Bay of Don Carlos, to breathe for a day or two, and mend the rigging.

CHAPTER VIII.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,

For we have many a mountain path to tread,

And many a varied shore to sail along.

BYRON.

CHILOE is by no means a cheerful place, being subject to a cold, damp climate, which has given good excuse to the saying, that "it rains six days, and is cloudy on the seventh." Of course, one result is a luxuriant vegetation, though, from its very rankness, not a productive one; cereals very seldom prove worth the expense of cultivation, while potatoes, which are indigenous to the soil, never attain any size, and present a wonderful quantity of fine healthy tops.

The day we arrived was wet and gloomy, so

that, when we landed, we were soon looking out for hotels, and found none, unless perhaps you might dignify a great, rambling old shed with such a name. Here the only comfort was a splendid log fire, rather a treat after a row of two miles from the anchorage, in a cold Scotch mist; round this we congregated, and round us congregated the inhabitants, some to try and sell their fruits, others to sell us in any way they thought practicable. Among the last, I have always found those possessed of horses the most successful; they have all the same insinuating way of dwelling on their respective merits—hands, legs, and tongues are all at work, and gesticulation appears a great part of their trade. In the present case, we having determined to see the island, and get ourselves into riding trim for the anticipated hunting at Valparaiso, were soon in the clutches of about a dozen livery stable keepers, all shouting in broken English the merits of their studs. Presently a new voice rose above the din, and a tongue there was no

about with little Dicky kicking and red in the mistaking sung out, "Och, ye divils, let the boys alone, it's their own countryman they'll take, bad luck to the whole lot o' ye, and hurrah for ould Ireland."

The speaker was a little wizened old fellow, with a regular Connaught face, and was soon bowing, and pulling a forelock in the middle of our party, perfectly frantic with delight, when one of the cadets pushed up, and told him he too was an Irishman.

"Are ye now, or is it joking ye are? Is yer dada in the ould country?"

"True for ye," answered Dick, with an unmistakable brogue.

"Then he'll be a great gentleman entirely; and what part will he come from?"

"Connaught, to be sure."

The old fellow's eyes glistened as he said, "The gem of the whole country; and his name, yer honour?"

Dick had hardly got it out, when, with a screech like a wild Indian, the old fellow seized him in his arms, and began capering

about with little Dicky kicking and red in the face with astonishment and shame at (he an officer too) being so treated. Suddenly the old fellow set him down, and began blubbering. In the midst of all, we gathered that he had been bred, born, and reared on Dicky's paternal estate, but that, having been touched with the gold fever, he and his family managed to get a passage in an emigrant ship, thinking, if once over the water, they would easily walk to "Californy"—an undertaking which ended in the death of the old woman and only daughter; then the capture of the narrator and his two boys by the Indians, their escape and arrival at a port where they got on board a whaler, short of hands, and were finally wrecked near Chiloe, on which island they found employment in the native stables. Of course we all patronized the old chap's master, and I must say got good horses, though sometimes, when we were too many for him, he had to get extra beasts. We had startling adventures, particularly as, the custom being

to turn out the horses for alternate years, they are brought in from the plains almost as unmanageable as wild ones.—Cruiser was a joke to some of them, and I wish I could let Mr. Rarey have a day among them.

The saddles on which you are obliged to get are the most abominable things I ever beheld, while you are regularly weighed down by a tremendous pair of spurs at each side, with rowels the size of a cheese-plate. Of course you are continually pricking the horse, sailors more than any one, from not knowing exactly how to handle their legs; the consequence is, that when you have, after infinite labour, succeeded in establishing a nice easy canter, and are congratulating yourself upon your successful subjection of your hot-tempered, hard-mouthed Rosinante, you forget your legs, and before you know where you are, you are either flying over his head from a back jump, finished off by a kick, or are spinning along the road, holding on, John Gilpin fashion, with your armed heels digging into the infuriated animal. Thus

you go, until (if you can ride at all) you regain your perch, not seat, and turn your toes well in, or the steed stops, unable to proceed further, and finishes you up by kicking and rearing.

I tried spurs two days, but found I got on better without them, and should advise all strangers, sailors particularly, to follow my example. One other thing, too, I would mention here, and that is, let every man who can afford it, and find room, take out a racing saddle; I say racing, on account of its lightness, and taking up less room. Wherever you go on the coast of South America, you can get good horses, but it is misery to be obliged to sit on the great wooden things they call saddles. I have often wondered the naval officers did not oftener provide little comforts of this kind for themselves, or, if more practicable, by a small subscription from the mess. Three or four saddles and bridles would take up but little room, and any man who has been bumped about on those of native manufacture will agree to my suggestion.

The island is one of the largest in this strange Archipelago which runs up the west coast of South America. It is about thirty miles long and fifteen broad, is rather hilly, and completely clothed with luxuriant forests, in which, when an open space occurs, there springs up a good covering of grass, shewing how productive the soil might be if it were only cultivated, which, as the whole surface, excepting only such few spots as I spoke of, is covered with enormous forest trees, is of course impossible; and as burning the forest is rendered equally impracticable by the continual rain, there does not seem much prospect of improvement in this respect.

The cattle in Chiloe are small and miserable-looking, and all appear half starved, as I believe they are; they are certainly neglected, being left in the damp wood, without the slightest protection, in all kinds of weather. The other animals, reared for use and supplying ships, are sheep and pigs, both

bearing a strong family likeness to the cattle, excepting that all the rams have three, four, or five horns, giving them a very peculiar and top-heavy appearance—particularly as some of the old rams have very large ones, and seem very proud of them. I got one head, as a trophy, with five fine curling horns, which I found took a beautiful polish.

The Indian inhabitants are fast diminishing, and appear to be a race between the Panipá Indians and those now in Terra del Fuego. The cause of their decrease is similar to that in any trading European settlement, the mixture of blood and introduction of firewater, the latter propagating every crime and disease imaginable, and carrying off hundreds of Indians. The mixed race at Chiloe are by no means prepossessing, and are met with of every shade of colour, from the white Spaniard or Chilian to the darkest native.

The bay is bad and shallow, perfectly blocked up in some parts by a sea-weed or moss which covers it so completely, and to

such a depth, that traditions are extant of boats having been so firmly imbedded in it that it was almost impossible to move them. This moss is often eaten, being boiled by the natives, but as I could not taste it, I have no idea of its properties. It put me in mind of the horrible dark-green slimy stuff I have seen in fishmongers' shops in Dublin, the name of which I either never heard, or have forgotten. I believe the best use of the Chiloe moss is to make a similar covering to that known by surgeons under the name of a paste bandage.

Poverty and dirt go hand in hand, and, as is generally the case where the latter exists, the moral character is proportionately low. The women are a bad lot, indulging in every vice they can, and holding virtue in thorough contempt; in fact it is but a name, which I do not believe one out of ten knows the meaning of. This I attribute to the licence so long allowed to sailors, when in port, after a long cruise. The captains, tiring of the

constant succession of trials, and the complaints of the officers, took the easier plan of giving so much liberty, in fact letting the men loose in gangs.

I am happy to say this is seldom; I may almost say never, done now in Her Majesty's service; but that it is resorted to by many ships, both English and foreign, I have been an unwilling and disgusted witness. No wonder the Missionaries find it difficult to teach the islanders virtue and purity. If one white man says they cannot go to Heaven if they do such things, why is it that all the other white men do the very things themselves? Such is the native philosophy, and certainly the reasoning is clear.

Mate, or Paraguay tea, is the favourite drink of both men and women. It is made or infused in one large cup, into which a tube, with a round strainer across the end, is placed; through this the tea is sucked—the cup and tube passing to each in turn.

We did not stay long at Chiloe, being too

glad to get away, and all in great anxiety for the letters which must be waiting at Valparaiso; so it was with no small delight we steamed out of the harbour, and saw the cloud-capped mountains fading away, while we all agreed that Chiloe was a horrid place.

Nothing particular happened during our short voyage, and when the peaks of the Aconcague and Tapungato became visible, an involuntary cheer broke from me. No

wonder, dear reader! I had been led to suppose Valparaiso a very paradise, and anticipated staying at least six weeks, part of which I reasonably hoped might be at my own disposal; but, "man proposes, God disposes," and how my hopes were realized remains to be seen. They were not.

The harbour is invariably entered with a strong south-westerly wind, and to guard against the sudden gusts which come sweeping over from the Cordilleras, there is a sort of standing order to reef topsails before rounding the point; in fact the point itself has now

got the name of Reef Top sail Point. Upon this spot, which is, I should imagine, about eight hundred feet high, is perched a rickety old wooden light-house, from the top of which I have seen many a cap and hat go dashing away.

The cricket ground, of which I shall have occasion to speak, is just behind the light-house. But on glides the good old ship, and, amid sundry expressions of disappointment at the aspect of the country, we cast anchor in Valparaiso harbour! The town, which appears a medley of red-topped houses, thrown about here, there, and everywhere, lies along the side of the bay, in some places overhanging the water, while behind rise ranges of round clay hills, only tinged here and there with green. They say it is always either wind or rain in Valparaiso; the first chokes you with fine dust, the last makes every street like a mill-stream, but clothes the country in flowers and grass! How this place became chosen as a refuge and capital has often puzzled me. The

harbour is exceedingly unsafe, completely unsheltered from the north; when a gale blows thence, the water of the bay rises in the wildest way, and many an unlucky ship that has weathered Cape Horn goes down on the rock which is here known as the Little Horn.

Two Quebradas, or gulfs, separate the city into three portions, known among sailors as the fore, main, and mizen top. In the centre, the houses come so close to the edge of the cliffs, that there is merely a narrow pathway, and so economical are the Chilians in the way of ground, that they actually make sites by levelling a ledge of rock, and propping it up with stakes, which look so terribly unsteady that I often felt afraid to trust myself on them. There are two parishes, Los Santos Apostoles, and St. Salvador; lots of churches, with rather pretty wooden towers; two principal streets, which are very wide, well kept, and resemble a perpetual fair; numbers of shops, generally belonging to French people, and two thirds of them milliners and dressmakers,

but all frightfully expensive; in fact, you pay higher at Valparaiso for things made there, than you do at distant ports supplied from it. There are very few good public buildings; there are the two clubs, the Opera, the Exchange and the Post Office, the last wretched affair, worse conducted than that at Rio.

A few years ago, a regular system of Police began; but there are still many robberies and murders, nor is it at all safe to walk about alone or unarmed. I did it very often, but was more careful after one or two adventures, which I shall relate, to give some idea of the real state of things.

The worst part of the town is the narrow road to the cricket ground. One Sunday afternoon a party of us were walking there, when a German came up and asked leave to join us, explaining that as he came along in the morning he was stopped, and relieved of the trouble of carrying his watch and purse. As we passed the spot he pointed out where the man had come from, and told us several

stories of what had happened here. Presently, as we were taking a short cut through a Quadrada, the German, who kept a very bright look-out on every side, halloed out, 'What's this?' and pointed to what appeared a portion of a petticoat sticking out below a very large stone. After some labour, we rolled off the rock, and to our horror saw the body of an unfortunate girl, dressed as for a ball; she had been stabbed and robbed, then the rock rolled over her. Poor creature! it was a shocking sight, and made a sad impression upon us. We went immediately to give information to the police officer, but nothing further was said about it; I believe the occurrence is too common to cause much excitement beyond the family of the sufferer.

After this, I took my revolver with me, and had good cause to be thankful I did so, as one day, when by myself, I caught sight of a man hiding in a ditch, armed with a large stone, ready to throw at me as soon as I had passed; this, if not effectual, is followed by

the knife. Thinking I had better take it coolly, I walked straight up to him with my revolver ready; not a pleasant thing, I assure you, to look down six barrels well charged. Holding this ready, I gave him a bit of my mind in the best Spanish I could muster, until, looking very small and sulky, he sneaked off, and I continued my walk, blessing my *little* pistol.

The great amusement here is riding, and as they have good horses, one can get pleasantly along. The best horse is a cross between the Pampa horse and the English, which, though a mere pony in height, averaging fourteen and a half hands, has speed, strength and bottom fit for anything in the riding line. For a good one, you pay three or four ounces, but unless you look wide awake, they will jockey you out of double the real value, always asking twice as much as you should give.

On the occasion of my first visit, the fashionables were mostly in the country, though,

luckily, two or three jolly families were near enough to visit daily; and every Saturday we gave a riding pic-nic, providing the grub, &c., my share being established as lobster, bread, and a due proportion of liquid.

The most frequent excursion was in the direction of Santiago; the place of refreshment here is at Diggles's, a post-house. We riders took care of ourselves; I'm sorry to say the horses got nothing, having an idea that we were to take it out of them, and not put anything in. After this we galloped on about a quarter of a mile, and turning to the left, got down to a pretty stream that skirts the west side of the valley. The country being full of wild dogs, we generally found capital sport hunting them; practising with a lasso, much to the amusement of the natives, who begin from their infancy, and get very expert, doing with it just as they please, and laughing heartily at our lame attempts to throw it.

Of course, most of us kissed mother earth

during the day, some being continually sprawling, but getting no pity. When we had enough of this fun we adjourned to the brook-side, and picking out a snug spot, displayed our varied contributions, to which, in spite of its being said that Spaniards and Chilians don't eat, our guests did great justice, often astonishing our weak nerves by the quantity they managed to stow away.

The great game used to be, just as the feast was over, to send one of the young ones off to untie one of the old fellows' horses. Instantly the alarm spread, we, who were all ready, were on our legs, and the next instant on horseback, some without saddles, some without head-gear, and so on ; all the greater fun for us. Then there was such a scene of shouting, tumbling, laughing and scolding as is seldom witnessed, usually ending in losing one or two of the horses, and riding home double.

Coming home from one of these jolly affairs

we were waylaid by about a dozen ruffians, armed with knives, pitchforks, clubs, &c. They came upon us so suddenly at a sharp turn of the road, seizing our bridles, and trying to knock us off, that, for an instant, we were at a loss; luckily, being all well provided with good whips, mine a well-leaded hunting one, we laid about us in good earnest, and knocked down several, the ladies getting out of the way as fast as they could. We were covering their retreat, and had backed over one of the ditches, unwilling to use our weapons in reality, when one of the band threw a stirrup-iron at our first lieutenant, a great, powerful fellow of six feet. Flesh and blood could not stand it longer. We thought no more of self-defence and moderation; with one shout we charged upon them, using our stirrups as weapons, and most deadly ones they soon proved. Fancy a piece of iron; about twenty pounds weight, flying round a six-feet-two-and-a-half man's head, and catching a fellow on the cheek; we soon

cleared the field, they went down like corn, armed with knives, pitchforks, clubs, &c. They came upon us so suddenly at a sharp turn of the road, seizing our horses and trying to knock us off that for an instant we were at a loss, luckily being all well provided with good whips, some a well-leathered hunting one, we laid about us in good earnest and knocked down several, the ladies getting out of the way as fast as they could. We took with us to the nearest rancho, and left him in care of the landlord. He was almost well in ten days, and actually had the impudence to ask us for money when we rode over to ask about him.

There is a subscription pack of foxhounds now, which was formerly kept by a capital fellow, the life and delight of the place; the kennels are at his place, about two miles from the house, and are, like everything about him, in first rate order, and as like Old England as the climate will permit. There are from fifteen to twenty couple of hounds, all I believe brought from England or elsewhere, as they say they cannot rear puppies to do any good, so must be at a good deal of expense importing them when full grown.

The foxes are long-legged fellows with dark

backs and go fast, though from their keeping so much to the hills you very seldom can have anything of a gallop. When, however, by good luck you fall in with what they call a wanderer, *oie*, a fox belonging to some distant part of the country, and who immediately makes for home, you may have a good burst on the plain and plenty of sport. The hills are dreadful break-neck affairs, up one bank, down another, or headlong into a black gulf yawning before you.

The Chilians don't appear to see the object of our hunting a fox with hounds at all, and always go provided with a lasso, which, in their opinion, saves a great deal of trouble, as they cannot shew off their riding much more satisfactorily in galloping from cover to cover, then scattering over the plains. I myself heard a Mexican Spaniard say, "The dogs were very badly behaved, as they would always catch the fox if they could."

As soon as you get to a cover side which is nearly always on a hill, and in thick

stumpy underwood from four to five feet high, in the Guachos form round one side, and as soon as the fox breaks, every lasso is spinning in the air; if he escapes, which I am glad to say he often does, you have a chance of a run, and soon lose sight of the discomfited Guachos.

It is very pretty to see the ladies come out dressed in white habits and Spanish hats, with long drooping feathers of every shade and colour—many of them ride very well, and manage their horses beautifully, so that, what with the air, excitement, bright eyes, and soft Spanish, one very seldom can boast of coming off heart-whole. And many a lonely night-watch is brightened by the remembrance of those we knew at Valparaiso.

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Quillota, and in company with a messenger who had been in the station four years before. Tender remembrances of certain eyes and fingers at Quillota acted like a magnet, and I, being a friend, was the chosen companion of his search after the lady he described.

CHAPTER IX.

“Sir—It is no mistake at all, That lady is my wife”

AMONG the many rides round Valparaiso, the prettiest in my opinion is to Quillota, the paradise, as it is called, of Chili. The longest is to Santiago, to which place, however, few now take the trouble of riding; preferring the short and sharp route by rail which lands you in less than no time at this fine and quaint old town situated at the foot of the Cordilleras, and in a wide plain dotted with country seats, here known as quintas. These quintas are often lovely spots, and the nests of lovely maidens, too, whose bright eyes make sad havoc among the blue jackets.

