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RAMBLES

IN

EASTERN ASIA,

INCLUDING

CHINA AND MANILLA,

During Several Years' Residence.

WITH NOTES OF

THE VOYAGE TO CHINA, EXCURSIONS IN MANILLA, HONG-KONG, CANTON, SHANGHAI, NINGPOO, AMOY, FOUCHOW, AND MACAO.

BY

B. L. BALL, M. D.

BOSTON:
JAMES FRENCH AND COMPANY.
1855.

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PREFACE.

When the writer of the following pages left America, on a foreign tour, the idea of writing a book, as the results of his experience, was by no means entertained by him. But, on his return, having visited China, Java, Singapore, Kamschatka, the Arctic Ocean, and the Sandwich Islands, &c., — completing a voyage around the world, — he was induced, by friends abroad and at home, to give to the public an account of his travels.

In preparing the manuscript, which was from the notes of his private journal, it was found that all could not be contained in a single volume; accordingly this work has been confined to China and Manilla, and the other countries omitted, at least for the present.

With the view of reducing the work to the present size, many passages have been withheld; which, it is to be hoped, will sufficiently account for any apparent discrepancies.

And here the writer would take the opportunity to extend to his friends abroad, mentioned and unmentioned, a grateful remembrance for the many kindnesses and hospitalities received at their hands. At the same time, it is with pleasure he takes the liberty of inscribing to *them* his Rambles in Eastern Asia.

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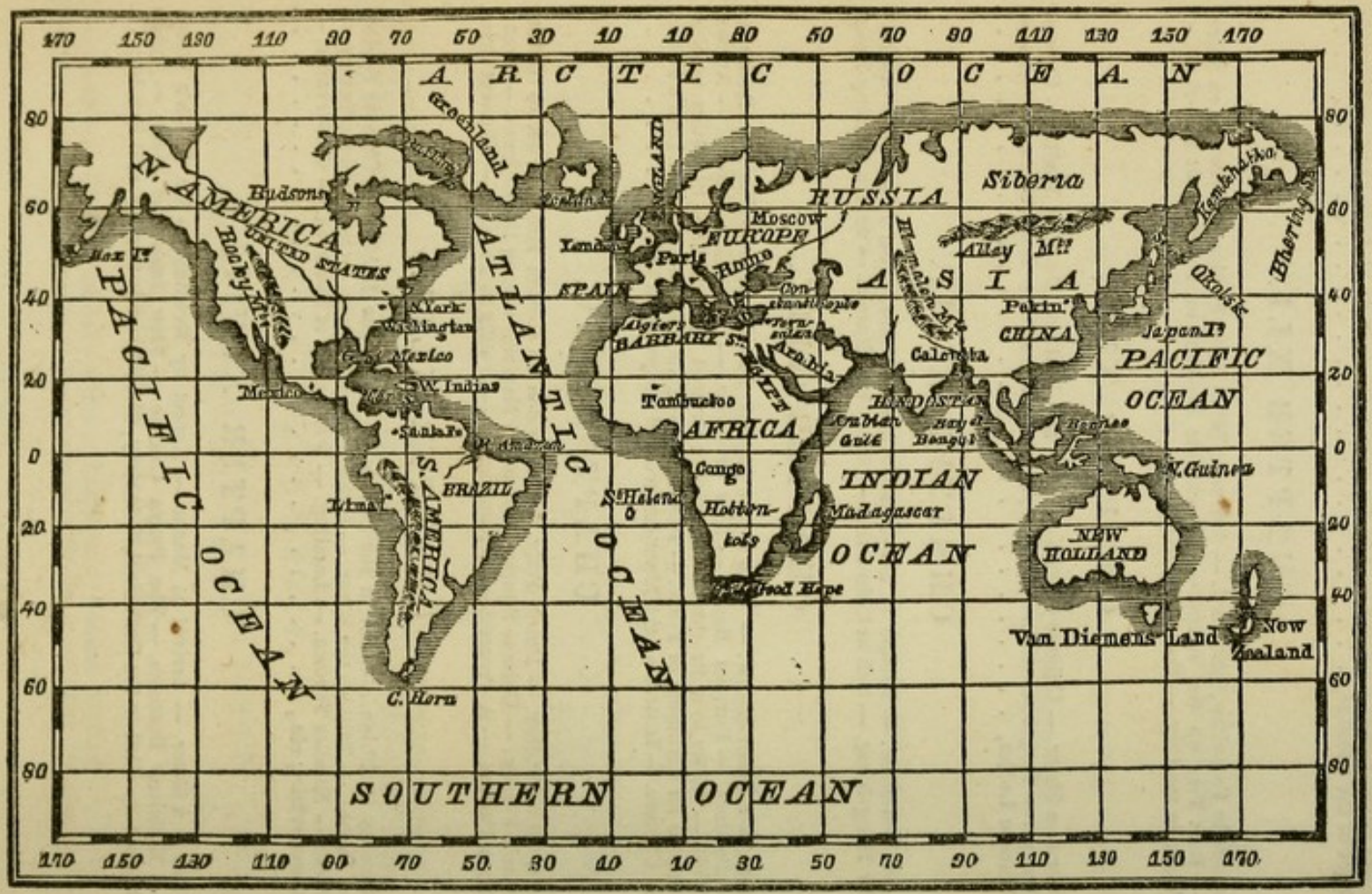
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ATLANTIC OCEAN
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SPAIN
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Kamtschatka
Behring's Str.
PACIFIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
Madagascar
N. Guinea
NEW HOLLAND
Van Diemens Land
New Zealand
SOUTHERN OCEAN

JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

TO

CHINA AND MANILLA.

CHAPTER I.

LETTER TO A FRIEND. — COMMENCEMENT OF THE JOURNAL. — LETTER OF ADIEU TO PARENTS. — OUT AT SEA. — A NOVELTY IN COOKERY. — STORM AT SEA. — LETTER TO A BROTHER, ETC.

Boston, May 7th, 1848.

Dr. E. F. B.

My dear Friend: I am off to-morrow. Yesterday Mr. Bacon said, "If the ship does not get off to-day, she will on Monday; and if not by wind, she will by steam;" so, therefore, I have now only one day more before I leave this country.

You will be surprised, no doubt, to learn of this sudden move of mine; but it is not an impulsive thought, having been meditated for some years. You may recollect that, when we closed our course at the medical school here, we arranged to go to Paris together, to spend a year or two at the lectures, and, afterwards, to travel in other parts of Europe. You went, and I remained behind. As each succeeding spring has returned, I have nearly resolved to go alone, and as often have failed. Two or three weeks since, during an evening visit, conversation turned upon the subject of travelling, and the lady of the house, Mrs. G., remarked, that she should think I would like to journey. I replied that it was what I had always much desired, but that I had not yet decided where to go. She suggested that China was an interesting country. I thought favorably of it, and, returning home, it occupied my mind much of the night. I considered that China is a country as distant as any other; that it is as diverse from ours as any; that the people are as much our antipodes in dress, customs, religion, &c., as in their geographical position; and I

thought I should like to make the experiment of attempting to introduce dentistry and medicine among the Chinese. Some other considerations impressed me favorably, and, before morning, I had determined on a tour to China. Before this, the thoughts of a voyage "*to the other side of the globe*," so far away, had deterred me from considering it for more than a few moments at a time; but now it seemed an easy matter. I can go and return within a year; or, at most, two years will be the extent that I should wish to be gone.

During the day, I ascertained that a vessel was ready to sail soon, and that Mr. and Mrs. B., and others, were to be among the passengers, and I resolved at once to go; but sickness in the family prevented. A few days since, I engaged passage in the "Thomas W. Sears," which was to have sailed yesterday; but the want of wind prevented, and leaves us, at this present time, suspended between Saturday and Monday. Yours, very truly,

B. L. B.

Boston, May 8th. — Last night was my last at the Winthrop House. I spent the latter part of the evening in the company of a few friends, socially; and I occupied for the night a part of the pleasant quarters of my friend, Mr. A. H. So little did he think I was going abroad, that, when I remarked to him that I wished to rise early in the morning, as I was to leave for China during the day, he said, "Yes, very likely. I expect to go, too." But this morning I was up early, and awaiting the summons for our departure, which I expected would have been about noon; yet I busied myself in purchasing various little articles, not all of which do I believe a person would get through with, had he six months before him for its accomplishment. I took leave of Mr. H., who still looked doubtful, though a little less so, and appeared to express in his countenance, "Perhaps he is going. I shouldn't be surprised:" and so we parted.

Nine o'clock came, and with it my brother J.; and, directly after, in great haste, came another messenger, saying that I must hasten to the wharf, as the vessel was ready to sail, and all were on board awaiting my arrival. I started, met my brother-in-law, Mr. M., who accompanied me, stopping only at the office of the *Advertiser*, to procure a file of papers, and soon arrived at Constitution Wharf. All was ready; the sails set, and the vessel held only by its cable. A large party was congregated on the end of the wharf, and each person — crew, officers and passengers — was taking leave of his own particular friends. I took leave of my brothers and sisters, and a few friends, regretting that I could not see others who

were to have been there an hour or two later, and then stepped quickly on board, somewhat afraid that the vessel would sail even then without me.

The cable was loosened, the vessel floated with the tide, a light air pressed the sails, and we commenced our voyage. The breeze soon freshened a little, and the city began slowly to recede from view. The sailors, as they hoisted more sail, broke forth into a loud song, which, to my ears, sounded "Cheerily, cheerily," enough; but it was singularly and strangely impressive. Soon we could hardly distinguish people on the wharves, with whom, by the waving of handkerchiefs, we exchanged our final adieus. At last, people, wharves, vessels and houses, were all blended in one mass, which gradually disappeared from our sight.

The captain having introduced Mr. R. Rotch, of New Bedford, Mr. Dane, of Boston, and Dr. B. L. Ball, of Boston, to each other, as the passengers of the "Thomas W. Sears," and wished us a pleasant passage, we turned our faces towards our respective quarters.

LETTER TO PARENTS.

On board ship "Thomas W. Sears,"
Boston Harbor, May 8.

My dear Father and Mother: I have now commenced my anticipated voyage to China. I think you will be surprised to be thus informed; for, when I took leave of you at Northboro, you said, by your countenances, "You may bid good-by, but we do not fear your carrying that project into effect; you may start, but you will not leave the city." That such were your thoughts was as evident as if you had plainly spoken them. I was not quite sure myself that I should go through with it; and therefore I thought I would say little about it at first.

We left the wharf at half-past nine A. M., to-day, and had a fine sail until near Governor's Island, when the wind died suddenly away, and we came to anchor under the fortifications of Fort Warren. It is now about four P. M., and we are yet stationary. The pilot has just remarked that there is a prospect of a good wind at sundown, and that he should take advantage of it. I hardly know whether to feel pleased or sorry. At first, I thought I would not care if something should detain us, so that I might go back and take a "genuine" leave of you. But I have concluded, as we are all on board and fairly off, that we had better remain so until we arrive here on the homeward voyage.

It is now between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, and there is a prospect of our remaining here all night. The motion of the vessel here is anything but agreeable, chained as she is by the head, and rolling from side to side. I am not yet sea-sick, but I perceive some-

thing a little peculiar, which admonishes me that I had better get into my berth in anticipation. The other two passengers have been gone some time to theirs; so, "good-by" once more. The cakes, preserves, &c., with the notes from L., M., H., S., and mother, are received; but I have hardly noticed them yet. I hope when I return, as I trust I may, that I shall find you all well,— the same as I leave you.

May 9th. — Here we are in the same position this morning at five o'clock that we were in last night. They are now hoisting anchor for another move. The wind is in the east against us, and it begins to rain a little. I am afraid we shall have a bad time in getting out.

The ship is now under way, and the pilot is attempting to take her "outside." There is considerable motion to the vessel this morning. My stomach feels in a precarious condition, and my head sympathizes not a little. My movements are not very graceful when I attempt to walk, but I hope to get over this kind of feeling in the course of a week.

Messrs. Rotch and Dane, my fellow-passengers, are preparing notes to send home by the pilot, as that will be their last opportunity. Neither of them yet complain of sea-sickness. The captain expects it, and is promenading back and forth on deck to ward off its effects for the time.

Half past eleven o'clock A. M.— The pilot says he shall leave the ship to the captain after we have gone a mile or two further. The captain is, so far as I can judge, a pleasant man. He insisted yesterday upon our going into the cabin and taking a glass of beer in each other's company, at the commencement of our voyage, and he gave, as a sentiment, "Hoping that we may all continue in harmony with each other, from the first to the last of the voyage." We all, of course, concurred in that sentiment. Mr. Rotch and Mr. Dane appear very agreeable and well-disposed so far. We have pretty thoroughly used up the time in conversation, and have become quite well acquainted. I think we shall remain on the best of terms with each other.

We are off now, at the rate of seven miles an hour, with most of the sails set. There were a number of articles I intended to have provided myself with, but could only think of them when out of reach of the wharf. I find the pen from J. comes into use very soon. The ring from E. B. looks well, though I have not much fancy for jewelry. E. C. B.'s pencil is very convenient in taking notes, &c. But the pilot is off, and the notes must go. Adieu — again adieu!

B. L. B.

Boston Bay, Tuesday, May 9th.— Here I will commence a little journalizing of our voyage — that is to be — to China.

The "Thomas W. Sears" is considered a first-class vessel — a ship, I think they said, of about eight hundred tons. Captain Graves, from Salem, has the reputation of being a good seaman, and fully competent to the command. Mr. Hood, of Salem, and Mr. Burgess,

of Barnstable, are the first and second officers, and are competent to the discharge of their duties. With these, and twenty fine, hardy sailors for a crew, we, the three passengers, think we shall not regret having committed ourselves to their care for the next four months.

Yesterday we left Boston, and for this whole long day we have been sailing — sailing — sailing! Now, at evening, we are leaving Cape Cod behind us, — a blue bank in the distant western horizon.

I arose early this morning, and the first thing I knew, after turning out of my berth and stepping upon the floor, was that I had landed against my state-room door. What does all this mean? thought I. Before I could fairly recover myself, I pitched against it again! I sprang and clenched my berth-board with both hands, thinking that my head was out of its equilibrium. On looking about, I discovered where the trouble was. My head was right, but a strong side-wind caused the vessel to careen towards the opposite side; so that, if I attempted to walk, I must lean backward, or be pitched headlong forward. "No wonder that I fell against the door!" thought I, endeavoring to excuse myself for such an act; and it was with no little difficulty that I succeeded in washing and dressing. All day we could not get over the singular sensations produced by being obliged in the cabin to lean forward when walking one way, and backward when walking the other. It was like going against a powerful wind.

At eight o'clock we breakfasted, and the table was so much canted on one side that a rack was necessary to keep the dishes from sliding off. It was made of thin pieces of wood crossed and standing edgewise, forming rows of squares, which, fastened on the table, receive the dishes. There was, now and then, some motion, and I could not help often thinking, "Well, this is not quite like breakfasting at the Winthrop House, those comfortable quarters which I have so recently forsaken; but we are in for it." During the forenoon, the pilot delivered up his charge of the vessel, and the captain assumed the command.

At half-past one we dined: had a very good dinner of soup, roast beef, potatoes, hard crackers, pickles and pudding. During our meal an amusing incident occurred, though, at first, it was a little startling. We had come to the pudding, which looked very nice. On tasting, it was very sour. We looked at each other to see who would speak first, and proceeded to eat. One remarked to another,

"What kind of pudding *is* this?"

"This has a queer *taste!*"

"It is very sweet!"

"It is very sour!" &c.

We continued to eat of it, though it was so rich that we could eat but little at a time. We thought it might be made tart by lemons, and we called it pretty good. The captain was also at a loss. Perceiving that it produced a strange sensation in the throat, all stopped eating to consider. No one spoke; but, from the peculiar look of countenance, it could be easily seen that each had "poison" in his mind. The captain called out to the black—

"Steward!"

"Sir," was the answer.

"Here," says the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the steward, entering the cabin.

"What did you make this pudding of?"

"Rice-flour and eggs, sir."

"How many eggs did you put in?"

"Four, sir."

"Well, you must not use the eggs so fast; we shall want some to boil, by and by. What else did you put into the pudding?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Yes, you have; the pudding is sour."

"Well, I do not know what it is, sir. I put in nothing else, sir."

Mr. R. thought it must be made of lemons. I said I thought the flour might be sour; but revolved in my mind that some bad mistake might have been made, and tried to think in what part of my trunk the emetics were packed, for they might be needed. We concluded, however, to have the flour examined, and further eating was suspended. The steward brought the box of flour which he had used; I tasted it, and it was sour, sure enough. On further examination, it proved to be cream of tartar; the steward had used cream of tartar instead of flour! We all burst into a laugh, and the other box was brought. It was marked "rice-flour," and, on tasting, proved to be such. We proceeded with our dinner, and made a good finish with a pudding made of eggs, sugar and cream of tartar, and concluded that no *medicine* was necessary. The steward slunk away, ashamed of the blunder he had made.

Towards evening, we saw the last of Cape Cod. As the land disappeared, we gazed on it till even the blue haze which surrounded it

was no longer visible. Casting some expressive glances at each other, and drawing one long, deep breath, expressive of "Well, it is all gone, — all is water, and there is no help for it now," we turned our backs on the scene, and responded to the steward's call of "Gentemum, tea 's, sirs, ready!"

We sat down to the table, and were all satisfied with a cup of tea and a piece of hard biscuit. Milk we had no longer on board, and had to drink our tea without it. This, with the rebellious state of our stomachs, and the sickening heavings of the vessel, produced rather a solemn cast of countenance at the moment of swallowing. We tried to force ourselves into a happy frame of mind; but, as soon as a smile or laugh had passed, the solemnity of our feelings would succeed. A few minutes at the tea-table were sufficient, and to attempt to stand upon the rocking floor was out of the question. We were glad to repair to our berths, where we could lie down, believing that even there we should find quite motion enough for us new beginners at sea.

After dinner to-day, while lying an hour or two in my berth, I dreamed that we were just leaving the harbor, and that Sister C——, who has been dead several years, appeared to me. Her form was white and flowing, her step quick, and her motion wavy like a feather. She seemed to emerge from darkness, stood by me, and talked to me of the voyage I was about to take. I was so surprised at seeing her that I did not reply, and the thought never occurred to me that she had been dead. She gave me several kisses, and was passing on as if she had something important to do. I then endeavored to speak, and ask her to stop, that I might talk a little with her. She shook her head, and I clasped my arms around her to detain her; but she passed from me, and disappeared like a vapor. I awoke at the moment, and it was almost impossible to persuade myself that I had been dreaming. Even *now*, I hardly realize, so vivid is it on my mind, that it was more of a dream than a reality; and it brings strongly to my remembrance the understanding she in life made with me,— "that whichever of us might die first should appear to the other, if in any manner permitted in the spirit-world."

At Sea, Wednesday, 10*th*. — Early this morning I arose; but, recollecting the adventure of yesterday, I looked first to see where and how I was going to land, keeping my hand hold of something firm as I attempted to move, and fell against the door lightly. I went on deck, and, the sun shining brightly and the air being cool, I enjoyed a little

promenade with the captain. Casting my eyes around, I could see only one broad expanse of water, and a few scattering sails in the horizon. We were sailing along very well, at seven knots an hour, but with a rolling, disagreeable motion. I soon returned to my berth, and there spent the day, with the exception of an occasional visit on deck, by way of change. My two companions I scarcely saw, they also remaining quiet in their rooms. None of us appeared at the dinner-table; and the captain told us that he did little more than to go through the *forms* of eating, and afterwards did not retain what he had taken. As I lay in my berth, I well knew, from certain sounds issuing from the cabin, that others were in full sympathy with him. I was not sick, but giddy, with a sensation of great disgust towards myself.

Thursday, 11*th*. — We were up at seven. All night long I was rolling about in my berth according to the vessel, first on one side and then on the other, and I am more tired than I was last evening. The timbers over head were constantly creaking and squeaking, as if their joints must soon open. There was no sleep for me, nor was I suffered to remain long enough in one position to fall asleep. The articles of my wardrobe, hanging on the walls of my room, had a curious appearance, swaying back and forth with the regularity of a clock pendulum. This swinging roll of the ship has become very tiresome, to say nothing of the sensation it produces. I should very much like to have it stop, and give me a respite for half an hour. I can only compare it to the see-saw we used to practise when little boys, with a board laid across the fence. Now the same sensation of going up and coming down, of sidling around, and the continuation of this night and day, is what we should like to be rid of; but we must submit to it. We are sailing eight knots an hour to-day, having gained one mile an hour since yesterday.

LETTER TO A BROTHER.

At Sea, May 12*th*.

Dear Brother A——: With a disagreeable nausea about me all day, I have spent much of the time in promenading the deck, and in endeavoring to throw off the ugly feelings which crowd upon me. To remain below, unless lying in the berth, tends to increase rather than diminish these sensations. I have interested myself much in watching Mother Carey's chickens, as they skim over the waves, rising and falling with the water, and following in the wake of the vessel.

The barometer this morning fell rapidly, indicating a storm at hand. Preparations have been made accordingly, in anticipation of it.

The carpenter was sent for, who came with nails, cleats and hammer, and went through all our state-rooms and the cabin, fastening trunks, boxes, &c., and adding an extra side-board to the berths. All the crockery and articles likely to be broken are put into good trim.

It is near night, and things begin to assume a foreboding aspect. We are in the Gulf Stream; the wind increases; the seas mount higher; the hens are screeching; the pigs squealing; and the ocean is in a state of agitation. The captain looks at the barometer, which every hour continues to fall; and he seems to be exercising more than ordinary care on deck. There is little in the sky to indicate bad weather; yet there seems an influence pervading the air indicative of some change. In the midst of the excitement, noise and motion, I must suspend further writing until to-morrow.

Saturday, 13*th*. —I was on deck with the captain a part of last evening. From the afternoon the storm went on increasing, until we had a gale, which lasted until this morning. The captain did not seem alarmed, but looked anxious. As for myself, I could not help thinking that we were in a critical situation, but thought I would not be the first to take alarm, especially before the captain had expressed any fear himself. The waves ran very high, and were constantly increasing in size and frequency. I stood where I could hold on well, and observed them with much interest. The ship was kept on her side by the force of the wind, and would rise and sink with the waves about twenty feet; and then she would plough through the sea, making the water boil and foam. It was a grand sight to see her lifted upon the top of a wave nearly erect, then to reel one side and plunge as if she was a living being, and had received a wound that made her desperate.

After a while I changed my position, and sat on the leeward side of the vessel, where I remained for half an hour. There, as she plunged, I could touch the water with my hand, and could observe the waves chasing each other. They would come, one after the other in succession, from ten to fifteen of them in a minute. At a short distance, they seemed as if they would sweep over and annihilate the vessel; but as they neared, she would gradually rise upon their tops, and they would pass beneath. I sat there, very quietly, observing a scene such as I had never witnessed before. The rage of the sea was yet increasing, but I was in what I considered a safe position for holding on. Presently I heard the captain's voice above the tumult of the waves, and the next moment I was immersed in a sea which had broken over the decks. For a few moments it seemed as if I had been crushed, and that I was in the ocean. I clung to a large spar and ropes, and, the sea having passed, I found myself safe on board. This was the first experience I ever had that falling water had any perceptible weight. I did not tarry for a repetition of the bath, but retreated with haste to the cabin. On informing the captain that I had the benefit of that sea, he said it was a chance that I had not been carried overboard; and, had he known that I was on deck, he should have warned me of the danger. He had observed the sea

advancing with threatening aspect, and, supposing the passengers to be in their rooms, had cried out for the crew to secure themselves.

Returning to my berth, I lay down in my wet clothes, feeling anything but safe. The vessel rolled from side to side, and seemed almost to jump from one sea to another. The timbers creaked and strained as if they would separate. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash, which made the ship tremble as if she was breaking up, and the water came rushing down into the cabin; but it was only another sea which had fallen upon the decks.

About eleven o'clock at night I again crawled out upon deck, and laid hold of a rope. Ah, what a scene was this! Noise, tumult and confusion, reigned abroad! Yet everything about the ship went on like clock-work. The captain, perfectly calm, stood on the deck, giving orders. With lungs stentorian, he raised his voice above that of the raging elements, which seemed to vie with him as to which should be master. To me not a word was intelligible; but the sailors' accustomed ear quickly understood, and they executed their duties with the necessary despatch, cheerful and happy even to merriment, for they directly broke out into a wild sailor's glee, which, in the confusion of noises, fell on the ear as if in mockery of the commingled elements. In the raging storm they knew no fear. They sprang into the rattlings with as much security as if the sun was shining, and all was calm and quiet. The scene before me was grand, and excitingly impressive. I felt sad, and I felt happy. I could laugh or I could cry, and yet I did neither. It was of that strange mixture of feeling and sensation which I cannot describe. I gazed out upon the broad expanse as far as vision could penetrate, with intense interest. What a troubled mass of roaring billows! It seemed as if all the imps of the lower regions had been let loose to stir up, in the watery world, such a commotion: that old Neptune and Eolus had actually combined, and were about to make an attack in concert. Eolus furiously spent his energies on the sails and masts, while Neptune charged upon the hull with equal determination. The storm tore through the rigging with its mournful howls and shrill whistlings, vainly endeavoring to strip her of her thin covering; while the battering engines below made her groan and tremble fore and aft. Long lines of merciless waves, with curling tops, rushed onward in quick succession, and poured upon her their devoted might.

I retreated to the cabin; and what a state of things was there! Life seemed to have endowed everything which before we supposed inanimate. Boxes were skipping and shuffling from one side of the cabin to the other; barrels were unloosed, and rolling back and forth between decks; crockery and glass-wares had broken into each other's dominions, and were keeping up a great jingling with their destructive propensities; bottles and tin dishes were banging at each other in mortal strife; lamps were whirled from the table almost as fast as they could be replaced; and the barometer, suspended from the ceiling of the cabin, was cutting the air to and fro with evident reluctance. Looking into my state-room, everything inside seemed to be in motion, and the things on the floor were perfectly crazy, having a regular

dance together. There I detected my black beaver and the old white, my umbrella, cane, boots and shoes, bundles, flute, books and bottles, trunks and boxes, in perfect recklessness going up and down, right and left, balance, turn off, first one then the other. It being as much as I could do to take care of myself, I turned away from them in disgust. I should have attempted to pick them up, but I thought I might have to gather up myself as often as them, and at some risk of my bones; besides, I knew that there was no place in which they would stay except on the floor, and I did not interrupt their happiness. When I heard the confused and deafening roar without, and the crashing sounds within, as if reducing all to chaos, I shrank back with many conflicting thoughts and doubts of security, and clung to the door. We could stand hardly better than if inside a water-wheel, and the ship seemed to be tossed and hurled about like a large hogshead, so little impression did it make on the rolling seas.

In my berth I was obliged to batten myself in with pillows, boxes, coats, &c., and I found it necessary to brace with my knees, press with my feet, and cling with both hands, to prevent being thrown out. At times I stood in my state-room doorway, holding on to both sides, watching and listening. It did not seem possible that the creaking and working timbers could hold together much longer. I cast my eyes many times at different places, wondering how they could bear such wrenches without giving way, and expecting to see the joints actually open. I presume I was some alarmed, as I had taken out my life-preserver; but I knew that everything had been made as secure as possible, and an occasional glance at the captain's face told me that he had no fear, though he had anxiety, and if we were to be lost, nothing more could be done to avert it, and we might as well go down calmly as to go frightened out of our senses. I could not, however, but believe that, if the vessel did not go to pieces, it would be a wreck before morning; yet I kept my thoughts to myself, while my ears were filled with the din around me. The mournful whistlings of the wind through the sails, its dead, low hum through the rigging, the water rushing sullenly past us, striking against and breaking over the vessel, the waves splashing one upon the other, with the jar and tumble as she plunged her bows into a sea, the pigs squealing, hens squalling, lumber rattling, the heavy tramping of feet on deck, and the tumbling of boxes and barrels, the cries of the sailors as they pulled the ropes, and the loud, grum voice of the captain as he poured forth his orders, all blended with the heavy, dismal roar of the ocean, were really startling. Suffice it to say that the old T. W. resisted the enemy, and sustained herself throughout in a manner highly worthy of her good reputation. The storm had been indicated for a day or two, the sailors foolishly say, by Mother Carey's chickens following in the wake of the vessel. The lightning was very vivid last night, accompanied with thunder. We have another blow this evening. The captain says that we shall be more free from these squalls when we leave the Gulf Stream. We were, of course, all happy to hear that.

We have thus had a little experience of sea life, the first week out. My two companions are heartily sick of it, and I cannot say that I

enjoyed it very much, though I have no wish to give up the voyage, as they say they would like to do. My impression is that if they were on shore just at this time they could not be induced to go on board again.

I shall transmit these journalizings by the first vessel we speak that will stop long enough for me to get them on board. I now feel as if the experience of this storm will very much, if not quite, remove any fear of future storms at sea. Yours, truly,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY AT SEA. — THE NAUTILUS. — SEA FARE. — ALTERCATION ON SHIP-BOARD. — FLYING FISH. — THE BOOBY. — A SCHOOL OF PORPOISES.

SUNDAY, *May* 14*th*, *latitude* 38° 2′ *north*, *longitude* 58° 24′ *west*. — I went up on deck before breakfast, and it looked like Sunday. The sun shone clear and warm, and the sea was little disturbed. Not a breath of wind whistled through the sails, and none of the usual noises of the sailors were heard, as on other days. There was only for a while the sound of the pump. The sailors were taking turns, two at a time, to free the vessel of water in the hold; for she had sprung a small leak during the storm of the other night. I read a few chapters in the Bible, and some of the periodicals which my friend, E. S., Esq., had kindly furnished me. I was quite fatigued with the exertion that had been necessary during the whole night to prevent myself from rolling backwards and forwards in my berth, and which, after all, I did not succeed in accomplishing. This eve it began to blow pretty hard, with a violent rain-storm. It poured down finely. The wind is dead ahead, from the south-east, and it has been so calm during the day that we have made scarcely any progress. The captain was on deck, with his India-rubber coat, boots and hat, in all the storm, taking charge of the ship.