One of the first rides I took was to

Quillota, and in company with a messmate who had been in the station four years before. Tender remembrances of certain eyes and fingers at Quillota acted like a magnet, and I, being a friend, was the chosen companion of his search after his beauty, whom he described as a perfect Houri, warning me repeatedly not to forget myself and fall in love with her.

I really have little idea how time went on, as Harry talked incessantly about his past adventures; and what with laughing at his rhodomontades and admiring the scenery, the flight of time did not make much impression. However, we reached an inn at the Vina del Mar, and turned in to look for a breakfast. To our horror, we found they had nothing in the house; the master having gone to Valparaiso to purchase provisions. If we waited, however, they would get a fowl from a place near. We had no time to wait, so gobbling up a quantity of dry bread, and washing it down with Chicha (something like bad gooseberry wine, which always gave me a pain in

my stomach), we mounted and proceeded, congratulating ourselves upon the repast we should be entitled to on our arrival.

A pretty stream flows through the Vina del Mar, and winds down a succession of equally lovely valleys from the mountains to the sea.

The next valley, that of Cicon, is larger, and through this and the next we cantered along, singing for very merriment. Who could be dull on such a day and amidst such a scene? Not I at least, and my friend had no forebodings as to his expected happiness.

A mountain ridge rose before us, up we went, pulling short at the top; there below us lay paradise, a very Garden of Eden, though minus "Adam and Eve." The vale is quite fifteen miles across, bounded by hills, enlivened by a broad sparkling stream, looking like a splendid salmon cast, and putting me in mind of the bonnie Tweed,

"As its silvery streams
Sparkled in the sunny beams."

Richly cultivated fields, glancing quintas,

and a palpable turnpike road kept up the delusion, while up there, nestling among trees and verdure, I saw a town—the dear old Quillota. Harry uttered a whoop, and digging his spurs into his tired steed, scampered down the hill, perfectly regardless of me or my entreaties to go quietly; my horse being so done up that I expected every moment to find him on his head. I suppose Harry's devotion to his Goddess was propitious for us, as no accident took place, and at last the iron hoofs of our horses rang upon the streets of the city, creating a great sensation, men, women, and children rushing out in a frantic way. The last mentioned, yelling as loud as they could, and kicking about their naked legs in high glee. The women were nearly all ugly, and very dirty, with dingy gowns, innocent of soap, tied round their waists, while a shift was all the attempt at covering from that upwards, and, as may be expected, did not protect them much from the vulgar gaze, not, indeed, that any one would care

to look twice! It's all very pretty in marble, or anything like that, but I protect me from such sights as are forced upon one out here. The inn is a good sort of place, and happened to be (a wonder in Chili) under the same landlord as when Harry paid his memorable visit here before. After a wash, and first-rate dinner, during which we found out that the family we were in search of were still at the old spot, further than which we did not intend to venture. We sallied forth through the Plaza, along narrow streets, enlivened by grated windows, behind which you caught stray glimpses of sparkling eyes. Harry saw none of them, he was more in love than ever (since he had left Rio, *c'est-à-dire*), and puffed away without looking to the right or the left. Presently we were out of the town, and in a lovely green lane, perfectly embowered with trees, and gay with flowers. My companion heaved terrific sighs, and actually threw away his cigar, swearing he

was going mad, and apostrophizing every tree and flower. I never had an idea of his being poetical before, and felt proportionably astonished, wondering if the tender passion, when it came, would bring out a similar vein in my own composition. But here we are, at a pretty gate, with a walk into a lovely garden. In we went, Harry shaking, blushing, and grinning, I pulling up my collar, and hoping I'd find a sister at home.

The house was of one story, surrounded by a vine-covered verandah, into which long French windows opened, showing bright rooms within. It was the approved calling hour, so we might hope to find the ladies. Just as we got up to the entrance, a child ran out, a perfect little angel, with its white legs and feet gleaming below a thin white shift; rushing up, it looked at us, and then flew back like a frightened bird, shouting something I did not understand. The effect was, however, that a servant appeared, and took in Harry's card. The ladies were ready to re-

ceive us, so in we went, Harry red and white by turns, and laughing in the most donkeyish way when the ladies crowded round to welcome him, leaving me quite forgotten in the background. I made good use of my time, however, and took notes of them all in my mind's eye. There were three ladies, all young, all beautiful. One, whom I at once set down as Harry's flame, was, I think, the finest woman I ever saw, rather above the middle height, with the figure of a Juno, long, sunny light hair, and just the face I would paint for an angel if I were an artist. She looked more the embodiment of a dream than a living reality. No wonder Harry had raved. I only wonder he had ever left her. I could not, had I been the lucky fellow he said he was. How far his tale was true remains to be seen. The two ladies who remain to be described were very pretty; one, a jolly little thing, with wicked eyes—the other, a languishing beauty, very fond of making love, and with an intense horror of flirting.

Presently, Harry, remembering my presence, condescended to introduce me, and said, "Is your leetle friend sailor-boy, too, Monsieur?" He enquired of the beauty, much to my horror, for I was not by any means delighted to be called youthful, and assure you, at that time, I was five feet seven, and growing still. "Yes, Donna, he is a midshipman, and my great friend." "Ah, so charming! he shall be my friend also; but how you call him? Monsieur Feetgarad?" I enlightened her, and after several pretty attempts, and much laughing, during which I was forgetting Harry's precautions, and getting warning glances from him, she gave up the attempt, and said she would call me "Monsieur Meedshipman." I was at once at home, and we were in the full swing of mirth and merriment, when the door opened, and two gentlemen entered. One, I at once heard was their brother, the other was introduced as Don Somebody, I

could not catch who. It struck me at once that he was on particularly familiar terms with the beauty, who, after a whispered conversation with him, in which they both glanced frequently at Harry, resumed her seat and flirtation, and the Don began imbibing tea at a great pace, shewing his teeth occasionally, as he caught some sweet speech of Master Harry's.

The evening wore away, and all went merry as a marriage bell, when in bounded our little friend with the short shirt again, this time up to the Don, to whom he bore an unmistakable likeness. A glance that passed between the beauty and him at the same moment started a new conviction in my mind. I stooped forward and whispered,

"Is this your son?"

The Don nodded, and kissed the boy.

"And your wife?"

A low laugh and glance across the room was the answer.

Poor Harry! he was leaning over his in-

amorata, thinking heaven knows what. It was too bad! and yet I could not help laughing; and as the Don joined me, we were soon great friends, and retired to smoke a cigar, leaving the tell-tale in the arms of an aunt.

In the smoking-room, the Don opened out. He seemed immensely proud of his wife, whom he had carried off in spite of a host of admirers, and after having fought six duels, horsewhipped a dozen men, in fact taking the fortress by storm. I then told him of my friend's case, and heard a summary of Harry's early affection, which gave me great amusement, and put me up to a few of his tender reminiscences.

When we returned to the drawing-room, the Don, according to agreement, seated himself next his wife, and began talking of things Master Harry knew nothing about, gradually getting closer, until he leant his head over her chair, and the conversation went on in whispers. I sat at a distance doing the agree-

able to the pensive lady and watching my friend, who began to look very uncomfortable. Had he not told me so many lies about the lady, I should have pitied him enough to save the *dénouement* which must come; but, as it was, I felt the sweets of revenge, and was delighted with his fate. The Don was a very handsome fellow, and just the sort of man to make you jealous, which it is evident one of the party was. Harry got hot, then cold, looked very fierce, and finally interrupted the conversation by some cutting reproach. To this the lady replied with a smile, while the Don pulled his chair forward and apologized, but having something of importance to communicate, &c., &c. Harry looked daggers, and tried to regain his ground, but the Don answered half his questions, taking the lead in the conversation in what appeared the most impertinent way. Suddenly Harry saw an excuse for an outburst, and launched off something like a broadside; the Don was ready for it and

merely smiled ; the lady shewed a small bit of pity, and laying her hand upon Harry's arm, said, "You don't know my husband."

Harry's face made me burst into a roar of laughter ; the rascal was paid off for his flirtations tenfold.

The Don rose, offering his hand with a very magnificent bow, but poor Harry sat still, staring at his cruel beauty.

"See, my child !" exclaimed she, bringing up the boy.

Now Harry recovered, and seizing mother and child in his arms, kissed them both, much to everybody's consternation, such a thing being considered quite a crime in Chili. Then getting hold of the husband's hand, he made him wince with the squeeze he gave, as he congratulated him on having such a wife. I was astonished, and no wonder, but even more so afterwards when Master Harry kept up the joke by assuring me he knew from the first that she was the Don's wife—a fact I was never convinced of.

Harry spoke very little that evening after we left the quinta, and drank more wine than I thought altogether good for his promised riding excursion with the ladies the next day. Be that as it might I never heard another syllable about the beauty, and think it cured my friend of flirting for a while.

Quillota is a great wine country, and one of the first places I visited was a wine press. It illustrated some well-known passages of Scripture wonderfully. The way of proceeding is this: a large vat is placed upon stones, into this the grapes, great luscious fellows, like the finest green-house productions, are emptied from deep baskets, and men, generally without any nether garments, hop up and down upon these, yelling with the greatest passion, and actually red with juice. The liquid finds an escape through a pipe at the side of the vat, and is put into tubs or crocks to ferment; I tasted it in the original state, just as it came from the press, and liked it very much, though after the fermentation

begins it is atrocious. The Chica I have alluded to before is made of the white grape, and is rather like perry, though generally weaker and more acid. Quillota is considered a very good wine district, but Concepcion is the best, and produces the finest grapes and most valuable wines.

The natives drink terribly, especially during a journey, when you seldom see them sober.

Aquadienta, a strong, fiery, and very nasty spirit, is their favourite. A few of the Aborigines are still left, and have districts appropriated to them by the Spanish rule. I paid a visit to one, and was glad to get away; they have completely lost caste and have degenerated into dirty, idle, drunken peasants, content to eke out their existence from month to month, existing rather than living in wretched hovels, through which the wind whistles at will; and though happily requiring no ventilation, this is never thought of, the only light or chance of air being through the door-way, which is divided in half, just as you see what

in the North of England they call cow byres.

Their quarters are known as Pueblos, and it was on my return from one of these that I fell in with a party from another English ship, bound for the mountains, and talking of nothing but quanacas; this animal is a sort of lama, about the size of a fallow-deer, and particularly difficult to shoot, being much more wary than any other game I fell in with. My experience took place some months later, on our return to Valparaiso. At present, I bade a reluctant adieu to my friends and turned my head shipwards.

We all of us spent the greater portion of our time on shore, and soon our purses began to shew symptoms of drying up, so the more prudent ones resolved to use their own good understandings in preference to the more shaky ones of horses. Thus we began to walk, and got curious names applied to us by the fair Chilians in consequence.

The heat at Valparaiso was terrible, and the wind dreadful; the sand got into your eyes, ears, mouth, nose, down your neck, up your sleeves, in fact into every available spot. I do not know how the ladies bear it at all; they thought to wear a large veil over all, and move about content to see without being seen; but when I proposed this, the fair sex rose in arms, and told me they had nothing else to live for except to be admired, courted, and petted. What a delectable life to lead! Is it not? Yet there is a system of education beginning to steal in; mothers and elder sisters teach the little ones, and as no one imagines it a hardship to learn lessons, the children get on very fast, pursuing their studies in the same room in which the whole family are assembled. The inhabitants and settlers vie with each other in supporting the opera; the company is sometimes good. Stars, going from England to California, stop a few days en route, and fill their pockets with Chilian gold. The

opera is the only great public evening resort at which ladies of character can be seen ; so it is always crowded, and is a pretty and exciting scene, every one going in full dress, and taking care to have their boxes decorated in the handsomest way. The first night I went to the opera, I imagined people attended for the sake of the music ; I was soon undeceived, and, from what I saw, feel pretty sure not two out of twenty of the occupants could tell you next morning what songs were sung well, sung badly, or not sung at all. As to the company, at that time, it was horrible ; they attempted three operas while I was there, and failed in each. There was always something wrong ; either the leader was bad, or the singers would not be led. I am tempted to think the latter, as occasionally a solo would come out capitally ; but, alas ! it was only a short respite, and one harmony in a whole long opera scarcely compensated for three or four hours' purgatory. So I followed my neighbours, and went to the opera to

flirt, make eyes, and get an invitation to supper.

The Valparaiso drawing-rooms are usually very handsome—large, airy, and beautifully furnished—some even magnificently; the rich merchants allowing their wives to hold a sort of rivalry as to the splendour of this apartment. Damasks of every hue, embroidered with gold and silver, form the hangings. Inlaid tables, and chairs much too pretty to sit upon, are scattered about, and every available place is piled with handsome books, those with engravings being most popular. There was one want, and that was paintings. I hardly saw one, but I believe the drawing-rooms are now full of photographs.

Evening is the time for paying visits, and this is done in an elaborate toilet, no expense or trouble being thought too great to attain the distinction of being the best dressed woman in a house. After chatting awhile, cakes, coffee, and ices are brought; then you either sing, play forfeits, or dance until about

eleven, when almost every party breaks up, and you escort some fair partner to her home, beneath a moonlit sky that would draw romance from any one. Oh! what indescribably lovely nights we had there! The full soft moon gliding on her heavenly path; behind her—far, far away—the countless stars—and farther yet, in blue eternity, the heavens themselves! Then, the air actually laden with the scent of flowers, varied as you passed different gardens by the floral taste of the owner, but all equally charming; then, too, the solemn stillness, broken only by the booming sea and the shrill whistle of the town watch; and last, not least by any means, the soft dark eyes gleaming by your side, the touch of a perfumed cloak, and the gentle laugh that comes so kindly. In spite of knowing how stupid you are, you begin to think that if all your friends were as amiable and polite as those near you, you would not be quite so much afraid of going to certain balls, or asking certain fair ladies to put you down

for a dance, a request generally ending in a putting down much practised by the present style of what are called clever girls. I don't like clever girls, and am sorry to find most beauties now pretend to that denomination, practising their weapons upon every unfortunate fellow who is not quite as much up to the thing as themselves. I really often wonder where they pick up the queer words they are so apt at, and upon venturing an enquiry, I have once or twice elicited the authority to be a brother at either Oxford or Cambridge, as the case may be. I once tried for a whole week to teach a very pretty girl (at her own request) "the sort of words sailors used in talking." I got on pretty well at first, but, to my horror, heard her describing a lady's bustle as her beam-ends, and got a sharp reminder from her mamma, who, I believe, never looked at a sail or ship afterwards without a shudder.

But to go back to our travels abroad. I have not much more to say of Valparaiso at

present, as we have received orders to sail for the Sandwich Islands to meet the Admiral there, instead of waiting for him; and particularly as I was a much longer time at the place on my next visit, which was very much pleasanter, as coming back to friends ready made, is infinitely better than arriving with a pocket full of introductory letters, and having to go through a lot of such formal visits—visits at which the ladies all sit bolt upright in a semicircle before you, the mother doing the conversation, and talking the most commonplace nothings. Once, however, established as I a friend, this extreme caution disappears, and you are permitted to converse with the young ladies, who generally do pretty well in the talking way. They are all very kind to sailors, and every officer who has been stationed in the Pacific must have a warm and grateful remembrance of the kindness he has met with.

The worst feature in Chili, as in every Roman Catholic government of America I

revisited, is the morals, or rather want of morals, in the priesthood; and though not quite so openly immoral as in Brazil, they are quite as bad in secret, and it is even said that women consider it an honour to be the mistress of a priest, and the child born of such a connection is dedicated to the church as free from sin, and guilt. I scarcely credited such a state of things, but facts are too plain, and, among the uneducated and bigoted order, what crime may not be perpetrated, and even licensed? Intrigues are numerous, and as the Chilians are no lovers of gossip, holding it in great aversion, I felt the more inclined to believe what I did hear, particularly as things of this kind were always told by those who would break off the yoke of such a corrupt church, at least such a corrupt priesthood—men raised from the dregs of society, resorting to the gown as a refuge from the fate their crimes would often entail upon them, and then using that gown as a cloak for the worst excesses and sins a man can be guilty of. That there may be many a

good man among the Chili priests, far be it from me to deny, but I cannot believe such to be true Romanists. No man, true to his religion, and with the honour, praise, and glory of that religion at his heart, could stand by and see it vilified by such men as these; and if it were a true faith, the one only faith whereby we may hope to be saved, surely if "these were silent, the very stones would cry out."

Well, here we are on the broad swell of the Pacific again, its never ceasing sobbing sounding in our ears, the clear blue sky above gradually becoming hotter and hotter, until, on crossing the Line, we are all panting and wishing for the precious ice we used to find so many of at Valparaiso. Oh! those ices!

"How many pleasant memories
Those ices bring to me."

What sweet speeches, bright eyes, and fairy fingers rise before me, until, with a prayer for our next meeting, I rush on deck, and drown

good man among the Chili priests, far be it from me to deny, but I cannot believe such to be true Romanists. No man true to his religion, and with the honour, praise, and glory of that religion at his heart, could stand

CHAPTER X.

"How pleasant the songs of Toobonai,

When summer's sun went down the coral bay,

Come let us to the islet's softest shade,

And hear the warbling birds. . . ."

BYRON.

WELL, here we are on the broad swell of the Pacific again, its never ceasing sobbing sounding in our ears, the clear blue sky above gradually becoming hotter and hotter, until, on recrossing the Line, we are all panting and wishing for the precious ices we used to devour so many of at Valparaiso. Oh ! those ices !

"How many pleasant memories

Those ices bring to me."

What sweet speeches, bright eyes, and fairy fingers rise before me, until, with a prayer for our next meeting, I rush on deck, and drown

my memory of the past in whatever is going on. The great game was at this time 'sling the monkey,' and jolly good fun it was, rather of the warmest, though, for such weather; nevertheless, that and dancing served our turn and kept up our spirits. I amused myself finishing off my sketches, filling in my diary, and looking after my collection of curios.

We sailed from Valparaiso on the 15th of April. Every thing was in our favour for the first day; then a calm came on, and there we were on the glassy ocean. About four p.m. the man on the look out reported an extraordinary object near the horizon. Those endowed with curiosity—and who is not on a sea voyage?—were soon speculating as to what the wonder was; but no satisfactory conclusion being arrived at, and there being no sign of a breath of air, a boat was lowered, and I, among others, sent to reconnoitre. We had a good long pull for it, and then the first thing that came upon us was a most unpleasant smell; the sailors began whispering their

ideas, all of which were wonderfully wide of the mark, as we soon saw the object was neither more nor less than an enormous dead whale; his carcass rose out of the water like an island, and was covered with birds, chiefly albatrosses. We secured a couple of the last, by merely taking hold of them and tying their legs; the brutes had eaten so much that they did not attempt to fly away; with these we turned and rowed back to the ship, which still lay motionless.

We had one of the finest sunsets that night I almost ever remember, the sun sending up pillars of rosy light into a pale yellow sky, while a broad pathway along the sea appeared paved with molten gold, never at rest, moving, flashing and running one bright billow into another, until the last ray faded, and the grey leaden hue of night took its wonted place. Half an hour after sunset the wind came up from the west, and although just enough to move us, it was evidently the forerunner of more; and ere long we were going gaily before

it, and were soon greeted by the shout "Land ahead." I was below at the time, and busily engaged at something or other; so, hearing a great noise going on, I asked what it was, and had a by no means new song bawled into my ears, by a messmate, relative to Robinson Crusoe, followed up by Gordon asking, "Why the first discoverer of Juan Fernandez considered the island inhabited?"—with a great deal of the same sort of chaff, in the midst of which I went on deck to have a look at the far famed island myself.

Nothing was visible as yet except the hazy blue land line, but as the breeze freshened, and we sped along, the pretty outline became clearly defined.

In a couple of hours we came to anchor in Cumberland Bay, the view from this is very picturesque, the land sloping up from the beach into the mountains, which form the centre, and rise almost perpendicularly many hundreds of feet, bearing a beautiful verdant dress of green. The highest hill is almost

two thousand feet, and nearly inaccessible, so much so that I have read that, during the period the island was occupied by the Chilian government as a convict depot, any one of the prisoners who could reach the table land at the top of the mountain received his liberty.

Of course we were all anxious to explore, and there being nothing to do, most of us got on shore directly, and gun in hand, set off to do what we could in the sporting line; but as the only animals were wild goats, dogs, and cats—the only feathered creatures, pretty humming-birds, a kind of thrush, and a white bird—we did not expend much powder, merely taking a specimen of each back. There was, however, an abundant supply of fruit, heaps of cherries and small peaches—and oh! how good they were; we never knew when to stop eating, and filled our game bags and pockets with them, to take away with us.

The island is certainly a delightful spot, and Robinson Crusoe was by no means to be pitied. What a shame! it is nobody will

let a man believe in his identity; now, for my part, I would as soon think of raising a doubt about the life and adventures of Dick Whittington, or Blue Beard, as of my favourite and friend, dear old Crusoe. I pictured to myself his feelings upon finding himself alone upon such a rich and lovely spot, without a care or an anxiety to mar his peace and enjoyment. The soft warm air soothing his wearied spirits, the bright flowers, the streams dancing in the sunshine, food at his right hand, and free to do whatever his fancy dictated. Ah! thought I, he was a lucky fellow—no tardy promotion, no watches, and above all no examinations. Who would not be such a man?

Juan Fernandez lies on the usual track from Valparaiso to the Society Isles, and is one hundred and thirteen miles from the former place. It took its name from a Spanish pilot, who is said to have discovered it in 1563. After its first introduction to the world, it became a rendezvous for numerous

pirates who infested the Pacific, and when Lord Anson arrived with his invalid crew in 1741, they were at first afraid to land, or remain on the island, in case of the arrival of any of these sea robbers.

In 1749, a penal settlement was established, but ended in a short time, the garrison being so continually harassed by mutinies and various other troubles. Again, 1819, the Chilian Government followed the example of their Spanish brethren, and the settlement again shared a like fate, so that, since 1835, the island has been deserted, except by one or two families who supply the whalers with vegetables and poultry.

The greatest drawback to a settlement is the violence with which any shock of an earthquake on the mainland is felt here. In fact, in the year Concepcion was destroyed, the same shocks extended in such a degree to Juan, causing one of those terrible natural phenomena, a roller in the bay, that half the island was swamped, and the governor and his family, besides nearly forty other persons, were lost.

Fire and smoke have, upon similar occasions, been observed to rush from the bosom of the ocean. I have often wished I could be an eye-witness to some such wonderful sight; yet anxiously as I watched upon this, as well as a subsequent visit to the island, I saw nothing unusual, and did not feel the least sensation of an earthquake.

Juan Fernandez being the first of the properly so-called Pacific Islands that I had seen, I may be excused for the delight with which I dwell upon the two short days we spent there. The balmy air, luxuriant foliage, and cool streams gushing out of the hills and rocks in every direction, left a picture upon my mind which I can never forget; and many a day since my dreams have taken me back to those green valleys, and I have watched in fancy the wild goats springing from rock to rock. What a pity goat flesh is so bad, and as far as I am concerned, absolutely uneatable. Some of our fellows had the kids roasted, and calling their flesh lamb, ate it with mint

sauce. I could not; and recollections of a sojourn at Callander in Scotland began to rise, when for a whole month we were compelled to live on veal and fish (both capital things, but "not constant"), the beef being like horse flesh, and the mutton atrociously goaty.

The quantity of mint growing wild is marvellous; whole acres are covered with it, and as the breeze passes over, the perfume is wafted miles out to sea. Most of the ships carry off large quantities to dry, and make into tea, as an anti-scorbutic; our men tried it, but owing to the comparative shortness of the voyage to Pitcairn's, they did not make much use of it, except to drown the smell of fish, with which the whole ship was pervaded, while enormous cray-fish walked about in all directions, and lasted us until within a couple of days of our arrival at our next place of refreshment.

I have already said, perhaps, more than enough about sea-voyaging, and except in a long cruise, when I have something to ramble

on about, I shall leave out those pages touching our daily routine of shifting sails, taking the latitude and longitude, &c., and convey my kind reader from place to place. Pitcairn's is justly celebrated as the island upon which the mutineers from the *Bounty* found an asylum. It is only four and a half miles in circumference, and one and a half long. The formation is precipitous and volcanic, like all the others in the vicinity; large dark-coloured rocks bind in the green hills, and jet out in picturesque confusion into the open sea, rendering the coast somewhat dangerous; though adding materially to its beauty; these rocks bear the names of the Apostles, and St. Paul's is the highest point of land seen on entering Bounty Bay. It is said that the crew of the *Bounty* pulled round the island twice before they discovered a safe place to land; This struck me as rather curious, as there appeared a good anchorage, and twenty-five fathoms water, half a mile off shore.

The look-out ridge is one thousand and eight feet high, and is the highest point. From this the islanders used to keep a watch for ships—I say used, for before the time I saw it, they had voluntarily left it to seek their fortune elsewhere.

It appears from the history of this settlement that when their numbers began to increase, they found a great deficiency of water, so much so that they consented to leave the island and settle in Otaheite; and although preferring Juan Fernandez, were glad to acquiesce in the government plan.

As might be supposed, these primitive and religious people did not understand the morals of their new home. At first they kept aloof, then some giving way, the others grew alarmed, and determined to quit the scene of temptation; they petitioned government to be taken back to Pitcairn's, and greatly to their joy their petition was granted. Again they were on the salt ocean, and soon upon their native soil; nothing could exceed their joy

and triumph; they ran about the hills like children, weeping tears of joy, and congratulating each other upon their escape from the "land of hell." Alas! their joy was of short continuance; one of the worst vices of civilization followed them, and in a short time after their return home, some of them began distilling rum. In vain did the old and wiser men remonstrate, they persisted in their design. It was at this moment that an extraordinary adventurer, calling himself Lord Hill, arrived. He professed to bring government authority to adjust the affairs of the island, and, believing him, the islanders obeyed him scrupulously.

During some time he remained in full possession, until the arrival of a ship of war commanded by a son of the very man to whom he represented himself as a near relative. The *dénouement* came, but, having no authority, Lord Russell very properly represented the case to his admiral, who sent authority to bring off Mr. Hill, and thus free

the islanders from a cruel and unjust persecution.

When I first saw the island (as I said before), it was uninhabited; the ruins of the little cottages looked sad and lonely, and I could not help feeling for the unhappy people who had been compelled to leave such a favoured spot—a spot where nature seems to have lavished her richest and brightest adornments, and where life might ebb away without one distracting thought.

Now it was with feelings of disappointment I strolled up the valleys, coming now and then upon a broken garden fence, in which vegetables and fruit ran riot, or, what was sadder still, a half ruined cottage, evidently purposely laid waste, with fragments of household gods scattered here and there, and every where, over the floor. I turned away with a deep sigh, I dare not stay to look; for thoughts of what the poor inhabitants must have suffered before leaving such a spot rushed upon me. Sad and weary I returned

to the ship, nothing loath to hear we were to sail at daybreak for Otaheite.

Otaheite is one of the healthiest and pleasantest spots in the Pacific; blessed with an incomparable climate, and with every variety of fruits and flowers, while few diseases, and little or no sickness, ever visit its shores. It is thought by many to be the land discovered by Quiros in 1606, and sometimes called George's Island. It consists of two peninsulas, forty-four leagues in circuit; these are united by a narrow isthmus, three miles across. The largest peninsula is twenty miles in diameter, the lesser sixteen; both are surrounded by reefs of coral. The northern extremity is the well-known Point Venus, and eastern termination of Matava Bay. The tide rises considerably, and from the action of the wind is variable; the coast is prettily intersected by snug bays, down to the edge of which cluster the woods and flowers, enlivened by rivulets, up which a boat can often make its way for some distance, and

moor, beneath the dark shade of the overhanging foliage, which forms a delicious retreat for weather-beaten tars.

The woods themselves are perhaps the most luxuriant in the world, the indigenous productions consisting of the cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, banana, plantain, yam, potato, and sugar-cane, independent of smaller fruits, and now of every variety of imported fruits and vegetables. As it appears, you have but to carry out a root or seed, and immediately the plant appears in full luxuriance. It is to Cook, I believe, this island owes its enormous growth of guavas, as tradition says he planted both these and oranges; the guava has grown so fast that it has choked the natural weeds, forming one itself, though luckily a pleasant one, and profitable withal, serving as food for the enormous herds of pigs used to supply the vessels calling at the island.

Of course, at the present day, the inhabitants generally profess Christianity, and in spite of their tropical blood and natural laxity

of morals, would I believe have been good Christians, were it not for the unlucky clashing of doctrine between the Protestant and Romanist missionaries. How is it possible for an ignorant savage to distinguish between such subtle teachers—one of whom tells him that all he has hitherto believed and trusted in is a vain and empty delusion, the work of devils—while the other gives him a new religion, it is true, but still in a manner resembling that of his forefathers? Which is it likely an uneducated man would take?—that which is based upon the unseen or the seen?

The original inhabitants are a fine race; their colour a clear olive, with beautiful eyes, teeth, and hair; the latter is taken much care of, being oiled and plaited several times a day, and ornamented with wreaths of flowers. They are all fond of bathing, and no one can feel astonished at it, as the water is the coldest place in the midday; and really a deep pool, surrounded by trees, and enlivened by the fair Naiads of the island, is a veritable Elysium.

Sometimes, in the midst of a hot scramble with our guns, the sounds of mirth and gladness would greet our ears. We soon learnt to know from whence those echoes came, and invariably made straight for them; the laughter guiding and sustaining our fainting limbs, to be amply rewarded by a sight rivalling Diana and her votaries; for in some darkened and flower-embosomed pool sported a dozen or so of Tahiti's daughters, some in Eve's own dress of fig leaves, others in their pretty chintz dresses, clinging round, and shewing off the statuistic symmetry of their limbs. Do not be shocked, fair readers, I would not tell such tales of Southsea beach, although, believe me, some of us could. But in that island, "far, far beyond the sea," many things are done, said, and seen that would be sacrilege in this dear land. Oh! cousins and sisters, you need not look down and think in your dear innocent minds "what wicked men sailors must be." I have only one answer; it was the custom of the country, and to

turn away with mock modesty would have in reality been only illustrating the old proverb, "Hohi soit qui maly pense!"

The native female dress consists of a loose robe passed over the head, and fitting tight round the throat, the sleeves buttoned at the wrist, and over all a white muslin mantilla is thrown. This tappa is of home manufacture, of great delicacy and beauty; it is made from the bark of the mulberry tree, which is beaten to gluten with large sticks, and mixed or smeared with Hibiscus gum to make it stick well together. The pieces are sometimes as much as two or three yards wide and five long. The habit of tattooing once prevailed to a great extent, but is now almost entirely done away with. The women still keep up the old custom of eating separately from the men, excepting only of course the higher grades, and those brought more immediately in contact with the Europeans. Their food consists of bananas, bread-fruit, fish, and pork, the latter being much nicer than any I ever tasted

before. In fact, so averse was I at all times to eat pork, that until really compelled by hunger (during a hunting excursion) one day to taste, I do not think I could now have given any personal experience of the Tahitian hogs; now I can, and quite agree with my friends that they much more resembled veal than pork, a fact we accounted for in our own minds by their vegetable diet. They are queer little beasts, with long ears like the Chinese fellows, and make a glorious row when you try to catch them.

I had a chance of seeing a native feast, of which, to my notion, the pig slaughtering was the most curious part, the way taken being to secure a fat young grunter, take a very long piece of bark, fibre or sinnet, and wrap this round and round the poor thing's mouth until he is completely choked; the next process is scraping his hair off, and laying him on heated stones, packing him in with bread fruit, &c., and covering up all with more stones, sods, or grass. When this is cooked enough, they seat

themselves in a circle and eat it the best way they can, tearing it up with teeth or fingers, just as fancy guides; then follows dancing, neither graceful nor pretty, and consisting of only one or two movements of the feet and arms, keeping time to a monotonous sort of chant made by the orchestra, and partly sustained by blowing with one nostril into a pipe rather like a penny trumpet.

The scenery upon the island is truly beautiful, and worthy of a poet's pen; indeed one can scarcely avoid tempting the muse in such a spot, and I believe some few of us pleaded guilty to sending home what we imagined Byronic descriptions of our island Paradise. Mine I never saw again, and have good reason to believe it was committed to the flames, and so condemned, because it was supposed to be indelicate upon the subject of female dress in the Tropics, with regard to which I must say, in loyal defence of the afore-mentioned goddesses, that I have seen more immodesty and levity displayed in England

than I ever remember to have been annoyed with in Otaheite.

There are only dogs, hogs, and cats naturally indigenous to the soil, though bullocks, sheep, goats, &c, have been introduced, and now infest the mountains in large herds. Of birds there are a number, nearly all with brilliant plumage, and some with a sweet wild song; the prettiest are the paroquets, one of a lovely sapphirine blue, another, green, with red spots; a kingfisher, dark green and white, throat bound with a collar; and last in beauty, not least, numbers and varieties of gentle doves, whose plaintive love-making seems to infect the islanders, and teach them to whisper in the same soft touching tone, choosing the green boughs as a bower.

and coast right up to the anchorage, about a quarter of a mile off—then down drops the anchor, in water as calm as a mill-pond, and the spars are reflected like a daguerotype in the clear deep mirror round you. Soon, however, the whole is a scene of a regular race and scuffle, as in

CHAPTER XI.

“The gentle island and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,

The courteous manners, but from nature taught,

The wealth unhoarded and the love unbought.”

BYRON.

THE entrance to the port at Otaheite is almost hidden by the Island of St. Nicholas, and protected by a coral reef which runs all round the island, acting as a breastwork, against which the waves roar and chafe in vain. At the north-west point of the harbour is the entrance, a mere passage between the high rocks, very like a gateway in a field enclosed by high stone walls. Ships entering stand right in for the land; and when to all appearance running slap on the beach, they put the helm hard to starboard, shorten sail,

and coast right up to the anchorage, about a quarter of a mile off—then down drops the anchor, in water as calm as a mill-pond, and the spars are reflected like a daguerreotype in the clear deep mirror round you. Soon, however, the whole shore and bay is alive, and the scene of a regular race and scuffle; as no sooner does a man-of-war drop anchor than the inhabitants swarm out, and hundreds of boats, every size and shape, glance along to the ship; their cargoes as various as their shape—some piled with delicious fruit and lovely flowers, some laden with noisy, screaming fowl, lying in heaps, tied together by the legs; some with pigs, ginger-beer, and last, not least, horse-dealers. For an hour or two, nothing is heard but shouts, laughter, and bargaining; then the purchases being made, they clear away, and the fellows who have leave go ashore to ramble about the most enchanting green lanes in the world, where soft mossy banks tempt you to lie down and rest at every turn.