Monday, *May* 15*th*. — The morning seemed inviting to sleep. We had a fine breeze all day, and we go ahead nicely. Read the biography of Herman Blennerhassett, and was much interested in it. This evening is a beautiful moonlight. We went on deck and tried to sing some, but did not accomplish much. The sailors had some music with flutes and accordeons, which sounded very well at night.

We enjoyed ourselves for an hour together; and this is the first evening we have been able to do that.

Tuesday, May 16th. — We are now nearly in the latitude of Washington, D. C. We have had a fine run, and are more than a thousand miles from Boston. The weather is very pleasant. Our living continues good. At breakfast to-day we had fried ham and eggs, johnny-cake and butter, hard crackers, and coffee without milk. I have taken a dislike to coffee and tea lately, even the smell now being disagreeable, and often nauseating. How long such feelings will remain I cannot say, but I drink only water at present. For dinner we have soups, baked beans, roast chicken, potatoes, hard crackers, and fried pan-cakes, eaten with sugar and butter; and for supper, cold meat, baked beans, and buttered toast of crackers. This last appears to be the universal bread on shipboard. The captain is ill this evening with rheumatism, has taken colchicum, &c., and gone to bed under the influence of hot tea for a sweat. Mr. D. is still quite unwell from sea-sickness. Mr. R. is much better, and my giddiness is improving. We enjoyed a portion of the latter part of the evening on deck, chatting of home and friends. All was quiet and still, save the creaking of our own vessel as it rolled on the swells. We seemed to be in the centre of all things, enclosed by the sky above and the water below, limited to the circular horizon only. A few strains of my flute sounded prettily as they were wafted in gentle undulations upon the air.

Wednesday, May 17th. — The striking of the ship's bells at eight this morning called us up. These are struck at every half-hour during the night and day. The whole twenty-four hours are divided into six watches of four hours each, commencing at twelve, four, eight, and twelve again. Each watch commences with one bell for the first half-hour, two for the second, three for the third, and so on up to the eighth. For instance, if it is half-past twelve, night or day, the man at the helm strikes the bell once; if it is one o'clock, two bells; half-past one, three bells; and at four o'clock, eight bells. Again, when it is eight o'clock, morning or evening, or at noon or midnight, the bell is struck eight times, and the intermediate hours made to correspond. So we say that we rise at seven bells (half-past seven), breakfast at eight bells (eight o'clock); dine at three bells (half-past one); and take tea at four bells (six o'clock). The object of the bells is for the regulation of the crew, and that all on board may know how the time is going. When the helmsman strikes the bell, it is imme-

diately answered with the same number of strokes by another in the forward part of the ship.

We arose this morning refreshed, for the first time, with a fine rest and sleep. As each of us remarked on it, we concluded it was one of the greatest of luxuries; and the captain, being well of his rheumatism, joined with us in the same opinion.

Thursday, May 18th.— Arose at four bells (six o'clock), and took a promenade on deck. It is very mild, but nothing can be seen save the sky and the broad ocean, as far as the eye can reach. I have, every day for a week, been watching for a sail, but in vain; there are none within the scope of our vision. Read for several hours the Exploits of General Scott.

Friday, May 19th.— At seven bells arose, and went on deck to take fresh air, and to look about before breakfast. Our vessel is speeding along at a great rate. The wind had a reinforcement during the night, and now comes with redoubled power. For several days we have passed large quantities of a substance called the gulf-weed, which comes from the Gulf of Mexico, being brought out by the Gulf Stream. The first officer said that some flying-fish were about, but I watched for some time, and could see none. I have seen nothing of Mother Carey's chickens for several days. Many sailors suppose these birds to be the spirits of their comrades lost at sea, and they have a superstitious fear of injuring one of them. In their belief, it would be as well to give up the ship to the mercy of the waves as to destroy one of them, certain punishment being the consequence. One of the men has so joined the two ends of a rope, making it an endless rope, that we cannot detect the joint. There is considerable ingenuity among sailors. We have had a discussion on the differences of religious belief, and left off much as we commenced, as is generally the case in all controversies on such subjects.

Saturday, May 20th, latitude 30°, *about that of New Orleans, longitude* 39°, *near the middle of the Atlantic, seventeen hundred and thirty-eight miles out.*— Read to-day the "Dark Lady of Doona." In the afternoon we were visited by a black squall, with heavy showers. It appeared very threatening, and the captain had the sails taken in, preparatory to its approach. But it did not blow very hard. We are all pretty well now, except Mr. D., who does not get over his sea-sickness; he still continues to keep his berth a great part of the time.

Sunday, May 21st.— This Sunday is very much like the last. There is little wind, and little motion to the ship, and the water is almost

still. The sun shines warm and pleasant, but I have not yet seen it shine as clear as on the land. I suppose that this is owing to evaporation from the great extent of water exposed to the air. We cannot here see people going to church to-day, nor hear the ringing bells; yet, on looking around, and seeing all so quiet on board, busy with their books, we are reminded that it is Sunday.

After trying a long time, I caught a piece of the gulf-weed, and examined it. It looks very pretty as we float past it, though it appears to float past us. We see large quantities of it to-day. It has little water-berries upon it, and runs something like a strawberry-vine, or woodbine, before the leaves appear. In the water it resembles large pieces of sponge, and is of a golden color. Saw numerous (so called) "Portuguese men-of-war," or a species of nautilus, sailing on the water. They look very pretty, like a sail in miniature. They float on the water, with the sail above them, apparently regulating themselves to the wind, according to the direction they wish to go.

Read temperance stories and the Bible during the day.

Monday, May 22d. — The day is beautiful. The weather is so mild and warm that I slept last night with my window open. From the deck may be seen, under sail, many of those beautiful Portuguese men-of-war. I attempted, with a pail let down by a rope, to capture one. After repeated trials for more than an hour, I succeeded. The captain and some of the sailors immediately cautioned me against touching certain parts of it, which, they said, were full of stings. These parts resemble a bunch of silken cords of a burning red color, from two to twelve inches long, and covered with a thin, transparent membrane. They form a gelatinous mass about the body, or separating into longer or shorter fibres, which they drag after them like so many little streamers. The sail part looked like a handsome shell, but was a white, delicate, satin-like membrane, filled with air, reflecting rich prismatic colors. The large ones are about the size of a triangle five inches high, and the smaller like pea-buds just blossoming. The body part is a mass of unshapen, pulpy substance, of the texture of the blood-sucker, but of a purple color. It is, however, destitute of stings; but those parts are of a poisonous nature, which produces the smarting and burning. I read to-day in the Letters of John Adams.

This afternoon, as far as we can see, the surface of the ocean is completely studded with these nautili; they are little things, much smaller than those above described, and can hardly be called "men-of-

war,"— perhaps they would be better denominated Portuguese *sloops*-of-war. I presume they cannot sail so fast as the larger ones, their pioneers, which accounts for their always bringing up the rear. For the first hundred miles only the larger ones appeared, then the next in size, then a size still smaller and lastly, came those still smaller, — all covering a surface several hundred miles in extent. On deck in the evening, one of the young sailors — Daniel Dana — came and played to us on the accordeon for an hour. It is a beautiful evening. The stars, like glittering diamonds, ornament the broad canopy over us.

Tuesday, May 23d. — Arose at six o'clock. Before breakfast, I stitched up and dressed a wound in the first officer's hand, he having cut himself, and severed a small artery.

A vessel passed three or four miles to the north of us. When she reached the nearest point, we raised the American colors, which were immediately answered by the British flag. We had been on the watch to see which should discover the first vessel; but the credit of this one fell to the captain. About two hours later, I perceived a mote in the horizon, which shortly proved to be another vessel, which passed five or six miles to the south of us. The day has been pleasant, and the sea pretty smooth.

Latitude between 26° and 27° north.

I read in the Letters of John Adams, and am much interested in them. I wish that I had also the Letters of Mrs. Adams, though I have a very good stock of others, — light reading, medical and scientific. The nautili have nearly all disappeared. They are now so reduced in size as to resemble pea-buds floating on the surface of the water, and are unable with their tiny sails to keep up with the larger ones ahead.

Wednesday, 24th, latitude 23° north. — We are near the tropic of Cancer, — about the latitude of Cuba. We have now entered the regular trade-winds, and can reckon on a steady and favorable breeze. They have taken us along at a fine rate to-day. The weather is excellent, and our thick clothes are not uncomfortable. The passengers are agreeable, the captain cheerful, the officers respectful, and the crew orderly. We have enough to eat and drink, plenty of time for sleep, and all goes on harmoniously, even down to the pigs and hens. But I should like to go on shore to stretch myself and turn round once or twice on the land, where there is plenty of room. To be cooped up here in so small a space begins to be a little irksome. I must say that I do not like it; but I presume we shall get accustomed to it in

time. I read to-day from the "Diary of a Physician," and in the morning saw a flying-fish. This evening one of the young sailors — before named — came aft, and played to us a while on the accordeon.

Thursday, May 25th. — Arose at seven bells, and took a promenade on deck, where I go every morning, before breakfast, to gaze around upon the desert sea in search of new objects, and also to look for sharks. I wish to see one of these animals taken, and the captain thinks I shall be gratified before the voyage is ended.

After breakfast, with a pail and a rope, I went to the vessel's side, and, throwing the pail over, set about catching some little animals that were floating on the water. They were of a purple color, and coiled up like a watch-spring or revolving torpedoes. I worked away for an hour or more, and succeeded in catching one of them. I was then but little better off, for I could not make out what it was, nor find any one that could. I did not like to touch it, for it looked as if it might be poisonous. I shall dry and preserve it.

The captain says that to-day, at twelve o'clock, the sun will be directly over head.

Friday, May 26th. — It begins to be a little monotonous. We seem to be in the same place every day. From the deck we look out on the water, and see that the vessel is sailing. We perceive that she runs away from certain waves and bubbles marked with the eye; that, as she ploughs along, she makes the water foam and splash about her bows, which it would not do if lying still; and yet we cannot see that she is not this morning in the same place as yesterday, and the morning before, and even for the whole week. The horizon looks the same; its distance is the same; the sky is the same; the sun, the moon and waves, are all the same. There is no land, no house, no tree, no anything, to show that we are progressing. Like the horse in the treadmill, we keep moving, but do not appear to be making headway. The water appears to move past us, but the vessel remains in the same place. Still I am contented, knowing that we are speeding on; that we are to-day two degrees beyond where we were yesterday; that we are this day within eighteen degrees of the equator; whereas, at the commencement, we were forty-two distant from it. We do not go exactly to the south, but to the south-east. We sail about two hundred miles a day, but are not two hundred miles nearer our destination; for, governed by the wind, we have to deviate from the direct course; and now we are steering towards the coast of Africa. A vessel has just appeared in the horizon, but quickly disappeared, bound

towards Havana. We have a strong breeze, and are getting on briskly, at the rate of nine knots an hour.

I commenced reading again the "Dark Lady of Doona," it being the second novel I have read during ten years. I read only one chapter of it a day, my taste being more for facts than fiction.

Our dinner to-day consisted of baked beans, boiled tongue, baked rice-pudding, &c. We live much better on shipboard than I expected to, from all the stories I had previously heard.

Saturday, May 27th. — We are now two thousand eight hundred and thirteen miles out. Our latitude is between 15° and 16° north, and we are near the Cape de Verde Islands, off the western coast of Africa. The air is mild and pleasant. They killed a pig on board to-day, and they are supplied with a sufficient number to provide one for every Saturday. The vessel makes near ten knots an hour.

Sunday, May 28th. — Early this morning, at about four o'clock, the captain called to us that a vessel was in sight. We were all in our berths; but, hearing those startling sounds — "Sail, ho!" — were quickly up. The vessel came within about a mile of us, and then kept on her way. She contented herself by showing British colors, which were answered by the American. I was disappointed in not being able to send letters by her. Another vessel appeared soon after, but she kept at a distance of several miles. One also appeared in the night, and passed nearer to us than any of the others. They all passed on the windward side, to the left of us.

I wrote a letter to S. It is very still and quiet on board, and, indeed, seems like Sunday, it being the third one of our voyage. The weather is fine, the air mild and soft, and the breeze strong and steady. It is less warm than we expected to find it here. I cannot yet drink tea or coffee, and the smell of them is quite disagreeable,— the remains of my nausea from sea-sickness, though we feel pretty well now, in comparison with the first week. My appetite is about one half as good as when on land, and I eat only about half of the extent of my appetite, thinking to make myself better by eating less. We are still weak, sore and tired, from the movements of the vessel so constantly exercised upon us. If we lie or sit long in one position, we ache, and seem to stiffen to it. Mr. D. is still obliged to maintain a recumbent posture; if he rises, he is sure to be sick. The captain is better off than the rest of us; but we shall, no doubt, soon get used to it.

While talking with the captain on deck to-day, we heard the cry of "Murder, murder!" We rushed forward, from whence the cry

proceeded. My first thought was of mutiny, though I could imagine no cause for it, and I was determining to go through thick and thin to the last, if necessary, for the government of the ship. We soon saw that there was trouble among the crew, and one of them had a bloody mouth. It appeared that an altercation had arisen between Mr. B., the second officer, and one of the sailors. Mr. B. gave the man an order for doing something to the rigging, calling him by the name of "Pill Garlic." The man was a spruce young sailor, and, feeling injured by the epithet, refused to answer to that name. This brought B. down on him, and disposed him to cry out "*murder*." The captain told him to behave himself, or he should have a whipping; that it was his business to mind what was told him, whatever he was called by. He then took Mr. B. aside, and spoke to him, requesting him, as I suppose, to be civil to the men.

I read to-day in the Testament, and from the "Life of Swedenborg."

Monday, May 29th.— I was up at six bells. The weather is very beautiful and warm, with a fine breeze. Latitude between 9° and 10° north; longitude 26°. We are now within ten degrees, or six hundred miles, of the equator, and in less than a week we shall expect to cross the line. I thought it would be uncomfortably warm here, but it is not. I wear all my thick clothing and flannels.

A ship appeared in the horizon at about half-past eleven, and met us at twelve. She passed but a short distance from us. We bore up to her as near as the wind would allow, but she seemed to incline away from us. She could have come nearer if she would, for she bore off (as the captain said) several points from her course. She hoisted the Dutch flag to our Yankee stripes. Captain G. took the speaking-trumpet, and, hailing her, called out something with his powerful voice. She either could not hear, could not speak, or else did not understand English. The two captains contented themselves with looking at each other with their spy-glasses, and passed on. The captain said that she was the most rusty-looking thing he had ever seen at sea. We thought, when this vessel first came in sight, that we should certainly send home letters by her; but, like the others, it proved an illusion. I was really excited when I saw her so near. I felt like one who had been for a long time alone, wandering in the woods of some unknown island, meeting with no living being, and at last to have fallen in with a friend.

I saw yesterday a large sea-bird, called a booby, fluttering and whirling about near the surface of the water. I watched its purpose, and

soon perceived a number of flying-fish, pursued by a large fish of some other kind. These, to escape their enemy in the water, were forced to take to their wings, and, the moment they rose from the sea, the booby was ready to attack them. Thus, when obliged to flee from danger in their own element, they encountered it the moment they sought safety in another. And yet they are doubly provided; for nature has supplied them with fins for swimming, and wings for flight. I could but pity the poor creatures, and would gladly have given them protection.

The booby is web-footed, and looks like a large hawk. Its name is given to it on account of its stupidness in allowing itself to be easily caught. This one alighted on board in the evening, and perched on one of the boats. We went up and put our hands upon him before he would attempt to fly, and caught him, though he used his hooked and pointed bill as if in earnest.

We encountered to-day a school of porpoises, and had to laugh outright, they appeared so ludicrously. They acted like a parcel of dogs, starting off in company. Sometimes three or four, with their noses together, would try to head each other off, and then they would swim back and forth, leaping out of the water, whirling one side, or around and underneath the vessel, but generally keeping in front and dodging about the bows. One of them leaped about ten feet out of the water, and turned a complete somerset, coming down and striking flat, with a loud splash; then, as if frightened at himself, he scampered off, and, making a circuit, returned again. They blow in a similar manner to the whale, having the spout-holes at the base of a long snout. When they come about in the night, their noise is like the suppressed breathing of boys in swimming.

We seem to be advancing into a warmer region. The thermometer to-day is 77° F. Another vessel is in sight, about five miles to the north-west. We are making ten miles an hour.

Tuesday, May 30th.— The weather is still warmer, the thermometer having risen to upwards of 80°, and this under a clouded sun and frequent showers. We all sensibly felt its debilitating effects, and I was quite unwell.

Wednesday, May 31st. — It rained some during the night, with hardly any wind. A good part of this day the vessel has been becalmed, rolling lazily from side to side, but with scarcely any movement ahead. We have had, however, several little rain-squalls, from half an hour to an hour each, which sent us along at the rate of six or eight knots, and then left us again nearly becalmed, with the weather

warm and close. This kind of weather is always expected in the neighborhood of the equator. The sun was obscured to-day, and, for the first time, no observation could be taken, and, therefore, no latitude was reckoned. I have commenced reading "Jane Eyre," and find it interesting. I like to read novels occasionally, yet I cannot much approve of them.

Thursday, June 1st. — None of us, as yet, feel well and strong. Mr. D. has grown quite thin, and I find that it requires considerable resolution to make the effort to go on deck; yet we all contrive to do so several times each day. We try to vary the monotonous routine of the hours, by promenading on deck, reading a while below, and then changing again to the deck; — chatting with each other or to the captain, looking at the fowls and pigs, climbing the rattlings, climbing out upon the bowsprit, watching the weather, examining the horizon for vessels, or searching for fishes and birds.

At the table we all practise on the cold-water principle, excepting the second officer, because we do not yet relish tea and coffee. The term "cold water," however, may not be strictly correct in this hot climate. I will not complain, so long as it remains as good as it is now, but I would give twenty-five cents for one glass of ice-water such as I was in the habit of getting at home. It would be a luxury; but luxuries like this are not to be purchased here. We gradually fell off from tea and coffee, one after the other, — Mr. R. bringing up the rear, — and now we call ourselves temperance men.

We have not taken the latitude to-day, the sun being still obscured. I have concluded "Jane Eyre;" it was so interesting that I did not like to leave it till I had finished it. In the evening I conversed with the captain respecting it, he having read it also. We agreed pretty well as to the merits and demerits of its characters. We also played three-handed whist. This game has lately become a part of the evening's routine. Yesterday, for a little variety, I tried my hand at fishing. I engaged the mate to fix me up a hook and line, and then, during a calm, took my stand on the deck, with a piece of mackerel for bait. I threw my line, and, while letting it out and watching the bait as it sunk, away went hook, line, bait and all; the line having been rolled up in two or three pieces, and not joined at the ends, which I had not examined. Afterwards, again equipped, I tried once more. I threw over my line, and waited patiently for half an hour, but could not get a bite, not even a "glorious nibble." I persevered for another half-hour, with the same success, and then gave it up, satisfied with my fishing for the day.

CHAPTER III.

EQUATOR. — CROSSING THE LINE. — FERDINAND NARKONA. — COAST OF BRAZIL. — TEDIOUSNESS OF THE SEA. — PHOSPHORESCENT APPEARANCES. — A DREAM. — BOISTEROUS WEATHER, AND TABLE DISCOMFORTS.

Friday, *June 2d.* — Since yesterday our course is changed to the south-west, towards the coast of South America. Soon we shall be on the equator, which is now about two hundred miles further south.

I finished the two volumes of "J. Adams' Letters," and think I have been well paid for reading them. There is so much sense, so much principle, so much of reality, about them ; and then he expresses so much feeling, — real, ardent, unaffected feeling, — domestic and public, true, noble and patriotic feeling, — ever high-minded and firm, and yet as humble as a child, — that he seemed to stand with one foot on Right, and the other on Principle, immovable from his position.

Saturday, June 3d. — We are three thousand eight hundred and one miles from home. A vessel had been several miles ahead of us, and going the same course, but we passed her during the day. She would neither show her colors nor bear towards us to speak us, but kept further off. We concluded that she preferred to remain unknown rather than to have it said that she was thus outsailed by another vessel. We left her five or six miles astern at night.

This is an exceedingly fine day, with a cool breeze. Thermometer stands 85° in the cabin. I wrote to brother J., but the vessel we saw gave us no opportunity to send. At evening, went on deck and enjoyed a gaze at the stars in the beautiful clear sky. It is a pretty sight, at sea, to behold a perfect dome sparkling with glittering gems, set upon a circular base of water, our vessel in the centre, and overshadowing us as if for our especial benefit. Its sides seem to extend below the water, enclosing within, a large level lake of an exact circle, with one solitary object, our ship, floating at its very centre.

Equator, Sunday, June 4th. — Here we are at the equator, at last, though there is no perceptible difference to the view. The sun, the sky, the sea, the horizon, are all the same ; but the weather is warmer, and the sea calmer. We have had a light breeze all day, which makes it delightful to sit on deck. The heat is not so great as we expected. Thick clothing would not be really uncomfortable, although we have put it aside, and all have appeared to-day in thin clothes. In the

latter part of the afternoon we crossed the equator; but, as the little girl said to her father on a similar occasion, "Though often seen on the map, I can't see it here, — Where is it?"

There was some talk about a visit from old Neptune and his tribe, as is yet customary with many ships, but it was not carried into execution. The ceremony goes, I believe, by the name of the "crossing of the line." It is conducted by the sailors something in this manner: They dress themselves in disguise, with buffalo-skins and other odd things, and with painted faces, so as to appear like outlandish giants. They let themselves down into the water on the outside. The passengers, at a preconcerted signal, are called on deck to see the queer-looking people coming out of the ocean. Not suspecting anything, they arrive in season to see a strange set of beings clamber up over the vessel's sides, dripping with water. The one who personifies old Neptune advances and salutes the captain and officers. After a few compliments and inquiries about the vessel and voyage, &c., the captain making answers to correspond, they take the passengers who have never "crossed the line," and apply a lather of warm tar to their faces, and shave or scrape them with a piece of rusty iron hoop, — unless they choose to ransom themselves by paying money, liquor, or whatever is demanded as a substitute by the visitors. Those who have before crossed the line are allowed to pass unsubjected to the ordeal.

We have now encountered a strong current, which sets towards the northern coast of South America; in consequence of which our course is towards the coast of Brazil. The captain thinks we may not be able to clear that coast without taking a tack to the eastward.

I have read a few chapters in the Bible, a *Christian Register*, — one of a roll Mrs. C. gave me, — and in the "Life of Swedenborg," with which I am much interested. I find that we have lost sight of the north star, nor can we see it again till we return to the north of the equator.

Monday, June 5th. — We are now two hundred and forty-eight miles south of the equator. The air is clear and breezy. I have commenced reading "Don Quixote." The captain thinks that we may pass the "Pyramid rock" during the night, and possibly near enough to see it. This rock is very high, and inclines as if it would fall. It is on the island Ferdinand Narkona. This lone island is inhabited almost entirely by Brazilian exiles, the governor himself being also an exile. It can be seen at a distance of eight or ten miles, has four or five thousand inhabitants, and is defended by fortification.

We shall not pass nearer than fifteen miles of it, and therefore shall not have the gratification of seeing it.

Every day my medical works come in for a portion of my reading.

Wednesday, June 7th. — It is a queer sensation at sea to awake in the morning, or to be half-awake, and be doubtful where you are. The other morning, I was thus situated ; I was enough awake to see, but not enough to think clearly ; I saw clothing hanging about a little room, some books on a little shelf, a little sky-light above, a window on the side, and seemed as if some one was shaking the bed. I said to myself, " Where am I ? This is not my room in Boston. It is not at father's. Is it at Dr. F.'s ? No. Where in the world am I ? It appears to me that I am going up and down ; I must be crazy — and yet I know that I am alive somewhere ; it is not at the Winthrop House — no ; nor at Mr. M.'s. Did I come out to Quincy last night? What sent me out here ? Let me think — how is it ? "

" Doctor ! " calls a voice to me.

" Holloa ! " says I, willing to answer some one or to anything.

" Seven bells," says the steward.

O, yes ! I know ! here I am, in the old ship, still ; there is no getting away from that !

Friday, June 9th. — Mr. D. does not appear to acquire any fondness for the sea, having been unwell all the time since the first day out. He says that he would like to be set ashore somewhere, or to get on board of a ship home bound. Mr. R. says that he " did not know what it was," when he engaged his passage ; that he would like to be " off the old sea," has " had enough of it," and had rather be " at home " on his farm in Delaware, where he could drive his horses, and ride in his carriage. If I was to give my opinion, I should agree with him. I have had about as much of ocean life as I care for. It has become quite tedious, and I feel that when through with this voyage I shall not very soon want another. Indeed, I should be well satisfied now to be somewhere on the land. I see not how any one can take a voyage for the pleasure of it. When a person has rode horseback ten or twenty miles, he generally feels like getting clear of the animal, at least for a while. That is much as I feel. I should like to stop a while, to clear myself from the ship. It would be a relief to rest on the land for an hour, and then I would go on again. On board, one cannot sit, stand, walk or move, with quiet comfort. If you are seated and trying to be quiet, you are tossed backwards and forwards, jerked to the right and left, and perhaps whirled round on one leg of your chair ;

or, if you are lying down, it is impossible to keep the same position. On the transom, you are going hitch, hitch, until you are sliding off, unless you are well braced. In your berth you are often rolled out, or, what is nearly as bad, you think you are going to be. If you stand still, you cannot tell which way you may go next. Now you are on a run-down-hill across the cabin, and then you bring up on the table or over the settees. When you start you cannot calculate, for a certainty, where you will land. In walking on deck we get along very well; for there we can see, as well as feel, the inclinations of the vessel.

Our latitude to-day is 12 S., longitude 34 E., and nearly five thousand miles out. Of late the weather has been squally, with wind and rain, and the sea rough. It will toss us about some to-night, but we are becoming accustomed to it.

Sunday, June 11th. — We have another pleasant day for the Sabbath. When I went on deck this morning, the same contrast between this and other days of the week presented itself to my mind as there always was in Boston. There seemed almost a magical influence above and around us, charming everything on board to stillness: and so it has continued throughout the day. The weather being about the same, no alteration was required in the sails, so that the crew spent almost the entire day in reading.

Monday, June 12th. — The breeze is favorable. I have spent the day in reading astronomy, surgery, &c., and have examined my private stores. As six weeks had elapsed, I thought it necessary to look after the large tea-chest of cake which my sisters provided for me. Thus far I have had very little desire for cake or sweets of any kind, and instead of sweets I crave something sour. A bottle of nice pickles, which I keep in my room, is often in demand. I took out the chest and placed it on the table; all were interested in the contents. We opened through the different layers of coverings, and came to the inside, but were surprised to find the top layer all beautifully frosted, not with sugar, but with mould. About half the chest was more or less tinctured with this frosting, and had to be separated from the rest. I sent it forward, and some of the sailors disposed of it, hardly noticing it. Of the other, we had some for tea, and it was very good. The captain had some very rich cake, which he opened, and found it had kept perfectly. He says that, to have cake keep well at sea, it must be rich, and have brandy put into it when made.

A very beautiful phosphorescent appearance of the water, in dark

nights, is observed near the equator, extending from one tropic to the other. As the surface of the sea is disturbed, it rolls up to view whole volumes of little luminous bodies, similar to so many glow-worms or fire-flies, as if they were blown up by a blacksmith's bellows. And at night the wake of the vessel is like a canal filled with agitated white foam, beautifully illumined with sparks and globules of white, sun-like fire.

Tuesday, June 13th. — Two unknown vessels passed at a distance early this morning. We had an animated discussion for several hours this evening on the elements of the earth — the comparative extent of water, its depth, &c. The opposite argued that where the depth of the sea is so great that the bottom could not be sounded, the water is continuous to the other side.

Retired to my berth, and passed a night full of incidents. Methought I had been travelling two years among the Chinese, and was on my way home overland. I called at Constantinople, where I proposed to stop a month to see the strange things of that city. Among the various places of notice was the slave-market. There I saw, exposed for sale, thirty slaves, all handsome Circassian females, with the exception of two blacks, with curly hair and thick lips ; their ages ranging from fourteen to twenty-five years. One of them, about twenty years of age, attracted my particular attention. From her many pleasing qualities I felt quite an interest in her. To say that her beauty influenced me some, I of course could not deny ; but her amiable and affectionate deportment did more. I glanced over the group, but no one appeared equally interesting. She was modest and retiring, blushing, seemingly because of so public an exposure. I walked among them, and learning that they were to be sold in an hour, I was at the appointed place. Many were the people, mostly Turks, who were now examining them. One was looking at a hand, another at an eye, another at the hair and teeth, and still others at the feet, to see that they were perfect. One apparently suited in every particular came behind his choice, unconsciously to her, and snapped his fingers near her ear. Satisfied that her hearing was quick, from the surprise she evinced, he walked away with an air that said, " Ah ! she will do ! "

I was content to view them at a greater distance, and many painful sensations arose in my mind regarding the fate awaiting them.

I will give a short description of one who pleased me most. She was about five feet in height, with form well developed, but deli-

cate. Her head was of a medium size, and evenly shaped; her hair, dark and long, hung in thick clusters down her back. The contour of the face was oval, and rather long, and wore an expression of sadness. Her eyes were black, small, but full and piercing; her eyebrows dark and regularly arched; eyelashes long and curved; nose and chin small and smoothly moulded, and complexion a clear red, approaching to a dark brunette. More particulars I will not speak. Suffice it to say that amiability of disposition radiated from every feature of her countenance, and, had I been making a picture of a beautiful creature, I should have made it as like her portrait as possible.

As I gazed on the scene before me, I stood still and reflected. I said to myself, "Is it possible that these beautiful beings are to be sold for money; disposed of to persons they know not; brought from their native country to serve in unknown parts; degraded to a condition worse than the slaves of our own country; subjected, perhaps, to the will and passion of a tyrant master? Can it be that they are thus to be sacrificed?" Such thoughts occupied my mind for some time; and when I raised my head from the revery into which I had fallen, my eyes encountered those of that slave-girl. For some moments I could not withdraw them. And what a look she gave me! It penetrated my very soul! It spoke in volumes and tones not to be misunderstood! With all the eloquence of which silent language is capable, it said, "Save me! O, save me! Do save me!" My feelings keenly responded to the request. I thought again: "How can I save you? What can I do? That I might change the fate of you and your companions is my sincere wish; but you are doomed to be sold a slave, and I cannot prevent it."