The only portions of the town which boast any buildings worth looking at are the French settlers' government officers' and missionaries' houses, many of which are, and all might be, perfect bowers of beauty. The churches were nearly deserted until lately, owing to the clashing interest of Roman Catholicism. Now, however, there is a good deal of improvement though I fancy more from the influx of foreigners than any decline in the Romanist influence. The climate is the most charming any one can imagine, and although at mid-day you are very glad to get under the thick branches and lie down full length upon the cool springy grass, and at all times equally glad to plunge into the nearest pool of water, still you can never complain of the heat being oppressive. Water seems almost the natural element of a native, and the settlers soon learn to look upon it as the one thing needful; and wherever you wander in the vicinity of a brook, you are pretty sure to come upon

a bathing party; at first, perhaps, feeling a little bashful when you find you are expected to plunge in among a group of native Venuses, for both sexes bathe together here. The missionaries tried to put a stop to this, upon the grounds of immorality, and strictly prohibited it; but they forgot to give the natives other, and what they deemed more innocent amusements, so that, finding their law had only the effect of making a sin of what, in reality, was only the old custom of the country, they wisely abolished the law, greatly to the delight of the people.

Our favourite walk was to the valley of Fatawah, at the head of which a large precipice or natural wall runs across and forms an impassable barricade; over this a brook falls, making a waterfall well worth seeing. The walk up is exceedingly picturesque, running alongside the brook, which forms a constant friend, every here and there spreading into a little deep lake, or contracted in a rocky chasm, at the bottom of which, twenty feet down, you

can count every glittering pebble. It is beyond human nature to pass such delicious baths, particularly if they are already the scene of a bathing frolic. You throw off your jacket, and in you go, diving down, and coming up to shake the water out of your hair, and splash about as you watch the Naiads of the island diving, floating, and romping, like very mermaids.

On such excursions, I generally had my fishing-rod with me, and used to amuse the natives by catching fish while in the water, a performance they thought a perfect con-juror's feat.

A solitary ramble is quite out of the question ; you are invariably followed, or hunted out, by the natives, who walk respectfully after you, volunteering to carry any thing, merely for the sake of being near you. Their greatest delight is accompanying you out shooting, and at every shot they hillo, kicking and capering about like madmen. During our first walk to the pretty fall, we had a whole

mob of them; but by way of making their company acceptable, they gathered enormous quantities of fruit, so that, on uniting our forces at the rendezvous, we piled the fruit in pyramids, and such fruit as seldom blesses an Englishman's eyes.

The fall itself is eight hundred and sixty feet high, and comes down in an unbroken stream, the eddy of the wind catching and carrying the spray in all directions, bathing the plants and flowers which clustered up the sides of the precipice in such dazzling luxuriance that they appeared painted by even a more prodigal hand than Dame Nature's.

The first part of our entertainment consisted of Cittern beer. This is made from the ripe fruit, well sweetened and diluted with water; the cork comes out with an invigorating pop, and the liquid flows down your throat like nectar. After this libation, came bread, radishes, water-cress, potted fish, then a dessert of fruit; after this, perhaps a

pipe or a bath, of the more benèrgetic tones scrambled up the rocky boundary. To reach the top of the fall is no easy matter; you get into a road or pathway, about half a mile below the fall; this is rough and steep, but you must bear with it, and follow its windings. The first thing you come to is the French post with a sergeant's guard, this marks the grand pass which the natives held so long against their French foes; so strong are the natural defences, that I believe they might have defied a whole army but for the treachery of a Yankee, who, deserting from them, gave himself up, buying his life and liberty by shewing a private path to their retreat. The sergeant we found in command of the post was a jolly old fellow, and delighted in relating some of his exploits by flood and field. Finding him well inclined to be friendly, we paid him many a subsequent visit, often taking the trouble to carry our lunch up to his post, that he might entertain us with his adventures.

At the head of the fall are several deep chasms, in which the water is still cooler than below; and from one of these you can slide with the stream, some fifteen feet into the other, and the sensation, though at first rather startling, becomes very pleasant after one or two trials. The lowest pool shallows off at the head of the fall, and by descending a few steps, you can look down eight hundred and forty feet into the basin below.

From the flag-staff, which is a good way higher up than the guard-house, there is a magnificent view of the valley; while out to seaward, and behind you, rise the Crown Rocks and Diadem. These are three curiously peaked mountains in the centre of the island, deriving their name from the resemblance they bear to an ancient crown. Half way from the base, the hill divides into three distinct peaks, and from these run on one hand deep valleys to the sea, while on the other the base forms an enormous semi-circular precipice. The whole mountain is clothed to within a very short

distance of the top with fine trees. It was in the deep valleys, or rather ravines, round this mountain, that the islanders so long resisted every effort of the French troops, and might have held out much longer, having only to retire step by step, if need be, to reach the hills themselves, where they could never be either killed by attack or starved out of their native food, bananas and wild hogs, covering the whole mountain. Yet, as in many a similar case, deceit and jealousy proved their conqueror. It is easy to struggle against an open foe, but, alas! who can resist a treacherous friend? The view from the flag-staff was, I have said, magnificent and wild in the extreme; on one hand, enormous rocks menacing the world below—on another, valleys and plains of garden-like beauty, gay with flowers, and alive with the melody of bird and stream. Before us, we seemed to see two lives, one as God gives it, the other such as we make it, dark and often terrible both to ourselves and others.

However, I must not bore my readers by moralizing, but learn to restrain my lips, and tell of what has an interest separate from that of the humble author, who I well know is only borne with as a story-teller, and for the amusement the scenes he has witnessed may afford. The natives of Otaheite, shew a strong dislike to their French masters, and an equally strong affection for the English, and from Queen Pomare down would do anything in their power for us. Pomare, their queen, is a fine-looking woman, a little too stout if any thing, but regal and majestic enough in her demeanour. The court dress is black satin, embroidered with coloured silks, made in the same way I have described before, namely, quite tight round the throat and wrists, hanging down in heavy folds to the ankles, while round the shoulders a loose scarf is thrown. The hair is all drawn back from the face, and fastened in a roll behind, and round the head is twined a wreath of flowers generally made from the arrow-root tree, and often

The king is a mere nonentity, and sits beside her Majesty dressed in a uniform of cobalt blue velvet, covered with silver lace, and invariably wears an enormous cocked hat. I believe the poor Queen has had many family troubles, particularly in connection with her eldest son, who is unfortunately a confirmed drunkard; the second is her favourite, and quite different, being a gentlemanlike fellow, and a very good son.

When the Captain went to pay his state visit to Her Majesty, I had the good fortune to attend him. We were received at her palace with little state, but evident kindly feelings, tears rising in her eyes as she spoke of Queen Victoria's affection and kindness. Then she asked hundreds of questions about the English court, and the younger members of the royal family, and particularly whether it was true one of the princes was a sailor; on being assured of this, she said she hoped the Queen would let him come to Otaheite. It happened to have a long letter from home, containing a

very elaborate description of the marriage of the Princess Royal; and this she expressed a great wish to hear, begging to have it read to her when she visited the ship.

Two days afterwards, the great event of their Majesties coming off to dine with the Captain occurred. Every thing was ship-shape, and a royal salute fired in honour, while the yards were manned, and the band played "God save the Queen."

Pomare was evidently delighted with her reception, and said,

"You *English* are *truly* polite."

I suppose meaning another nation in connection with her were not "truly" so.

After watching the men go through some of their exercises, the dinner was served up under a temporary awning erected on the deck. It was certainly a pretty table, being appointed à la Russe. People in England can have no idea of the beauty of such a style, when carried out in the very Eden of fruits

and flowers, the whole table blooming with flowers, and actually groaning with fruit.

Dinner over, I was called up to read my letter; then followed the newspapers, and next cards were brought out; and being in favour (thanks to the kind hand that penned the letter), I was one of the three who joined her Majesty's table; in fact, in the second rubber, I had the honour of being the royal partner.

The Queen played a good game, and won with evident relish, laughing good-humouredly at some mistakes I made, finishing off by clapping me, and saying I was a true Englishman, and she hoped I would come back when I was an Admiral; and last, not least, that I would be very handsome when my whiskers grew!

Unfortunately, the last speech reached other ears than mine, and became a standing joke against me long after the crop did come. After spending a short time longer at this

gem of islands, we set sail for the little island of Ramatara; a name many of my readers will find new to them. I had heard nothing of it, and expecting to find either a desert or a spot inhabited by savages, was totally unprepared for what I did see. It lies in 152° west longitude, and $22^{\circ} 45'$ north latitude, is about seven miles long, and one and a half broad; It is one of the clearest specimens of coral formation I ever saw. This same coral formation has served to occupy many a spare hour, and made me forget the dull moments of a long voyage. The best information I have ever found is that given by Sir David Brewster, and feeling sure he would allow me to do so, I shall copy it word for word.

“Our readers,” says Sir David, “no doubt are aware that the coral rocks which form islands and reefs, hundreds of miles in extent, are built by small animals called polypi, that secrete from the lower portion of their body a large quantity of carbonate of lime, which when diffused around the body and

deposited between the folds of its abdominal coats, constitutes a cell, or polypidion, or polyhary, into the hollow of which the animal can retire. The solid thus formed is called a coral, which represents exactly the animal itself. These stony cells are sometimes single and cupped, ramifying like a tree, and sometimes grouped like a cauliflower, or imitating the human brain; the calcareous cells which they build remain fixed to the rock in which they began their labours. After the animals themselves are dead, a new set of workmen take their places, and add a new story to the rising edifice, the same process going on from generation to generation, until the wall reaches the surface of the ocean, where it necessarily terminates.

“The industrious labourers act as scavengers of the lowest class, perpetually employed in cleansing the waters of the sea from impurities which escape even the smallest crustacea, in the same manner as the insect tribes, in their various stages, are destined to find

their food, by devouring impurities caused by dead animals and vegetable matter on the land. Were we to unite into one mass the immense coral reefs, three hundred miles long, and the numberless coral islands, some of which are forty or fifty miles in diameter, and if we add to this, all the coralline limestone, and the other formations, whether calcareous or silicious, that are the works of insect labour, we should have an accumulation of solid matter which would compose a planet or satellite, at least one of the smaller planets between Mars and Jupiter; and if such a planet could be so constructed, may we not conceive that the solid materials of a whole system of worlds might have been formed by the tiny but long continued labours of beings that are invisible—”

I have here given one of the highest authorities on the subject; my own experience was, to say the most, but superficial, and only consisted in gazing through limpid water down upon the lovely gardens at the bottom

of the sea—gardens glowing with every hue of the rainbow, glittering with lights as if illuminated, and alive with marvellously formed fishes, which, in flitting in and out of the wonderful forests, might easily be imagined spirits of the place. I never doubted the well-remembered stories of mermaids and their caves again, and often in my dreams pictured to myself the beauty of their palaces,

“Under the waves of the dark blue sea.”

Properly speaking, I believe Ramatara ought to be classed as one of the Society Islands, as from its formation it distinctly forms one of them. Nothing could exceed its gem-like beauty as we first caught sight of it, glowing in the morning light—its white shores bathed by the blue ocean, and the green hills actually appearing to laugh in the sunlight, the rich woods in many places bending to touch the sparkling waves.

No sooner was it evident that we intended to anchor than a dozen little canoes shot off

through the surf, and were alongside in an incredibly short time. The natives were all decently clothed, quiet and respectful in their demeanour, and altogether different from anything I had expected. More than ever I was surprised to hear many of them answer in very good English, and invariably use the word "Sir" in addressing us.

I was one of the first to go on shore, and was soon seated in a snug cottage, in a rough but comfortable arm-chair, with three or four of the native teachers conversing with me, asking a host of questions about England, and the places we had lately visited: when they heard we had just come from Otaheite, I saw two of them flush with delight, and discovered they were natives of that place, and had left it some years before to teach the Gospel to their neighbours. All their relations were subjects of Queen Pomare, but they assured me they did not intend to go back, trusting to meet again in the world to come.

There was something indescribably touching in the earnest way in which they spoke of the "world to come," the unseen land beyond the dark valley of death, and I hope I shall not forget the impression it left upon me; and it was not only their conversation, but the consistency of their whole conduct, during the few days we lay off the Island, that surprised and awed me. I attended their church, looked into their schools, saw them at their own firesides, bowed with them in family worship, and in their gratitude for "our daily bread," and would to God I could look back with the same degree of respect and gratification to our sojourn among other Islands in the Great Pacific.

One single example will illustrate the high degree of civilization they have attained; some of us dined every day with the teachers, and invariably sat down to a table covered with a white cloth, ate with knives and forks, off crockery plates, and drank out of cups and horns.

The King gave several feasts in our honour, at which we were entertained in the same way, the only difference from a plain English dinner being the wine, which consisted of fresh and delicious cocoa-nut milk.

We really felt sorry to bid farewell to the kindly islanders, and every one gave them presents of one kind or another, though I must say that which appeared most acceptable was some packets of writing paper, pens, and ink, these being luxuries they could seldom obtain. The whole population were on shore, or in boats, to see us start, nor did the latter leave us until we were a good way out to sea. But soon they, too, turned homewards, and we were alone upon the wide ocean, ploughing our way for the far famed Fijian islands.

It is more than a hundred years since Abel Jansen-Tasman discovered the Fijee islands. Cook visited and claimed the honour years afterwards; after him, in 1789, came the famous Captain Bligh, and since then

they have been gradually stealing into notice. Since 1806, they have been regularly visited by whalers and various other trading vessels—sometimes as a convenient place of refreshment, and sometimes to obtain sandal wood, or the Chinese delicacy, Biche-de-mar.

The group known as the Fijee comprises all those islands lying between the latitudes of $15^{\circ} 30'$ and $20^{\circ} 30'$ and the longitudes of 177° east, and 178° west; some part of which are occasionally called Prince William's Islands, and "Heeniskirks shoals." The number of islands existing in the entire group is two hundred and twenty-five; eighty of which come regularly under the denomination of inhabited islands, and at the present day are, to a certain extent, christianized. Some of these shew the coralline formation, others tower up in the well known volcanic form. The different ranges adhere closely to one shape; thus those on the eastern side of the group are generally small, while those on the west are large

and more diversified in appearance, boasting of scenery unparelled, even in the Society Isles.

As we sailed through first one and then another narrow strait or channel, and gazed hour after hour upon some new landscape of beauty, I could scarcely imagine myself in aught else but the realm of dreams.

Although there is no active volcano, there are several hot water springs, and frequent shocks of earthquakes. Decomposed volcanic deposits are acknowledged to form a rich and fertile soil, particularly when assisted by decaying vegetation, and in the Fijees you have an admirable example of what the product of such land really is.

The position of the Fijees in regard to the equator would lead one to suppose them excessively hot, and liable to all the penalties of a burning climate. This, however, is not the case, refreshing sea breezes temper the rays of the sun, and cool the heated air. There are no swamps to create miasma, and

a more enjoyable climate or healthier residence could scarcely be found, or one in which every illness takes a milder form.

In such a climate and so fertile a soil labour is unknown, the only root upon which the slightest care is expended being the taro; and the method of preparing the ground for this useful plant will be an example of the primitive way in which the natives exist. Half a dozen men, each holding a long pole sharpened at the end, place themselves in a square or circle, surrounding about two feet of ground. Into this they push the sharp end of their poles, press them down about a foot deep, and then prize up the ground in the centre. It is certainly a strange way of ploughing or digging, I cannot say which, as it resembles neither, and is finished off and made ready for the root by a number of boys who follow the men, and after pulverizing the loosened earth with their fingers, pile it into pyramids, upon the top of which the taro plant is set; when it spreads forth

the branches, and reaches from mound to mound, forming a famous retreat for wild ducks, and one of the most difficult covers to beat I ever saw.

this. We had set off on a shooting excursion, and getting out of our bearings, wandered helplessly about until nightfall. We made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit; lighted a fire, cooked our ducks, and, with the help of coco-nuts and bread-fruit, were not to be pined. After re-

CHAPTER XII.

And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep
 * * * * *
 And dreadfully their thunders seemed to sweep."

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

THE Fijians appear to shine in the commercial world, and date the origin of their trade back to a time long antecedent to the arrival of Europeans, having traded by barter with their neighbours for centuries. The principal commerce is in the hands of the inhabitants of the smallest islands, and when a great barter, or what we call a fair, is to come off, they signify the day and place. I saw one of these gatherings upon Great Fijee, and a most amusing sight it was. The way a party of us fell in for it was

this. We had set off on a shooting excursion, and getting out of our bearings, wandered helplessly about until nightfall. We made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit; lighted a fire, cooked our ducks, and, with the help of cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit, were not to be pitied. After retiring to our couches, namely, a pile of dry grass laid under a sheltering rock, for a time all was silent. Although there was no moon, the night was not dark, as the whole Heavens were glittering with the most marvellous constellations; reflected a hundred times by the restless waves; the long glossy leaves of the plantain trees gleamed like frosted silver, and waving gently in the cool evening breeze, made me almost fancy them the silver flags of some enchanted land.

I had just fallen into a soft sleep, when I was roused up by the most diabolical yell ever uttered. What could it mean? As I lay wondering, it again thrilled through the air; this time it was faintly echoed in the distance,

Immediately the echo spoke, the nearer demon uttered a still more terrific screech, prolonging the last note into a howl something like that of a jackal. This time two echoes replied, the plot thickened, and ere long yells rose from every side, growing louder and louder as they appeared to converge to the point of the first and nearest.

My companions had each a different opinion upon the subject; one that it was the spirits of those the Fijians had murdered and digested in days gone by, another that we were about to witness a cannibal feast, or some horrible ceremony. We all spoke in whispers, and agreed it was better to keep out of sight. The danger was increasing every moment as time crept past, and the paling stars warned us of approaching day. Oh, what a morning watch we had! Sleep was impossible—who could sleep with such yells ringing in his ears, and the possibility, to say nothing of the probability, of being

devoured "enragout" next day? Therefore, as repose was out of the question, we tried to cheer each other the best way we could; and had it not been for a little chap who kept asking if it were really true that the people were cannibals, and, on being answered in the affirmative, making violent efforts to gulp down a blubber, I dare say we should have got on pretty well. As it was, we were uncommonly doleful, and hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, when daylight ended our suspense, but, alas, seemed to confirm our worst fears. The beach close below us was alive with natives.

We had taken refuge just above a pretty little landlocked harbour, where a sandy plain lay environed by rocks and water; and now groups of Fijees were crowding all over this beach in inextricable confusion, shouting, laughing, and running about in what, but for our fears, would have appeared a most ludicrous manner.

Heaps of curious-looking articles were piled

about—fantastic earthenware pots, long rolls of tappas, skins, carved calabashes, spears, oars, &c.; and round these the crowd gathered, dancing and vociferating as if in the performance of some ceremony. In vain we asked each other what it could mean; an hour passed away, and the same scene continued. Our fears were now vanishing, and some one was rash enough to propose a nearer inspection; this, however, was negatived, as we thought it more prudent to remain out of sight.

As mid-day approached; the crowd increased; several canoes ran into the bay, landing cargoes of human beings, and curious bundles which might have been either bodies of their enemies ready swathed for roasting, or bales of tappas and mats. Presently, to our surprise and great delight, the ship's launch showed her white sheet round the corner of the bay, and was soon close to the scene of action; with three hearty cheers we, poor frightened beggars, sprang to our feet, and

rushed down the hill, our courage returning like magic at the welcome sight.

Through the mob of blackies we rushed, scattering them here and there, and seeing now, for the first time, that they were all of the gentle sex. By Jove! what a joke the fellows in the launch had against us; even the sailors grinned when, after trying to get out of it, we were obliged to tell the whole story. I dare say my reader has already guessed the cause of the gathering, which was simply a fair, or, as they call them, "selling meetings," which our first lieutenant, having a taste for curiosities, had come to attend.

Having laughed, and borne the laugh as well as we could, the real fun began; such haggling and bargaining, everyone asking three times as much for a thing (when we wanted to buy it) as we had heard set upon it a minute before. At last, having collected all we wanted, we climbed up the hill, and sat down to watch the scene below.

The filip given by us to the market had

a wonderful effect ; the excitement grew greater and greater, at last became a perfect medley, and ended (as I have since heard such meetings often do) by a regular set-to, something of the character of those of Billingsgate, finishing in a general scramble, during which everyone seized the goods nearest at hand and bolted, utterly regardless of the laws of property. For my part, I wonder much why such fairs are kept up, the real sufferers being evidently the merchants, while those who profit are the idlers of the day. It would seem justice is little known among them, excepting only by name, and it is a curious fact that they will talk learnedly enough of laws and the right of punishment, but seldom carry either out.

The sort of justice awarded may be imagined from the fact that the injured party or parties, led by their own chief, form judge and jury, and decide the punishment of the offender. Offences seem to lessen in magnitude as the rank of the perpetrator rises ; thus

a murder committed by a chief is an infinitely less heinous crime than a theft laid to the charge of a poor man! Five crimes only are ever visited with anything like punishment; these are, breaking the Tabu, or sacred order of the priest and chief, witchcraft, adultery, abduction, and theft.

Young men are chosen to inflict all punishments, and as a man is frequently arraigned for a crime, and sentenced while he is yet unaware of any proceedings, the executioners are often despatched some distance to put the sentence in effect, the unfortunate culprit, probably, being absent upon a journey. Such victims once formed the basis of a feast, their bodies being presented in the first place to the King, then to his Prime Ministers, and lastly to those who had promulgated the sentence.

People sometimes escaped punishment by means of an atonement; this, in the native tongue, is called a Toro, and may be effected in several ways, all equally humiliating to the

proud spirit of the islanders. They are very tenacious of rank and dignity, and exact every mark of respect from the lower orders. An armed man lowers his arms on the approach of a chief, and in some parts no one can address a chief, except in a sitting posture; they have also a curious habit of holding their beards and looking at the ground when talking to a superior. They take care to clap their hands when they present anything.

The funniest of all these marks of respect, or, as I suppose I should call it, "etiquette" is the "bale mari," which is, that if the master makes a false step and tumbles down, the servants must do so also. I once saw a very amusing example of this, and certainly a strong proof of the tenacity with which these extraordinary people cling to their ideas of right and wrong.

The great men were particularly fond of coming on board and dining with us, and as many of them could get on pretty well with a sort of broken English, and moreover were very

jolly fellows, always giving us something to laugh at in their queer ways and blunders, we were seldom a day without one or two.

One old gentleman came pretty often; he was, I suppose, a great swell among the Fijians, as he brought a couple of servants with him on every occasion. It so happened, one day when he was dining with us, we had champagne; our friend took to it kindly, imbibing glass after glass with a gusto it did one's heart good to see. The result may be imagined; he got very much excited, volunteered a dance, &c., and finally, when a party of us who were going ashore, landed him, he would hear of nothing but our accompanying him home. Nothing loath to see the end, three of us went, and I certainly never regretted it, or laughed so much in my life. We had not gone two hundred yards, when his highness capsized and came down with a run head foremost. What was our astonishment when down went the two followers also in precisely the same manner? Then up staggered the chief—ditto

his servants. A few steps further on, up went the old fellow's toes, and this time he lit upon his beam end. By Jove, it was ditto with the followers, too, and we, after assisting the dignitary to rise, kept half an eye behind, watching the movements going on, expecting the Jacks had been plying the servants with rum; but no, they rose with the greatest gravity, and marched on as steady as grenadiers, only going down as often as their master came to grief.

Now I began to see the real state of the case, and every muscle in my face ached, the day after, with the constant roar of laughter we had kept up during our wonderful progress.

After sundry falls and risings again, the chief subsided into a slight hollow, out of which he made one or two efforts to rise; then quietly crossing his legs, and smiling benignly, he began reciting a long story, containing I have no doubt the narrative of the mighty deeds he had done. We watched him a short time, and then, tired of laughing, wished him good night. The last thing we

saw, on turning back, was the recumbent forms of master and men.

Such was my personal introduction to the "bali mari," which is, without exception, the most curious custom I ever met with.

The productions of the Fijian Isles are more numerous and of greater value than any of those I had yet visited; they have several useful manufactures in pottery, and mould many tasteful and serviceable articles, some of which they glaze and vary in colour, by choosing different kinds of clay. They take their models from flowers, leaves, and birds; the bowls used by the priests are formed like birds, and one I purchased was a ludicrous imitation of a duck. The women are the chief manufacturers, work not being adapted to the martial ideas of the warriors.

The *masi*, or native garment, is made from the bark of the *malô*, which, after being properly softened by immersion in water, is beaten out, and several strips joined together. After being stretched to the desired size, these

are carefully dyed, or, more correctly speaking, painted. To attain the desired regularity, a number of sticks are laid in the proposed patterns; upon these the masi is put, and well rubbed with the dye, the latter in a dry state, the raised and hard portions catching the colour, and marking out the designs shaped by the sticks. The remainder of the work is done partly with a brush, and partly by cutting out the impression upon a leaf, which is laid flat upon the cloth, and pressed down with a pad of the same material dipped in the colour required; altogether their plan is so ingenious and simple that it merits our praise. The masi forms the principal clothing and covering of the islanders, and is somewhat in the form of a band round the waist, reaching almost as far as a Highlander's kilt; when used as a turban the texture of the masi is beautifully fine, clear and transparent as silk-gauze, and very pretty.

Mat-making, too, is a constant source of wealth and occupation, as mats, being used

for so many purposes, such as covering walls and floors, and as sails, are largely exported to other islands. There are also nursing and sleeping mats; those used as floor-covering are frequently twenty-five and twenty-six feet square, and painted in grotesque patterns.

Hand-screens, fans, and ornaments for the neck, arms, and ears, are also sources of wealth, besides which a great trade goes on with the Tahitians and Sandwich Islanders, in the way of scarlet feathers, which in these islands are a requisite portion of the female toilet, and in Fijee are abundantly furnished by the native parrots. Last, not least, as an article of traffic, is the favourite Chinese "Biche-de-mar." Perhaps some of my readers may not have met with a description of this delicacy, for which it is said the early navigators from the celestial region risked the horrors of an unknown sea in a small boat, steering solely by the stars and birds. The Biche-de-mar is neither more nor less than a mollusca, and very much like a large black

snail, with horns or prickles all over it. They are hard to touch, and get much smaller in drying, looking very like bits of half-baked clay, varying from two inches to a foot in length, and altogether as ugly an object as you could well imagine. The Chinese are passionately fond of these, and use them in making a thick, rich soup, for which they must be steeped for a long while before they are cut up. The natives display a great taste for this luxury, and cheat the traders by substituting pieces of clay for the real "Biche-de-mar," relating with great delight how easily they deceive John Chinaman. I could dwell much longer upon the various qualities and capabilities of the Fijees, but I must not fill my log with one subject, particularly as a wide ocean field lies before me—so a few short rambles over the flowery hills, another swim in the clear blue water, and, hey, for the ocean again! From the Fijian group, we cruised on to the Navigators. These islands are so called

in commemoration of the knowledge of that art displayed by their inhabitants when first discovered. They lie south-east from the Fijees, and were so named by Bougainville in 1787. La Perouse explored and spent some time in the most friendly manner, trading with the natives, when, from some cause still unexplained, his followers were attacked, and several men and officers murdered. Wilkes, in his exploring expedition, surveyed and gives an admirable description of the islands, but to this day little further is known, and as we only touched at them, and continued our voyage for the Marquesas, I can add but little in a descriptive way. The only available landing was for boats, owing to the high coral reef which bars the mouth of the harbour, and there being no holding ground in the bay, which has a strong under-current. The prettiest object in sight was a waterfall, more than eight hundred feet high, which came tumbling over a perpendicular

cliff bounding the beach, and covered with creeping plants and rock flowers. Coming direct from the Fijees, the shore looked plain and bleak; there was a want of boldness in the prospect, and the round topped, well wooded hills, though putting one in mind of Sussex, looked tame to me after the volcanic grandeur of the other islands. Even the green wore a colder and more monotonous hue.

There was one beauty, however, unsurpassed before or since, and that was the coral garden far below the waves, glowing with every imaginable tint as the rays of the sun altered their position.

I went on shore, and during the short time I had a hearty laugh at the absurd head-dresses worn by the women, in consequence of the missionaries insisting upon them appearing in a bonnet at church. And seeing that the model they had to copy was one of those immense scuttles indulged in before my time, when a fashionable lady was known by the

height of her crown, the reader may imagine what imitations the native milliners manufacture; and the scene is rendered still more ridiculous by there being no restriction as to bodily garments. So the poor women trot about with their towering head-gear, while their only garment is a very short petticoat, an apron, or sometimes a shift.

The church contains a stone in memory of Mr. Williams, and the people still speak of him with the greatest respect.

Of course we could not see all the islands; and were soon *en route* for the often told of Marquésas, verily the land of flowers, fun, and sunshine.

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Nirakaveva is the largest island of the group, Dominica and Santa Christina following in order. Like the Society Islands, their conical shape, rising to immense mountains in the middle, shows their volcanic origin, and though belted in most places by coral reefs, I for one could never bring myself to believe that such

CHAPTER XIII.

"The white man landed—need the rest be told?
The New World stretched its dusk hand to the old;
Each was to each a marvel"

BYRON.

WHEN we arrived off the Marquesas and dropped anchor in the bay of Nukaheva, I thought I had found the gem of the Pacific. I never saw any thing more lovely than the sea-view. Sunny little strands of white sand, almost enclosed by black rocks; valleys stretching, as it seemed, into the very heart of the stupendous mountains, and perfectly dense with vegetation; purling streams stealing down through the thick forests, and above all the perpetual summer which reigns over all things in these latitudes.

Nukaheva is the largest island of the group, Dominica and Santa Christina following in order. Like the Society Islands, their conical shape, rising to immense mountains in the middle, shews their volcanic origin; and though belted in most places by coral reefs, I, for one, could never bring myself to believe that such masses of rock and earth could be, at the most fabulously remote date the work of the coral insect.

The trees which, in the valleys, grow to an enormous height, gradually diminish in size as they reach the higher ground, leaving the summits of the hills barren and unclothed. It is the rich valleys the natives inhabit, but so hemmed in are they by rocks and inaccessible precipices, that the inhabitants of each form a distinct and often inimical tribe, meeting only to fight, and, as report affirms, devour each other. As I said before, we let go our anchor, and from the depth of the water, were enabled to do so within little more than a cable's length of the shore.

I was one of the lucky ones to be sent on shore for water; and having obtained leave to stay a few hours, and try what sport I could get in the shooting line, three of us set off armed with guns, and incredulous as to the unenviable notoriety gained by the islanders, who were as yet invisible. Having completed our watering, we, that is to say, two midshipmen and myself, set off at a brisk pace, so elated with being on *terra firma* again, that I, for one, am sure I must have given vent to my feelings by dancing an impromptu *pas*, had not the eyes of the boat's crew and an envious messmate left in charge been fixed upon us.

As it was, no sooner were we out of sight, than one of the trio, uttering a hollao peculiar to his own lungs, set off at a break-neck pace up the valley. Thoughts of school days, of paper chases, hunt the hare, &c., came over me, and with a whoop almost equal to his own, I followed, although not without a suspicion that the savages would perhaps join in the chase.

None of us were in racing condition—a cruise on the salt water does not improve a man's wind—so we came to a halt very soon, and, throwing ourselves down, began puffing like grampuses. The spot we had come to was a green bank, deliciously overshadowed by trees, and close beside a wide brook in which the water sparkled and laughed as if inviting us to bathe. We were debating as to the propriety of a dip, looking rather anxiously at the same time for any trace of an inhabitant, when our attention was attracted by a slight noise in the brook, and turning round, we beheld in the middle of the stream one of the finest men I ever saw. He was above six feet, with a form that would have made a sculptor's pulse thrill. His clothing, which only consisted of a girdle, left every limb displayed, and in spite of the hideous practice all savage nations have of tattooing, he was a perfect Adonis. The ornament upon his head, composed of plumes, denoted his rank, and in one hand he held a spear, while the

other was laid on his breast in token of peace.

For some minutes we gazed upon each other. Harry, who, tradition said, had an uncle devoured by the South Sea Islanders, though visibly paler, recovered his self-possession first, and made a low bow to the native. This was received with a ready smile, and crossing the brook he walked up to us, telling us he could speak English, though I must say it was not a very successful attempt. Catching a glimpse of our guns, he threw himself beside us, and examined them, uttering many ejaculations of wonder and admiration.

Suddenly a brilliant idea seemed to strike him; he tried to make us understand, but it was only after much excitement on his part, and merriment on ours, that we made it out—that he wanted us to go pig-shooting with him. Nothing could have pleased us better; visions of boar-hunts, such as we had read of, started before us, and we eagerly accepted

him as guide, shouldering our guns, and signifying that he should proceed.

Off he went, and on we followed into the thickets. Presently he stopped, and held up his finger to order silence, and then the self-satisfied grunt a pig utters when rooting met our ears.

“No shoot—hide!” muttered our guide. We ensconced ourselves behind trees, while he bounded off into the brushwood, through which we heard him crashing and yelling like some demon. Then came a wild “halloo,” and out dashed an old sow with a dozen porkers helter-skelter after her.

There was no time to lose, the Marquesas pigs rivalling the famous old Irish ones in their long legs and speed.

Pop! pop! pop! from our guns, and three death squeals rang in the air, hastening the flight of the nimble parent, who seemed to think only of her own safety.

Before we could reach our game, our guide was with us, laughing and displaying the

wildest delight, patting the dead porkers, and praising Englishmen. Presently, he seized one of the carcasses, and throwing it over his shoulder, rushed off without explanation of any sort, leaving us in a considerable dilemma as to our next move. After a council, we decided upon making our way down to the shore, taking that most acceptable thing, fresh meat, with us. This proposition was scarcely decided, when it was put a stop to by the sound of many voices, the very woods seeming alive and to teem with natives. On came the guide, leading a group of laughing, jolly-looking savages, who were evidently listening to a good story, which I must say I thought was at our expense. When they drew near, curiosity predominated over every other feeling, and they pressed round, gazing with open mouths and eyes, at first in silence, soon, however, broken by a perfect torrent of exclamations. The guide now made us understand that we were expected to eat with them at a great

feast that took place that evening, and that he, being the chief, invited us. Such an invitation, or command, backed by about sixty able-bodied savages, did not permit of hesitation. There was nothing for it but to accept, and conduct ourselves in the most conciliatory manner we could. Thus we signified how much we appreciated the chief's kindness, and allowed ourselves to be conducted in triumph to the temple. The path, though wide and beaten, was so encumbered by blocks of stone, that in some places it looked impassable; over these the natives jumped as quietly as if they were mere pebbles, while we found we were going through the same violently-reducing system jockeys undergo before a race. On our way, we had an opportunity of examining the appearance of the fair sex, many of whom now crowded round, chattering and laughing as they criticized our dress. These girls were, in most cases, really beautiful, and on the

whole, we had a fair chance of judging as, excepting a girdle, or extremely short petticoats, the only dress they wore consisted of garlands of flowers, with which they decorated their heads, necks, and arms. They had beautifully tapering ankles and fairy-like feet, long glossy hair falling in natural ringlets over their shoulders, and complexions such as Venus might have envied, and which I afterwards found was preserved by the constant use of a cosmetic compounded from the tumeric and keata roots.

We soon reached the palace, temple or club, call it what you will; for it partook of all three, being alike the habitation of the chief, the tabooed dwelling of the priests, and the rendezvous for the men of the tribe, who, like their civilized brethren, seemed to find great delight in having a place of resort into which the gentle sex were not permitted to enter.