A rustling, humming noise now arose above every other sound. The sale had commenced, and all eyes were turned towards the group of slaves. A few words, in an unknown tongue, were spoken; a little delay followed, down went the hammer, and the fate of one was sealed! In the space of a few minutes down again went the hammer, and another was gone; down again, and another. In quick succession eight were disposed of. Fifteen were to be sold to-day, and the tenth was of particular interest to me. Ten minutes elapsed, and the ninth was gone. The ugly-looking Turk auctioneer, as he seemed to me now, stepped quickly along, placed one hand on the head of the tenth, and with the other raised his hammer high over his turban. Her

head was bowed, and resting upon her bosom. A rich red scarf, twirled over her forehead, was gathered in folds, and with one hand pressed to her chest. Her turn had come to be sold: several bids were made. That her fine proportions might be better displayed, the auctioneer pulled off her shawl, and in a manner so rough that I was much inclined to pull off his large turban also. She raised her eyes, which again met mine. There was the same imploring look, but mingled with dejected sadness and despair, which said, "Save me! O, save me! I have no friends — no, not one!" I felt myself to tremble with emotion; and I turned and near by leaned on a block of marble, that I might the better conceal my agitation. I thought, "What can I do? If I purchase you, you are no better off; you are still a slave. If I could marry you, and take you to America, we should both be discarded; and never could I endure to make a servant of you, even if I had occasion for one, and ——" But the sharp tones of the auctioneer's voice rose above everything else, though I understood not a word he said.

"How much," said I to the American consul, who had kindly accompanied me, and who stood near — "how much is there bid upon her now?"

"Just eight hundred dollars," he answered; "and shall I bid for you?" said he.

I knew not what to say, but, after some hesitation, the rapid articulations of the auctioneer again falling upon my ear, my lips involuntarily allowed to escape the words, "Yes, sir, do so, if you please."

"Twenty-five dollars a bid," said he to me, "and now it is nine hundred. Over there is your opponent, — that Jew."

I looked, and saw an old, haggard man, dressed in a long robe, with a brown turban on his head. He had a gray, flowing beard, which fell upon his breast. The bids continued between the Jew and myself — all the others stopped at nine hundred.

"Nine hundred and seventy-five dollars now," said the consul to me.

I was watching closely, first the auctioneer, then the slave-girl, then the Jew, and again my friend. I saw the hammer raised, and as if coming down for the last time.

"Go on," said I to the consul.

The few remaining moments were a torturing suspense, and ended in the consul's saying,

"Just one thousand dollars, and she is yours."

I felt now as badly as before, for I did not know what course to pursue with her. The sale being concluded, she appeared in great distress, gazing wildly around; but when she saw me pay the money, she became calm, and, for the first time, smiled. I had her conducted to the hotel, and a room provided for her, opposite mine. We could not understand a word said to each other, and for some days I was in much perplexity. I was frequently in her room, and, with the aid of an interpreter, I learned much of her history. A more beautiful and amiable being I thought I had never met. If she had such things as faults, I was too blind to perceive them; and I resolved to marry her, if she would consent, even were I obliged to live in obscurity the remainder of my life. Happiness was my motto, and the proposal was made through the interpreter. In answer, she said that she could not believe I was in earnest, for she was nothing but a slave; and could I marry a slave? I said, "I truly am in earnest." She then answered, that if I really could condescend to make her my wife, she should consider herself very happy, and would go with me to any part of the world.

At the end of a week our marriage took place, and we immediately set out to seek a spot secluded from communication with the world. In three months we arrived at our destination — an uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean, called St. Paul's. Here we lived, somewhat after the Robinson Crusoe style, though not in so destitute a condition; for we had anticipated our many wants, and brought a great variety of articles for our comfort. We had books, clothes, furniture, axes, knives, vegetable and fruit seeds, paper, pens, ink, &c. &c. We built two houses, one on the ground to live in during the day, the other for the night, upon posts twenty feet high, and made by sawing off the tops of trees. At dark we always pulled up the ladder, for we did not know what animals might be on the island. We never wanted for employment. Each day brought something to occupy our minds and hands, either in preparing the land for the little crop, exploring the island, gunning, fishing, examining the minerals and ores, the volcanic crater, or attending to the various domestic affairs. Still considerable time was consumed in reading, writing, &c., and in numerous explanations to each other in our respective languages. But, should I give a full relation of our happy life, I should have to write a volume, and imagination must supply the deficiency. You would like, I suppose, to know how long we sojourned here in this romantic state. It must have been more than six years; for when we were grouped together,

one sunny morning, in front of our little cottage, and my wife, having learned the English language, was engaged in teaching the children, who only knew how to converse in a language half Circassian and half English, I remarked to her that our little boy was five years old yesterday; that to-morrow the little girl would be three; that they were now old enough to learn; that their education would entirely depend on her, and that, as I should continue to teach her, she must teach the children. Conversing on the singularity of our life, and of our respective friends at home, she commenced a history of her life, previous to the time I first saw her. She had told me of their family — their affluence and respectability, the high rank of their relations before the wars had impoverished their country, — their "*beautiful Circassia*," — the accomplishments of music, languages, painting, &c., which her father had bestowed on her; the wealth of her father; his reduced circumstances and loss of property afterwards; the disposal of herself to cancel a debt of five hundred dollars; the heart-rending separation, and her departure for the slave-market at Constantinople. I was deeply interested in her account, for she had never related it before, fearing, as she said, that it might diminish my love for her, but which she did not then fear. I was listening with the deepest emotions, when suddenly strange sounds seemed to fill the air. My senses became confused. I saw ourselves becoming enveloped in thick clouds of white vapor. My lovely Circassian wife was sinking away from my sight. Children, houses, island and all, were disappearing together. I sprang to overtake and save them, and, at the same time, I fancied I heard, in the midst of all, terms several years before familiar to me —

"Doctor! Doctor!"

The next moment I perceived that I was in a small room, and I gazed around in a half-bewildered state. To my astonishment, I found myself sitting up in my berth, in my own state-room. In the half-opened door was the black face of the steward, with lips stretched into an exulting grin, and crying out, for the second time,

"I say, Doctor! eight bells — breakfast now."

And thus the *dream* of my short-lived happiness terminated by a return to the realities of sea life.

June 14th. — I was thus aroused at eight bells. A vessel has followed astern of us, just in sight, all day, but could not overtake us; and now she is lost to view. Yesterday I wrote on a piece of paper our latitude and longitude, the captain's name and passengers', "all

well," &c., enclosed it in a bottle, and threw it overboard, so that if it should get ashore, or be picked up, the vessel might be reported ; yet there is little probability of its ever being seen again, though I may yet hear from it. There was a sudden squall, with some thunder and lightning. We staid on deck to watch the bustling of the crew while furling the sails. The squall did not last long, but it rained considerably.

Thursday, June 15th. — The wind is more blustering to-day, and the sea more rough, — with a rolling and disagreeable motion, causing the water to break over the deck. At the table we have to look out for our plates, knives, forks, tumblers, &c., or they are suddenly deposited in our laps, or are rattling on the floor. Sometimes, while lifting food to our mouths, we have to drop our knife or spoon, and catch our tumbler or other articles. Occasionally something is thrown from the table to the floor, and is broken. In this kind of weather it is difficult to do anything by way of pleasure or improvement. I shall be glad to reach the end of our voyage.

At dinner to-day I received in my lap a part of a plate of hot soup. One of our number, in biting off a piece of hard cracker, had to drop it to catch his plate, which was *en route* for my lap ; and the cracker fell with a splash into the soup, spattering it over us. Mr. R. remarked, " Well, this is hard eating. How comfortable it will be to get home again, and sit at a table in your own house, where everything is not on the move ! "

Several Cape-of-Good-Hope birds made their appearance to-day about the vessel, and must have flown a long distance.

CHAPTER IV.

SEA-BIRDS OFF THE CAPE. — TRISTAN DE ACUHNA. — SUNSET SCENE. — STORM SCENE. — CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. — THE BLACK CLOUD. — BIRDS AND FISH. — PORPOISE TAKEN. — FOURTH OF JULY ON BOARD.

FRIDAY, *June 16th.* — The last was the longest night I have yet had on shipboard. I was very anxious to get asleep, but could not, such was the rolling motion of the vessel ; and my continued efforts to fix myself in an immovable position served to lengthen out the night.

It has been quite rough all day, the sea running high, the vessel careening first on one side and then the other, and then shooting down the inclined surfaces, and burying her nose in the opposing sea. We had to use considerable tact in taking our dinner, such was the tendency of the dishes to discontinue all connection with the table : as an illustration of which, Mr. R.'s tumbler of water went over to the other side, and into Mr. H.'s plate and lap. We have a rack on the table to restrain the movements of the articles there, yet they manifest every indication of life. At these times the steward holds the pitcher and castor, and in that way we use from them. Many things have to be dispensed with, or brought on singly and then carried away again when used.

Many Cape-birds follow in the wake of the vessel, though we are yet some two thousand miles from the Cape.

They are the Cape-pigeon, albatross, and other birds, the names of which we do not know. I tried to catch some of them with a hook and line; but it was too windy, — they could not seize the bait when we were going at nine or ten knots an hour.

We have made two hundred and thirteen miles, south and east during the day. The carpenter has been down and put extra boards on our berths, to prevent our falling out. The weather is becoming colder as we go south, obliging us to change our clothing again, and put on flannel, although it is little more than a week since we put on thin clothes. I expect another rough night; the sea increases, though the sky is now clear, after some little rain-squalls yesterday and to-day. I reluctantly take to my berth at eleven P. M.; for the sea is tossing us about, as it did the first Friday night, and I do not fancy it at all.

Saturday, June 17th. — Six thousand and ninety-seven miles out. — Well, we had last night another Friday night, similar to that the first week out, and I could get no sleep. We are now midway between Africa and South America, in 29° south, steering towards the Cape of Good Hope.

Sunday, June 18th. — I rested well last night, which was quite a luxury, the sea having gone down in the night. I read in Swedenborg's works and the Boston *Christian Register*, which made me feel at home, until something diverted my thoughts, and reminded me where I was.

Towards night I let my line over, and caught one of the sea-birds. I do not know its name; but it looked like a crow, though larger, and web-footed. They are about the size of a young goose, or a full-grown

duck, but are not the albatross, many of which are among them. The hook caught in the upper part of its bill, and it was thus drawn up easily, though not so easy for the bird. These sea-birds cannot stand on the deck. They are so constantly on the water that they have no occasion to use their legs, and when they attempt to stand they cannot support the weight of their own bodies. As they cannot raise themselves upon their legs, they cannot fly from the deck; and they look amusingly stupid, flapping their wings, vomiting, and tumbling about.

Monday, June 19th.—The weather is quite cold. Our progress to-day will not compare well with that of a few days past, when we have made in a single day two hundred and thirteen miles. We have sailed to-day but ninety miles. The time seems long in getting from the equator to the Cape. Cape-birds of several species abound here. They follow in the wake of the vessel for the crumbs and offal thrown overboard, and manifest very little fear, alighting often under the stern, and leisurely picking at their food. At other times they seem constantly on the wing.

Tuesday, June 20th.—The weather is pretty cold, and with Mr. R. I have exercised in walking the deck, it being rather cool sitting long in the cabin. We have no conveniences for fire, and shall have none during the passage, however cold it may be. We are now near the island of Tristan de Acuhna.

Last evening we had a most beautiful sunset. I could but remember, what I had often heard, that there "was nothing like the sunsets of southern latitudes." And this was the most splendid of anything of the kind I had ever seen, not excepting some very beautiful ones from the Winthrop House, in Boston. The whole expanse of water within the circle of the horizon was enveloped in darkness, except the part towards the west. The sun had sunk from sight for an hour. The moon had not yet risen. The stars shone brightly out of blackness, and the milky-way added only a faint streak to the dark but glittering dome which seemed placed over us for the occasion. Beyond a world of black massive clouds the rays of the sun were sending upwards a flood of blood-red light. The clouds in front presented a bulwark dark and threatening, as if to separate this world from that beyond. The upper part was a broad, serrated, and broken bank, extending in an irregular line; and over it a black pall was thrown, as if to hide from view a portion of the fiery glare, and then behind this, extending backward and gradually upward into space, the clouds had assumed

the forms of immense boulders of rock-crystal. These were of every degree of transparency, and every variety of color. They were tumbled into such positions as to disclose among them gulfs, seas, plains, and caverns, deep chasms, ravines and abysses of unfathomable depth : some formed themselves into mountains, ridges, and intersecting valleys. The contrast between the black barrier in front and the indescribable glowing back-ground was exceedingly impressive. The rich red and white, and the golden light mingled with the blue, like a burning mixture floating within, illuminated the whole to electrical brightness. It spread over every surface, and penetrated every object with an infinite variety of colors the most gorgeous. Here the huge masses were of a deep and fiery red, the color deepening or becoming fainter as they extended towards the opposite surface ; and there they were yellow, soft, and light. Some were of a glowing white, as if near the melting point ; and other portions were of a gaudy, shining tinsel, of blue and red, blending into all the various shades of purple, and these modified by the fervid hues of yellow. There were the crimson, the orange, pink, violet, azure, with all their intermediate tints, in all the softness of velvet ; and some of the clouds were bordered with stripes of liquid silver and gold, glistening with great brilliancy. This scenery seemed within bullet-shot, and it appeared so hard and natural, that, could I get to it, I might enjoy myself in surmounting its fairy heights.

South Atlantic, Thursday, June 22d.— The wind blew strongly last night, and has given us a fine run of two hundred and thirty-six miles for the last day. The sea has been increasing in its turbulence through the forenoon : what it will end in I cannot say. The wind also increases in violence, and the waves begin to show some paroxysms of a frothy nature. I wish it was in my power to describe the appearance of the ocean as it is now to be seen around us, or that I could paint a picture of it in its true colors ; but paint cannot exhibit motion.

A storm is evidently brewing. The captain does not mean to be caught napping. He has had the sails double reefed, and the ship generally put in trim. On deck, boats, hen-coops, pig-pens, &c., are all made fast.

The pigs, partaking of the general excitement, are standing on their hind legs, with heads raised above the pens, snuffing the air, and looking anxiously and inquiringly, as if wondering what all the stir can be about. Now and then a volume of spray comes splashing across

their faces, which causes them, with fitful squeals, suddenly to drop their heads and shrink away, apparently disgusted with their life at sea. This, however, is the place to expect rough weather; for we are in the dominion of the Cape of Good Hope, which bears such a stormy character.

In the middle of the afternoon, when below trying to read, Mr. R. called me from the companion-way to "come up and take a look at things now."

I went on deck; and what a magnificent spectacle did the ocean present! How truly sublime was the whole scene around! What a turbulent and agitated world of billows! With what ferocity did the seas form and whirl themselves up, and with what mildness did they sink away! How fawning their curling summits, and how threatening their yawning chasms! But it is mockery to attempt a description of the storm. The wind is furious and the waters are mad, is all that I can say. And yet, how I like to gaze on it! I look at it all the time, yet I cannot see it enough. For two hours have I gazed, and my eyes are not tired.

How resolutely does the vessel glide along, and dash head foremost into the foaming sea! How desperately does she plunge her head into the opposing wave, reeling with the shock as if she would make each her last! And, again, with what recklessness, and yet ease, does she sweep her masts from side to side, and strike her spars into the water beneath!

The gale continued till eight o'clock, when it suddenly ceased, and the sea became so calm that we ventured to try a game of whist; but the motion of the vessel made it a short one. At about eleven in the evening we again went on deck, and admired the grandeur of the scene as it appeared after the storm, spending an hour very pleasantly. It is *after* a storm, more than during its continuance, that the sea appears the most dangerous. The billows continue to rise and fall, tumbling and splashing in all directions, and lashing each other with utter recklessness, with no sympathy for the poor vessel, which now, without the wind to steady it, is knocked about entirely at their mercy. Mr. D. could not enjoy this scene, he being quite sea-sick.

We have had the wind from the north, which came warm from the equator, till now, when we have it as the winter's blast from the south pole. The sailors, as they hurried from place to place, were drenched through by the seas constantly breaking over. Now and then, as the vessel rocked from side to side, she would ship large vol-

umes of water, which rolled in torrents the whole length of the deck, and occasionally penetrating the cabin. It is very disagreeable on board ship at these times. Everything is cold and wet, both above and below.

Friday, June 23d. — To-day it is cold, the thermometer standing at forty degrees Fahrenheit. It is June, and yet we have our great-coats on and the cabin-door shut. A few degrees further south, and we shall have weather the reverse of that at home — winter in July.

We have now some company — many birds following the vessel, flying around, and alighting in the water. They are the Cape-pigeon, the albatross, and a species of bird that I should call a crow-duck.

Off Cape of Good Hope, Sunday, June 25th. — Our Sundays seem destined to be calmer, milder and pleasanter, than any other days in the week, which we all are very glad to see. I read the *Christian Register*, a few chapters in the Bible, and Swedenborg's work on the Soul. I am not a Swedenborgian, but like to read his writings. For the last two or three days we have made very little progress in sailing.

Monday, June 26th. — The winds in this latitude are very variable, being sometimes rough and boisterous, increasing to a gale, and at other time slight and unsteady, or decreasing even to a calm. To-day it blows from one quarter, and to-morrow from another. Yesterday the wind was from the north, bringing along warm breezes from the equator ; and to-day is very comfortable, the wind being from the same quarter.

Wednesday, June 28th. — This is a cold, cloudy, cheerless day, and we keep as snug as possible in the cabin ; but I find that the most comfortable place is in my own room. However cold it may be, we contrive to exercise some on deck every day.

A large albatross, and numerous other birds, made their appearance to-day. I have noticed, for a week past, the "black cloud" (so called), which is seen only in southern latitudes. It appears in the south-westerly part of the heavens, about fifty degrees from the horizon. It looks like a cave in the sky, as if a portion of the dome, arched with bright stars, had been broken out, leaving a deep and black cavern. It can always be seen in the evening, when not obscured by clouds. I find myself frequently gazing on it, and wondering what can be its character. It cannot be a black cloud ; for a cloud cannot always remain stationary. I can, or fancy I can, look into it, and see a depth, with lighter and darker shades upon its irregular sides, like the view of a cave by moonlight.

Off the Cape, Thursday, June 29th. — We are nearly becalmed, the weather is warm and spring-like ; some eight or ten large albatrosses are flying around us, and a few birds of other kinds. Every species of bird seems to have a distinct province on the ocean, and goes but little beyond it. The crow-ducks, and some others, we have left to the north, and their places are supplied by the silver-bird, about the size of a night-hawk ; a large brown bird, of the size of a duck, or larger ; and the albatross, which looks something like a goose, and has a white body, with dark-colored wings. The wings of the silver-bird, on the under side, appear like molten silver when the sun shines on them. A few of the Cape-pigeons are still to be seen. They have two prominent white spots on each wing, resembling half-moons. Mother Carey's chickens have not been seen for a long time.

I tried a long time to-day to catch one of the large albatrosses with a line and hook, baited with a bit of pork. I dropped it over the stern. One after another of the different kinds of birds flew down, until they were a large flock on the water, picking at the bait, cackling, quarrelling, and screaming. One was soon caught, but before I could draw it on deck the hook had pulled from its mouth. Others were caught, and escaped in the same way ; and, thinking that I would cause pain to no more of them, I amused myself in toling them after the vessel, by throwing over crumbs of bread.

A shoal of porpoises made us a visit to-day. They came around twice this afternoon, fifty or a hundred in a shoal. Mr. Burgess threw a harpoon into one of them, but before the porpoise could be hauled up its weight pulled away from the harpoon, and it escaped. The blood poured out of its wounds, and the others immediately gave chase (as they always do), worrying the wounded one until it dies. A shoal of porpoises is one of the prettiest and most animating of sights at sea. They generally appear first under the bows of the vessel, sporting with each other like a pack of dogs before a horse. They seem to think that the vessel is a big fish of their own species, and delight in running just ahead of it, darting back and forth, below and upward, beneath the bows, chasing each other around and underneath the vessel. Often, in their excited racings, they leap entirely out of the water. (See p. 30.) They usually remain near the vessel for about half an hour.

We are nearly becalmed this evening, which is very interesting for people who are in a hurry ; but we are past the Cape of Good Hope,

running along the southern coast of Africa, though a long way from it.

Friday, June 30th. — This is another spring-like morning. There is hardly any wind, and the sea is very smooth ; all of which makes the captain, as well as ourselves, very impatient. To compensate a little, I again tried fishing for the albatross, — with the success of yesterday.

Indian Ocean, Saturday, July 1st. — Here, it is in the middle of winter. It sounds very queer to say July, one of the winter months. Though it is winter, it seems more like April to-day ; but there is no knowing what may be to-morrow. The thermometer stands at sixty-eight in the cabin. We can now say that we have entered the Indian ocean ; which, when a little boy, I used to think was a great ocean of hot water. It is cold enough now, at all events.

We have kept in latitude thirty-nine degrees, so far to the south, to avoid the westerly current, which runs around the "great bank." This bank extends some sixty miles from the Cape. We have had more showers towards night.

It seems hardly possible that we have been nearly two months on the sea. The old vessel appears like home to us now, although we are tired. I think it would rest me to step out and go on foot for a few miles. I am sometimes almost tempted to jump over the ship's side. It would be a great luxury to lie down for an hour on the still ground on shore. If any of you have rode a whole day cramped up in a full stage-coach, till thoroughly tired, you can imagine something of our feelings. We are now anticipating, in two or three weeks, to make St. Paul's Island, or Christmas Island, which to us caged birds will, no doubt, be a rich treat. It lies to the south of east of us.

Thus far we have been blessed with comfortable weather around the Cape. The captain says that he never had a more pleasant voyage than the present, in this part of the ocean ; but there is time enough yet for bad weather.

Sunday, July 2d. — I noticed last evening the two white clouds called the "Magellan clouds." They are the beacon-clouds for the south, as the north star is for the north. They resemble portions of the milky-way, but look more like chalk rubbed on the blue vault of the sky. We have had another pleasant Sunday, and almost a calm, with slight showers at noon. We have mock-turtle soup for dinner every Sunday, which is made from fresh pork, &c., and is very nice.

Monday, July 3d. — A porpoise was captured to-day, and so little

noise was made that we knew nothing of it till it was dressed and hung up. Apart from the color, which was very dark, it resembled the carcass of a pig. It had a nose or snout some twelve inches long, and I should say it would answer to the sea-hog, as there are other animals to answer to the sea-elephant, sea-lion, &c. The flesh was like meat rather than fish; the kidneys looked like bunches of grapes. We had some of the meat for breakfast, and I took a few mouthfuls, but directly discovered that I was not particularly hungry, its taste being disagreeably fishy, and I turned away to something else.

Tuesday, July 4th. — This is the glorious fourth, the first I ever spent at sea. It is also the coldest one, it being now *mid-winter*. We are to the south of the lowest point of Africa, in latitude 39° south, and longitude 32° east, in the latitude of the northern part of Patagonia, and the longitude of Constantinople. We were up between six and seven to catch a glimpse of the sun as it came up from the sea. We all wished to behold a sunrise at sea, and thought that the fourth would be the best day, by which it might be more vividly remembered. We were, however, disappointed; for, a short time before the sun arose, it was obscured by gathering clouds.

The wind is north from the African coast, and at evening it is quite brisk, so that we travel much faster by night than by day. We have celebrated the day on board in a small way; but it was very select, being confined to the captain and passengers. All our fire-arms were mustered on deck, consisting of two fowling-pieces and quite a variety of pistols. With these we made considerable noise, and our salutes were very good. We had no oration, but we talked a good deal, and discussed how the day was probably being carried out in America, &c. While firing his pistol, Mr. R. made a narrow escape. He had snapped it without its firing; he turned it up and looked into its muzzle, and, bringing it down by his side, said, "The rusty old thing won't go off." I exclaimed against the act, but, before all the words were spoken, its contents were discharged on the deck.

Our time is seven hours faster here than in America; and seven P. M. corresponds to twelve in Boston. I did not forget my arrangement with C. Mayo, Esq., to drink to each other's health at noon on this day, wherever we might be. At seven P. M. I was alone, and, including with Mr. M. my other friends at home, fulfilled my part of the engagement.

Wednesday, July 5th. — The captain announced to us at six this morning that a vessel was close by. We had not seen one for a long

time, and were very glad to hasten up. Hoisting her colors, she proved to be an English bark. She crossed before us, steering more southerly, and by noon was out of sight, being probably bound for New Holland.

The weather was quite foggy yesterday and to-day, so as to make the vessel's decks quite wet. Those on board who are experienced with this region off the Cape say they never knew such pleasant and moderate weather.

Thursday, July 6th.— Another vessel was discovered this morning by the first officer. She was soon lost sight of, but reäppeared during the forenoon, and bore down upon us. We also kept up a little towards her.

She finally steered directly for us; but, being a slower vessel, fell astern, and towards night was nearly again out of sight. I was desirous to speak her, whoever she might be; but this could only be done by delaying our vessel for her to come up, which Captain G. did not consider himself justified in doing. At length her colors appeared, and showed her to be British. She then run up her numbers to commence a conversation. Our captain did not answer, saying that he had not the requisite corresponding numbers on board. From his manner I concluded that he had been shabbily treated on some former occasion, and was not anxious to communicate now. So we were disappointed in not making an acquaintance, and leaving, perhaps, an impression that we were wanting in those common courtesies which should be displayed between all vessels upon the broad sea.

The weather is warm and sunny, like a day in the first week of April. This afternoon we varied our exercises by joining in those more athletic, — climbing the shrouds hand-over-hand, &c.

CHAPTER V.

RAINBOW. — GALE. — STORM SCENERY. — SEA MOTION. — ALBATROSS. — SEA LIVING. — TROPIC OF CAPRICORN. — PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT.

Saturday, *July 8th.*— About four o'clock this morning, one of our crew — an Englishman — had an altercation with the mate, which resulted in his getting his head severely cut in two places. I dressed the wounds, after which he was put below in irons, where he is to remain for the present. At noon we exchanged signals with a Dutch vessel.

Sunday, July 9th.—It has rained all this forenoon,—the only unpleasant Sunday we have had since leaving home.

To-day I have read ten chapters in Matthew's gospel; and an ancient atlas before me added to it a ten-fold interest. I noted the place where Jesus was born—Bethlehem; from thence I traced his flight to Egypt, to escape the persecution of Herod, in compliance with the warning given to Joseph in a dream, and his return to his own country, after the death of Herod. I marked his residence at Nazareth, living in fear of Herod's successor; the place of his baptism by John, at Bethabara, beyond the Jordan; his sojourn in the wilderness, where he was tempted of the devil; his removal from Nazareth to Capernaum, where he heard that John was in prison; the place of his first meeting with his disciples; the scenes of his miracles, and of his travels from one part to another in fulfilment of his holy mission.

I also read Swedenborg on the Soul; an interesting confession of Herod concerning the conviction of Christ, found written in Latin in France, and translated into English for the *Massachusetts Ploughman* of May 5th; also a letter of John Q. Adams to his son, which was very instructive.

Monday, July 10th.—We have a brisk breeze this forenoon, and the ocean's repose seems much disturbed. The birds fly nearer and in greater numbers than they have done for a week past, which is generally regarded by the sailors as the precursor of a storm. We have had singularly moderate weather in this latitude, having had no real storm since we neared the Cape; and we have seen no ice nor snow, except some sleet one night. To-day we have made two hundred and thirty-one miles.

This evening is very lovely, and almost as light as day. The water shines like bright silver. It is too cold on deck to do without an overcoat, and we are sailing at the good rate of ten knots an hour.

Wednesday, July 12th.—We are nearly in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, and in the longitude of Persia. It is a little rainy this morning, with a fine rainbow in the west. Yesterday there appeared the most beautiful one that I ever beheld. Every color was distinct, gorgeously rich, and dazzlingly bright; and yet they were so softly blended that we could not tell where one commenced or another was lost. Both ends of it dipping into the sea, it encircled an arc of the horizon, converging so as to have met exactly at our feet, had it reached as far; but it was lost at a few feet distant from the vessel. I gazed upon it, wholly absorbed with its beauty, and forgetful of the

rain then falling on me, until it disappeared. Its counterpart, formed by the ends which dipped into the ocean, and extended through the water, was, I suppose, a reflection of the other; it was a circle, with the exception of the few feet broken out on each side of the vessel. The sky, clouds, water, sun, ship and rainbow, would have made a subject for a handsome picture. We often see parts of rainbows in this southern latitude. This is a cold and disagreeable day, and the wind from the south-west. We are all quite well now, including Mr. D., who has been so long partially ill of sea-sickness.

Friday, July 14th.—I have lanced and dressed an abscess on the cook's hand. For the last few weeks many of the men have been afflicted with boils, or eruptions of that nature, caused by their manner of living. Their food consists too much of fat meat, pork, fat beef, &c., and too little vegetable food. Their sores inflame and discharge, and are very slow in healing, unless medicine is taken, and applications are made to the parts affected. A slight cut or bruise often becomes a bad-looking sore, and in some cases erysipelas sets in. A wound on the foot renders them lame for days, and they are often laid up with it.

Saturday, July 15th.—This forenoon the sea began again to show some agitation: the wind whistles ominously. The moon fulls at this time, and the barometer indicates a change of weather. The clouds turn dark, and appear threatening. On deck all is life and animation. The captain and all hands are there. The studding-sails, one after another, are taken in; the sky-sail is lowered on deck; the spanker is clewed in, and the men are up on the main-yard, scattered along like a roost of pigeons, reefing the sails, encouraging and animating each other by crying out, all together, "Heigh-oh-o! heigh-oh, now! rouse him in!" &c. Every man has something to do, and they take hold as if intending to have it done. The dead-lights in the cabin are put in, and all the preparations made for a coming storm. I watch the gales and stormy parts of the voyage with much interest; not that I do not feel my own weakness, but because the sight is a beautiful one. We are now ten thousand miles from Boston, and more than half of our voyage is over.

It is now evening. All the afternoon it has blown very hard. For two hours I stood in the companion-way, and looked out upon the rolling sea. The wind increased till evening, and during the blow it rained with much violence. The seas did not run very high, but were very large. The captain put the vessel directly before the wind, due east. Occasionally the water broke over the deck, drenching those

within its reach. Now and then the old vessel would appear to stop, with its head against a hill of water, like a stubborn horse with a heavy load; and then, as if considering the task to be performed, it would reel to and fro for a moment, gathering its strength, and push forward as if to penetrate through the sea. Rearing its head with a graceful curve, it would mount to the top, and then make a plunge down the other side of the billow. It was very interesting to watch the vessel as she manœuvred with the conflicting elements.

Sunday, July 16th.— All last night it blew a gale, with a pouring rain, and we were ploughing through darkness almost as thick as the water itself. What a peculiar sensation it was to stand on the deck and hear the turmoil all around us, and not be able even to see the water! I remained an hour alone, and could see the water only when a splash of the sea came into my face. It was with very uncertain feelings that I retired to my berth, and there listened to the sea roaring about my head, and thought of our liability to come in contact with other vessels. To-day the weather is much as yesterday; the sea is very boisterous, with violent rain-squalls, and the vessel is leaping madly along under almost bare poles.

We passed Saint Paul's last night, about two hundred and fifty miles to the northward. So we must give up all hope of visiting that interesting island, — so interesting to me since my dream, before described, of a residence there.

We have to dispense with soup at dinner, and have hard work to keep our seats. Our dishes start, and away they go, and we have to catch at them on all sides. Our knives, forks and portions of our food, slide off the table, and fall sometimes into our laps, sometimes upon the floor. The steward brings a tumbler of water, and carries the tumbler back again; then we have to catch upon the table and hold on, to prevent being thrown over it, until we are turned back again by the righting of the vessel. If the table was not fastened down, and our seats also, we should be sliding and jerked from one side of the cabin to the other. These things, however, cause some amusement, and we laugh and joke upon the accidents that happen to each other. A large bucket of peas came tumbling out of the locker, and were scattered upon the cabin floor. The steward gathered them up, put them back, and secured them; but soon they came out again. Again he placed them back, tightened the lid, and tied the bucket with a cord. In half an hour the vessel gave a tremendous bound, out again came the bucket, breaking the cord, and scattering the

peas all about. When the steward came in and saw the state of things, he was in no good temper; and, as he collected them, it was most ludicrous, from my room, to listen to him. He commenced:

"You damn, miserable, abominable peas! how many times you s'pose I must go after you? You s'pose I got nothing else to do? You believe this black stewart damn fool? Bime-by you find mistaken!" &c. &c.

He took them into the locker again, scolding at them as if they understood every word said, and set them down with considerable force, at the same time saying,

"Stay there, sinner!"

It is cold and dismal, and seems like any day but Sunday. It is the first of such Sundays that we have had since we embarked.

Monday, July 17th.— It is almost a calm to-day; the sun is clear, and it is quite warm. Many sea-birds are around again, and with hook and line I have tried without success to catch an albatross. They would fly down and peck at the bait, but I caught none. I fired my pistol at them three times, and the captain twice; but their feathers are so thick and close that the bullets did not penetrate, even if we hit them. We could only ruffle their feathers a little, although they flew within five or six yards of us. In about twelve days we expect to be at Java.

Tuesday, July 18th.— We are now steering northward towards the Straits of Sunda. I am becoming quite impatient, though I believe we all try not to be, knowing that it will accomplish nothing; yet I seem to be exerting myself continually to push the vessel along, as if my desire had changed into an active force within me, that I could not restrain. I do long to place my feet once more on a solid foundation, — where, I do not care, if it is only *land*. As I look over the stern, and see the water rushing from us, I am sometimes impelled by an almost irresistible feeling to jump overboard, as if my limbs would leap with me in spite of myself, though I feel little fear about it. It appears to arise from the same kind of fatigue and restlessness that is experienced by reclining in one position for a long time, or by sitting in a constrained attitude, as in a coach or crowded assembly, for a number of hours.

The wind blows briskly this evening. We were just startled by a loud report, followed by several lesser ones. Thinking that the ship had struck, or that something direful had happened, we rushed on deck, and found that the flying-jib-boom had been carried away, and

that the sail was flapping in the wind, making noise enough for so many volleys of musketry. The ship was brought into the wind, and the sail secured and taken in.

Saturday, July 22d. — Being out of potatoes, we have boiled rice as a substitute. There is plenty of poultry, fresh pork, and salt beef; but the beef, for the lack of soaking or boiling in fresh water, is extremely salt; yet we have enough of other food without it. We feel most the need of vegetables.

We passed the Danish rock last night without seeing it; and very few persons, we are told, have ever seen it, except those lost upon it.

Sunday, July 23d. — Mr. R. brought out from his stores for breakfast a little can of preserved sausages. These preserved meats are very nice for an occasional taste. The sealed-up tin box is put into hot water for a few minutes, and is then ready to be opened and placed upon the table. Passengers who take with them a small variety of these meats find them very convenient and acceptable. Mr. D. has furnished us, for two or three weeks, with milk preserved in cans; and in our coffee and chocolate we find it to answer a very good purpose, though it is not equal to fresh milk. Vegetables, so necessary for health as to be almost indispensable, might be preserved in cans in the same manner, and added to the ship's stores at a small expense. Used once or twice a week, they would be very serviceable to the health of the crew.

I am now, five o'clock P. M., in my room, and have been there nearly all day. It is so quiet that I am hardly conscious of the presence of any other living person on board. I have been lying in my berth and reading the Testament, with the maps for reference; and also some articles in the *Christian Register*. We have had some showers to-day, though the early morn indicated a pleasant Sabbath. There is now hardly any perceptible motion to the vessel, which is very rare when it is considered that she is sailing about eight miles an hour. The captain has taken no observation to-day, but knows pretty nearly our latitude and longitude. All are talking now of Angier, at Java head; of what we shall do when we get on shore; how happy we shall be; and what delight it will give us to see land, to touch it, or to place our feet upon it. In one week we hope that our dream will be realized. We have been so long shut out from society, we can hardly realize that, besides the few birds that flit about us, we are not the only living beings in the world. The captain sometimes cools our ardor by an occasional remark, that "Perhaps we shall pass Angier in a

storm and cannot anchor;" or, "We may pass it in the night," &c. But we are quite sure that he will stop for his own sake, as he often speaks of the fresh provisions and fruits which we shall take in there.

Monday, July 24th. — Yesterday we crossed to the northward of the Tropic of Capricorn. Old Ocean has been tempestuous during the day and evening. We were tossed and rocked about, without regard to our sensibilities, or respect to our persons. But the time has passed for sea-sickness, and we look upon the raging billows without fear.

Tuesday, July 25th. — Time speeds along rapidly. It seems hardly possible that we have been more than two months on the water; but the future looks long. Since we lost sight of Cape Cod, sailing so many thousand miles, we have not had a glimpse of land. The chart says we are off the coast of New Holland, and according to the compass we are sailing direct for Christmas Island; but, like the good place, we seem to feel doubtful of ever reaching there.

Each Saturday night I close up the week by drawing on my map our exact course for the previous seven days; and the pleasure this affords well repays the labor of it. The weather has now very perceptibly changed, and we have again left the cold region for a warmer one. We are now within twenty degrees, or twelve hundred miles, of the equator. The thermometer is upwards of 70°. How mild and soft is the air of this region!

Wednesday, July 26th. — Last eve, at ten, I sat alone on the deck looking over the side of the vessel, and watching the fiery appearance of the water. The darker the night, the more vivid is its light. There was no moon, and it was cloudy, and therefore the waters were very bright and luminous. The ship was rushing through at about ten knots an hour, and the wake of the vessel was beautifully illuminated, as was also the water about the sides and bows of the vessel, or wherever it was disturbed. The little eddies formed by the ship's rudder were very interesting. They appeared as if a circle of fire, like the sun, was suddenly formed in them, and then made to revolve rapidly, gradually becoming dimmer, as they sunk into the depths beneath and disappeared. Four or five of these might often at the same time be seen, stretching back into the wake, and giving a very ornamental appearance to the scene. There were also interspersed multitudes of globules, as if of glowing fire, of all sizes, from an apple to a mere point. It was a beautiful sight to look at, as we flew along through the darkness, leaving this fiery phosphorescent train rolling up behind us in the broad path of the ship.

CHAPTER VI.

DESCRIPTION OF FLYING-FISH. — LOOK OUT FOR LAND. — THE BOOBY. — LAND BIRDS. — LAND IN SIGHT. — WATER-SPOUT. — STRAITS OF SUNDA. — JAVA.

The weather is warm, and the breezes remind me of those which "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle." The air floats against our faces with gentle undulations of bewitching delicateness, as if we were being affectionately and tenderly caressed by some unseen power. I wish that our friends at home could enjoy it.

Everything on board is harmonious. The "transom" is a place of refuge at all hours of the night and day. I do not know what we should do without it, as its accommodations are sufficient for the captain and three passengers to take almost any position they choose. It seems to be the only convenient and comfortable place on which to sit or lie while reading or sleeping. Hardly an hour of the day passes but we are on it, either separately or all together. It is a wide, sofa-like place in the cabin, stretching across the stern from side to side, nearly as high as a table, and covered with cushions; and inside is a locker for packages and bundles.

Thursday, July 27th, latitude 11° 59′ *south, longitude* 105° 4′ *east.* — Last eve I sat up with the captain, talking about the natives at Angier. The island of Java belongs to the Dutch, and Angier is the general watering-place for vessels bound to China, Manilla, &c. The captain informs me that the natives are treacherous, but that no particular danger is to be feared from them.

We expect, if the weather holds good, to see Christmas Island towards night. Mr. R. and I think of going ashore, should it be calm when we reach there. It is an island of some three or four miles across, and covered with trees, bushes, and rocks. Only two or three persons have ever landed there. The captain offers to send some men with us in the boat, but will not go himself. He declares there is nothing there but venomous snakes, porcupines, poisonous insects, and a host of wild animals; and he says, "I will not step my foot among the bushes." However, with pistols, sword-canes, dirks, &c., I think that we may venture to see what they keep there.

For the last few days, the birds have mostly deserted us. This

forenoon three or four gannets came around, so that we must be near the land; for these birds never go out to sea, nor off soundings. As we make our way to the north, we keep nearly parallel with the coast of Java; we are now probably about fifty miles from it. The gannets look much like albatrosses, having white bodies, and a part only of their wings are white.

None of us have as yet been able to go more than a very little aloft, on account of predisposition to dizziness. This we were determined to conquer; and, on the score of exercise, we have been practising a little every day in climbing the rattlings. To-day, for the first time, we succeeded in placing our feet upon the mizzen-top, and without crawling through the lubber's hole. The motion, which on deck is perhaps not more than an inch or two, is some feet up there; and to get around and underneath the platform upon the outside we found too troublesome at this time, and so let ourselves down by sliding on the shrouds.

A tropical land-bird showed itself to-day, the first sign we have had of *the land.* It was a queer-looking bird, of a light yellow color, in size between a duck and a goose. Its tail appeared to be a single feather floating behind, about twice its own length. Its movements, as it flew in large circles over the vessel, were like a boy's kite, darting up and down and in various ways. Its flight is higher than that of any other bird I have ever seen. We watched its evolutions with much interest. Once, poising itself high in the air for a moment, it closed its wings and descended like a shot. A splash in the water followed, a shoal of hundreds of flying-fish arose, the bird appeared with one of them in its claws, and then directed its course towards the land. The shoal of flying-fish seemed in a bad fix; for the moment they returned to their natural element, they were attacked by a shoal of larger ones lying in wait for them.

The pictures I have seen of flying-fish represent them as very large; but we have seen none that would weigh more than a pound. They fly very stiffly, as if their bodies were lumps of lead weighing them down: in fact, they have to fall to the water as soon as their wings become dry. Their flight is broken by slight risings and fallings, something after the manner of our little chip-birds at home. They cannot, apparently, rise from the sea without they start from a wave, which they generally do by darting from its side. I have never seen one leave the water when the sea was calm. Their wings or fins are

thin, and somewhat similar to those of a bat, answering the double purpose of swimming and flying.

The weather is pretty warm, and thermometer at 80°. We have had another very beautiful sunset, variegated clouds, in colors rich, deep and gorgeous, with the glistening hues of tinsel, reminding one of the fairy scenes represented at the theatre. This evening I saw four star-like bodies fall through the air, as if they had dropped from their places in the sparkling canopy above. They looked prettily, descending so softly, in gentle curves, one soon after the other. They reminded me of the larger globules falling from an exploded rocket.

My heart is so full of yearnings for a sight of land, that, although past midnight, I feel that I could not sleep should I go to bed; and we expect to see Christmas Island in the morning. The watch only are at their places on deck, and I wander alone from one place to another in disquietude, endeavoring to analyze my feelings.

Friday, July 28th. — We were up this morning between four and five, and, with the captain, anxiously looking for land. We pierced the horizon, with our eyes, from each bow, and ahead, but could detect nothing. Several of the men were on the forecastle, forward, also endeavoring to discover it. Daylight appeared, but not the object of our search. Now and then we saw something that we thought might be land, but, much to our disappointment, it would soon turn to a dark cloud. The sun arose, and yet no land. The captain ascended to the fore-top-mast yards to look, and I, from sympathy, clambered up to the mizzen-top, — that was high enough for me, — but nothing could be discovered. Mr. R. preferred remaining on deck to going aloft; and he discovered, on our larboard bow, a vessel, which afforded a little consolation. We went down to breakfast, and returned on deck, not doubting that we should then see land; but we were not yet to be gratified.

The weather is very warm, eighty-two degrees in the cabin.

The captain is at his figures; he has just been taking an observation, but cannot get an accurate one till twelve o'clock. He makes out, by dead reckoning, that we are in latitude 10° 3′ south, longitude 105° east; and has arrived at the conclusion that we have passed Christmas Island. We are, however, still looking for it.

It is now one o'clock. Our doubts and desires are all settled; we now have the true reckoning, and find that we have drifted twenty-five miles to the westward, by the treacherous westerly current. Had it not been for that, we should not have been doomed to a disappoint-

ment. We must give up Christmas Island ; and now, then, for Java next, though a sight of that seems dubious; for, of all the land we have passed, we have not yet seen any. Java is now only one hundred and seventy-six miles distant. We will try to keep quiet till to-morrow. Still we are all disappointed for to-day, in spite of all our philosophy.

Several hundred large gannets are around, flying over and about the vessel, this afternoon ; and also one new-comer, — a bird of a reddish-brown color. The vessel on our left has shown herself to be an English ship.

This afternoon, a booby seated himself on the end of a yard, and there remained, while I fired three pistol-shots at him, and the captain one. I hit the yard, but neither of us hit the booby. I presume, if he could speak, he would call us boobies for not hitting him. Its mate flew about the vessel, and I could nearly strike him with the pistol. He alighted on the top of one of the boats, when I ran up and caught him, — taking good care to seize him by the neck, for they bite severely. They are about as large as an owl, but their heads are less broad. They have a long, sharp, hooked bill ; are long-legged, and web-footed. I examined him as long as I wished, frightened the pigs with him a little, and then placed him on the railing of the ship, where he contrived to sit very independently till he was pushed off.

It breezed up considerably in the evening, and we sailed at the rate of ten knots an hour. The captain says, " I will insure the sight of Java head early in the morning." I laid myself down upon the ship's railing, and watched the heavens from ten till eleven o'clock. The second mate told me he thought my position rather unsafe ; but there were so many ropes about me that I did not regard it so, and had a very comfortable time astronomizing all to myself. At dark, our neighbor vessel was far ahead of us, — the only one that has outsailed us yet. Well, we shall, no doubt, be on terra-firma next Sunday. How I anticipate that pleasure ! Eighty days, and not yet a sight of land. As for Christmas Island, we must say, like the fox in the fable, " Sour grapes." The old rocky shore ! — we do not want to see it.

Saturday, July 29th. — This morning I arose at half-past five, so as to mark the land, as it came in sight. We had a heavy shower, or I should have arisen earlier. The captain called us, but I could not induce Mr. R. or D. to turn out : they seemed satisfied with the land of yesterday morning. I was quickly on deck, and there, sure enough, lay the land, far off in the distance, nearly enveloped in clouds, and

looking like a blue mountain at a distance of thirty or forty miles. We know that it is land ; for it does not change or alter its figure, like clouds. Still, I cannot feel *quite sure* that we shall come to it, but may lose it in some way.

During a thunder-shower to-day we saw a water-spout, though it was not complete. It commenced in a large black cloud, and, after a little narrowing beneath, extending towards the ocean, hung down in the form of a large black cable, but did not reach far enough to communicate with the water of the straits.

The motion of the water indicates that we are in some current like that in the Gulf Stream. It appears as if bewitched. The waves rush and boil in every direction, and splash this way and that.

The captain made calculation for the current last night, steering one or two points more to the eastward than he otherwise would have done, and thereby made the right place this morning. He had been carried a long distance to the westward, and yet hit right at Java head. It has been very agreeable to us, the last few days, to see the men scraping and brightening the oars, laying out the anchor-chains, scouring the boarding-pikes, and getting everything ready to come to anchor, and to go ashore.

It is now noon, and we have passed through Prince's Straits, with Prince's Island on our left, and Java on our right. We are in the "Straits of Sunda," of which Prince's Straits are merely a branch. The bold shores of Java lie about three quarters of a mile distant. We are continually on our feet, moving back and forth with animated steps. The spy-glasses are so changing from one to another, that the captain has hardly a sight with them. There are many things to be examined, — that point of land, a cliff, the curve of beach, the thick wild foliage along the water, the mountain, the forests, &c. Our enthusiasm is such that every little thing must be scrutinized : every dense thicket and dark hole, looking for a tiger or rhinoceros ; every large tree or group ot trees, peering among their branches for the boa-constrictor lying in wait for some animal to pass underneath ; the air and foliage for beautiful birds, — but we saw none of them. Yet the delicious breezes, filled with spicy odors from the shore, we did realize in their fulness. The air was laden with the fresh fragrance of the orange and lemon, of the cinnamon, cloves and nutmegs, of the musky cocoa-nut and other palms. And they were more strongly perceptible on account of the long time we had been accustomed only to the salt air. It recalled forcibly my days of from eight to twelve

years old, when, at the Sabbath-school and singing "What though the spicy breezes," I was wishing that I could experience them. It seemed now that my mind, like an Eolian harp, was made to vibrate this tune, with the slight alteration of the word Java for Ceylon, and that "What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Java's isle" was constantly being repeated.

CHAPTER VII.

INHABITANTS OF JAVA. — DRESS. — NATIVES BARTERING COMMODITIES. — CUSHMAN. — APPEARANCE OF ANGIER. — LANDING. — RECEPTION BY THE GOVERNOR. — CUSHMAN'S HOUSE AND FAMILY. — MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE. — LEAVE ANGIER.

On the shore all things appear wild and uncultivated, with no dwellings in sight, as if wild animals and cannibal men were alone the inhabitants. Where the land makes out into points, we can see very distinctly the jagged rocks, the gnarled limbs, and broken trunks of trees, and the white foam dashing upon the craggy shore. In the bay formed by the first point, — for there are four of these points of land within sight, — in running along the shore with the glass, I discovered two vessels. Calling to the captain, he came and ran up the colors, or, more properly, the ensign. In a few moments the two vessels showed the stars and stripes, which were to us all a very cheering sight. I never before experienced such pleasure in seeing the American flag.

At noon we had heavy thunder, and the numerous squalls appeared very threatening. At four P. M. the wind died away, leaving us nearly becalmed; and, the strong current setting us back, we were obliged to come to anchor in the straits. This was about eight o'clock in the evening, and we were twelve miles from Angier, the place we wished to reach to-day.

During the day we passed our Englishman, and saw several of the native prows gliding along near the shore. Their sails, in the distance, looked like wings of butterflies. We did not want for excitement this day, though disappointed that we could not reach Angier.

We have had a very hot sun, but a cool and delightful aromatic breeze from the land.

Straits of Sunda, Sunday, July 30th. — I arose this morning at half-past three, being awakened by the noise made in getting up the anchor, and having hardly slept at all. It was very hot, and we were under way about five.

Before breakfast, being seated in my room arranging letters for home to leave with the governor at Angier, to be sent by the next vessel, I heard a wild cackling beneath my window. I did not think it could be human sounds, but thought it must be from a flock of large birds. Hastening on deck and looking over the side, I saw a prow with several Malays in it. At first, because of their wild appearance and piercing eyes, I drew back, and tried to look at them from some place unobserved; but their eyes, searching around, quickly found me, and met my own. Wherever I could go their eyes were sure to follow. They were nearly naked, and their hair, black, coarse and long, was secured on the back of the head with a large handkerchief, bound around like a turban. The color of their skin was like that of a book bound in calf. Their countenances had such penetrating, fearless, and distorted expressions, that for some time I could only glance at them.

During the forenoon we passed two ships just out of Angier. They both hove to, though we kept on, and a boat from one of them came off towards us. When near us, the man in its stern cried out,

"What vessel is this?"

Captain G. answered, "The Thomas W. Sears."

"Where bound?"

"Canton."

"Where from?"

"Boston."

"Have you got any papers?"

"Yes; come aboard, and I will give you some."

Its crew, about fifteen hardy sailors, fell upon their oars, and with such strength and determination that I thought they would run their boat into the vessel. Just before it struck, a turn of the steering-oar brought its head around, and the boat came alongside so gently as not even to touch. A rope was thrown, which the man caught, and in a moment he sprang up the side and stepped on the deck. I had marked him at first as an American, from his off-hand manners; and my impression was confirmed, as he introduced himself as Captain

Little, from New Bedford. He remained about ten minutes, and said he had only stopped in the straits for wood, water, and fresh provisions; that he had been out nearly two years whaling, and had taken twenty-two hundred barrels of oil. The other vessel was also a whaler (Captain Weeks), had been out ten months, and had nine hundred barrels of oil; each averaging nearly a hundred barrels a month. Captain L. took our letters, promising to forward them on arriving at New Bedford.

About three this afternoon, having been the whole day beating up a distance of twelve miles, the wind having died away, and finding the current setting us back, we came to anchor in the straits. During the forenoon the natives were continually coming and going, with their Malay prows laden with various commodities for sale; some with one thing, some with another, and now and then one with a general assortment; among which I noticed fruits, vegetables, tamarinds, cocoanuts, fowls, squirrels, birds, and monkeys.

Some of the natives had on the cast-off garments of Europeans. All wear a piece of cloth around their middle, while some have in addition an old coat, a vest only, a ragged shirt, or a beaver hat with the crown out. The captain says he once saw one with a long-tailed coat on, with the back in front. They appear proud of these garments, and have little idea how they should be worn, how they fit, or why they are worn at all. They put in their arms or their feet, as they can manage best. If the garment does not go well in one way, they try it in another. If, on laying down an old vest and stepping into the arm-holes, they cannot pull it on, they pull it off and put their arms through. One is trying to put on a pair of pants the wrong side before. One of them, having worn a pair of black thick pants for about ten minutes, panting with heat and perspiration, dragged them off, and, holding them in his hands, rested for a few minutes, and then put them on again. They cut very ludicrous figures in their single garments, especially when endeavoring to keep them on for a length of time. The equatorial sun, pouring down, forces them first to draw one arm out of a thick coat or jacket, and then they put it on and change, with the other arm out.

Two large prows, filled with natives, considerably more dressed, made their appearance after dinner. The two Malay proprietors sat in the stern of their boats, with all the graciousness of lords, while the rowers pulled away like slaves. The crews of both were allowed to come on board, and, each one having something to sell, there was

much jabbering. Any others attempting to come up were threatened with a rope, and they remained in their boats.

The two proprietors were dressed in our style, and spoke words in English. One was from the governor, and came for the mail-bag, to get any letters or papers there might be for Java, and to contract for provisions. The other wished to engage with the captain to supply the vessel with provisions; and remained on board, desiring us to look at his book of recommendations from other vessels which had employed him.

All the natives are anxious to barter their commodities for old clothing, knives, tobacco, &c. It was some time before I could communicate with them at all. They had no curiosities, but a few common sea-shells, for sale, and I bought them for the pleasure of trading with them.

Standing in their little canoes and looking up, they hold to view the article they have for disposal, and, fixing their eyes on you, they set their tongues into rapid action, and seem to warble like birds. Their voices are wild, musical and vibratory, like those of children with colds. One of them held up a cocoa-nut toward me, and then repeated, rapidly,

"Cokker-néte? Cokker-néte? Cokker-néte?"

I asked, "How much for cokker-néte?"

"Fiftée cokker-néte owan dollarr, tenty pine arpéll fiftée cent."

I replied, "No want."

He then asked me if I had a "night," making the motions to cut, meaning knife.

I held up a pocket-knife and asked, "How much can give? May have (for) ten cokker-nétes."

"Naurr" (no), "naurr, naurr, me loss; can give fife," showing five of his fingers.

I replied to him "no," and held up eight of my fingers.

He refused again; but soon passed up the eight cocoa-nuts, and I tossed into his hands the knife, which he examined with much satisfaction.

One of them made signs for garments, and I held up a black coat, asking him how much he would give for it. He made motions for me to hold it in several different views, and would make no offer until he had taken it into his own hands. He began looking it over very suspiciously, until he found a great rent under one arm; then, turning

upon me a grave countenance, and directing my attention to the place, he said,

"O, Anglemun, *that lie!*"

He bought it, at last, for four or five pine-apples, which are worth here one or two cents apiece.

The two proprietors remained on board some hours, during which I had considerable conversation with them. One of them, Cushman, conversed in broken English, mixed with Malay, Dutch and Spanish, and with his motions I could understand him pretty well; and, in turn, could make him understand without much difficulty.

I was curious to see how the Malay women looked, having learned that they were never allowed to be seen publicly; and Cushman promised to take me to his house, when we went ashore, and show me his wife and little daughter.

With the shore in sight, the time seemed long. After dinner, between three and four P. M., the decks being cleared of the natives, the cheering sounds of "Lower away the boat" came to my ears. With our coats and umbrellas we went over the side of the vessel without delay, and seated ourselves in the boat, which leaped up and down on the waves. Four sailors, who had sustained the best character for attending to their duties on board, were allowed the privilege of rowing the boat; and, as we left the vessel, many were the envious glances thrown them from their comrades on deck. I could understand their feelings very well from my own, and should have felt no less the pang had I been left behind.

The captain had refused to let Cushman and the other proprietor go in our boat, as they had their own prows with them, though they both urged strongly to be permitted to go with us. When we had pulled away a short distance, we were amused to discover Cushman perched on the forward part of the boat, looking the picture of happiness, and so pleased that he could hardly sit still. The captain's first impulse was to go back and leave him on board; but, as he was not in the way, and had showed so much earnestness, he allowed him to remain. Cushman evidently thought that, to secure his job, it was best to keep near the captain, or his competitor might get it before him.

Our boat glided smoothly over the water, but not without its ups and downs on the agitated waves, and an occasional dash of spray into our faces. The rowers, delighted with their prospect ashore,

pulled strongly, but had we flown I presume we still should have been impatient to reach the shore.

We were somewhat wet, but would willingly have been dipped in the briny element, had it been necessary to our success, though we should have liked an insurance against the jaws of sharks. On our way we met a boat with a European crew. We stopped and had a few minutes' conversation. The captain was from a whaling vessel that lay near the shore, and he was going on board of our ship; but we could not think of returning. He went on to make his call, while we continued on our course.

As we approached the landing, it seemed more like a corner in Paradise than a collection of mere mud-huts, as I had expected. Two long beaches met at an angle, where, in the midst of cocoa-nut groves, lay Angier. Two long lines of green rollers followed each other, curling into sheets of white foam, and spending their force on the beach. Corresponding to these were rows of young cocoa-nut trees, six or seven deep, which stretched away in soldier-like order for miles on either side. These, with their slim bodies and graceful heads, were beautifully attractive. A large banian-tree of dense foliage, above the top of which, upon a staff, waved the Dutch flag, and the fortifications, with walls and surfaces covered with green turf, occupied a portion of the angle. On the left, a wide street, shaded with the beautiful trees, extended parallel with the beach. Grouped together without order, and forming the town, were one or two hundred native bamboo houses under the shades of the groves.

The distance of four or five miles was passed in about an hour of animated rowing, and we landed at a flight of stone steps, leading up the bank at the entrance of the canal.

Ascending the steps, we experienced a sensation at the knees as if the body had acquired double its usual weight, so long had it been that we had not stepped on anything firm and unyielding. When we walked, I did not perceive that any of us staggered, or that the ground was rising before our steps, so often noticed in sailors, the cause of which is attributed to their having been so long at sea; though I attribute it to the short time they had been on land, the cause of the difficulty being in the head instead of the feet. The happiness of seeing land, and really again feeling it under our feet, produced such exuberance of spirits that I could hardly confine myself to a walk, and was somewhat afraid my feet would run off with me in spite of my exertions. As we went towards the hotel, followed by a

number of Malays, I could hardly realize that I was in such a beautiful place, and that this was Java, fifteen thousand miles from home; and I thought I should not be very much surprised to wake up and find it a dream. Everything partook of such an entirely different character from what I had seen before, or formed in my mind, that I did not know how to regard it. The tropical scenery, so wild, yet so beautiful. The air itself bore a peculiar musky odor, which reminded me of savages and wild animals; and the sun poured down with such intensity as to leave no doubt that I was in a foreign clime. Passing a little way beneath the shade of cocoa-nut trees, and then crossing the clean and grassy street, we entered the front-yard of the hotel, and took seats around a table in the veranda. This hotel, and the governor's house, a few rods distant, were the only European buildings, and these belonged to the Dutch government. The others were all native houses, standing a little way apart, on one side. These European ones were low and covered with brick tiles, with verandas in front, that appeared to be the receiving-rooms. The ceiling, instead of plaster, was of cane, worked like cane-seat chairs. The native houses were covered with thatched straw, enclosed by lattice-work of split bamboo.

While sitting here the Dutch governor passed on foot, followed by a Malay soldier, a dozen paces behind. The governor stepped along easily and leisurely, smoking a cigar. His dress was simple, and he wore a thin frock-coat, and a gold band around his cap. The Malay, stiff and erect, in military dress, with a brass breast-plate and sword, paced forward like a walking-machine, looking neither to the right nor left.