The places of abode in Nukaheva are very curious, the foundation consisting of a sort of

pyramid of huge blocks of cutstone, though how formed is perfectly unknown to the natives, who attribute it to the gods, and not, as more enlightened people would be more likely to do, to some former inhabitants. These stones, generally placed at the side of the valley, form the basis of the dwelling, which is made of bamboos, interwoven with hibiscus rods in a light, tasteful trellis-work, leaving free circulation for the air. The roof rises gradually from the sides, which are generally about five feet high, to a height of eleven or twelve. It is thatched with palm leaves, and has a peculiarly picturesque appearance.

Round the building we now approached, a low fence of canes was built, and here and there strange little temples, fluttering with strips of the sacred white tappa. The women all fell back, it being a crime punishable by death for them to set foot within the tabooed ground.

Evident preparations for some grand event were going briskly forward. To these, the

chief pointed with great glee, as he led the way up the flight of steps conducting to his palace. Here he sat down upon a pile of mats which were laid thickly about, covering the entire floor.

Clapping his hands with the dignity of an Eastern Prince, the chief ordered refreshments to be brought. These refreshments consisted of bread-fruit, prepared in different ways, one of which was a sort of gruel made of pounded fruit, mixed with grated cocoa-nut. For my part, as soon as I learned to roll it into balls and thus convey it to my mouth, all went well with me, and I could afford to laugh heartily at the attempt my companions made, daubing their faces over with the sweet sticky mess.

Whilst reclining after our light repast, we were much amused by the preparations going forward for the feast, and particularly by the cookery. The three porkers had somehow increased to fully three times their number, and I began to give the natives credit for

being no mean sportsmen. These carcasses were passed through the flames, and thus effectually singed; they were then disembowelled, the interior parts were laid aside as peculiarly delicate morsels, and the body was wrapped in a covering of palm leaves, firmly secured by twigs. The embers being removed, this was laid upon the hot earth, a few sods piled over it, and the fire heaped over all, and thus left to cook at leisure. During the interval that elapsed, the chief enjoyed a quiet siesta, in which it would appear all the natives indulged, excepting only those who were superintending the culinary department.

When we had dozed for about an hour, we were roused up to eat the "porkers," and certainly a more delicious mode of cooking could not have been invented. The steam having been kept in the meat, it was very juicy, and flavoured with a nondescript taste imparted by the green leaves; it was handed to us laid out in a curiously carved wooden

trough. We found ourselves giving way to unequivocal sensations of hunger, which ended in the drawing out of our knives, and an onslaught upon the braised pork.

For some time, the natives let us have it all our own way, then with much humour tried to imitate our method of carving, each failure making them laugh heartily. Finally, they had recourse to their own primitive mode, illustrating the old saying peculiar to the nursery, that "fingers were made before knives and forks."

When the bare bones of the porkers told of our appetites, we began to think something to drink would be no bad thing. This request was happily forestalled by the chief, and five or six boys squatted down round a large bowl, each supplied with a cocoa-nut shell full of water to wash their mouths, preparatory to the mastication of the nut from which the aroo is made, and which they chew and then spit into the bowl until partly full, when it is filled up with fresh water, and well

stirred. When the heavy portions have sunk to the bottom, it is handed round. I was very thirsty, and tried to drink it, but could not; though, I am obliged to confess, not from any highly-wrought delicacy as to the preparation, but simply that, in my opinion, at least, the taste is abominable.

After the chief and his friends had drained the bowl, we set off in the direction which, as the loud noise indicated, led to the centre of merriment. The music, if such it could be called, consisted of bamboo trees placed upright in the ground, the upper end being covered with a shark's skin, tightly stretched and tied down by bands of native cloth. Behind these drums, a platform was erected; on this the performers mounted, beating the head with their open hands, and causing thereby the most unharmonious din I ever had the misfortune to be compelled to listen to.

The crowd that had assembled was much larger than I had been led to suppose resided

in the little valley, and presented an appearance at once striking and picturesque, the natives being all clothed in their gala dresses. This, in the men, merely consisted of necklaces of whales' and sharks' teeth, or occasionally the half of an elaborately carved and polished drinking cup, suspended like a breast-plate, the forehead being ornamented with a similar one, looking like a mitre in miniature. In addition to the belt we have mentioned they wore gaily dyed scarfs of tappa, or native cloth, while many of those who boasted high rank had a sort of plume of white hair, instead of feathers. This white hair had been formerly the beard of an old man, it being lucrative in the Marquesas to let the beard grow to a great length, and then cut it off to sell for the above-mentioned head-dress.

The girls, though beautiful before, were now perfect Bacchantes, all wearing wreaths of flowers or leaves, with necklaces, ear-rings, and bracelets of the same. The hair floating

in wild glossy curls almost concealed their figures, as they joined the dance. Their dark sparkling eyes and cheeks glowed with mirth and health; and lastly the robe or shawl of transparent tappa which they wore, they managed in such a coquettish manner as rather to heighten than diminish their charms. I had heard and read of the beauty to be met with in these favoured isles, but reality far exceeded my most sanguine expectations; and can it be wondered if we fell over head and ears in love with the bewitching creatures, and bitterly regretted the parting hour which came all too soon, and, long before the mirth of the evening was over, dragged us back to shipboard and duty?

Most cordially we promised to return and enjoy a regular day's shooting, the chief volunteering to be our guide. The whole tribe accompanied us to the beach, loading the boat with cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit; and with real sorrow we bade the kind natives farewell, having vague hopes of being permitted to

visit them again, I should your stay admit of such a pleasure.

The Marquesas are certainly the most gentlemanly savages I ever came across; and they obtained their evil reputation, as in many similar cases, solely from the bad conduct of navigators. A ship anchored off the island, and sent the crew on shore. These men committed all sorts of havoc, shooting down those who resisted, and burning their houses. That night the poor exasperated creatures swam out and attached ropes to the ship. So silently and well was their work done, that until the ship was drawn close up to the shore, there was no alarm given. Then it came too late, and only half a dozen men escaped to blazon forth to a credulous world the story of their loss. My own experience tells me what the nature of the people is, and the more I see of the natives of these often maligned islands, I am the more convinced that, with kindly treatment, we might make what we please of the inhabitants, who are, I

Believe, be equal to any nation in ability and intellect.

I wish the missionaries would take a little more into consideration that a coloured skin covers a human heart, and that wool may grow over a brain even of higher reasoning powers than their own; for I am quite sure that, as a body, the men who go out as well paid teachers, and in their friends' opinion suffer all the ills and trials "that flesh is heir to," are not the class of men who will make noble characters of the wild, untamed, and clear-sighted barbarian. But I must stop to say farewell to the Marquesas, and hey for the Sandwich Isles!

Owing to the long cruise in contemplation, we were heavily laden with stores &c., and felt the toll very much; in fact, when the wind was at all fresh, it was impossible to keep the lower deck's ports open, consequently the heat was dreadful, and for many nights I scarcely went down at all, but slept on deck. This, however, I had to give up when the rain began to fall.

CHAPTER XIV.

of the month; it was not a good honest rain. "Droops the heavy blossom'd bower; hangs the heavy fruited

tree,

and to spare afterwards, but a small drizzling Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." hot mist that kept you wet continually, just

THE breeze kept steady for the next six days, and helped us along handsomely; then a calm came, and we had nothing to do but practise our shooting at a white bird that kept flying round us in great numbers. After shooting several, some one proposed to eat them, and after being skinned and dressed with port wine sauce, they proved capital food. Presently we caught the breeze again, and were soon bowling along at six knots.

Owing to the long cruise in contemplation, we were heavily laden with stores &c., and felt the roll very much ; in fact, when the wind was at all fresh, it was impossible to keep the lower deck's ports open, consequently the heat was dreadful, and for many nights I scarcely went down at all, but slept on deck. This, however, I had to give up when the rain began, which it did about the middle of the month ; it was not a good honest rain (though goodness knows we'd enough of that and to spare afterwards), but a small drizzling hot mist that kept you wet continually, just as if you were in a vapour bath. Some of the fellows began to croak about rheumatism, and dream of ague, though barring a few colds no one suffered.

We were now about $17^{\circ} 4'$ south latitude, and $88^{\circ} 7'$ west longitude, and very dull work. We had nothing particular to do except taking the longitude and latitude ; sometimes we danced, but we had been figuring it too lately with real lady partners to care much

for the present state of things. One evening, when we had danced in the twilight, there was an alarm of a ship on fire, which, however, turned out to be nothing but the evening star, which shone red and fierce on the horizon. Even this, trifling as it appears, was an event on board, and amused us for a few hours. Every incident is canvassed and gossiped about, and in looking over my log, I find a wonderfully small things entered in full detail, many an anecdote of old friends, which will always serve as a reminder of "those days," but to test the reader, should feel some sort of curiosity to hear what very trivial events I allude to, I will give a couple of extracts as examples. One night when it was raining hard (though soft water was coming down), and we were all putting out our tubs to catch the refreshing shower, I sent an Irish youngster belonging to my watch for an extra tub; back he came, with a large tub on his head, and an equally large hole in it. The officer of

the watch and. I began laughing, and asked why on earth he brought that. "Sure it'll hold more than any other—any way ye can put more into it," was his ready answer. Another incident I deemed worth recording, was the slaughter of our last English sheep, known on board by the name of Bill or Poor fellow, he was a jolly old gentleman, and I believe every one felt sorry when his sentence was pronounced. He formed part of the gun-room catering, so, in honour of the fresh mutton, the captain, commander, and lieutenants were invited to share the first day's feast. They were all ready enough to come, and when the cover was lifted off the magnificent saddle, and the delicious aroma steamed up, I am sure they all thought it incense worthy of offering to the gods; at least it was unanimously declared that a better dinner never graced a table, and to prove it they picked the bones of poor old Bill pretty bare!

The following day, we invited the warrant-room officers, who enjoyed themselves to all appearance, very much.

But time passed by, and we had been gliding along, averaging two hundred and fifty miles in the twenty-four hours, which was not bad, considering all things; and so expeditious had our progress been, that on the 23rd we sighted the heights of the Sandwich Islands. Hurst Point, in particular, rising as it does thirteen hundred and sixty-four feet above the plain of the sea, presented a capital land-mark. Next day we came to anchor in the harbour of Honolulu. The bay is a mere inequality in the coast line, and though conveniently situated as regards the prevalent winds, has few advantages. There is good anchorage in the roadstead, and ships can bring to, and wait high water to run through the gut leading by the coral reef to the harbour.

The prospect from this point is one which must always please. There is the town in

the foreground, backed by beautiful green plains sloping up to the foot of gigantic mountains, while, by the help of a telescope, you hunt out white cottages, huts, and snug little spots particularly tempting to a seafaring man; dancing rivulets sparkle in the sunshine, in their deep calm pools reflecting the overhanging boughs of splendid palm, cocoa-nut, and breadfruit trees, while the verdant banks are enamelled by flowers of every shade.

I stood for a long time, telescope in hand, searching out the beauties of the scene, some of the officers, meanwhile, preparing to land, at a happiness I was obliged (being on duty) to put off until the morrow.

Getting out an old volume of Cook's Travels, I read over the sad story of his death, and determined to try and see the spot. How different must the inhabitants of these islands be now, I thought; they are now one of the principal seats of civilization and progress in the mighty Pacific; in the days of

the great navigator's visit, the same race was utterly brutalized.

On the first appearance of Captain Cook, he was supposed to be a god, and from the fact of their favourite deity being Pelee, or a Fire-god, (whose dwelling was in the everlasting fires of a volcano) they concluded, because the English ships carried fire-arms, that the great Pelee had himself condescended to come to them in the form of a white stranger, and consequently Cook was received as a god, and named Lono. Priests and servants were appointed to wait upon him, and so great was the reverence paid, that, whenever he walked on shore, the people, chiefs excepted, were compelled to prostrate themselves, and lie with their faces on the earth until he passed. The adventurers appear to have been nothing loath to take advantage, and increase, by every means in their power, this superstitious feeling, and day after day deepened the awe of the ignorant islanders. Fresh wonders were attributed to the strangers

and nothing that it was in their power to give or do was withheld ; everything upon the islands was placed at their disposal. This, as may be supposed, had a deplorable effect upon the sailors, and, in spite of all discipline, acts of violence and cruelty began to occur daily. Their noble captain, seconded by his officers, left no means untried to bring about a better state of order, but finding it avail nothing, it was decided to leave their pleasant resting place, and continue their voyage.

The last day of their stay was fated to see their worst fears realized. A large party of the sailors being in want of a supply of firewood, in wanton disregard to the orders of Captain Cook, and the religion of the natives, tore up and appropriated the paling which surrounded one of their sacred places, and laughing at the menaces of the people, proceeded to make their fire.

The insult told deeply ; the strangers could not be gods if they desecrated the temple of a god ; and reasoning thus, a veil seemed

to fall from the islanders' eyes. The alarm spread like magic, and ere many minutes had elapsed, the beach was crowded by armed and angry savages. Captain Cook tried in vain to appease them, promising punishment to the perpetrators; all, however, was useless, and at last, exasperated by some insulting speech, it is said he struck one of the chiefs. Quick as lightning, the savage was upon him, and was thrown off by Captain Cook, who now convinced their only chance of life lay in retreat, turned every thought to the consideration of the best means to get his men off to the ships as soon as possible, and without bloodshed; all, perhaps, might have gone well, had not a stone hit Cook, and roused the passions of his men. Nothing could restrain them; in an instant the report of their fire-arms rang in the air, and many of the savages lay writhing in their death agony. There was a pause for an instant; then, maddened by the sight of blood, the natives crowded down, the sailors re-

treating before them, but firing as they went, while their unarmed captain used almost supernatural exertions to stop the bloodshed, and was in the very act of commanding them to desist, when he received his death-blow by a stab in the back, and fell into the water dead.

There are many different stories as to the ultimate fate of his body; but, from what I have read and heard, my own opinion is that it was very likely eaten, and a portion burnt, as it is a known fact that the Sandwich Islanders were cannibals until a very recent date; and invariably consumed a portion, at least, of any enemy of note war threw in their way.

Little did our great navigator think that in so short a period these islands would become some of our most important acquisitions.

When the intelligence of Cook's death reached England, there was a general outcry of horror, and, for a time, nothing was spoken

of but the Sandwich Islands. Ballad singers travestied upon the subject, and the streets of London resounded with songs descriptive of the scene of death. While every print-shop window exhibited exaggerated pictures.

At last the English nation began to look upon the savage islands whose discovery had cost them one of their favourite and brave leaders rather as a horrible night-mare than an advantage. Even the government let the subject of their importance rest, and, deeply engaged in nearer projects, seemed to forget even the existence of the islands.

Thus, for a time, they were only spoken of with a shudder, and only visited by a chance whaler, obliged to put in from stress of weather, or in want of fresh provisions.

I think it is to a captain of one of the whalers we really owe the Sandwich Isles. It appears that, having made an unsuccessful voyage to the North Pacific, he returned empty-handed, and put in to refresh at the islands. During his stay, he noticed the

enormous quantities of sandal-wood, and knowing the estimation in which it was held in China, he determined to take a cargo, and try a new speculation. So loading his ship with the largest trees he could meet with, his success was complete, and induced him to try it again and again. For several voyages he managed to keep the source of his supply a secret, but at length becoming known, other ships began to trade in the same way; the Chinese sent agents to settle on the islands, and prepare the wood for embarkation, and after a time England opened her eyes to the value of her possessions, and began to think of asserting her supremacy. Of the origin of the inhabitants little is known, and many wild conjectures have been formed, some travellers even asserting them to be one of the lost tribes, basing this theory principally upon the practice of rites identical with those of the old Jewish code; one of these being the religious ceremony of circumcision, which, until the introduction of

-Christianity, was vigorously carried out; another equally striking one being the purification of women after child-birth, &c. Still, to my idea, these are slender foundations upon which to establish so important an assertion! The islanders must have some origin, and have come to their home at some distant period, and why may they not still preserve shadows of old customs prevalent in the world?

It is something of the same character as the argument upon which people say that the Flood must have been general, because we find traditions of it existing among every nation and people—forgetting that the one family who were saved and repopled the world would transmit the tradition, and that their descendants would carry their ancient traditions with them.

The Sandwich Islanders themselves believe they came from Otaheite, and that in times gone by their forefathers were great kings and had many ships.

The inhabitants of all the Pacific Islands,

-including New Zealand, bear a strong resemblance to each other, and exhibit many marked traits of the Malay race, to which people, I think, they owe their origin. The early records of the Islanders are very curious, and will amply repay any notice, as well as create a greater interest in the fate of the inhabitants of these favoured islands.

The islands, twelve in all, have long been independent of each other. Each was governed, in a truly despotic manner, by a king who had at his right hand a Court of nobles, warriors who fought, ate, drank, and tyrannized over their slaves. All titles descended through the female side, it being a difficult matter in a land of such morals as the Sandwich Islands for a child to know its own father; thus the wise counsels of the Islanders decided that the women should transmit the birthright. The respect exacted by the chiefs is very great, and any falling off is invariably punished severely, often by death.

Justice is distributed in a very uncertain way, retribution on the offender by the aggrieved party being the usual method; and, if possible, the revenge takes the same form as the original offence. Wars are, of course, continually going on, and most shocking are the tales of cruelty and murder that are told of past times. But who can wonder, when he remembers that not only were the natives heathens, but that their religion sanctioned, and even enjoined, the most dreadful crimes as offerings to their gods, and that every ordinance of it served to degrade and harden, until it would appear from records, and even from the present state of the people in remote districts, that they had sunk to the very level of the beasts of the fields. The very name of a religion such as theirs makes one shudder, and when all the horrors of its ordinances become familiar to us, we may form a pretty good idea of what hell may be like.