Waiting a short time, we went, according to the custom, to pay our respects to the governor. He received us very courteously, and, in English, bade us be seated, the Malay servants placing chairs. He conversed with us in very good English, and set before us English beer, which, in this climate, is very refreshing. He was rather low-spirited, having lost his wife a few months since, and soon after their arrival. Having but little time to spare, we registered our names in a book which was kept for the purpose, and took leave, thanking him for his politeness.

As we came outside we fell in with Cushman, who was waiting for us. He was determined not to lose sight of the captain, and we all went together to his house, which was situated in the group of Malay

houses. It was very hot, and we seated ourselves on the grass, while the captain and Cushman arranged for the provisions.

A crowd of Malay boys and girls gathered around, staring at us. I distributed to them a bundle of cake, which I had brought from the vessel. They at first received it very shyly, but, getting a taste, made no further delay in disposing of it. Mr. D. and I walked among the houses to see what might come up. We sometimes went up and peeped through the interstices of the bamboo partitions, to see what was inside ; but we almost invariably started back, finding that a pair of Malay eyes were watching us, reminding us of the man who looked through a key-hole, and found an eye already applied to the other side.

The surrounding forest was beautiful, but we did not dare to penetrate it, so near to-night. We could but regard the large clusters of cocoa-nuts near the tops of the tall trees with some suspicion, as we thought of the possibility of their falling while we were underneath ; but the smaller fruit of the betel nut, plantain, banian and bamboo, did not thus intimidate us.

Returning to the hotel, we found our friends engaged in a game of billiards, and we repaired to Cushman's to remind him of his promise. He readily assented to fulfil it, and showed us into his house. This was of better construction than the majority of the natives' houses, and yet it had no windows. The inside seemed to be one single room, divided at the sides into little alcoves, about as large as small state-rooms — the bed being a platform two or three feet high, and occupying the whole of the space. Cushman carried a light, and led us to one of these recesses, enclosed by a musquito-net. I was on the point of asking where his wife was, when he pulled away the curtains, at the same time saying, " This is my wife." We recoiled a step or two, not expecting to see her in such a place ; but, as she did not appear frightened, we reässured ourselves and looked in. Cushman said something to her, which allayed her fears, I suppose, about us. She was sitting up in her bed, and holding a naked, bronze-colored child, of about fifteen months old. The little daughter turned its black eyes on us, and laughed, displaying on its wrists two glittering bracelets, I caressed it, and its mother kissed it affectionately, and then, smiling, offered it to me to take and kiss also. I should have taken it into my arms, had I not at the moment observed, glistening on its plump skin, the cocoa-nut oil with which it was besmeared. I shook my head and backed out. The Malay mother appeared to be about fifteen years of

age, of a dark-red complexion, with black hair, long and flowing, black eyes, large and full, long eyelashes, and features feminine and noble. Had she been dressed (for she had on nothing but a plain red silk mantle, or scarf, thrown loosely over her shoulder, and crossing her chest), I should have considered her handsome. As it was, her form was beautiful, true to nature's design; and the shape of her head, nose and mouth, and her amiable expression, reminded me of the picture of Pocahontas, the Indian girl, saving the life of Capt. Smith.

The roof of the house inside was wholly exposed, and the finishing was of a curious style, with points and carvings in wood; but there was not time to examine them. We had seen the Malay woman, had partaken of the hospitalities of a Malay family, eaten several kinds of fruits; and, pleased with our visit, though a hurried one, we left again for the hotel.

On the way we came to a large building, quite different from the others; and, as it was lighted, we concluded, after hesitating a few moments, to look inside, not knowing who or what we might have to deal with. With pistols in our pockets and umbrellas in our hands, we felt equal to a trial, and descended a flight of seven or eight stone steps below the ground. Here was a platform of stone, and opposite another flight of steps leading up to the door. On each side of the platform, walled in, was a square pool of water. Ascending the steps, we opened the door and entered the building. There was a single light, and two men were prostrate, on the paved tile floor, before an altar or table; and we perceived that it must answer to the Mohammedan mosque. The two men, on seeing us, arose and stared, as if wondering who the intruders could be. We made some signs, asking if we could look around, &c. They consulted a moment, and answered,

"Urn dollar," making the motions to the effect that we could see all for one dollar.

There was, however, little more than an empty room, and we had seen all already. Turning around, we walked slowly out. The ceiling was the naked roof, without plastering. This was open woodwork, and oddly carved, somewhat like Rev. Mr. Clarke's church, in Boston. The pools of water outside were probably used in some of the religious rites. As they are placed directly in the way of the entrance, they may be for the feet before entering the mosque. We saw one woman wade in, agitate the water with her feet, and pass out again.

Finding our friends at the hotel still engaged, and dinner not ready, we sallied out again, taking, in the dark, a direction from whence we heard issuing musical sounds,— a peculiar tinkling and resonant note, as if of brass, with drummings, of a dull, dead sound, as if on decayed wood.

This led us to the great banian-tree, where we found a group of natives, in the midst of whom were several of their musicians, sitting on the ground and playing. One had a sort of drum, another a one-stringed fiddle, a third was beating on a kind of metallic tureen, turned bottom side up, and a fourth on something which I could not make out. The fiddle was like that I have heard at the Chinese Museum, and the other instruments of a similar nature. It was as grotesque an admixture of sounds as I ever heard, yet not unmusical. Some of our sailors had gathered around, and were dancing and capering to the music; for their feet were not to be kept still on land, after the constraint of a long sea voyage.

On returning again to the hotel, and finding dinner waiting, we gave this our especial attention. Our company was now increased by an English captain, who was bound to New Holland, and a Mr. Henshawl, a naturalist, from England.

We were soon seated at the table. I did not wish to eat, but went through the ceremony with the rest. The meats and vegetables were so different, and so cooked, that I did not like them at all. Curry and rice tasted like a mixture of gravy mixed with lime. Curry is a favorite dish in this country, but one taste was enough for me. It is made of some kind of meat, generally of chicken fried. A gravy, thickened with spices, tumeric, and the strongest pepper, &c., is poured over the meat, and eaten as a sauce with boiled rice. The two captains entered into an argument upon English and American sailors and seamanship, and followed it up with considerable warmth. We passed an hour very pleasantly. Mr. H. took us to his room, and showed us his works, &c. He is employed by an English horticultural society, botanizing in the East India Islands and South America; — said he knew Mr. G——t, of Boston, and left him well, two days since, at Batavia.

At a little past ten P. M. we were safely on board our vessel again — a lantern being hung at the mast's head, which served to direct us in the right course.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVE JAVA. — DANGEROUS POSITION. — SUMATRA SHORES. — THE TWO BROTHERS. — GASPER STRAITS. — ST. LUCAS ISLAND. — TURTLE MEAT. — CALM WEATHER. — INTENSE HEAT. — FROLICKING FISH. — LETTER TO A BROTHER. — UNWELCOME SEA-BATHS.

Straits of Sunda, July 31st.

DEAR BROTHER S.: At daylight the ship's supplies were taken in, consisting of yams, plantains, green cocoa-nuts, sweet potatoes, green corn, squashes, geese, ducks, chickens and turtles, &c., and at seven we weighed anchor. There was so little wind that we were all the forenoon making eight or ten miles; and then we were obliged to come to anchor again. A rocky island, with a few bushes growing on it, is distant about a quarter or half a mile. The current sets around this with much power. There being no wind to take us off, we were in danger of being drawn on the rocks; and the captain cried out,

"Let go the anchor!"

It is almost fearful to see the chain run out. The anchor is cut loose, and drags after it a large iron cable, twenty times as large and long as an ox-chain, that runs out with a tremendous velocity, raising a cloud of iron-rust dust and smoke, and rattling as if a whole machine-shop had broken loose, and was tearing all within it to atoms.

While lying here I amused myself in trying to catch some fish, in viewing the island and rocks with the spy-glass, and in watching the foaming surf as it broke over them. The captain this forenoon sent the second officer, with a boat and men, to sound the depth around the island.

Not long after dinner the captain thought he heard the jarring of the anchor, as if dragging; and he quickly called out to the mate forward, who examined and confirmed his suspicions. The captain evinced some surprise, and much anxiety. I noticed that the island was nearer by half its former distance, and every moment it seemed to approach, though I could discern no motion to the vessel. The captain gave his orders hurriedly, here and there, in loud and decisive tones. He struck the knuckles of one hand into the palm of the other, and said to himself,

"We shall *go* if that squall strikes her before we can get away!"

The sailors saw his emotion, and sprang from one part of the vessel to another, pulling a rope here, altering a sail there, and jumping impulsively the moment an order was given. A part of the men were heaving up the anchor, the captain cheering them on with —

"Heave away, boys! now, all together! steady now! pull away and up she comes!" &c.

I partook of the inspiration, and laid hold of the ropes wherever there was a chance of giving the least assistance. The rocks were

now but a little more than the vessel's length from us. The captain said,

"Give us the vessel's length and the wind; that is all I ask."

A few moments of suspense followed, and I heard a loud breath. I saw that it was from the captain. He breathed again freely, and the perspiration rolled down his face. The sails filled, the anchor was free. The vessel sustained herself, stood still for a few moments, and then, with a movement hardly perceptible at first, glided off from the island, and in fifteen minutes she was past all danger. We kept directly on in the regular course for China, in view of the Sumatran shore.

There were several natives of Sumatra off in their prows to-day, pulling after us, to sell us their fruits. They are much the same as the natives of Java. I gave a trifle for a basket of chilies (small green peppers), thinking they might wake us up in this enervating climate. I took one about as large as a good-sized oat-seed, chewing it a little; and it did wake me up,— so much so that I did not require another. It burned me like a coal of fire, which neither water or anything else would quench, until it ran its time; and, instead of chewing them any longer, I *eschewed* the whole of them.

Tuesday, August 1st. — The Sumatra shores are now at such a distance that we can only see their blue hills. We have been tacking ship all day, with our neighbor, a Scotchman, from Glasgow, whom the captain has just spoken, and are in sight of two islands, called the "Two Brothers." Sometimes it is so calm that the vessel lies still on the water, only gently rocking; and our neighbor Scotchman is in the same situation. The two captains have just conversed about the prospect of to-night. Everything is so quiet that we can hear very distinctly what is said by the crews on both vessels. With the passengers it is some satisfaction to meet with and enjoy the companionship of another fellow-traveller upon the ocean; but the captain does not evince so much pleasure, he being more independent of such influences. We have made but thirty-two miles to-day.

Wednesday, August 2d. — We go along slowly. Had heavy showers this morn. Our neighbor, the Scotchman, has fallen much astern. We have lost sight of the coast of Sumatra, and of the "Two Brothers," so that the sea appears again like the broad ocean.

A large shoal of sun-fish were about the vessel to-day, and I tried to catch some, but they would not touch the bait. We have made about seventy miles, more than double the distance of yesterday.

Thursday, August 3d. — This evening, at eight o'clock, we have just passed the narrowest part of Gasper Straits. We left, close on our right, Pulo Leat, an island, on which, some two years ago, were lost two English frigates. These vessels were thrown on the rocks in the evening, the island having been mistaken for another.

The crews defended themselves for three or four days from the native cannibals, while they sent a boat to Batavia for a ship and assistance. The relief came just in season to prevent their being sacrificed. In the mean time the vessels on the rocks were plundered of everything, and were a total loss. This island, and many others about here, we are told, are inhabited by cannibals. I was on deck most of this evening,

in the cool and refreshing breeze, and watching Gasper Island as it gradually came into sight. It was past midnight when we passed within three quarters of a mile of its shore.

Between Borneo and Sumatra, Friday, August 4th. — It is quite warm this morning. This kind of weather is very depressing, the air seems so heated and rarefied. We all resort instinctively to the transom, where we lie reading or sleeping until something rouses us.

We are again out at sea, with no land in sight. All the islands have disappeared, and we are skimming along at four or five knots an hour — not at ten or twelve, as in the Southern Ocean. We have passed this evening a vessel bound to Angier. All the civilities that could be exchanged in the dark were to hang lighted lanterns over the sides of each ship, and both kept on their respective courses.

At about eight in the evening a vessel shot across our bows; the captain hailed her with the trumpet, but she was probably another Dutchman, for he got no answer. As we lay nearly becalmed, we all took our seats on deck, and enjoyed the cool breeze till ten. The clouds appeared very beautiful after sunset.

Saturday, August 5th. — We are again at the equator, and up at half-past seven. This afternoon we passed St. Lucas Island, at a distance of about three quarters of a mile. It seemed an immense rock, covered in part with bushes and some cocoa-nut trees. The part next to us presented a bold front of rock, rising perpendicularly out of the water. Towards the other end was a sand-beach, on which we could discover only trunks of trees, drift-wood, &c. The whole island, I should judge, does not contain more than a dozen acres. I should like to be one of a party to visit and examine these islands. They show no signs of inhabitants, and appear to be formed on coral reefs.

We crossed the equator this forenoon, for the second time. The air being very hot, we spent the evening on deck. Singapore lies one hundred and eighty miles to the westward of us, and on the other side of us is the island of Borneo.

China Sea, Sunday, August 6th, 1848. — I arose this morning at seven, and breakfasted at eight. We had a new dish at this meal, which I did not relish well, namely, a turtle steak. The meat has a peculiar odor, which I dislike. It is very tender and white, and tastes much like young veal, though it is not as juicy as other meats. Many people contrive to make out four different kinds of meat in the turtle; or that which tastes like beef, veal, pork, and chicken. I fancied I could discover these differences also. It is considered a great delicacy by many persons, but I doubt whether I should ever prefer it to other meats.

This day has seemed much more like Sunday than the last, when we were at anchor in the Straits of Sunda, surrounded by the noisy, gabbling Malays, or on shore, at Angier, in the midst of another crowd. Never before did a Sunday pass when I paid so little respect to the Sabbath as I did to that. Nothing ought to prevent my recollection of and regard for that day; but I well know *why* I did not then remember it. The continued excitement, the presence of land after so long and absence, — the sight of human beings from the other

ships, convincing us again of the existence of others in the world beside ourselves, — the thoughts of going ashore, the jabbering confusion of the natives, and many other things, each and all conspired to the same end.

To-day was observed more as it is at home. I read a few chapters in the gospel of Mark, and letters of John Q. Adams to his son on the Bible, published in the *Christian Register;* which were very instructive and interesting. I also read some from Swedenborg, but do not expect to make up for the loss of the *forgotten Sunday.*

It has been exceedingly hot all day, and we have sought a cool place, removing from the cabin to the deck, and about; but it could nowhere be found. We are too near the equator to have the weather more temperate. Also we are near the land, which absorbs the heat much more than the water. It is as still on board to-day as in a church. We are sailing very calmly and slowly, at about two knots an hour. Mr. R. and I promenaded the deck this evening.

A shark's fin was seen yesterday by Mr. D. projecting out of the water, which was some evidence that a shark's body could not be far off, and that there were some of these savage creatures lurking about. They swim, when near the surface, with the back fin out of water. This morn the captain caught sight of one, and baited a hook, trailing it after the vessel; but he saw no more of him.

Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

China Sea, August 7th.

Dear Mr. M——: The thermometer in the cabin is near ninety. On deck it would stand at one hundred degrees. I wear neither coat, vest, nor handkerchief; and am sometimes inclined to follow the Malay fashion, of wearing nothing. This afternoon I tried lying in the boat which hangs over the vessel's side. I lay comfortably there, until reminded, by the hardness of the bed, that I was still flesh and bones, and I returned to the cabin. I eat but little meat or fat food of any kind, abstinence from it being one of the best antidotes for heat. And I have found, heretofore, in adopting this mode of living, that less inconvenience from heat was experienced, and I have required much less drink than the others about me. It now requires some self-denial; for we have the choicest meats, and other articles of food, that we have had since leaving Boston. The *quantity* of what we eat ought also to be taken into consideration; for, if we overload the stomach with even a *vegetable* diet, the results may be also injurious. For breakfast, at present, we have chocolate, cold water, roast chickens or turtle-steak, hot biscuit, and fried sweet potatoes; yams, and fried plantains. The plantains in flavor are somewhat similar to apples sliced and fried. For dinner we have roast goose, roast chickens, and roast pork, soup, boiled sweet potatoes and yams (the last much like the potato), squash, sweet-potato pudding, and water, not cold or good, but dashed with some of our lemon syrup, which renders it more palatable. For tea we have bread and butter, cold meat, sweet-potato or squash pie, and tea.

Tuesday, August 8th. — We are going on quite slowly. Sunday we sailed but nineteen miles, and yesterday sixty. We are expecting every day to get into the regular north-west monsoon, and soon to reach Hong-Kong. Had we the winds that prevailed in the Southern Ocean, we should have gone up from Angier in about a week. I have been watching for snakes and sharks, as the captain informs me that the China Sea is full of them. Mr. D. has seen several snakes floating on the water. I have a perfect hatred for snakes on land, and sharks in the water.

Wednesday, August 9th. — It is very slow sailing, this calm weather, we having made to-day only sixteen miles — less than a mile an hour. Some days we have made two hundred miles more than to-day. Day after day, for a week past, we have lain floating on the water, almost motionless. The heat is intense. On deck the pitch melts and runs out of the seams. At noon the mercury stood at one hundred and twenty-four degrees. But I do not know that I experienced a great deal more discomfort from the heat than I have some days in Boston. One inconvenience is the drenching perspiration, which makes us thirsty, and keeps some one of us pretty constantly stirring the lemon syrup; though I hardly know whether to prefer the warm water with or without the syrup. It would be a great luxury to drop into the tumbler a piece of ice, to say nothing of the taste of the water, which has been shaken in barrels now more than three months. However, we sometimes resort to something better. We took in at Angier over a hundred green cocoa-nuts; the steward cuts off the end of one with a hatchet, and we drink the water. Some of them contain nearly a quart of this sweet milky water.

The last eve I spent the time in various ways: in playing on my flute, a game of whist, sitting on deck and having a chat with Mr. R. while we cooled off in the open air, and at last in taking a salt-water bath. We have not quite so good conveniences for that as are found under the Tremont House, in Boston, but we are willing to avail ourselves of such as we have. A half-dozen buckets of salt water are first thrown over you, as you stand crouched over with your head on your chest, and then you take possession of a half-hogshead of salt water, and splash about in it as long as you choose. Mr. R. administered the cooling lotion to me, and I experienced the full benefit of it, and afterwards felt much refreshed. As to drinking lemonade made of lemon syrup as freely as water, I believe it decidedly bad. Pure water may be carried off naturally in perspiration, but lemonade requires digestive action, which operates injuriously where drink alone is required.

Thursday, August 10th. — We are now beginning to move with more speed. I have commenced arrangements in anticipation of the debarkation at Hong-Kong, which we hope to realize next week. It is something of a task to arrange my things, though contained in the narrow dimensions of my state-room. My clothing and towels hang on the walls; my books, papers, &c., are under the mattress of my berth; and my boots, brushes, hats, and numerous small articles, are stowed wherever I could find a place for them. One of the

men has a bad abscess on his eye, which I have opened and syringed. I have performed other minor operations for different ones of the crew.

Friday, August 11th. — This morning opened with two heavy showers of rain; since which the wind has blown steadily, taking us along at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; and we conclude that we have entered the regular monsoon, which, at this season, blows from the south-west. The sea has exchanged its smooth and tranquil face for one more rough and boisterous. For the last week, when at times the water has been smooth as a mirror, its surface has been agitated by shoals of fish frolicking around us. Every day, a few yards from the vessel, they would appear, making the water boil with their gambols, while performing many fanciful evolutions. They resemble mackerel, but are larger. I am eagerly watching for a shark. The captain says that he never yet made a voyage without catching one, but it is now so late as to be quite doubtful whether he will have his usual success.

As the wind rises the sea shows its rebellious spirit; the vessel begins to reel about as in the Southern Ocean.

Saturday, August 12th, latitude 8° 30′ north. — We have squalls of wind and heavy showers. The sea is rough, and we are dancing up and down on it, according to the pleasure of the two elements.

At Sea, Sunday, August 13th. — Again we have had a fine Sunday, and a very comfortable day, with a warm sun and cool breeze. We are rapidly nearing the end of our voyage. To-day we have made two hundred and twenty miles, and each countenance brightens up at this cheering recital from the captain. We arose at half-past seven, bathed, breakfasted, and, after exercising on deck for a time, with books in hand we stretched ourselves upon the transom below.

Monday, August 14th. — We have made over two hundred miles to-day. To-morrow we expect to see Chinese fishing-vessels, of which the captain has spoken, and then I shall be convinced that China is not far distant.

For the last two days the heat has been pretty intense, and we all appear, and, I think, *feel*, much as a wilted leaf *looks*. It is too hot for eating or sleeping, and the transom is the general place of rendezvous. I was on deck in the night till near two this morning, not being able to sleep before that hour. After getting to sleep I was disturbed, about three o'clock, by another nocturnal sea-bath, it having been too hot to have my window closed. I was suddenly awakened by it, and found the water pouring over me. At first the thought arose that I was overboard, but I soon discovered that the water came from the open window. The wind was blowing, and had so raised the sea that the water rushed upon me like a little river. Closing the window, I arranged myself as comfortably as I could, though well drenched, and went to sleep again. At about five o'clock another heavy sea came pouncing against the ship, and kindly presented me with a second edition of the bath. I arose, and ascertained that the window had been burst in. This being secured, I lay down in my drenched clothes, determined that I would remain till the usual time for rising.

I was soon awakened, for the third time, by a loud crash, — a large sea having struck the ship astern. I looked into the cabin, and saw the captain spring from the transom, soaked through for the second time; and we had considerable merriment at each other's expense. He, however, had received the largest libation of the briny element, the cabin windows being several times larger than those in the state-rooms. I enjoy salt-water baths, but like to choose my time for taking them.

Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER IX.

FLYING-FISH FOR FOOD. — CHINESE FISHING-BOATS. — ISLANDS. — ACCIDENT. — CHINESE PILOT-BOAT. — ARRIVAL AT HONG-KONG. — APPEARANCE OF THE PLACE. — AMERICANS. — LETTER TO A SISTER, AND INCIDENTS. — HONG-KONG. — CHINESE SERVANTS. — THEIR NECESSITY TO FOREIGNERS. — CHINESE SMALL FEET, ETC.

China Sea, *Tuesday, August 15th.* — We are now not many days distant from Hong-Kong. While Boston friends have been enjoying the summer, or a part of it, in the country, it has not been so with me. The summer of this year to me is lost, having seen nothing that reminded me of it. It is difficult to realize that it is not yet May, that summer is to come, or that it passed while we were sleeping. I cannot realize that I have had anything to do with it, but my dates convince me that this season is nearly past.

We have had for breakfast a flying-fish, that flew on board yesterday and fell on the deck. It was very nice, being tender and of fine flavor; still I should prefer fresh cod at home. I noticed that the flying-fish has four wings, two large and two small. To-day I vaccinated the captain, Mr. R. and myself, as a precautionary measure, previous to landing in China.

Wednesday, August 16th, latitude 19° 14′. — Only two degrees from Hong-Kong. The vessel now moves at the rate of nine knots an hour, but I almost fear to look out, lest it should become calm. The weather is hot, though less so than yesterday. At dinner to-day our last goose was served up, and this afternoon our last pig suffered death at the hands of the cook.

Thursday, August 17th. — I arose this morning full of hope, expecting to see Hong-Kong, and was not disappointed. We all beheld it

with much interest, it being the first Chinese land we had seen. As we approached, several Chinese fishing-boats, lying outside, presented a worse appearance than the Malay boats we had left behind. During the forenoon, having sailed in among the islands, and nearly shut out from the main sea, we saw one of their boats making directly for us, and it soon was alongside. A Chinaman, holding on to the mast, was crying out,

"Capem, hab pilort? Capem, hab pilort?" almost as fast as he could speak.

Poor fellow! one minute he was happy, smiling and gesticulating excitedly, with the expectation of getting his pilotage, and the next he was angrily shaking the rudder, and jabbering away to his men. His hopes were suddenly blasted, for his boat caught on the boat-cranes of our ship, which broke his mast, and the sails fell on his deck. A striking change came over his countenance; he looked first on his crew and shattered sails, and then at us, as we left him behind, and he burst into a furious storm against his wife, who had had charge of the helm. The last we saw of him, his boat was pitching up and down in the same place, while we were keeping on our way.

At twelve M. another pilot-boat appeared, and was more successful. Two Chinamen came on board, and the captain inquired their price for piloting into Hong-Kong. After some hesitation, one answered,

"Twenty-five dollars."

The captain laughed, but made no answer, and the celestial pilot diminished the price, five dollars at a time, twenty dollars, and an agreement was made for five dollars. The captain offered to send us into Hong-Kong by the pilot-boat, which would go much quicker than the ship; but we preferred staying with the vessel to going aboard of that Chinese craft, with the whole family on board, and no place to sit. It was a dirty, rickety thing, with fish scattered about to dry, and smelling bad enough to produce cholera. The woman had command of the helm, and had an infant slung to her back. At first I thought it was dead, its head moving, like a leaden weight, from side to side, with the motions of the mother; but I soon perceived that it was accustomed to this kind of life, and was asleep. The boat staid by us for an hour, having three other pilots on board, and then went on to find other ships. Before leaving, one of them, having heard me addressed as doctor, made my acquaintance, and wished me to go on board of the boat and extract a tooth. This he expressed by signs, mingled with English and Chinese words.

Their sails are singular-looking things, made of coarse matting, spreading and closing like a fan; and the hull was coarsely constructed of bamboo, with some other kinds of wood.

The ship has been beating up slowly against the current all day. It seems as if we shall never pass all the islands, a distance of only a few miles; but we shall try to be patient until to-morrow.

Friday, August 18th, Hong-Kong. — Early this morning there was considerable noise overhead, awaking me before light. Seated in my berth, and looking out of the window, I beheld a scene very different from anything I had witnessed for a long time. It appeared more like a picture than a reality, and much like a panoramic view. But I did not remain there long, the deck affording a better prospect. I saw enough, however, to notice a number of Chinese rowing about in their curious boats, and many vessels at anchor. There is a large man-of-war, and beyond it, at the foot of very high land, in the back-ground, and lying along the water's edge, is what I take to be the town of Hong-Kong. It appears like a long range of brick-kilns, of a disagreeable red color. Rising above, in several places, are a number of large and well-appearing white houses; but the view is not pre-possessing. I conclude that I shall not wish to stop here long, and that my curiosity will be soon over. The surrounding scenery is generally interesting. The harbor seems like a pretty lake, of ten miles in breadth, enclosed within a circle of bold, rugged, and barren ranges of mountains. There are few trees and but little green foliage visible, and Hong-Kong looks sunburnt and brown. It is now seven o'clock in the morning, and I am writing in my little room these few lines, which is as much as I accomplish at one time. I have just overheard the second officer say to the captain,

"A gentleman wishes to see you."

And, a moment after, another voice,

"Good-morning, captain."

He speaks English; yes, he is an American. His name is Williams. He has come on board for letters, packages, and general news. Entering into conversation, he inquires if we did not have a hard typhoon several days ago. He informs the captain that there was one, a hundred miles back, on our route; that vessels were dismasted, and that some went to pieces, &c. The news that each has to relate is quickly communicated, and now he has taken leave.

Mr. Ingols, also an American, came on board soon after, for the same purpose.

When I first arose I looked out of the companion-way to the deck, and saw several Chinese, with their ugly long dresses, braided tails of hair, and angular eyes, gabbling away very earnestly with each other, and now and then peering down into the cabin.

Very high land rises directly in front of the vessel. It is so high that from the cabin I cannot see its top. It looks like the base of a high mountain.

While we were at breakfast an English officer came on board, and took notes concerning our cargo, the list of passengers, &c., observing that this was unpleasant business to him, and that he hoped it would soon be dispensed with. Afterwards there came a Mr. Duus, who invited us to go ashore in his boat, which invitation we gladly accepted. His boat was covered, and protected from the sun.

I find the man-of-war to be the "Cambrian," an English vessel, and the brick-kiln-looking shore to be the sides of the mountain, washed and worn out by the rain, which shows the soil to be red. The position of our vessel was such that when on board we could see little else than the dark mass of tiled roofs, and the red earth on the sides of the mountain. Now, on shore, we find quite a little city.

After sitting a while at Messrs. Rawle and Duus', and refreshing ourselves by a glass of beer, Mr. R. and I started for the hotel, a Chinese boy showing us the way. We passed along a street of Chinese stores, — curious-looking places, two stories high, with the fronts of the first story entirely open. They reminded me of rows of cabins on board our river steamboats, they were so uniform. As we passed along we glanced into the shops, and invariably met several Chinamen, with wooden faces, staring out at us, and as quietly as if they had been so doing for several hours. We thought them the greatest starers we had ever seen. Having reached the hotel, we made the acquaintance of Mr. Winneberg, the proprietor, and arranged to stay there. Mr. W. is a Pole by birth, but speaks good English. We sat down, had some soda-water brought, and then amused ourselves in looking at the servants and hearing them talk. They were Chinese boys, with bald heads, and long braided tails hanging down their backs. They wore white frocks, long stockings, and slouching pantaloons. As they turned from us, we laughed, and commented on their figures, the odd tones and inflections of their voices, their queer mixture of English and Chinese. I thought to myself that if we looked as singularly to them as they do to us, I would endeavor to be charitable towards them when subjected to their criticism and curi-

osity; for when we look at our own dress, we find it much more unnatural than theirs. Our tall, hollow hats, and long-tailed coats, cannot be beaten this side of the moon. Having examined the pictures about the room, and observed the foreign air of everything, we walked out to see how things appeared. Passing down the street to the west, we noticed fine large buildings on both sides, all of European construction, — the English barracks, hospital, &c. The streets have comfortable sidewalks, and the roads are excellent, being Macadamized as smoothly and evenly as if plastered with mortar. Crowds of Chinamen were moving along at a half-run, with burthens upon their backs. We see no horses, except a few for the pleasure of private individuals, and used only for riding or with a carriage. The Chinese coolies perform all the labor of horses and cattle. The weather is intensely hot, and had I not taken my umbrella we should have suffered much.

I called on Mr. and Mrs. Baylies, and was very glad to see their faces, they being the only persons here with whom I am acquainted. Joining Mr. R. at the hotel, we there met Captain Graves, Mr. Dane, and Mr. Haskell, and Mr. Bassett, — a pleasant party of Americans, and all well acquainted. As the hotel was full, Mr. R. and I were obliged to take cane-seated settees in a room together at night for our beds.

Saturday, August 19th. — We breakfasted together this morn at eight o'clock, not much refreshed by the rest of last night. We lay cramped up on the settees, roasting, and half eaten up by mosquitoes. I do not think I slept ten minutes, and Mr. R. was talking to them apparently the whole night.

We have had heavy showers and violent gusts of wind through the day. All are expecting a typhoon, — a very destructive wind, which often takes off the roofs of buildings, and damages the shipping. We dined at half-past four, and had coffee at nine P. M., in the room occupied by Mr. Bassett, where we were convened.

Sunday, August 20th. — I arose at half-past six A. M. Mr. R., Mr. B. and myself, went with Captain Bearse, before breakfast, on board of his ship. There are no wharves here, and vessels are obliged to lie off in the harbor. Each ship hires a Chinese boat by the day, which holds itself in readiness to serve at all times. We also visited the "General Harrison," Captain Gardiner, of Boston. While out in the boat a squall came up, which threatened to capsize us; but the Chinese manage a boat well. It rained in torrents, but the boat's cover and our umbrellas kept us nearly dry. Several times

the boat dipped, but the water quickly ran out, our unnecessary fears allayed, and we were returned safe to the shore.

At noon we called at the American consul's, Mr. Bush's, to deliver our letters of introduction. He was away, but we were politely entertained by Mr. Nye, formerly from New Bedford. We are careful to keep out of the sun, in the middle of the day.

This day has not seemed much like Sunday, though I tried to make it appear so by reading a few chapters in the Bible. There is an Episcopal church here, which is little attended now, — most of its members being at Macao during the hot weather, which continues through July, August, and September. Sunday is like any other day to the Chinese, who frequent their Josh houses at any time during the day or week.

Monday, August 21st. — Mr. Bassett, Mr. Haskell, Mr. Rotch and myself, breakfasted together at the hotel. Afterwards, I walked to the side of the mountain, winding up by the narrow streets, which are cut out of the steep sides. We met some gentlemen and ladies riding in their sedans. I think that I could not content myself to be carried in that manner, on the backs of human beings; but I am aware of the influence of custom, and I shall not be surprised to find, at any time, that I have adopted the same mode of conveyance. The walled up water-courses are quite ornamental, and the water glides along in them from the high ravines to the harbor. I was so hot and fatigued, that a short walk and shorter ascent satisfied me. I passed some Chinese convicts at work on the streets, with armed guards standing over them. They were all in chains, and looked, most of them, like desperate characters. Towards night, Mr. H. and I walked up to the English barracks, and saw drilling some companies of Irish and Bombay soldiers which are stationed here.

A stranger, in the hotel, hearing my flute, this evening, came in with his accordeon, and we played a few tunes together.

Tuesday, August 22d. — I called at Mr. B.'s and met Dr. M., the colonial surgeon. I found him very affable and agreeable, and made an appointment to meet him. I also visited the English frigate, the "Cambrian," with Mr. Bassett, and afterwards we went on board the "Cleone," an American merchantman. After dinner, I was called by Dr. M. to go and perform an operation on a gentleman's teeth. Dr. Y. administered chloroform, and I removed several of the offending organs, without any sensibility to the patient. Towards

night we walked to the barracks, and listened to the playing of the military band on the parade-ground.

Wednesday, August 23d. — Mr. R. wished me to go with him in the "T. W. Sears" to Canton, but I could not accompany him. To-day I have remained at home, at the hotel. In the evening we had music in Mr. Bassett's room. The weather is extremely hot in Hong-Kong. I begin to wonder if it is not warmer than usual. Even when we keep perfectly still and quiet, we perspire profusely.

Thursday, August 24th. — I have walked up the valley between the mountains, and seen the English race-ground, — Mr. Lewis, of Penang, accompanying me. By the hospitable politeness extended by Messrs. Drinker & Co., I took up my abode at their house to-day. I have called on Dr. Morrison, and had an hour of pleasant conversation on various topics relating to China.

It is very sickly among the English troops. Nine of them died to-day. Their disease is called the "Hong-Kong intermittent fever," and often terminates life very suddenly. On the day that we landed, a man, who was stopping here at the hotel, breakfasted, as usual, was afterwards taken ill, and went to the hospital, and at six in the afternoon he was dead and buried. He was, however, intemperate in both eating and drinking. On the next day eleven persons, and nine on the succeeding one, fell victims to the disease, and were buried on the days of their deaths. They bury here almost immediately after death.

LETTER TO A SISTER-IN-LAW.

Hong-Kong, August 25th.

My dear Sister E. C. B.: Last night I had no sleep, on account of a few insignificant insects, called mosquitoes. They continued their ravages most of the night; and, this morning, my face, forehead and hands, are covered with the effects of their bites. This is the first of my occupation here at Mr. Drinker's, and probably I did not arrange the net properly. To-night, I shall, no doubt, profit by my experience. Mr. D. is an American merchant, and has been here several years. There are several others from America connected with the house, which will make it pleasant for me. Mr. and Mrs. Baylies are also staying here for the present, besides three or four other Americans. Altogether, we make up quite a representation of Americans; and, I should think, considerable of a family to Mr. D., the servants all included.

This afternoon I dined with Mr. Bush, the American consul. I there met another agreeable company of Americans, several of whom belonged to the house. We were seated at half-past four, and made

a large table-full, that was set out in handsome style, and loaded to profusion with various eatables, &c., and attended by an array of Chinese servants, fourteen or sixteen, to see that the plates were replenished; so that we could but eat, whether we would or not. Judging from two days' experience with two American families, I should think they were daily keeping a general thanksgiving. There was only one lady at the table, Mrs. N. She reminded me, in her manners and general deportment, so much of sister C. that I was really inclined to sadness; and I think that I must have appeared strangely, by my absent-mindedness. An hour and a half passed, and then all adjourned to the veranda, up stairs. Here, in bamboo reclining-chair, and overlooking the harbor, we enjoyed coffee and cigars, engaging in social and lively conversation. On taking leave, Mr. B. informed me of his hours for breakfast, dinner and tea, and said he should be happy to have me come in, whenever disposed, and take a seat at his table, where there would always be a plate, knife, fork, &c., for me. I thanked him for this proof of his kindness, but am unwilling to make such a free use of his hospitality.

Saturday, August 26th. — The Chinese servants are called *boys*. It makes no difference if they are fifty years old; they are still called *boys*. To-day, when Mr. Ingols called out for his boy, there came a bald-headed, grave and dignified Chinaman, with, apparently, years enough over his head to be Mr. Ingols' father. The boy answered to his demands, and disappeared. If these are the *boys*, I suppose you may ask, "Where are the *men*?"

My boy made his appearance to-day. I determined, at first, that I would not have any servant. I noticed yesterday, at breakfast, that there was one behind every chair but mine, some fourteen in all, and concluded that there were altogether too many of them, and that I would not be the means of adding to the number. I thought it needless for each one to have a servant to wait on him at the table, and preferred to wait on myself, rather than to ask anything of such repulsive-looking characters. However, I soon found that it was not easy to do without them. It is the custom here, and others at the table would not help me; in fact, they kept things out of my reach. They knew that I had no servant, and intended to force me to get one, which they did. I found that my boots went without blacking, that my mosquito-net was full of mosquitoes, that every one but myself had a cup of coffee in the morning, that no water was taken to my chamber, that there was no one to bring me a cup of tea in the evening, that I needed a boy to get me a tailor, a washerman, a boatman, &c.; and that a great variety of things made it necessary for me to fall in with the custom. Even my clothes were not safe from theft by the other boys, unless I had my own boy to be responsible for their safety. I disliked the idea of being so helpless and dependent for things I had been in the habit of, and preferred, doing myself; but I must now have some one to do them for me. When I first saw my boy, although good-looking enough for one of his nation, I did not fancy him, and did not wish to speak to him, or call on him for anything. At dinner, he took his place behind my chair, and very atten-

tively waited on me, but I felt as much annoyance as satisfaction from his presence.

Sunday, August 27th. — The business places of foreigners are closed to-day ; but the shops and working places of the Chinese are open, as on any other day. The Chinese proceed with their affairs as if Sunday never came.

The heat is so oppressive that I remained within doors most of the day. Towards night, I took a walk with Mr. H., and returned to the veranda at Mr. D.'s, where we extended ourselves on the big chairs, to enjoy the cooling breeze from the water. These chairs are made of bamboo, and set on little wheels, and are so constructed that one may sit or lie on them, in almost any position.

The veranda here opens in front, from the second story, and affords a full view of the harbor, vessels, and the surrounding country. Below the veranda, the garden reaches to the water, where it is protected by a sea-wall of stone blocks. Flowers, in rows of crockery vases, surround the garden, and border the hard and smooth walks that intersect each other. Different kinds of palm-trees, pumaloès, orange, lemon, &c., shrubs and plants, otherwise ornament the grounds. The inmates of the house can sit here at the close of the day, sip their tea or coffee, smoke their cigars, enjoy the scenery, and view the ever-varying movements of the busy Chinese, who are crossing and re-crossing with their boats, in every possible direction. The lower part of the house contains the offices, and is the place of business and storage of the goods.

While here, for the first time, I summoned up sufficient resolution to call upon my boy. According to the custom, I cried out, in a pretty strong tone,

"Boy!"

Immediately perceiving that my voice was much too faint, I followed it with a louder,

"Boy!"

Waiting a few moments, without any answer, I essayed again, with a good sizable voice,

"Boy-e!"

But no answer. Recollecting that the house was large, and that it was necessary for the sounds to penetrate to the furthest part, I prepared for another, though a little frightened with the noise I had already made ; for at home there would have been a dozen people after me, inquiring what the trouble was ; and, being naturally quiet in my disposition, it seemed inconsistent to be making such an ado about a cup of tea. However, I had commenced on the disagreeable undertaking, and the boy must come, or I should go after him, and I might not know him, they all look so much alike. Taking a full inspiration, I screamed out, in a voice which reminded me of our captain when he was speaking a ship,

"Boy!"

I was about repeating it, with the same strength, when I heard the bleating and drawling sound of "Sarr," wafted back in a distant voice, as if from the boat-landing. His big, clumsy feet soon an-

nounced his presence; and, as intelligibly as my knowledge of the Anglo-Chinese language would admit, I gave him his directions:

"Boy, go catchee two piecey tea."

He departed, and quickly returned with the two cups of tea, and following him was another boy with the milk and sugar. We drank our tea and had our cups replenished; and I gave the boy directions to call me at six in the morning. A servant is here considered as indispensable as a hat or coat, though, to me, any one but Chinese would seem more acceptable. Their looks — bony, clumsy figures, shaved heads, big feet, queue hanging down their backs, and reaching nearly to the ground, wooden countenances, long frocks, baggy trousers, wrinkled leggins, &c. — are all against them. If one could get along without them, judging from myself, he would sooner give them their wages to keep away.

But they must have their six or seven dollars a month, and are to be at your beck and call at all hours of the day. They call you when the meals are ready, wait on you during the meal, change your plate, bring your coffee, pass you the various dishes, and stand behind your chair to see that you do not want for anything till you have finished. Every person at the table, children and grown people, must be waited on by their own particular servant. If you go to dine with a friend, your boy goes to wait on you, and there he takes his place behind your chair, at the table.

I attended the Episcopal church. There were about eight ladies and thirty gentlemen present. They almost all came in their sedan-chairs, carried by Chinese coolies. It was a queer sight to see these chairs all about the door, with the coolies standing beside them.

Monday, August 28th. — My boy called me as directed, and brought a cup of coffee to my bedside. He polished my boots, and laid out my clothes for me, to put on when I should get up. There are no female servants, chambermaids, &c.; therefore it devolves on the boy to see to the bed, washing apparatus, and everything pertaining to the room. He does not wash and sweep the floor, and do things of that kind, which belong to the coolies, a lower grade of servants. I asked my boy to do something which happened to be the work of a cooly, and he answered,

"No can; that no my pigeon" (business). "My talkee that cooly man; he belong that pigeon."

"But," said I, "you can do it much quicker than to call for the cooly."

"No can, no can. I no sarvy that cooly man pigeon. I talkee he, — he come chop-chop."

And away he went, and brought the cooly.

A beautiful custom is here observed by foreigners, that of offering, each day, at the dinner-table, sentiments of remembrance to "absent friends," the last thing before rising from the table. All fill their glasses, and the head of the house proclaims,

"Absent friends!"

And all then respond aloud, "Absent friends," and touch the glasses to their lips. As the friends may be in America, or England,

or scattered over the different oceans, it seems like offering a slight tribute to the memory of departed ones, and I find that my thoughts pass as readily to friends departed as to those who are only absent. It is probable that in this feeling others sympathize. With these memories of absent friends, perhaps there are at this time some the loss of whom the next arrival shall bring to our knowledge. At the time "Absent friends" is given, all things else — the laugh, the merry jokes — give place, and, for the moment, a shade of solemnity falls over the scene, as each one seems giving utterance to his emotions, "Yes, — absent friends! God protect and return them to us."

Wednesday, August 30th.— I arose at six A. M., and wrote a letter to send by the overland mail, which leaves this forenoon. I would gladly have avoided it, I felt such lassitude from the weather; but the mail goes only once a month, and write I must. Towards evening, with Mr. Meigs and Mr. and Mrs. Baylies, and with a Chinese crew, I had an excursion in the harbor in Mr. Drinker's boat, returning about dark. It was very pleasant to pass among the vessels, and refreshing to feel and breathe the cool air from the water.

In the evening I read from Sir John Simpson's interesting overland journey around the world. He went from London to Nova Scotia, through the British dominions to the Pacific, then to the Sandwich Islands, then to Siberia, and across Europe home.

I have now seen one specimen of the small feet of the Chinese. Every day an old woman, seated on the sidewalk, employs her time in sewing. Her feet are not larger than those of a child of four years, and have little pointed shoes on them. In passing, I fancy they belong to some little child concealed about her dress. This custom, they say, originated with the family of an emperor in olden time. Having a daughter born with club-feet, he commanded that the feet of all females born from that time should be compressed; and since then the custom has been rigidly observed. Another account is that a daughter of the emperor being born with club-feet, it became fashionable for the females to try to imitate them by compressing the feet with bandages, and eventually, small feet being preferred, the fashion to make them as small as possible became established.

The lower classes, however, do not adopt it their feet being of the usual size, which they find necessary to keep so as long as they are obliged to work for a living. The small feet belong to ladies who are not necessitated often to use them. When they go out, they are carried in sedan-chairs. The woman spoken of above, I presume, was formerly one of this class. She has the appearance of having seen better days. She daily occupies the same place on the sidewalk, siting upon a low stool, and doing job mending for the Chinese. She is always busy with her sewing, and rarely raises her head to see what is going on around. But if I send you these few dates I must close, hoping that you are sufficiently recovered to go to N.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

CHAPTER X.

DESCRIPTION OF HONG-KONG. — WALK THROUGH THE CITY. — PEOPLE. — DIFFERENT NATIONS. — LETTER TO SISTER H. — TYPHOON: ITS VIOLENCE AND EFFECTS. — DISTINCTIONS AMONG SERVANTS. — SEDAN CHAIRS. — TRICKS OF CHINESE BOATMEN.

Hong-Kong is an island, and not, as is the general impression, a Chinese city. It is a British colony within a few miles of the Chinese coast. It was Chinese until the treaty after the war ceded it to England. At that time it was inhabited only by a few fishermen and pirates. It is an elevation of barren mountains, with scarcely any vegetation, and is about twenty-five miles in circumference and eight in diameter. Its shores are generally bold, and the water deep near the coast. There are, however, several spots with declivities sufficiently gradual for the locations of cities. The English government has taken possession of these, and erected fortifications and barracks, where they keep small garrisons of troops. Victoria is the principal, and the destination of all vessels that are bound for Hong-Kong. It is a dépôt or central station for vessels from all countries when in this quarter of the world. In fact, Hong-Kong is Victoria, and Victoria Hong-Kong, though strictly speaking Hong-Kong is the country, and Victoria its capital.

Victoria is on the north side of the island, built on the base and on the inclination of a conspicuous mountain which overlooks the harbor. It extends about two miles along the edge of the water, and back on the side of the mountain a quarter of a mile. It has only one large and principal street, which is near the water and encircles the island. This is the only street at the foot of the mountain. There are several others parallel with it, and from twenty to forty feet one above the other. The small cross-streets uniting them are steep, and at some places have flights of steps by which to ascend and descend. Taking the zig-zag streets in their proper order, I believe the highest houses may be reached with a carriage. The houses are generally of two or three stories, though many at the outer part of the city, called bungaloes, are of one story, and look like cottages. Open to the country on the west of the city you will see the steep side of the mountain, with only here and there a poverty-stricken Chinaman's cabin. The ground is covered with rocks, a little grass, and, higher up, with

brush. The white buildings conspicuous here and there are the police stations. Following the road to the east, you enter the Chinese part of the city, a mass of low buildings, shabby and unpainted, with the exception of a few blocks of European-built houses. A little further along, and you are in the central part of the Chinese quarter. Here are a number of small sailor taverns, every evening lively with the fiddle, drum, tambourine, and dancing. Looking in at the door of the front room, if the screen is removed, can be discovered a party of sailors, of all nations, — black and white, — with a sprinkling of English and Ceylon soldiers from the garrison, enjoying themselves after their own fashion. Early in the evening they are in a state of high glee; later, their spirits begin to flag, and they have to replenish them from a well-stored bar at the back part of the room; still later, some of them become so *low*-spirited that the interposition of their comrades is needed to induce them away, and occasionally the police have to render their assistance. In the long line of square windows, without glass, over the Chinese shops, sit a certain class of Chinese women, ogling and looking out on the passers-by.

Following the road as it winds around and ascends upon higher ground, we come to the European part, the central portion of Victoria. On the left is a row of Chinamen's shops, beyond which, along the edge of the harbor, are occasionally the large houses of Europeans, or foreigners. On the right are blocks of European buildings, rising one above another, and among them may be recognized Mr. Bush's, the U. S. A. Consulate, over which the American flag is waving, Mr. Rawle's, Dr. Morrison, the American missionary's, and others of English residents. Behind these, a little distance up the inclined plane, the mountain rises abruptly, and to the eye nearly perpendicular, and terminating in a peak near three thousand feet high. A scanty vegetation of grass and brambles there appears, but there is little else than rocks, some of which seem to hang by nothing, and may, eventually, becoming loosened, roll down, and cut their way through the settlements to the water.

Passing along, we come to the principal business part of the city. On the right is the hotel, with blocks of houses occupied mostly by English and foreigners, auctioneers, apothecaries, the club-house of the merchants, &c., and back short streets of Chinese mechanics. On the left are Messrs. Rawle, Drinker & Co., Messrs. Dent & Co., and others, the Bank, and some retail stores. Continuing along the water towards the east, after a short interval we see the military quarters,

which enclose within a quarter of a mile the showy stone barracks, parade-ground, officers' residences, in elevated positions, the church, and other buildings. Half a mile further is a fine block of buildings occupied by Messrs. McKean & Co., Gov. Bonham, and others. Then come the hospital, ship-yard, and Messrs. Jardine & Co.'s large merchant establishment. And thus the settlement of Victoria is strung out for two or three miles along the shore.

The population, I should think, might be twenty thousand, including Chinese. I should say that only a small proportion was European. Almost every nation is represented here, though there are only a few of each. I can enumerate with the English, American and Chinese, the Spanish, French, Portuguese, Persians, Bengalese, Javanese, and Manilla Indians, the German, Italian, Russian, Danish, Swiss, Dutch, Belgian, Pole, and the Arab, Turk, Armenian, Tartar, Siamese, African, and South American.

Hong-Kong, August 31st.—It has been raining hard all day. At one of the Chinese shops, where I was making some inquiries, I saw a Chinaman who spoke good English, and appeared so polite that I stopped a while, and entered into conversation with him. He told me his name was Ayoú; that he had lived two years in Boston; that formerly he was comprador to Mr. Cushing at Canton, and afterwards lived with him in America. Preferring his own country, he returned, and now has a large alum establishment, in which, he says, he is doing a good business; he added, that a Chinaman who speaks both English and Chinese can make "plenty money" in China.

This evening I was present at a dinner-party given by Mr. W. at the hotel. He called it a christening party for his little child. There were twenty or thirty present, of whom a few were ladies. Dinner was served at six, and supper at eleven P. M. Toasts were freely given and drank, and our company so composed of different nations that there was much mirth and humor. I was the only American, and, the stars and stripes being toasted by an Englishman, I of course responded to the everlasting friendship of the two countries. Songs were sung, and at twelve the party broke up. But a storm was raging without, and had increased to a typhoon. We hardly stepped out the door before we retreated within again. It was raining and blowing in great gusts, and the air was of Egyptian darkness. Glass was breaking, blinds slamming, boards rattling, tiles falling from the roofs, and bricks from the chimneys, and broken shutters were falling into the street. It sounded as if everything was unloosed and in motion. The

blinds and windows seemed ready to break in with a crash ; missiles were clattering over the house in different directions, and within was occasionally heard the falling of glass or earthenware. Several times we essayed to go home, but our eyes could not penetrate the blackness, and it was considered unsafe to make any further attempt. Mr. W. very kindly provided us all with sleeping apartments, and made us welcome for the night.

Friday, September 1st.— * * * * * The night has been fearful, and one that I shall not soon forget. I could not sleep in the noise of so much clatter and crash till past three o'clock. The house itself shook so that several times I was on the point of springing up, thinking that the roof was actually being wrenched off. Everything was made as secure as possible, and yet there was a constant din of cracking and falling glass. The wind gathered and groaned as if with herculean efforts to level all with the ground. Again and again it came with increased power. Sometimes it seemed as if an immense serpent had encircled the building in its folds, and that the timbers, one after another, were giving way, and the sides of the house being crushed in its fearful embrace. Amid the raging of the storm I at length fell asleep, and dreamed that I was in a terrible tempest at sea. I thought the vessel was driven with such force that it skimmed over the surface of the water, and then, leaving the sea, flew through the air over the land, coming in contact with the hills, and bounding along like a balloon across the valleys.

I arose this morning at eight, and, in returning home, was wet by a driving rain. It was so dark at Mr. Drinker's that we had lights on the table at breakfast, although at nine o'clock in the forenoon. All here had been terrified, and many fears entertained for the safety of the house. The doors and windows were barricaded, and required at times the united strength of all. The garden was in ruins. Plantain-trees were broken down, other trees nearly destroyed, and flower-pots were strewed about and broken up. The water in the harbor had torn and washed up into the garden large stones from the sea-wall ; the walks had caved away, &c. I walked out with a friend to see what havoc had been made elsewhere. We found the shore lined with wrecks of Chinese junks. Vessels were dismasted, and some were on shore. The bodies of drowned Chinamen were being carried away on boards. Sides of buildings were blown out, and the water near the shore was full of spars and drift-wood of various kinds. The slight bamboo houses were in ruins, while those more strongly built exhibited,

more or less, evidences of the storm. Capts. Watson and McLacklan walked down the shore, looking for their vessels, but could not anywhere identify them. Last night at the hotel they were quite anxious to get off to them, but no boat could be hired to hazard the attempt, and the Chinese boats were all on the opposite shore. Captain Clarkson, of the "Chicora," is here this eve. He saved eighteen Chinamen from a boat containing eighty, which drifted upon him in the night. To save one of them he descended by a rope into the water, and, by a rope fastened to the body of the drowning man, drew him up. They had specie and opium on board, all of which was lost. Mr. Morse, supercargo for the "Chicora," called this evening. He was formerly at Rev. Mr. A.'s school, at N., Mass., and I had not met him, I think, for fifteen years.

Monday, September 4th. — Mr. Drinker returned from Macao, and had much to say about the great damage, loss of life and property, by the typhoon, at other ports. Dr. Morrison was saying, last evening, that he had sent out twenty-six policemen, who were on the sick list, to take an airing in a boat around the island. They were overtaken by the typhoon, and all drowned except four.

Mr. Winslow, formerly of Malden, Mass., reports to-night the loss of a vessel on the other side of the island, with fifty thousand dollars in specie on board. It went to pieces during the typhoon. Mr. W. is engaged in saving what he can from the wreck, for the owner. When he arrived the pirates were there pillaging, as is usual on such occasions; but they ran off over the hills when he appeared. Some of the money had been scattered and washed ashore among the rocks. Mr. W. laid chase to seven or eight piratical junks, loaded with cotton goods which they had taken from vessels, but he could not capture them. Their decks were covered with the goods, which were there drying. Mr. W. lost his own vessel in the harbor on Thursday night, by the typhoon.

The "Sam Russell," from New York, came in to-day; and I had the pleasure of reading an American paper dated May 31st. This vessel experienced nothing of the typhoon, but the winds were constantly changing, probably in consequence of it.

Tuesday, August 5th. — We have more news of the effects of the typhoon. Mr. W. says that to-day he passed, in his boat, numbers of dead bodies floating in the water. Most of them were Chinese, but there were some Malays, blacks, and Europeans. The U. S. ship "Plymouth" saved a vessel and cargo that had gone ashore at a

Chinese port. Several hundred natives were assembling off to capture her in the night, when the "Plymouth" put men aboard of and saved her. She had on board six hundred chests of opium, with many thousand dollars in silver, of which the "Plymouth" has two thirds as salvage.

Wednesday, August 6th. — In making a professional visit to-day, my boy expressed much reluctance at taking a case of instruments. He wished to get a cooly to carry them; but I objected, as one servant was enough, and I gave him in addition my umbrella and gloves to carry. Servants do not like to do anything that strictly belongs to those of a lower order. My boy does not like to take a bundle or package, because it is the business of a cooly to bear burthens. I gave him a letter to take to a gentleman, and observed that he handed it to a cooly, who carried it.

A lady seems very dependent when she is obliged to send a servant to call two others for the purpose of moving a rocking-chair, or to put another in its place. I should not have felt myself disgraced had she asked me; and I could have done it while she was giving directions to the servant, although I might have lost caste with her by so *menial* a service.

Some think it strange that I do not take a sedan-chair in preference to walking; and they advise me not to expose myself in the sun in the middle of the day. It is customary for Europeans to ride in a chair when they go any distance. Two coolies are generally sufficient, but a heavy person requires four. Doctors, in visiting their patients, ride in chairs; though Dr. M. usually appears in a low carriage, drawn by a pair of handsome Chusan ponies. His boy rides with him, holding an umbrella over his head, and takes care of the horses in his absence, being obliged continually, with a cloth, to drive off the flies which torment them.

We encountered to-day one of the many tricks of the Chinese boatmen, which shows their readiness to impose on foreigners. The "Cleone" sailing to-day for Shanghae, with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, missionaries, and Mr. Bassett, when Mr. B. went on board, Mr. R. and I accompanied him. I had several times, when accompanying different ones on board ship, or on little excursions, paid the boatmen, who came to me for it, supposing it was rulable for each one to pay for himself, or that it had been forgotten by the person who hired the boat.

Having since learned that when one hires a boat he pays for it,

whether one or many go with him, I thought I would observe if the boatmen were paid, and whether they came to me afterwards. Twenty-five cents is the regular fare, though a Chinaman pays them in their coin about two cents.

Having remained on board about ten minutes, as we were about to come off, I noticed, unbeknown to the boatmen, Mr. B. pay them a rupee, which is three or four cents less than half a dollar. On landing the boatmen came running after us, and crying out for their pay. I shook my head at them, but they continued running by the side of us, and crossing in front, with outstretched hands and gesticulations, crying the harder,

"Pay my money! pay my money!"

A stranger would have supposed that we were cheating them out of their dues. I stopped and told them to go back; but that did no good. Finally, I asked them how much they wanted, and they held up one finger and said,

"One dollar!"

I then told them I had seen Mr. B. pay them on board, and asked them how many times they wanted to be paid. They seemed much chagrined at their detection, and slunk out of sight.

In trading with the Chinese they generally ask double what they intend to take for their goods, as all learn after a little experience with them.

Towards evening I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. B. on board the "Sam Russell." This is the most beautiful vessel that I have yet seen. Capt. Palmer showed us about very politely, and gave us a treat of cake, &c., in the cabin. The state-rooms were very handsomely gilded, and richly furnished.

To-day the barometers have suddenly fallen; and the harbor-master, according to custom, has sent to all the vessels notice of the indications of an approaching typhoon, thus giving them the necessary warning to be prepared for it.

Sunday, August 10th. — I went this morning to the hotel, and breakfasted with Mr. R. At dinner, at Mr. D.'s, there were nine masters of vessels, making in all about twenty persons. They were Americans, and seemed to enjoy a meeting with so many of their countrymen. Capt. Nickels, of the "John Q. Adams," from Boston, came in this morning. His arrival with letters and papers from America made the day an eventful one. I was much disappointed in

receiving nothing myself, but accepted, with much pleasure, an invitation to take part in looking over Mr. and Mrs. B.'s large package.

Wednesday, August 16th. — In looking over my clothing to-day, I found my coats, pants, colored and white gloves, &c., covered with mould and mildew. I set my boy to cleaning them, and he went about it as though he thought he had engaged in an endless job. The air is so damp here that trunks, hats, &c., will mould, or articles exposed merely in the room. My instruments begin to look as if the small-pox would soon exhibit itself upon them. Dr. M. informs me that they will rust and spot in spite of every precaution, and that it is impossible here to keep any kind of instruments in order.

CHAPTER XI.

LEAVING FOR CANTON. — FISHING CRAFTS. — ISLANDS, RIVERS, FORTS, AND PAGODAS, ETC. — WHAMPOA. — THE CHOP. — BOSTON JACK. — ARRIVAL IN CANTON. — APPEARANCE OF THE CITY. — MOSQUITO ANNOYANCES.