Some writers insist on blaming the early

navigators as the original seed-sowers of this prolific crop of vice and immorality, disease and death, which marks the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands; but the assertion is as unjust as cruel, and its evident untruth is plain enough to any one who has it in his power to examine into the early religion of the people themselves, or who will be unprejudiced enough to believe those who have an opportunity denied to himself.

As we proceed through the various groups in the Pacific, all bearing a strong resemblance to each other, the reader will, I trust, be able to coincide with me in what I have stated; and although it is impossible to bring forward every proof upon which I found my belief, yet, as I continue my narrative, I shall endeavour, in the plainest way I can, to shew the reason for what I have said.

The peculiar formation of these groups, and the volcanoes still in existence, tell the tale of their origin. Great and overpowering is the awe with which a stranger gazes upon the *débris* of

the early eruptions; precipitous mountains towering to the heavens, crowned with perpetual snow, and wreathed round their base by garlands of lovely flowers; rugged peaks and blocks of lava piled in inconceivable confusion, and looking like the ruins of some former city. Here and there is the mouth of an extinct volcano, in which the fiery flood has given place to flowers and gaily-plumaged birds, while the once red-hot mountains are clothed with trees, and whole forests of a beautiful sweet-scented geranium and scarlet creeper, which festoon themselves from tree to tree, weaving gay banners among the dark green foliage. Strange thoughts are awakened, as a picture of the past rises in the mind, and a vision of what it may have been steals over us. How wonderful is the change in the face of nature, the smouldering lava, by God's providence decaying into rich soil, drifting into the valleys and fissures, and in time forming a deep bed for

the growth of shrubs and trees. Then the advent of man, and the rapid change in the produce of the land, a land capable of bearing tenfold what we are taught to look upon as an ample return.

How often have I wished, when gazing upon the teeming soil, with fruits of all sorts running wild, and literally rotting on the ground, that I could bring out a ship-load of my poor, starving, and struggling countrymen, and set them down in this garden of peace and plenty.

There is a rich harvest awaiting the adventurer here, and a kindly welcome from the friendly islanders, who, when educated and properly treated, make capital servants, and are admirably adapted for farm labourers, both from their natural love of agriculture, and their knowledge of what the most productive portions of the islands are. In the wonderful providence of God, by the smothering lava, caving into the valleys rich soil, drifting into the valleys and fissures, and in time forming a deep for

the villa residences of the merchants and government representatives. Ships belonging to the island naval force are stationed in the harbour, and the native soldiers are continually parading the streets, which are filled by a motley crowd—black, yellow, and white, dressed in every style of garment, from the primitive bark of Eden to the last stripe or check of Bond Street dandyism.

CHAPTER XV.

Here, too, a garden,
Girdled it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance."

LONGFELLOW.

HONOLULU is the capital of the Sandwich group; its population consists of eleven thousand, four hundred of whom are foreigners, and the greater proportion of these, Americans. The city is regularly built, in a European style, with pretty gardens and good rooms. The suburbs are principally the grass huts of the natives; but besides these are the churches, a Romish chapel, the Palace, the Custom House, and, lastly, the Fortress; while, farther off, are

the villa residences of the merchants and government representatives. Ships belonging to the island naval force are stationed in the harbour, and the native soldiers are continually parading the streets, which are filled by a motley crowd—black, yellow, and white, dressed in every style of garment, from the primitive bare skin of Eden to the last stripe or check of Bond Street dandyism.

Here, too, the missionary law of wearing bonnets leads to all sorts of *outré* sights, and many a hearty laugh I had at the native millinery. I often had to cover my eyes in church, and, on more than one occasion, was obliged to bolt out, in fear of an open reprimand from the preacher, having a remembrance of a story my mother used to tell me of a Quaker meeting to which a relation of mine, out of curiosity, went one day, and where, after a tremendous long silence, her companion began to smile, when one of the Friends rose, and with the greatest gravity, said :

"The laughter of fools is as the crackling of thorns under a pot."

A general hum of approbation followed, which effectually upset the visitors' gravity, and, content with their experience of a Quaker meeting, both rose and departed.

I must say I think the missionaries had better let the poor women appear in their own pretty wreaths of feathers and natural flowers, than have the scenes I have witnessed in a crowded church.

In no part of the world do I remember to have seen such moonlights as those in this portion of the Pacific, and our very first night in the harbour of Honolulu was a fair sample of those to follow.

The sky was literally flooded with light, and the bold outline of the mountains, which, during the day, were generally veiled by clouds, now rose clearly defined against the horizon, throwing mysterious-looking shadows across each other and the plains; the town lay cradled and at peace, while the throbbing

of the waves was the only thing that broke the impressive silence. I was forcibly struck with the intense stillness, and more so, that, in a few minutes after sundown, every noise (and they were by no means little or few) ceased. This is a characteristic of Honolulu, as, after dark, all noise is strictly prohibited, and any one who transgresses this law is at once taken into custody, and severely punished. I have witnessed the scenes I

There was something very enchanting in this breathless silence, which soon won my heart, and many a night I wandered away from town into the woods, merely to sit down and drink in the peace around me.

The day following our arrival, the Chaplain and I joined a party on an excursion to Ta fanied waterfall; not being able to go with them, we settled to meet at the spot, and accordingly landed about ten in the morning, after running the gauntlet of a mob of boats, which from the first gleam of daylight surrounded the ship like a shoal of sharks, and

filled, too, with equally voracious creatures in the shape of livery-stable keepers, tailors, fruit-vendors, &c., &c. The first are by far the most unmanageable, and directly they catch a glimpse of an unlucky mid going off in shore rig, there is a general scramble and race for him ; they jostle round, utterly regardless of the danger of upsetting or stoving in, every man shouting the merits of his horses in the loudest and wildest English he can command, calling every one " my lord," " or your highness," and by way of compliments, using oaths taught them by the sailors.

Well, we got to land in spite of all this, and, after some difficulty, managed to shake the fellows off, by pointing out another boat just parting from the ship ; off they dashed, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested.

The country, with its cool rich grass and shady groves, looked very tempting, and the Chaplain beginning to talk of Devon lanes in a romantic way, we made up our minds to walk for a time. After getting about a mile

from the landing place, the heat of the sun began to tell upon us, and increased to such a degree that even riding appeared too great an exertion. The next thing was to get something we could drive, and this was by no means an easy matter.

Reaching some stables a little way out of the town, we entered and made our requirements known; at first the men only stared at us, but gradually comprehending what we wanted, they got into a great state of excitement, and pulled out a queer nondescript-looking machine upon four wheels, something between a market-cart and dog-cart, pointing to it with considerable pride. The crowd increased momentarily, and watched the process of harnessing (if I may so call it), the horse, which evidently knew nothing of the shafts, having to be held by main force while being fastened.

Neither of us was of a nervous temperament, but I confess to a slight misgiving as I saw the way in which the animal shook his

head and laid back his ears; A luckily the tackling was strong, and it was pretty clear that, whatever he did, he would have to carry the trap with him. Our arrangements being complete, we ascended the cart, the reins were placed in my hands (being held by the owner until I had taken legal possession by entrance), and the signal to shove off was given. The lookers on cleared away to the right and left, leaving a clear run and no favour before us, but not a step would our quadruped budge. I began by coaxing, then tried a slight touch of the whip, after that a sharper application, still he was tranquil, and nothing moved except ears and tail. We then held a council of war, and remembering the system once adopted with a horse at home, I made half a dozen men get to the back of the cart, as many more to the wheels, and by heaving all together, push the beast on in spite of himself, and presently move he did, and at such a pace that we soon left the yelling mob behind, and got clear of

the town. After a gallop of a couple of miles, accompanied by tremendous efforts to get clear of the harness, the horse settled down into a tolerably steady trot, and, excepting an occasional shy or kick, went on well enough; the road so far was in our favour, and the pace kept up a sufficient current to cool us. The sun (was now, however, growing very hot, and as we trotted along, my back and head felt on fire; in this our first extremity of heat, we came to a shady lane leading up a beautiful valley. It was too tempting to leave behind, and leaving the well made road, we turned up the by-lane, and slackened our pace as much as we could to enjoy the dim cool shade. Nothing could be more enchanting. Enormous trees drooped over our heads, and the perfume of the scarlet geranium filled the air, refreshing us as such things only do, in such a climate. We were soon aroused to other matters by the increasing jolting of the cart, and saw the aspect of the path was

rapidly changing. As we were debating as to whether it was prudent to proceed, we were nearly capsized by coming in contact with the projecting root of a tree. Stopping short we began to consider our position; we had got upon high ground, and must have reached the top of the valley, though from the surrounding foliage, it was impossible to see on either hand; so I walked the horse and cart quietly on; while Mr. ——— got out to reconnoitre; presently he returned breathless, to say he could make out nothing but trees and jungle, and as the road was still before us, we might as well stick to it, and trust to its being the short cut to the Falls — one, by the way, we had been particularly warned against. Every hundred yards now made it more impracticable; sticks, roots, and ruts presented most unpleasant features; and it was with infinite relief we saw a native hut peeping through the trees, at which we made our difficulty known; much to our happiness, we were told

that we would soon find the road improved. Determined not to be beaten, we pushed on; but it only grew worse, and was more like a succession of ditches than anything else, obliging us every few minutes to pull up, and look for the possible means of getting over, under, or through a difficulty. Still we persevered; we knew we were on the right road, and certain hungry feelings warned us of the lapse of time, and that our friends must soon give us up altogether, in which case we should stand a bad chance of getting anything to eat, every scrap being scrambled for by the natives who follow you in perfect crowds, just as in Otaheite, but are not half so modest, looking out for anything they can lay hands on in the most barefaced way.

The road, instead of growing better, got worse and worse, and at last we were brought to a standstill by its absolutely ending. In vain did we search about for any track, nothing that spoke of a continuance was to be seen; all was chaos, and there was no

an alternative but to get out, leave the cart, and
 make our way on foot. This we proceeded to
 do. We first tried to unharness the horse, but
 this we utterly failed in; and not liking to
 cut the knots, which stood us such good
 service, we contented ourselves with getting
 the wheels into a hole, and tying the horse's
 head firmly to a branch; having settled this,
 we left him to consider what he pleased of us.
 Off we ran, scrambling and tumbling up
 the hill, fighting our way through a thicket
 of undergrowth and flowering creepers, and
 often leaving mementoes behind in the form
 of portions of our clothing, even, I believe,
 skin; at any rate my face did not recover it
 for a few days, and my friend's hands pre-
 sented a horrible spectacle.
 After a short time, we came upon another
 and infinitely better pathway—the one, in
 fact, we ought to have kept, and which we
 must have missed soon after our inquiry at
 the hut. Along this we progressed at a rapid
 pace, and were soon at the country palace

of His Majesty of the Sandwich Isles; which
 is nothing more than a wretched old tumble-
 down wooden cottage, thatched with grass,
 and without the slightest attempt at a garden
 or cultivated ground. For the credit of His
 Majesty's taste, I hope none of the women
 we saw round the doorways composed a por-
 tion of his harem; as we passed them with
 the usual salutation, "aloha," or " blessing,"
 I thought I had never seen anything so
 ugly. Continuing our walk, we came to a
 pretty brook dancing gaily along round
 blocks of moss-covered lava, here and there
 washing the roots of gigantic trees, or hiding
 beneath a screen of flowers, and in other
 places forming deep crystal pools, which re-
 flected like a mirror the scene upon either
 bank. Every tree and shrub is beautiful, but
 of all the most graceful was the tree fern;
 only fancy one of our old hill-side friends
 extending itself to a fine forest tree, waving
 its graceful branches far and wide over a

brook or mossy bank, and even in its giant form preserving all the delicate beauty which characterises it at home. I could not help standing under these trees and wondering at their size, and the change climate had worked in them, while the chaplain, to whom the plant was familiar, kept interrupting my meditations with threats of getting nothing to recruit our bodily weakness. At last I tore myself away, and was soon rewarded by the sight of the much-lauded fall. Here, too, I found the party, evidently in no very good humour at our delay, amusing themselves by watching the native girls sporting in the water; jumping from a height, tailor-fashion, as soon as they reach the water they turn over and dive, run along the bottom like otters, come up to the surface throwing back their long hair glittering with water, and sometimes twined with bright flowers, and then swim round and round the pool, laughing and singing to their hearts' content.

In the water, the Sandwich Isle girls looked very pretty, but out of it they are by no means equal to their sisters in Otaheite. Now and then you do certainly come across a Hebe, but, on the whole, I was not favourably impressed, and still less so when I saw more of their domestic life. I was disappointed with the magnitude of the fall, it being scarcely over thirty feet high; but coming down as it did in a broad sheet, framed in the richest green, and painted with a hundred bright-coloured flowers, it borrowed its beauty not its own, and made a subject for one of the prettiest sketches I possess. After discussing our dinner and bathing, we set about our homeward journey, scarcely expecting less than to walk all the way; in this we were happily not quite correct, as both cart and horses were safe, and in precisely the same place as we had left them; the latter busy cropping the grass and leaves within reach. It took some trouble to get

both out of the hole, but by dint of pulling and pushing we overcame the difficulty, and started down the hill on our way home. The descent presented obstacles still greater than the ascent, and for a short distance, by some wondrous luck, we managed to get along without an upset, but at last it was impossible to go further!

The cart was almost in a horizontal position, and, touching the horse's tail, made him kick and plunge in an outrageous manner—each fresh plunge on his part bringing it harder down on him. A large hole lay at one side of us, and a stone at the other, upon which every plunge threatened to wreck us. In vain I held his head and tried to coax him quiet, it was perfectly useless, and, getting tired of the fun, I let go his head, at the same time bestowing a touch of the whip, thinking he would go ahead; but the brute was the most perverse creature I ever came across in the equine line, and now he kicked worse than ever, positively refusing

to budge a step, growing more energetic as I applied the whip-cord. At last the climax came, he got a leg over the shaft, and down we all went, heels over head into the hole.

Having a notion of what was coming, the chaplain and I managed to fall clear, and were soon on our legs all right, and had a hearty laugh at the triumphant way in which the horse kicked himself out of the trappings, and, bounding up the bank, galloped off, snorting with delight, leaving us with the broken and capsized cart, a bequest, I fear, we scarcely appreciated; as, after giving the upper wheel a twist that sent it spinning like a windmill, we set off down-hill as fast as we could, and had the satisfaction of making our by no means triumphant entry into Honolulu about sundown, when, on relating our mishap to the stable-keeper, he insisted upon demanding payment for all. This we objected to, particularly as the horse was safe in the stable, and the cart equally well

off, though rather in an awkward situation ; so, after a long wrangling dispute, we gave him his original charge, and threatened him with the law as a compensation for sending us out with an untrained horse. On the whole, I think he was a good sort of fellow, as we heard he was in a terrible fright all day lest we should be killed and any odium fall upon his conduct, it being the fact that he had given us a beast nobody would ride, and as for driving, he had never been within ten yards of a pair of wheels.

Adopting the prevailing idea that sailors have nine lives, and no necks to break, he had given us his 'Cruiser;' and, by Jove, since I've seen Rarey astonishing both his patients and patrons, I've thought it would be well for us all to get into his secret, though I must say I think both Rarey and his secrets regular humbugs, and true specimens of how the Yankees "do" us whenever they can.

Having promised to be on board at nine, we had only time to swallow a mouthful of dinner, and get off as soon as possible.

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Adopting the prevailing idea that sailors have nine lives, and no necks to break, he had given us his 'Crusoe'; and by Jove, since I've seen Rancy astonishing both his patients and patrons, I've thought it would be well for us all to get into his secret, though I must say I think both Rancy and his secrets regular humbugs, and true specimens of how the Yankees "do," as whenever they

can

The fashionable calling hours being from four to seven, those hours soon passed away, the fair daughters of Honolulu being some of the most fascinating women I ever met with. Then came dinner at the hotel, which, having been ordered with great care, was anticipated to be worth going to.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And man, tho' he beareth the brand of sin,
And the flesh and the devil have bound him,
Hath a spirit within to old Eden akin.

Only nurture up Eden around him."

GERALD MASSEY.

A DAY after our drive, I was again one of a party to the same place, and this time got there and back again without any accident, and certainly thought the waterfall well repaid the journey to it. Generally, on your returning from such excursions, you have two or three hours at your disposal before it is time to go on board, and these are devoted to calling and dining. Of these my experience was as follows, beginning with the day of my second visit to the Fall.

The fashionable calling hours being from four to seven, those hours soon passed away, the fair daughters of Honolulu being some of the most fascinating women I ever met with. Then came dinner at the hotel, which, having been ordered with great care, was anticipated to be worth going in for. We were only an hour behind; not much to us in ordinary cases, but a good deal when in the cook's hands, and running as near as possible to the "going on board" hour.