FRIDAY, *August 15th.* — I stopped with Mr. R., at the hotel, for the few last nights, and this morning assisted him off in the "Sam Russell." He persisted very strongly in my going with him to Canton, and I partly promised to go by the "John Q. Adams," and there meet him.

In the afternoon I concluded to go, and here I am this evening, at twelve o'clock, on board the "John Q. Adams," sailing up among numerous islands, to Whampoa, the anchoring-ground for vessels, where we take small boats for Canton, a few miles distant.

We came on board about ten o'clock this evening, loading a Chinese boat up to the brim with ourselves, boys, and luggage, and had quite a merry time of it. We had Capt. Nickels, Mr. Ingols, Mr. Gilman, three Chinese boys, and trunks for the whole party. Mr. D. and Mr. M. accompanied us to the landing, and saw us off. When leaving the pier the water was rough, and tossed the boat up and down several feet. All were on board except Capt. N., who was awaiting a favorable opportunity. He was a heavy man, and when the dancing boat came into the right position he gave a jump; and the moment his

feet struck, they went through its frail deck. There was a great crash, but no one was hurt, and no water came into the boat. All laughed heartily — we at the captain, and he at the weakness of the "miserable Chinese deck," which was constructed of thin boards.

Saturday, 16*th*. — When I arose, at half-past seven, we were out of sight of Hong-Kong. We sailed along with a fair breeze, and most of the way within sight of land, all of which was very high, and appeared to be volcanic. The water was quite yellow from its mud.

In the first thirty miles we passed whole fleets, or one might almost say myriads, of fishing-crafts, many of them having piratical-looking crews, into whose hands I should not like to fall. They live almost constantly on the water, their boats constituting their dwellings, and usually containing each a whole family. Those which I saw in motion had two or three men rowing, and a woman, with a child tied to her back, sculling the boat behind — the child contented with its lot, and its head flopping from side to side, according to the motions of its mother. Other boats at anchor had large crews on board.

The forts at the Bogue (entrance of the river) looked quite pretty, appearing, in the distance, like rows of swallow-nests. As we drew nearer they resembled private residences, the fortified walls being the boundaries of the grounds. Before the vessel could pass up the river, the captain was obliged to send to one of the forts and obtain a permit from the custom-house authorities. This done, we went on our way again. There were twelve or fifteen of these forts, all built on the slopes of the mountains, facing the river, and in form resembling a badly-shaped letter D; the straight line of the D making one border of the river, while the circular part extended back upon the heights. The mountains and islands are all of peculiar shapes, and receive their names from what they most resemble, as they rise out of the water. One is Tiger Island, another Camel Island, &c. &c. When the pagodas appeared in sight, fifteen or twenty miles distant, I began to realize that we are in China. The first view of them, as they towered up behind the hills in the distance, was very imposing. We watched them with much interest, they being the principal evidences that the ground they stood on was Chinese.

The masts of the vessels at Whampoa next appeared in sight. The scenery — large flats of green rice-fields, the plantain-trees on the banks, and the hills and mountains beyond — as we approached Whampoa, was beautiful. The vessels were displaying their different flags; Chinese boats were crossing and re-crossing in every direction, and the

setting sun was shedding its gilded light on everything around, giving to the low, flat island, covered with rich, green-like velvet, the pagodas and the foliage of the trees, a touch of enchantment. As we entered among the vessels, Chinese boats flocked thickly around. Some had various kinds of goods and wares to sell ; some had women who wished to engage washing, or to supply vegetables, eggs, meat, &c. During the evening we went ashore and visited the bowling and billiard saloon, the only European building here ; but the heat was so oppressive that we were glad to get aboard of our vessel again.

It is now twelve o'clock at night, and I am at Whampoa, within twelve miles of Canton, in a heathen land, among strangers, not knowing what I shall do, or where I shall be the next hour. I can scarcely realize that I am so far from home and friends, and surrounded by people whose sole object is money, and who can have very little friendship for me, further than adds to their own advantage. The best and only home that I have is this vessel, in which I have had but one day's living, and a short acquaintance. I am something like an outcast, but am still *myself*, wherever I am. The world's machinery is still in motion ; and I, as one little wheel connected with it, must perform my part, however small that part may be. I can lay no plans for the morrow, but must be governed by circumstances as they transpire.

Sunday, *August* 17*th*. — I arose this morning unrefreshed by sleep, which a few mosquitoes prevented by their impetuous attacks.

Whampoa derives its importance from its being the anchorage for vessels bound to Canton. The river, in places, is shallow, and ships generally come to anchor here, and send their cargoes up to Canton by small vessels. All foreigners residing here live on board of vessels moored in the stream. There are no hotels, or other than Chinese houses, on shore, as they could be guaranteed no safety.

By invitation from Mr. Hunt, we went off to his " chop " at three P. M., to dine, — Mr. Ingols, Dr. S., and myself. The chop is a kind of floating store ; or, in other words, a vessel fitted up with a roof, windows, &c., something like a house, and is anchored in the stream, to supply vessels with provisions. It was filled with all sorts of ship-stores, and several large guns were on deck, for use, in case of emergency. A flight of steps extended over its side, reaching near the water's edge; and boats lay fastened all around, reminding me of a country store, with the carriages of purchasers in front. These boats are Chinese, and are used on the water, as cabs are on land — three

or four Chinamen, or the whole family, living on board, and holding themselves at your service. The physicians here have offices in the same way. From this chop we were rowed to another, his dwelling-house. This was fitted up in a similar manner, only the inside had rooms like those of a house. Here at dinner we met Captain Graves, Dr. S., several other ship-masters, and Rev. Mr. L——, a missionary, from New York. I was much pleased with Mr. L——; he seemed so different from my views of the generality of missionaries, who, I supposed, must necessarily be characterized by long, gloomy faces, and sanctimonious expressions. After dinner I amused myself in teasing (though at a distance) Mr. Hunt's large bull-dog, which is kept chained on the roof to guard against the Chinese. We next visited Mr. Humphries' chop, and returned to our own vessel. I then took a boat, went to the "T. W. Sears," calling for Captain G.; and, not finding him, I went to the "Sam Russell," and saw Captain Palmer. Met there Messrs. R. and Kellog, and concluded to go with them to Canton to-morrow morning.

Canton, September 18th.

My dear Parents: At nine this morning, with Messrs. R. and K., I started in a sampan for Canton. The distance is about ten miles, and occupied our four boatmen three hours, for which we paid them two dollars. It was a very pleasant mode of travelling, especially in this warm weather. An inclined back to our seat permitted us to rest, while we could look out ahead and on both sides, and observe the country. About a mile above Whampoa we called at "Boston Jack's." This is a Chinaman, an acquaintance that my companions had made in passing before. "Boston Jack" is familiarly known to the European population as a kind of interpreter and furnisher of provisions for vessels, and a commissioner to provide servants, coolies, and to make purchases of various Chinese articles. He was formerly a pilot, and is still connected with that business, furnishing pilots, &c.; and is ready to do any kind of business between the foreigners and Chinese. He is said to be worth a hundred thousand dollars; treated us to beer, and gave us some to take on the way. He had much to say of his son who lives in New York, and was very polite, inviting us to call again, &c.

We passed, on the banks of the river, eight or ten forts, and several pagodas. On both sides, where the tide-water had receded, women were wading in the mud, gathering shell-fish. They wore large, shield-like hats of braided bamboo, and pants stripped up. Most of them had a child slung to their backs, and a basket on one arm. As they went slowly along, they thrust the other hand into the mud, catching the small shrimps wherever they could feel them.

The scenery on each side of the river is very pretty, but not much

unlike that of other rivers. Tombs were frequently to be seen on the slopes of the hills. The country looked green and fresh with vegetation, and groves of olive and plantain trees, here and there, diversified the monotony of the open expanse of rice-fields. The banks, generally low, and spreading out into lower flats, required the interposition of dikes, to prevent too frequent inundation from freshets. Row-boats and junks were passing in different directions. Our boat contrived to get up a race with another, which was bound in the same direction. The men, encouraged by us, laid themselves to their oars, for half an hour, with their whole force. The weather was hot, the perspiration rolled down their necks, and neither gained any particular advantage of the other, and neither seemed disposed to give it up. Finally, as if by mutual agreement, they began to widen the distance between them, and gradually relaxed into their usual speed, neither party being beat or beaten.

The boats were increased in number as we came within two or three miles of Canton, till at length we were hitting them on both sides. As we neared the Factories the flags of the American and English Consulates appeared waving high above the buildings; and, soon after, several blocks of handsome European buildings came into the view. These, shut out before by the dingy red mass of Chinese buildings, now sparkled, in contrast, like diamonds in a heap of old rubbish. We landed at the American gardens; and, the boys leading the way and the coolies carrying the baggage, we marched for Acowo's Hotel. It was a crooked way; — passing though the gardens, along a street, leading out of an arched gateway, down another street to the left, shortly to the right, and then mingling with so many Chinese that I could no longer keep the bearings; I only know that it seemed a succession of narrow and intricate alleys. A small number of Chinese fell into our train, but a greater number stood and stared at us by the way, probably knowing that we were strangers lately arrived. We met quite a number of tall, liver-complexioned Chinese, in long white frocks, with fans in their hands. Making low bows, they saluted us with,

"Goo' morning, sair!" "Kom in my shop?" "Have got plenty pooty things!" "Can sell um chipp." "Kom make see, spose likee can do, spose no likee marsakee," &c.

When we reached the hotel, Acowo, with all sorts of gestures, showed us in very politely, though I did not know when I had entered the hotel. I could not perceive the difference between the streets and buildings: one seemed a continuation of the other. I saw a confusion of narrow passages, a mass of rickety-looking houses, dark entries, open doors, twisting stairs, and intricate turnings, and only knew that I had arrived at my room when they pointed out the bed. Although in the forenoon, within the room it was so dark that I could hardly see, but I was sure it was above ground; for I remembered we had crossed a frail bridge uniting two chamber stories, where I saw pavements of a street underneath, and that we had since descended only a short flight of three or four steps. In view of all the circumstances, it was to me a suspicious place. I was alone, — my two friends

having left me on the way, to go to their quarters at the house of their friend, — and I thought I would see if I could find my way out into daylight. The bridge was easy to find, but the way was more difficult afterwards. However, by experimenting up and down, this way and that, through dark entries and a billiard-room, I at last came to the outside of the buildings, and found them situated on a dark, narrow street. I passed up this street to one a little larger and much lighter, but full of Chinese; and then thought I would try my way back again before I had proceeded too far. I went back, made one or two turns, and, stepping along further, entered a door. Several Chinamen stared at me, as much as to say,

"What do you wish here?"

"O! Ah! Yes!" said I, "I believe I have taken the wrong place;" and quickly made my exit.

I looked about back and forth, and went into several different doors, but at each I judged, by the staring of the Chinese within, that I was wrong, and left as soon as I had entered. I was obliged to give up, at last, and could not make out where the hotel was. After considerable gesticulating, I made a Chinaman understand that I wished to find Acowo's, though for some time I could not recollect his name. He pointed to a door, a short distance in the rear, and I entered. It was the same that I had entered twice before; for I could perceive the same idol, and incense-sticks burning at the right of the passage-way. The staring of the Chinese did not drive me out again. I was now in the billiard-room, endeavoring to make out the door at which I before entered. I tried them all, but none led to my room, and I had to call for assistance. The first boy I asked did not offer to show me, but went out and sent in another. While I was considering his stupidity, this one showed me the way to my quarters, and I perceived him to be my own boy. I took a seat, glanced around on the mixed furniture, the crackly windows, made of oyster-shells, instead of glass, and the patched mosquito-net, and for a time gave myself up to reflections, the sum of which was that "one half of the world little knoweth how the other half liveth." At the end of half an hour I could go down from my room and out to the street and back, but not always by the same way.

My next object was to find my way back and forth to the American gardens, which I accomplished with little difficulty, except from the importunities of Chinese, who were besetting me to go and buy something of them. I went into several of their shops, all of which were small. Their goods were to me curiosities, and arranged on each side of the room on shelves that were protected from the dust and unceremonious hands by glass slides, extending from the ceiling to the floor. They were not at all discomposed by my not purchasing. I could not determine what to buy, unless I took the whole shop; and came away without anything. They did, however, insist on my taking some of their little shop-bills, about as large as a silver dollar, and stamped in red letters with "Tshun-chong, dealer in ivory and tortoise-shell;" or, "Lan-shing, dealer in all kinds of preserves;" or, "Win-chung, in crape shawls," &c. Acowo's appearance did not indicate that he was worth

five hundred dollars, but I am told he is worth seventy-eight thousand dollars, which is considered immense wealth by the Chinese.

At four, I sat down to the table to dine. It was in a large hall opposite my room, in the third story, and in the very select company of myself, in whose aristocratic society I do not like often to indulge alone. I prefer something more democratic. I had three servants to wait on me, they making me out to be as helpless as a child with wooden arms! Casting aside the trammels of custom, who would not more enjoy the old fashion of sitting down with one's friends, with everything at once on the table, and without servants behind to peep over your shoulder, or others in front to stare you in the face? After dinner, I walked about in the neighborhood, looking in at the shops within sight of the hotel.

In the evening I called on Dr. Parker with a letter of introduction. He received me very politely and cordially. At his house I saw some large calcareous concretions that he had removed in his surgical operations for Chinese patients, one of them weighing almost seven ounces Having spent a very agreeable hour in conversation with the doctor and Mrs. Parker, I returned to the hotel. Another hour was spent in writing up my journal, and I then retired within my mosquito-net, my mind being full of the strange things of this strange country.

Tuesday, September 19th.— I arose at eight, not having closed my eyes to sleep till past four this morning. After retiring last night, I remained awake listening to the singing of the mosquitoes within the house, and the queer noises of the people outside. The mosquitoes in myriads flocked around the bed, and their noise was much like that from a distant frog-pond. To hear them outside threw one into a perspiration; but, when several of them found their way inside the net, and tormented me for hours, it was as much as my nature wished to endure. I arose several times, and, as I thought, drove them all out; but they would fly in again directly afterwards. However, at daylight they drew themselves off, and left me to my repose. When I looked to see what had become of them, I perceived they were collected inside on the top of the netting, with their long bills pointing down very innocently.

Messrs. Kellog and Rotch called on me, and we walked out among the shops, being careful not to go far from our quarters. When we stopped to look at any curiosity, we were sure to have a crowd of Chinese around us. We walked to a high wall, which had large doors opening through it, and there we came to a stand, believing it to be the city wall; but it proved to be merely the end of old China-street.

Last night we took a boat, *manned* by three Chinese girls, and rowed for an hour up the river. We saw nothing of note but a multitude of boats. We passed Captain Graves, who was on his way to Whampoa, to sail to-night for New York. I almost wished that I was going with him.

Wednesday, September 20th.— I rejoiced when morning came, for I slept none during the night. The noise of my insect enemies was like the distant din of boys just released from school. About half a dozen found their way through the netting; but I think I killed every one

of them, though I boxed myself severely in doing it. I could hear those outside flying against the net, as if they were determined, at all hazards, to force their way through. Every hour I heard the strike of the clock, and also what I took to be the nightly patrols of the watchmen, who seemed to be beating with a stick on some old pail or box. They slowly gave three loud thumps, which were followed by two others, struck more rapidly. After a pause of a few moments, they repeated the same again ; and so on for hours. At times, Chinamen were jabbering, as if in hard dispute ; and sometimes I was greeted with what I supposed to be the music of cats ; but, after listening a while, I found it was Chinese singing. During the night, I fancied I had a visit from a Chinaman. I was lying quietly, and thought I saw, at the opposite side of the room, his white figure. I knew that I had not closed my door, and I watched the appearance for an hour. I thought at one time it approached the bed, stooped down, and then receded, then stood still, and then turned aside. At length I determined not to be frightened by my imagination, and tried to compose myself. Still, as I placed my eyes upon it, it seemed to change its position. Soon, however, I heard the gnawing of a mouse, and I knew that if a man was there the mouse would not be, and I quieted myself to sleep. Yours, &c., B. L. B.

I was yesterday convinced that cats here are indeed an article of food ; for I saw several fat ones exposed in cages for sale, and ready to be made into chow-chow. They are considered a great luxury by the Chinese. I have seen here and at Hong-Kong most filthy-looking pieces of meat carried round among the Chinese for sale.

Mr. R. called with me on Dr. Parker, who had invited us to be present to-day at his operations at the hospital. We walked down with him to the building, which is in the rear of the American gardens. The first room was nearly filled with patients, who seemed to be afflicted with various evils and deformities. We went up stairs, and there saw another room full. They were seated on benches in rows. The doctor first explained to us the paintings hanging around the room, illustrations of his own cases. Of the patients present, one woman was afflicted with a schirrous tumor, which is soon to be operated on. It was on her neck, and nearly twice the size of her head. Dr. P. commenced operations : first, for cataract, and then for entropia of the eyelid, &c., and went through with twelve cases in little more than half an hour. He operates very expeditiously and steadily. The patients did not wince at all under the knife, but sat calmly, almost as if nothing was taking place.

CHAPTER XII.

COMMISSIONER DAVIS AND GOVERNOR SU. — VIEW FROM DR. PARKER'S HOUSE. — RIVER. — BOAT POPULATION. — FLOWER-GARDEN. — VISIT TO WHAMPOA. — RELIGIOUS WORSHIP AT CANTON. — CHINESE SHOPKEEPERS. — VISIT TO DR. B. — MY BOY'S CHASE. — BOAT PULLING. — DIPLOMACY OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER AND CHINESE OFFICIAL.

THURSDAY, *September* 21*st*.— Last night I slept well. My boy having found the opening in the net where the mosquitoes entered, and mended it, I was actually free of these tormentors.

I called at Dr. Parker's and dined with the family, taking "pot-luck" with them. I there saw Mr. Williams, the author of the volumes on "the Middle Kingdom," and Mrs. W. In conversation Mr. W. said that he had been in Northboro, Mass., and had lectured there.

To-day Mr. Davis, the U. S. Commissioner, was to have met the governor of Canton at a place some two miles up the river; but Mr. Davis did not arrive, and the meeting did not take place. In the afternoon I was at the house of Dr. P., and saw Governor Su and his suite as they returned from the place appointed. They had been waiting, and dined by themselves. Their boat was towed by another with rowers ahead; and, although as large as a small steamboat here, it was apparently not large enough, in Governor Su's estimation, to contain all the attendants, servants, flags and dresses, of the party. They displayed considerable show and pomp. The peculiar mandarin hat was worn by all, from the highest to the lowest of them. These hats have broad, circular brims, and the crown comes to a point like a paper tunnel or a tin dish-cover, surmounted with a red tassel.

One of the finest views of the river is obtained from Dr. Parker's house. It is the first of a large block, with only a small garden between it and the river, which it overlooks, and one side commands a view of the American gardens and of the front of the factories. For an hour I sat in the second story, and looked out upon the immense boat population. It was a curious sight, such a multitude and mixture of people and boats.

From the shore extended out rows of boats, fastened together as if stationary platoons of a boat army, with their bows towards the current. Around the different landing-places, piers, &c., they were

crowded in so thickly that those in boats at the rear were obliged to pass through them, several deep, to get on shore.

Near the middle of the river the scene was quite animating. There was a continual jostling of boats, of all sizes and kinds, passing in every conceivable direction. Glancing over them as a whole, they seemed to be moving about among each other like bees upon a hive, without any definite object; but let the eye follow them singly, and they will be seen to enter the throng, thread their way through, pass out, and go their different ways, while others fill their places. These boats are of different sizes and styles,— from the single-oared sculling boat to those with an oar twenty, or thirty, or forty feet long, which are worked by a corresponding number of men; and then there is occasionally the large flower-boat among them. The scene may be called a city of boats. It is said there are three hundred thousand people living in boats at this one city.

Yesterday, with Mr. R., I took a boat, and, ascending the river a short distance, visited the Fa-te flower-gardens on the opposite side. The grounds are extensive, and regularly laid out. Long rows of plants and flowers stretch across, with rows of crockery vases of variously-trained plants, and shrubs border the paths. In the season of bloom it must be a pretty sight; but now it presents little of interest. The Chinese in attendance were very civil and polite to us.

At evening we left for Whampoa, intending myself to return to Hong-Kong. My boy was not at home, supposing that we were not going till to-morrow, and we left without him. I do not know what he will say when he finds me gone with bag and baggage. The tide was against us, and it was dark and past ten in the evening before we arrived at Whampoa. We passed all the vessels without recognizing the "Sam Russell." Retracing our course, we hailed each vessel, and when we came to the right one we found that we had been more than a mile out of our way.

Whampoa, Friday, 22d.— Last night I had a glorious sleep, having my bed on a cane settee on the deck of the "Sam Russell." There were beautiful state-rooms below, with beautiful berths beautifully curtained. But there also were beautiful mosquitoes, with beautiful voices and beautiful bites. The captain told me to take any place I chose, and I selected the one on deck. At four o'clock I was much disturbed by the men washing down the decks, and was glad to conclude my sleep in one of the state-rooms below. The captain and others in the state-rooms complained bitterly of disquietude occa-

sioned by their insect tormentors, while I was on deck entirely free of them.

Saturday, September 23d.— Last night I again slept on deck; but the mosquitoes found me out, hundreds of them, and left me no peace of mind or body. I had a hard bed, and a hard night's rest. I was up at half-past five, and at seven breakfasted with Captain Lovett on board the "Eagle." This is the vessel that was so torn to pieces in the typhoon. I went back to Canton with Captain L. in his sampan, concluding, the vessel in which I thought of returning to Hong-Kong having left, that I would stop there a few days longer.

Canton, Sunday, 24th.— I have been sick all day, and also much prostrated by the intense heat. Mr. K. said he could "not endure this," and went off to Whampoa, where it is generally a little cooler. I attended religious services at Dr. Parker's. Here was an audience of about thirty persons, all Americans, of which two were ladies. Dr. P. delivered a discourse, and the singing was united in by all present.

It seems very little like Sunday here. There is among the Chinese the same attention paid to business, and the same confusion arising from it, as on other days. I cannot learn that the Chinese have any holy day in their calendar of idolatrous services.

Monday, September 25th.— I had no mosquitoes last night, and had a renovating sleep, so that I feel quite myself again. Dr. P. called on me, and I accompanied him to his hospital to assist in a surgical operation, — the removal of a large schirrous tumor,— which was done much to the satisfaction of the patient, an elderly Chinese woman.

The Rev. Mr. R. called and introduced himself to me, and we had a long conversation on Chinese affairs. He has been a missionary here longer than any other one now in China.

Tuesday, September 26th.— I have visited some of the Chinese stores. A little fortune might be spent here in purchasing curiosities. The shopkeepers are really tedious in their importunities. They stand in their shop-doors on either side of the street, with fans in their hands, bowing, smiling, and calling out in what English they may happen to know. Others will follow and importune strangers in the street. One of them is very persevering towards me, and manages to meet me every time I pass back and forth to the hotel. He has become very annoying, and comes up with a low bow and flourish of the fan.

"Goo' morning, sair! how do, sar? Kum min' my shop now? Muchy curous thing; Ivery, motherer purl. Kum make see litty!"

Sometimes I pretend not to hear, and he follows, calling out, a number of times,

"Goo' morning."

And then he continues,

"Igh, Igh, Igh! I say, Igh! Igh! — Misser Pau" (meaning Mr. Ball), "goo' morning; stop litty. Igh, Igh, I say, kum my shop; can sell-um too-muchy chipp."

I often get rid of them with short answers, and in the easiest way I can; but they do not trouble those residing here.

I made the acquaintance of Dr. B., who called and made himself known, and I enjoyed an agreeable conversation with him.

Mr. R. suddenly appeared at the hotel this afternoon, and dined with me. He had just returned from Macao, forty miles from here, where he has been alone, all the way there and back, in a Chinese fast boat. I expostulated with him for taking such a risk, although I thought that I might be as likely to do similarly.

It rained to-day, the first that I have seen in Canton, and rendered the heat more endurable.

Wednesday, September 27th.— Dr. B. came in at one P. M., and I accompanied him in his boat to his house, two miles down the river, to dine with him. His family consisted of his wife, child and daughter, and a school of Chinese children. His Chinese house is long and narrow, and extends back to another street, a hundred or two feet, and is joined to several others, like a batch of brick-loaves. It fronts on the river, and makes one side to an open square before a temple. We looked through the different rooms, ten or twelve deep, between the two streets. Besides those required for the family, there were the school-rooms, the scholars' eating and sleeping rooms, and others for the publishing department. Many tracts and school-books are here printed in the Chinese language. In the further room, which opens on the back street, we stopped to look out a few minutes, when the Chinese began to gather around and gaze at us as if we were wild beasts, and some female heads very cautiously peeped out from behind the doors and corners on the opposite side of the street. From the top of the house we could see a portion of the city, a little of the wall, and swarms of boats, stationary or in motion, up and down the river. In the school-room the scholars were all studying aloud, producing to my ears a great confusion of sounds. After tea, on the way

home, we called at Dr. H.'s. He is also a missionary, living on the bank of the river a mile below the factories. Stopping here half an hour, Mr. Warden, an American who had called in, and myself, concluded to walk, instead of taking the boat, to the factories. Dr. H. sent his cooly with a lantern to guide us. The streets are exceedingly narrow, crooked and dark, and we passed several houses of gamblers; but we were in no way interfered with, and safely reached our destination. I had some conversation with Dr. B. on genealogy, and believe that we trace our ancestry to the same origin.

My boy made his appearance to-day, looking quite ashamed of himself, he having been on a wild chase after me to Hong-Kong and back. As soon as he heard that I had gone, he set off after me. I had stopped at Whampoa, but left no message for him, intending it as a punishment for his being away, that he might find me as best he could. He told me he had taken a fast boat, and had gone to Hong-Kong, inquired at all the houses and on board the vessels, and then thought I must be lost. Afterwards he came back to Whampoa, and learned that I was at Canton; and he came directly up. He said,

"I no likey too muchy boberry my; I too muchy fear bad man have catchee you; hai yah I too muchy glad you no makee spile 'em."

Thursday, September 28th.— Mr. R. dined with me to-day. At his very urgent request, I accompanied him in a boat to Whampoa. We found fine sleeping quarters on board the "Sam Russell," in splendid rooms, within comfortable mosquito-curtains.

Saturday, September 30th.— We returned from Whampoa yesterday, stopping on the way at Boston Jack's, who persisted in our remaining to breakfast. After dinner we took a walk in the American gardens with Mr. Moses, a young merchant from Australia. We found a great portion of the foreign residents there promenading. Near the landing-place we visited the boat-house belonging to the foreigners. It is a long, shed-like building, situated on the edge of the water, and is designed as a storehouse for the boats of those who take exercise in pulling. One or two hundred boats were ranged in rows, and raised several feet from the floor. They were of all sizes and styles, but were long, narrow, and delicately formed. Some of them were beautiful, fairy-like skiffs, made of handsome wood, finely polished, and so light that one could easily carry them. They looked more as if intended for a museum than for actual use. When the business of the day is concluded the younger members of the foreign community repair hither to take their exercise and airing on the water. The Chinese

coolies launch the boats, and in a moment their proprietors are gliding, with almost the rapidity of a skater, over the water. They usually pull singly, but sometimes several are attached to the same boat; and the trial of speed with some rival boat not unfrequently shows itself afterwards in their blistered hands. In some a servant sits in the stern and steers, while in others the rower pulls with a slender oar in each hand, and as the boat, like an Indian canoe, shoots onward, the only wonder is that they do not capsize, or fill with water.

To-morrow morning, in company with Dr. B., I am to make a visit to one of the pagodas; and, the day after, we walk around the city walls. I anticipate no trouble from the people, though I am told that their feelings towards foreigners are very sensitive, on account of the differences at present existing. Dr. B. and others, by gentle deportment, have avoided all difficulty when among them.

The Chinese Governor Su has concluded to appoint another meeting with Mr. Davis. A day had been set for a meeting of the two functionaries before, but Mr. D., coming from Macao in the "Plymouth," which was delayed by light winds, failed to arrive till the day after. Then he directed a note to the governor, stating the facts of his inability to arrive in season. The governor sent him an insulting answer, which was, in effect, that his reasons were weak, that he did not intend to meet him, that his meaning was to impose on him, &c. Mr. D. sent back the note without comment, and then transmitted a despatch for the "Preble" to come to Whampoa. In a few days a party of naval officers from the two ships landed at the garden and called on Mr. D.; and in less than three hours, without anything further being done, a note was received from "Su," withdrawing his own note, making an apology, and designating a time to meet him. Information of the landing of American officers in uniform at the garden had probably been quickly conveyed by the Chinese to the governor, who, fearing that something else might follow, immediately sent his note to the commissioner. Su is not as well disposed towards foreigners as was Keying, the former governor.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO A PAGODA. — TOUR AROUND THE CITY WALLS. — VISIT TO TEMPLE, ETC.

LETTER TO BROTHER A.

Canton, China, Oct.

DEAR BROTHER: I have made a visit to one of the pagodas with the Rev. Dr. B., which, at his invitation, had been previously arranged. As he had been here so long, speaks the language of the Chinese, and understands so well how to manage with them, I very readily accepted of his politeness. Early in the morning Rev. Mr. Bridgeman (a former college-mate) called, and we walked a distance of two miles to Dr. B.'s house. When I found he was going to walk, instead of taking a boat, I hesitated; but, recollecting that he had been in China two or three years, I went with him without fear.

The streets were very narrow, much of the way being only wide enough for three to walk abreast; and straight, though, at short intervals, we turned abrupt angles, so that our course was irregular. They were so filled with Chinese that we were obliged to walk in single file, and be very careful not to encounter the poles which they carry on their shoulders in bearing their burdens.

I several times stepped from behind Mr. B. to walk more socially by his side, but was quickly obliged to fall back again to save my head from being bruised. We arrived at the house safely, and without any insult that I comprehended, though it was amusing to Mr. B., who understood the language, to hear their remarks concerning us. I understood perfectly well the Fan-qui-loo, "Foreign White Devil," which I very often heard. Sometimes they said to each other, in their language,

"Hulloa, foreign Devils!" "Two of them!" "Out pretty early this morning!" "Ah, two of the foreign Devils!" "Hulloa, look here, there they go!" "Strange-looking Devils they are!" And remarks of that nature.