Delighted with our visiting, and very happy in the prospect of a good dinner we reached the hotel. Alas! the table was literally a black moving mass of cockroaches, the great black brutes making crusades from beneath dishes, and lying in ambush under each plate or dish-cover; they walked over your vegetables, bathed in your gravy, and pushed themselves even into your well-selected spoonful. It was useless fighting with them, and, in spite of dinner, we made a simultaneous rush for the door, and left the untasted viands for

the victors, much to the servants' astonishment, and I daresay ultimate advantage. Another excursion I made was to the Poli of Minana. This was one of my favourites, and in prompt lady's picnic I particularly mention lady, as, in general, we of the rougher sex had the day's fun all to ourselves. The day in question, we were the evening before invited to join a party got up by a resident, and almost every one being strangers to me, I was, for a short time, rather dull; but gradually, and, I must say, much sooner than would have happened in England, we all became capital friends, and began to enjoy ourselves greatly. The point of attraction this day, the Poli of Minana, is an enormous precipice at the head of a beautiful valley, consecrated by romantic legends, and glowing with the richest vegetation. The direction of the valley lies immediately behind the town, and appears as if the mountains had been torn asunder by

an earthquake; that portion nearest Honolulu being open, while the upper part is enclosed by enormous ridges, and forms a level plain, with the entrance at one end, and the Poli at the other. On each side, the rocks rise in perpendicular masses, fringed here and there with the tree-fern and creepers, while the plain is covered by a short, rich grass, broken by pieces of rock hurled down by storms from the neighbouring mountains, and stunted trees and shrubs. In some places, you see a native hut peeping out. As we proceeded up the plain, the view grew more beautiful and wild, the vegetation richer, the mountain peaks more characteristic, the shadows thrown by the passing clouds more striking, and, what added still more, in my opinion, to the enchanting scene, numberless little cascades of water fell from the mountain sides, gleaming through the dark green foliage like silver threads. Hundreds of gaily-plumaged birds fluttered about, making the air resound with their voices.

But I had little time for meditation. Merry laughter from sweet lips beside me, and even though one does keep a journal, and is determined to use his eyes, who can be so morose as to meditate? As for me, I confess I could not, and though I did my best to imitate Oliver Cromwell, and do two things at once, I am afraid I did not succeed, my companion telling me I was the dullest sailor she ever saw.

Reaching the head of the valley, we entered a narrow gorge, through which a regular hurricane of wind rushed, and which gave me a pretty good idea of what it might be when the trade winds blew. Here we dismounted to approach the brink of the Poli, creeping cautiously up.

Below us was a sheer wall, eleven hundred feet in height; one false step and we were lost. I drew back with an involuntary shudder, and it was some minutes before my head was steady enough to look down again.

Down at the bottom lay tiny houses and

scarcely perceptible animals; away further, wide plains, and, bounding all, the bright blue ocean. I never felt so awed before, and could scarcely believe I was not dreaming, until recalled to my senses by the shouts of the party, whom I found gathered round a well-covered cloth.

During our ride home, one legend of the Poli reached my ears—it was this: After a great battle between opposing native forces, the conquered army fled up the valley of Minana, and, pursued by their relentless foe, were actually driven over the Poli, thus, at “one fell swoop,” destroying three thousand warriors.

Surely, if the plains of Marathon are haunted periodically by the ghosts of the fallen great, and the

“Charge of horse—the din of fight,

Break the sweet slumber of the night.”

here the deed must be repeated tenfold.

There is a lake near Honolulu called the

Salt Lake, which, it is stated, once upon a time, supplied a great number of the settlements on the Pacific. When I was there I saw nothing wonderful about it. There is a little water spread over a marshy piece of ground, with a thick sediment lying at the bottom, nothing of the nature of salt. It is evidently the mouth of an extinct volcano, and, probably, has at one time had some underground connection with the sea. Now this is gone, and there is no return of rise or fall in its tide.

The most remarkable object near the town, and one which instantly arrests the attention, is a peculiarly shaped hill, known as Diamond Head. About a mile from the foot is a native village, surrounded by a grove of coconut trees, in the shelter of which the ships under Vancouver lay during his visit to the Islands. When I passed this on my way to the crater, dozens of the villagers were dancing, diving, and swimming in the cool water, and greeted us with shouts and laughter.

We saw the bare walls of the King's palace, the once mighty Kamahameha, but it now looked dreary and poor, and I was almost sorry I had seen it. So much did I admire the warrior-king, that the sight of such a hovel, in connection with his name, had a painful effect for long.

After passing the village, we came to the remains of one of the pagan temples. It was a large and nearly quadrangular building, formed of lava stones piled one over the other without any attempt at lime or mortar; about eight feet thick, by seven or eight high. I could not but feel a shudder of horror as I thought of the terrible scenes enacted in this temple; and, after looking long enough to picture what I imagined might have once happened on this spot, I then rejoined my impatient companions.

The ascent of Diamond Hill, or Head, as it is frequently called, is very steep, and exercises one's lungs to some advantage; but it is rather provoking to find you have expended

such a quantity of breath and strength for nothing, as the only thing to be seen is a large empty pit, where the fiery element has been long at rest.

The sides were clothed with shrubs and flowers, and festooned by the convolvulus, which twined about in every direction, waving from rock to rock, and lovingly embracing the rough limbs of the cactus, which here, in a native soil and climate, flourishes in great profusion.

Facing the sea, the sides of Diamond Head are steep and bald, and in every direction the views are very grand; the colour of the trees in the Pacific Islands, and here particularly, is of such a rich clear green that when under the full influence of the sun, it becomes perfectly dazzling, and painful to the gazer.

A little beyond the Head lies the Punch-Bowl Hill, with a much more suspicious crater, and looking so uncertain that I involuntarily asked when the last eruption took

place, and was surprised to hear "not within anyone's memory." The hills afford pasturage for large herds of goats, though why they should be permitted to run to such numbers, or what use is made of them, I know not; all are wild, and though individuals lay claim to herds, they might as well relinquish their proprietorship for all the chance they have of catching them. The only animals originally on the island were dogs and pigs to which Vancouver on his return visit added a few cattle and sheep. These, on being presented to the king, were tabooed for ten years, so that, increasing rapidly in such a climate, the country was fairly overrun before the end of the taboo, and permission to drive the herds up the hills was obliged to be granted.

Taro is the principal food of the natives, being cultivated by the women; this root, requiring a constant supply of water, is planted in large pits, or, more properly speaking, mud ponds, in which clay is beaten and

stamped well down, until hard enough to resist the action of water to a great extent; a little earth is then thrown in, and the enclosure flooded with water. When near a brook, this is simple enough, but in some cases every drop is carried in calabashes miles across the country, rendering the formation of a taro bed a very laborious undertaking. It is very funny to see the women jumping about up to their knees, or even higher, in the black mud, as they tread down the clay flooring, shouting and making the most horrible noises, as if they were enduring some great punishment. The taro is, in the full grown state, something like a potatoe, and is used in various ways—sometimes eaten fresh and whole, at others roasted, and pounded into a paste, or chewed into “pai,” the drink of almost all uncivilized natives, and which is made by chewing and spitting out the masticated mass into a large bowl, to which water being added, fermentation begins, and an oddly

flavoured watery fluid rises to the top, in some cases highly intoxicating, and in others acting as a narcotic. Many of the chiefs and warriors, drink this stuff to great excess, and the end is very frequently death or insanity.

Another source of supplies lies in the fish ponds; these are ingenious contrivances, made by walling off a portion of the sea with blocks of coral; inside are put numberless fish of any kind, which are thus kept ready to be caught and dressed at a few moments' notice, so that you are never at a loss for provisions, go to a native's hut at what hour you will. They rear hogs and chickens for sale, but do not eat them unless hard pressed by the failure of their more favourite food. Probably their fish and taro diet accounts in a small measure for some of the diseases so prevalent, and which shock and disgust the stranger on every side, though they are attributed to immorality, which, in spite of the labours of the missionaries and the advance of civilization,

still prevails, and will, I am convinced, remain until the old race has become extinct. None but such as have mixed with the people can have any notion of the state of their moral degradation, or of the orgies that take place among themselves, as they are cunning enough to hide their worst side from those they consider superior to them; but, from what I heard from a traveller who had gone among them disguised as a working man, I cannot help thinking that no good can be wrought unless the missionary will do likewise, and see and judge for himself, not resting content with the sham religion so readily professed and kept up in the sight of the church. The immorality of many of the Pacific Isles is truly and deplorably great; but from what I myself saw and heard on the spot from men long resident in the islands, there can be nothing on earth more terrible than the state into which the Sandwichers have fallen. And yet, I should scarcely say fallen, as, long before the islands were dis-

covered, the morals of their inhabitants were equally depraved, and every legend or song teems with allusions to their favourite vice, while their games and dances were all organized to excite their passions. These, however, have been long strictly prohibited, and are now only carried on in caves, dark woods, and under cover of night.

A few more years, and at the present rate of depopulation, the old race will be gone, and it is hard to say but that it is the best thing that can happen. The rising generation, having been under the eyes and training of settlers and the church, have learned to look back with pain and abhorrence upon their former state, and lax as their moral conduct still may be, there will be nothing to make the stranger shudder with such disgust as he has hitherto done.

The causes of depopulation are manifold, and I cannot, in such an account as this, venture to enter into a description; one only thing I shall mention, and that is the pre-

valence of child-murder, and leaving the aged and sick to die alone and untended. The story of the blind preacher, which I shall presently relate, illustrates both these customs to their fullest extent.

But it is painful, as well as unnecessary, to dwell longer upon the character of such a race, nor would I have said as much, but in the hope that some one might hit upon a better method of purifying the country than has yet been attempted.

After staying a while at Honolulu, we cruised down the group, and came round to the other side, coasting along and anchoring here and there to get fresh provisions. The Island of Molokai is the next in the line from Honolulu, and, though small, boasts of as fine scenery as almost any. There is one valley, that of Halawa, unequalled by anything in the world; it somewhat resembles that which I described near Honolulu, but on a much grander scale, the Poli being two thousand feet in height, while the

waterfalls and rocks on either side are of proportionate magnitude. On the day I paid a hurried visit to this spot, I returned just as the setting sun was gilding the scene, throwing its warm smile over flowers and trees; and, as the twilight stole on, the shadows growing deeper and deeper at every step, I paused again and again to gaze round and drink in the beauty of the scene.

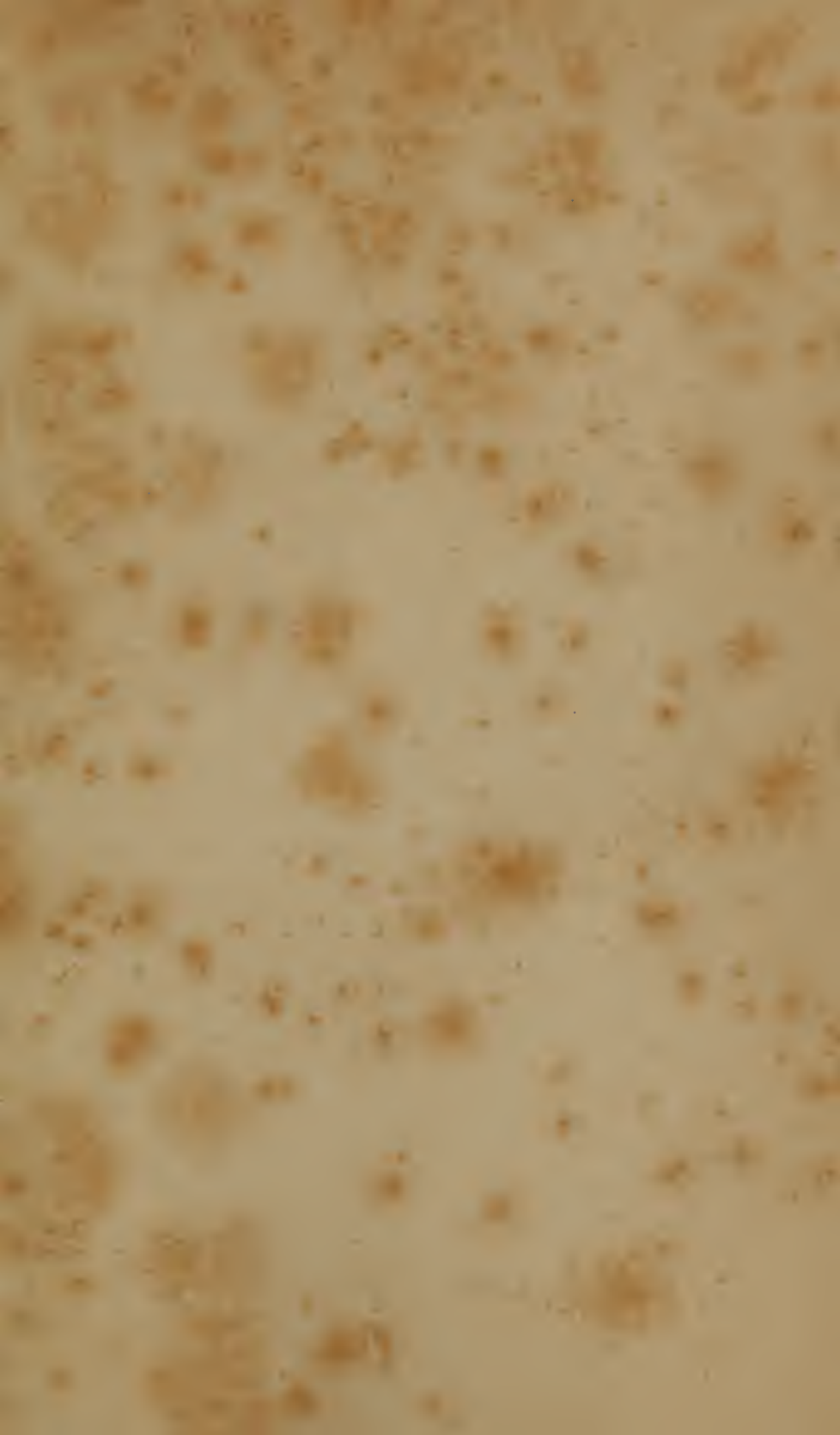
On reaching the ship, I found that a party of messmates had visited another Poli, that of Kaloe, and heard that I had mistaken the largest, as this was three thousand feet perpendicular, and, from their description, very much the same in general features as Malokai, which I shall certainly never forget, or expect to see eclipsed.

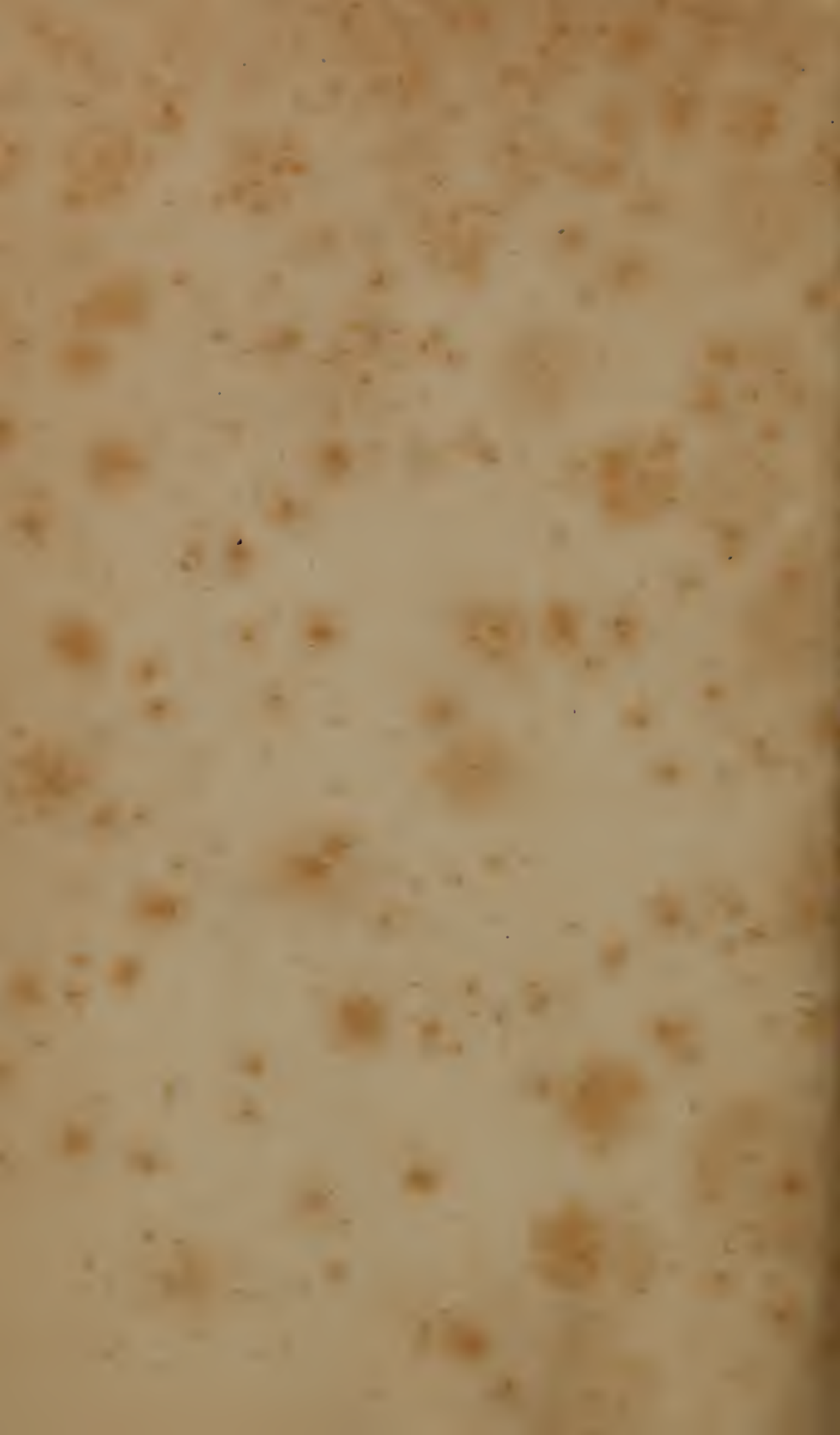
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