Often they would stop and look at us till we were out of their sight. They were more civil than they would have been further in the city, as our course lay near the river, where they see and have more or less intercourse with foreigners.

At nine o'clock we breakfasted with Dr. B., and then set out for the pagoda, which was in sight a few miles down the river. Our boat was *manned* by a Chinese woman, her son twelve years old, and a daughter of eighteen. The mother carried a child on her back, sculled with a long oar, and at the same time steered the boat, while the son and daughter pulled at the oars. When within about a mile of our destination we entered a little creek which leads to the pagoda. The tide was going out, and directly we found ourselves aground, with

some feet deep of mud around us, about fifty rods from the pagoda. Our boat's crew, rolling up their pantaloons, jumped out, and, wading in the mud, pulled and pushed the boat ahead several rods. At length we stuck fast in the mud, and remained for an hour, during which time numbers of Chinese, men, boys and girls, waded off and collected around us. They soon began to be rather boisterous, and to exhibit indications of ill-behavior towards us ; but Dr. B. kept them in check by distributing among them religious tracts written in the Chinese language. Dr. B. then hired some of the men to go and bring a lighter boat, in which they drew us through the mud to the shore. The crowd followed behind, making confused noises.

Being safely landed, we ascended a little hill, and stood at the foot of a large and beautiful pagoda. Its great height, nine stories, with the cupola and spire, reminded me of Bunker Hill Monument. The pagoda is octagonal, and, I should judge, about forty-five feet in diameter at the base, gradually diminishing in size as it ascends some two hundred feet. The whole structure is supported on the shoulders of eight human figures, carved in stone, and placed at each angle. The remaining portion of the foundation is of plain stone. The walls are about fifteen feet in thickness, mostly of brick, and plastered on the outside. In each story there are four windows, and four imitation ones, alternating with each other, and corresponding with the eight sides.

A wide cornice encircles the base of each story, on which flowers and shrubs are growing. These look pretty, appearing like nine green wreaths ornamenting the pagoda from top to bottom. In the upper story, at the base of the cupola, hang eight bells, one from each angle, though I could discover no tongues to them. There are two entrances, one opposite the other, leading directly through from side to side, and raised a few feet from the ground. The inside is hollow, like a tube, all the way to the top, and contained a great many little birds, which were chirping and fluttering about. In the niches of the walls of the lower story were several idols seated. In one place the *Josh paper* is burned, and there the Chinese come to worship when they feel inclined.

The ascent of the pagoda is by the open windows, and must be a perilous undertaking. I should not like to be obliged to make it. There are no steps leading up, and a person must push a plank across from window to window, like a bridge, walk over on it, draw it after him, and, walking part way round on the cornice outside, throw it across between two other windows, which are a few feet higher than those left. The person walks across again, carries the plank around to the set of windows still higher, then across, and so on, until he reaches the top. He must cross the plank four times to ascend each story, and thirty-six times in all.

It is difficult to say what could have been the original object of pagodas. There are quite a number to be seen as one passes back and forth on the river between Whampoa and Canton, a distance of ten miles. It is affirmed by some that they were each erected and dedicated to particular deities. For instance, should an epidemic break out at

any place and result in the destruction of life, they might build a pagoda there, and dedicate it to the god of health. Another might be erected to the god of war.

Others consider them intended for telegraphic purposes. It is very certain that when the English took the Chinese forts at the mouth of the river, it was known fifteen minutes afterwards at Canton, a distance of thirty miles. I presume that signals could be made from one pagoda to another, from Hong-Kong to Canton, a distance of eighty miles.

We remained about the pagoda for several hours, during which there was a crowd of vagabond Chinese around us. They did not trouble us a great deal, although we had to put up with some things which could not be called civilities. A little behind the pagoda was a village, which we visited. There were very few men about. The young women appeared very shy, for they ran from point to point, hiding themselves like rabbits; but the old ones would come out quite boldly. Some of them made one or two circuits, and then, stopping near us, scanned us from head to foot. We returned to Dr. B.'s house to dinner at three, having had a pleasant trip, and very little difficulty with the heathen.

There are many pirates down the river, between here and Hong-Kong. Dr. B. has several patients who have been attacked by them, and he has extracted bullets from their wounds. Every vessel goes armed; even the little steamboat which plies between Whampoa and Canton. I have several times been down in the evening in a little row-boat to Whampoa, but the boatmen and myself always had weapons for defence. I have not yet fallen in with any of the pirates.

LETTER TO PARENTS.

Canton, Oct. 3d.

My dear Parents: Last evening I was down at Dr. B.'s, and, remaining to tea, we made arrangements for an excursion around the walls of Canton. The distance is about seven or eight miles, and can be accomplished in less than half a day. I returned to the hotel and extended the invitation to Mr. R. and Mr. M.; but they both declined, saying they would not thus risk themselves among the heathen "for the whole of China." A friend who has lived here near ten years advised me not to go, and recounted the dangers attending such an expedition. He gave me the history of several who had attempted it, some having succeeded, and some not. The Rev. Mr. S. and party had tried it, and were mobbed by the rabble, robbed of their watches and valuables, almost entirely stripped of their clothes, and barely escaped with their lives. He said,

"Perhaps you may go safely, but there are many chances against it. During the time I have been in China I have never been induced to trust myself at all in that quarter; and the merchants who have been here twenty years have never done it. I sincerely advise you to remain at home, where you are well off."

I had, however, confidence in Dr. B., and was willing to take my share of the risk, though I would not have thought of going alone. I had set my mind on it, and could not endure the reflection of having backed out.

Mr. Bridgeman called for me this morning, and, being a little late, we took a small boat and hastened down the river. When we arrived at the house, a few minutes past five, we found that the party, consisting of Dr. B., Miss B. and Rev. Mr. G., having concluded that we should not come, had gone without us. I was much disappointed, and proposed that we should follow on after them, if Mr. B. knew the course. To this he objected that they had been gone too long — a full half-hour. I, however, insisted that we should make the attempt; and, it having been left to me to decide, we concluded to do so. With no weapons but our umbrellas, fortifying our nerves with a cup of coffee, we started in pursuit.

Proceeding at a rapid pace, we were quickly mixed in with the Chinese throng, making our way through a densely-populated part of the city. The streets were very narrow, wet, dirty, and full of people. The wall was our guide, though it could be detected only at intervals, on account of the buildings which were constructed against it. This sometimes caused us a little doubt; but, knowing that the wall must always be on the left, and that we could not get through it in that direction, we were not long in error.

As we advanced we seemed to have entered some thoroughfare; for the Chinese were pouring through like the people coming out of a theatre, and it was next to impossible to stem the tide. Among them were coolies carrying their various burthens, with the poles on their shoulders, and projecting in front. These had to be avoided, or a severe blow on the head would follow. The greater number of them were bereft of clothing to their waists, their skins filled with greasy perspiration and dust. Their constantly rubbing against us was not particularly pleasing. I fancied they looked at us with a hostile feeling, but so long as they did nothing else we did not mind them. The wooden countenances of the poorest cooly showed that even they despised us.

One long, vile-looking street, that we passed through, I shall not soon forget. Dark, low and filthy houses were closely packed on both sides, looking within like dungeons, with hardly light enough to see the people, hogs and dogs, who there live together in harmony. Their hyena dogs, however, were not in such harmony with us. They sprang out, barking, showing their white teeth, and snapping at us, as if they would actually lay hold of us; and several times I whirled around to avoid them. At all these movements the Chinese seemed highly delighted, and encouraged their dogs to continue. I should have taught them a lesson of respect with my umbrella, had I not feared such a course would bring down on me the ire of their insolent and shameless masters; and I thought it to be policy to allow the dogs to pass unpunished.

I confess that while in the midst of these lower orders of the Chinese, some of whom in groups were staring at us, some laughing and scoff-

ing, some yelling out Fan-qui-loo and making insulting remarks, and others setting their dogs on us, that I began to think it was indeed a hazardous undertaking; not particularly from what we did encounter, but from what we might.

We hurried along this street, and soon found ourselves free, and breathing the air of the open country. We now met very few people, and the wall was fully exposed, extending a long way ahead, and rising and falling with the natural undulations of the ground. On our right, nearly parallel with the wall, but leaving a wide passage-way between, was a deep ravine, in the lower parts of which might occasionally be seen a gardener's cabin, the land around it being highly cultivated, laid out into little squares, and bearing rows of fresh, green vegetables, in its rich black soil. The laborers raising themselves up and resting on their hoes, and the women and children filling the doorway, all in a startled attitude, would gaze as if such sights were rarely witnessed by them. The banks of the ravine were wildly shaded with groves of bamboo and other pretty trees, in which the birds were congregated, warbling their songs. Beyond were cultivated fields, and among them white tombs jutting from their surface.

A mile or two further brought us to an angle of the walls, a little way from which was a good-sized hill, with a fort on its top, built of stone, in the form of a circle. Here we fell in with our party, who had given up seeing us to-day. Chinese military companies were exercising about the fort, and it would not be surprising if their jealousy was some excited by the sudden increase of the foreign group from three to five.

With Mr. Bridgeman I took a stroll on the hill among the soldiers, while the others walked at a little distance from us. A mandarin colonel or general was sitting in his sedan, with Chinese pomposity (an expressive term for the extreme of pomposity), looking on, while the soldiers paraded back and forth before him. When we passed his chair he gave a slight token of recognition by a nod of the head; but it was so eclipsed by his manner, drawing himself up to expand himself, and then settling his chin into his breast, that I felt like laughing.

There soon began a commotion in the fort, and the turning of Chinese eyes to that quarter directed ours there also. They were hurrying about in a half-frantic manner, with excited gesticulations and impetuous voices, as if they intended in some way to give us a surprise. The black mouths of their cannon were pouting out from two or three rows of port-holes, and smoking matches were in the soldiers' hands; but I observed that our party were together, and the Chinese troops in such relation to us that no harm could come, and we looked on with composure. Flash! gleamed the light across our eyes; and bang! whang! broke into our ears, as the reports reëchoed from the high city wall. Flash! bang! whang! went the two circles of guns, one after the other in succession, all around the fort, sounding like sheet-iron guns of a large calibre; and the Chinese turned their self-conceited leers on us, and then at each other, with expressions that said,

"How wonderfully must all this noise and smoke impress these outside barbarians with the greatness of the military operations of the Celestial Empire!"

Had they closely watched our countenances, they might have perceived that the "outside barbarians" had *heard* guns before.

I wished to go inside the fort, but Dr. B. thought we had better not attempt it, as their feelings of jealousy might be aroused; and by this visit they might be better conciliated for another. The troops outside the fort were armed with bows and arrows, and went through several Chinese evolutions, as I supposed; for I could not make out what they were trying to do. They seemed to be entangling themselves in some sort of hieroglyphics, or figures, like the characters in their own language. They stepped rolling along in clumsy black and white shoes, that raised them considerably from the ground, and looked as if the ligatures of their knee-joints were of India-rubber, — too elastic to give the necessary support. Their movements had also an air of arrogance. The side-way, see-saw motion of their shoulders showed their self-satisfied feelings; and they looked on us as if to do so was an act of condescension. They had apparently none of the rigid discipline of European soldiers, but observed a proper respect towards their officers. They did not use their bows and arrows, except to flourish them by spasmodic actions of the arms, with corresponding grimaces. When they attempted to run, it was as if weights were attached to their feet. They appeared like a company of green, overgrown boys, out on a frolic, in fantastic dresses, cocked hats, bagging pants, black leggins, blue frocks, and bows and arrows. No wonder that fifty English soldiers can put to flight a thousand of the Chinese.

The country, viewed from this elevation, shows a surface of uneven land, and of a group of hills. The plain is the parade-ground for the troops, and on the north side of it is a temple dedicated to the large number of people who perished by the burning of a theatre a few years since. The uneven land is generally cultivated, and interspersed with clumps of bamboo-trees. These clumps are about half a mile or a mile apart, and enclose Chinese hamlets and villages. Intersecting each other, they appear in the distance like a bamboo forest. The hills are covered with white tombs, and have the appearance of freshly-dug ground, studded with blocks of white marble. Some of the distant hills are larger, and seem to be overspread with groves of pines and other foliage. There being no roads through the country, small white foot-paths are the only substitutes. These wind over the surface, and, crossing here and there, form various figures, which contrast prettily with the green and cultivated fields.

On the other side, to the south, was the river and the city: the glistening river, taking a serpentine course to the northward, disappeared among the mountains. We could overlook the walls and the buildings of the city, but could observe little else than a rusty, irregular, concave plain of tiled roofs, corners of jutting angles and horns, red flag-posts in pairs before the mandarins' houses, the tops of a few stores, and, towering above all, widely separated, two pagodas.

Descending the hill, we pursued our path with the walls close on our

left. They appear to be about thirty feet high, and in thickness, at the base, fifteen or twenty feet, narrowing towards the top. It is built of square and oblong blocks of sandstone, from one to two feet in length and thickness, though some portions are partially of brick. The external face is smooth, and the color, by exposure, nearly black. From the seams were growing tufts of grass and flowering plants; and, in some places, the joints were opening with considerable-sized shrubs and small trees. Masses of vines ran up from the ground and spread over portions of the wall to the height of twenty feet or more, and occasionally reaching to the top. Yellowish moss, dried and formed into ragged patches, interspersed here and there, gave it an ancient aspect. A line of square embrasures, at intervals, cut the thin parapets on the top; and square towers, some several stories high, with their curved and angular roofs, rose above the wall, and marked its course as it penetrated the city beyond our sight.

Entering the suburbs of the city on the side opposite to that we left, we made our way without any particular interference. Every few moments we met Chinese, who passed, giving us scrutinizing glances and comments, or stopping to talk with each other and gazing after us. But when we came into the more thickly-settled parts, our position was less comfortable. In this quarter they seemed stirred up by surprise, curiosity, jealousy or hostility, and flocked around, some running towards us and some from, according to their courage, like bees swarming in and out of an overturned hive. A crowd of boys and idlers followed, crying out various things, and some hooting at us. The inmates of the houses and shops ran into the street or filled their doors. Women and timid girls peeped out at us, and, after we had passed, came into the street and gazed at us till lost to their sight. Lank-sided dogs, aroused by the general clatter, leaped out with a spasmodic bound; and, catching sight of us, gave vent to their emotions by nervous starts and choking yelps. In the distance ahead the doors of matting, which hung as screens, flew open, one after the other, on each side of the street, and the inhabitants, with excited steps, appeared outside; and hearing the cry wafted along that "the *Fanquies* were coming," they would stop short, lean forward, whirl their heads in different ways, to gather, by the eye or ear, what could be the mystery of the noise; and, catching sight of us, would stand like statues, looking with intense eagerness till we came along, and then would join in with the crowd that followed. And from the cross streets they came running in to get a sight at us, as if they had anticipated our passing. Our safety seemed to depend on our speed, and we walked briskly forward to keep ahead of the crowd, to prevent their blocking up our way, and so collecting as to act in concert against us. It was difficult to keep together, from the Chinese crowding between us; those forward could go along almost without obstruction, while the others were pushed further and further behind. Dr. B., with his daughter, led the way, the rest of us following as fast as we could best manage. Several times, like my companions, I found myself in the rear; and, in spite of my best efforts, two or three times all of the party were out of sight, and nothing to be seen but heads and shoulders of the Chinamen before

me. The Chinese were not to be run over, nor violently pushed aside, by foreigners. I pressed forward, trying to squeeze by them with a gentle force; but the throng were too closely wedged in for me to make much impression upon them. Reflecting that my friends might have turned to the right or left into some other streets, that I did not know one foot of the way, and that, if lost, I could not speak a word of Chinese to inquire the direction, I concluded that I must go through the crowd in some way or other — easily if possible, but that I must go through. I knew there was no time to be lost, and, lowering my shoulders, I forced myself resolutely among them, though it probably seemed to them rather roughly. Some turned on me an expression of resentment, but I patted lightly on their shoulders, and, making a complication of signs, and pointing ahead, they smiled; and, while they were endeavoring to make out what I could mean, I pressed on beyond their reach.

Continuing to crowd, and at the same time to conciliate, two of the European hats at length appeared in the distance, bobbing up and down among the shaved and shining heads of the Chinese. I now could go on faster, the different steps of the process having become somewhat mechanical. I would first present the shoulder sideways, and below two other shoulders, — with one impulse go through, and while presenting the shoulder for a second push, turn the head to make a few mystical signs, and go on. Having again nearly overtaken the party, Dr. B., observing the course of things, waited a little, put himself behind, and, by a few words, now and then, to us and to the Chinese, managed to keep us together much better. It sounded queerly, amid the confused Chinese jargon, to hear distinctly the English words, "Keep right along!" "Keep right along there!" "Don't stop!" "Go one side or the other; don't let them get between you." "Turn to the right! turn to the right there! Yes, yes, that 's the street," &c.

And then a few words spoken to the Chinese, in their own language, had a wonderful effect on them.

I think it was a good deal of protection to have a lady as one of the party, although it is usually not so considered. The ladies may sometimes be a protection to gentlemen, as well as gentlemen always to the ladies. Miss B. went along more freely than the rest of us, though the Chinese manifested great curiosity to see her. They made way for her where they would not for us, seeming to pay a certain deference to the party on account of her. As we drew near home we advanced with less interruption, and arrived safely at the factories before noon.

Wednesday, October 4th. — Mr. R. left me a note saying that he was to sail for America to-morrow by the "Sam Russell," — was going now to Whampoa, and asked me to come down and see him off. Learning that the vessel would not leave for several days, and having a bad cold, I remained at my own room and busied myself in writing letters to send home by him.

There were about a dozen of the younger officers from the "Plymouth" and "Preble" to dine here at Acowo's to-day. They were very agreeable, and I enjoyed their lively society much. Their

vessels lie at Whampoa, and they came up in a boat. They gave quite a lively air to the hotel, and old Acowo had to reinforce his army of servants; and the day turned out a holiday to me, cutting off the most of my letter-writing till evening. At twelve last night I made my way to my couch through a living atmosphere of mosquitoes. The weather was very warm, and I lay with a current of air drawing through the door and windows; but the weather suddenly changed and became quite cold, and I, rather than get up and shut the windows, and so run the risk of letting the mosquitoes into the net, am to-day suffering the effects of a severe cold which I took.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

Canton, Oct.

My dear Sister: To-day I determined to remove from the Chinese hotel and go to the American. It was not yet opened, but I had seen it, and knew the proprietor. I went, "bag and baggage," and told Mr. Hunt that I was coming, even if I had to sleep on the floor. I was the first one there, and of course made my selection of the rooms, although it was large enough for half a dozen. Mr. Moses, returning home from Whampoa and finding me gone, declared he would not stay alone; and so, settling his bills, he left Acowo, who had another long face at the losses he was experiencing. Acowo told us, with a forced smile, and very dryly,

"Bum bye you kum my housy second teem," — that is, you will have to come to my house to stay again. But I did not suppose his words would prove correct.

This forenoon, while I was moving and all in confusion, my boy came in and said,

"Two piecy mann have got one teem," meaning that there were two gentlemen together to see me.

I told him to ask them to sit down in the hall; but before I had finished the head servant showed them in, — Commodore Geisenger and Capt. Glynn, of the "Plymouth." It was the worst-looking room that I had ever seen, and I felt not a little embarrassed on their account. It was as cheerless as an old store-room. However, I made the best of it, and they, men of the world, could sit down in chairs one of which was broken, while I occupied a camphor-chest; and they made themselves as agreeable as if they had been in a large drawing-room, furnished with Brussels, damasks, and marbles. Com. G.'s son I had known as a boy at school in Northboro, Mass., and this was the first time I had heard from him since then, and the first time I had seen his father; and that in a country on the opposite side of the globe. One of my greatest pleasures is to meet or hear of those with whom I have spent any of the happy years of boyhood. I enjoyed a very pleasant half-hour, notwithstanding my cold, and the miserable, dark, unfurnished chamber in which I had to receive company.

In the evening several naval officers from the men-of-war came in at the new American hotel to stop for the night. They preferred to remain and take such accommodations as they could get, rather than to go to

the Chinese hotel. I shared my room with two of them, and my bed with Mr. M. In different ways Mr. Hunt contrived to accommodate them all. I made the acquaintance of Mr. Warrington, of Washington, Dr. Brooks and Dr. Ober, of Philadelphia.

Arose at six o'clock this morning, and, partaking of coffee together, set off with a party enlisted last evening for a visit to Honam Temple. Mr. Meredith, who resides in Canton, went with us, and showed us around. Dr. Brooks, Mr. Warrington, Dr. Ober, Mr. Hanks, Mr. Goldsboro (all of the "Plymouth"), and myself, composed the remainder of the company. A sampan threaded its way through the boats, and landed us on a few stone steps at the opposite side of the river, within sight of the factories. Ascending the steps, we walked up a gently-inclined avenue, paved with flat stones. It was prettily shaded with two rows of large and ancient banian-trees, and arose by several successive terraces, each two or three feet above the other. Near the landing-place the fragments of a big cannon lay on the ground. It burst, we were told, during the war with the English. The Chinese were excited, and probably put in "*too much powder;*" and the consequence was that it exploded, and killed three or four of their own men. They have never allowed the pieces to be moved from the original spot in which they fell, and they regard them with superstitious veneration. Continuing up the steps of the terraces, we came to a large gateway, like a building with a passage through, or more like a small railroad station through which the cars pass. Within, on each side, are immense human figures in a sitting posture. They are, I should judge, twenty-five feet high, and constitute the guardians of the gateway. They are painted and gilded in a fantastic manner, and curiously ornamented. They are represented as very fat, with immense chests and abdomens, which seem to run into each other. Their countenances indicated all the importance of a thin-faced man, who, wishing to appear as great as his neighbor, had forced out his cheeks with air. One or two had black faces and demon-like expressions, savage and Jupiter-like, as if with their drawn weapons they could annihilate us in a moment of time. It would not be strange if we were surprised and startled, or even a little frightened, when we beheld for the first moment such awful-looking personages, and in such threatening attitudes, peering down on us.

Passing on, we visited several buildings, full of the ugliest-looking images, large and small, and turned a multitude of abrupt angles to get to the rooms. In the principal part of the temple, near the centre, there were three idols, perhaps twenty-five feet high, and of corresponding size; and around the outside a row of smaller ones, a little larger than the size of a man, most of which were highly gilded. They all had small altars before them, with incense-sticks burning. On the little stools in front of the large idols were two worshippers going through their devotions, — bowing, kneeling, and bumping their heads over on to the paved floor. One poor Chinese woman was chinchining (supplicating) the interposition of the idols in behalf of her sick husband. A priest was with her, giving her the necessary directions; and she

performed her devotions as if with faith in the power of the idol to impart healing aid for his restoration.

The priests were miserable, small, squalid-looking beings, coarsely and poorly dressed, and with about a week's crop of bristling hair growing on their shaved heads. They looked as intelligent as faces carved out of a pine board, and their faces and hands did not appear to have been washed for three months. I at first took them for beggars, and supposed it was a privilege granted them to show strangers about for the little that might be given to them. They receive their fees from the worshippers, the amount of which depends on their wealth and the importance of the prayers.

On one side, at the end of a long, angular passage, were pens where they kept their sacred animals. These consisted of several hogs, so large, fat and old, that they could scarcely rise on their feet, — one of them could not, and eat lying down, — and a number of geese, which have some peculiarity of form, color, or something else. They are kept and fattened here (their owners paying for their keeping) until they die, when they are buried in the grounds with some ceremony, and are never allowed to be used for food.

The grounds of the temple, and various buildings attached, and the garden adjoining, occupy an area of twelve or fifteen acres. On one side of the temple is an open space, where there is a group of handsome tombs. The priest who conducted us around took us across a part of the garden ; but, as he could not speak English, nor we Chinese, we could only see. As we could not ask questions, we did not examine so much as we should have liked. In the midst of the tombs was a place for the burning of the bodies of the priests after death, which is the manner of disposing of their remains. It was built of brick, and large enough to contain a chair, into which the body is placed, and supported by brickwork underneath. When all is ready, the fagots and other combustible materials are placed under the body, and the torch is applied. The fire is kept replenished until all is consumed ; or all but some portions of the bones, which may happen to remain. These are carefully gathered up and deposited in earthen pots, and all the ashes are taken out and turned into an opening in the top of a tomb-like receptacle, where they are preserved.

We returned to the hotel and breakfasted at nine o'clock, and had a lively time in commenting on the queer things of the Honam Temple.

After breakfast, with Dr. Brooks, under the direction of our boys, I took a stroll through several different streets beyond the factories. There were a great many oddities to be seen in the shops, especially in " Curiosity-street." The doctor manifested much curiosity, and had many curious comments to make. When he came upon something particularly different from our American side of the globe, his countenance would light up, and, turning the article over and over, he would exclaim, in heartfelt promptings,

" Well, is n't that curious? Don't you think that is beautiful? Is n't it capital? " and, holding it a little further off, " It is superb !

Well, I do think the Chinese are the most ingenious people at carving in the world. I must take one of these home," &c.

The Chinese, in the mean time, laughed, and, observing the interest he took in their works, were delighted to show him all in the shop. It was late when we reached home, quite weary. All the time we were out crowds of Chinamen gathered around to look at us.

The interview of the Chinese and American government officials — Governor Su and the U. S. Commissioner, Mr. Davis — took place to-day. Dr. Parker, the American Consul (Mr. Forbes), and the officers of the "Plymouth" and "Preble," were present. I should have liked much to have been there; but no invitations were extended to private individuals, it being entirely diplomatic. Some of the officers gave amusing accounts of the Chinese, with their chopsticks; and made their observations on the numerous dishes of soups and meats, the character of which, according to their taste, was somewhat questionable. There were forty courses of soups, meats, fruits and sweetmeats, none of which would it do to pass untasted. All expressed themselves highly pleased with their visit.

October 7th. — Mr. B. called after breakfast, and conducted a small party of us to "Looking-glass-street." Although Dr. Brooks and I had been there yesterday, we wished to go again to-day; and several others, hearing the doctor's glowing account, wished to join us, and we made a party of ten. I was afraid it was too large a number for the sensitiveness of the Chinese, but I believe it excited their curiosity only a little more to see so many foreigners together; and the shopkeepers themselves, of course, would not object. Looking-glass-street is a street of shops filled with mirrors, fancy-boxes, pictures of the Chinese painted on glass, various kinds of glass lanterns and lamp-shades, painted with pretty landscapes and Chinese characters. These were put together in different forms, and sizes, and styles, very ornamental and attractive. It seemed like a museum, and we streamed along like a flock of strange birds, feasting our curious eyes. When we began to examine in one shop we felt reluctant to leave it, and each one wished to bring away a specimen of every article it contained. We spent several hours here, and the shopkeepers were very agreeable, never tired of showing their goods, were never irritated or disappointed because we did not buy, and had as pleasant a smile when we left as when we came in. All of us made some purchases, and left the articles to be sent up and paid for at the hotel. I should judge that a good understanding existed between our boys and the shopkeepers; probably they share the profits to some extent with each other. When we bought anything the boys manifested the kind of interest that denoted they were to get something by it.

I met Captain Palmer, of the "Sam Russell." He leaves Whampoa for America, but I shall not be able to go down to see my friends off, and have sent a note to Mr. R. with an apology, and a fan to his little girl, of whom I had heard him speak much during the voyage.

Mr. B. took us also to a tea manufacturing establishment across the river. This comprises an extensive group of buildings, containing

various rooms and large halls. These were filled with men and women, boys and girls, engaged in their various departments. Some of them were planting and stirring with the hand the crackling leaves in the furnaces; others sitting at long tables, assorting the leaves, culling, sifting them, &c. There are, I am told, thousands of persons connected with this establishment, who work for a few cents a day. The tea-leaves are not rolled singly by hand, but are curled by the action of heat. We saw the process of coloring green tea, about which they manifested no secrecy, which was done while the leaves were being heated for the last time.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

CHAPTER XIV.

VISIT TO THE COUNTRY RESIDENCES OF POWTINQUA AND HOWQUA. — EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS. — NOISY CRIES OF CHINESE. — TYPHOON, AND OVERFLOWING OF THE RIVER.

This morning Mr. Warrington, Mr. Moses, another gentleman and myself, under the guidance of Mr. Hunt, went to visit Powtinqua's residence. Powtinqua was a rich tea-merchant, and had a country-seat up the Canton river. We are told he is dead, and his son, also called Powtinqua, is in prison for the debts of his father. It is a singular system that holds the children responsible for the debts of their father; but nothing is too strange or singular for the Chinese. The glory, then, in the name of Powtinqua, we may suppose, has departed, and it is remembered and spoken of for what it once was.

The names of Powtinqua and Howqua are here what those of Abbot Lawrence, Peter C. Brooks, Mr. Cushing, &c., are with us. But the procedures of the mandarins are such that the rich man is not secure of remaining rich for any length of time. Their custom of "squeezing," as it is called, often forces them to part with their wealth. There is, however, such a thing as being so encased in silver that the squeezing process will produce no destructive injury. During the war with the English, money was needed, and the screws were often applied to Howqua and Powtinqua. At last Powtinqua, unable longer to bear the pressure, became bankrupt and was ruined, while Howqua continued to hold out, and is now in prosperity. The mandarins carry out some of their principles as foolishly as the old woman in Æsop's fable

who had the goose which laid every day a golden egg. Thinking to find many golden eggs within her, she killed the goose, and, finding none, lost all.

We took a sampan, and, sailing up the river a few miles, and turning into a little creek upon the right, soon came to the place. The grounds were large, laid out prettily and with good taste. Narrow walks, hedged with vases of flowers, extended in various directions. Artificial hills were covered with plants, shrubbery and trees, intermingled with rocks ; and among these were smaller paths winding and leading to the highest parts. Underneath were subterranean passages, so constructed as to represent grottoes, and wild, rocky places washed by the sea. The house was built upon stone posts, and situated in the centre of an artificial fish-pond. Railed walks, raised on piles above the water, led to it from two sides. Arched bridges, as if made for ornament, but probably to allow boats to pass under, connected some of the walks. The house was unoccupied, and, from neglect, was fast becoming dilapidated. We looked into the windows, and saw some of the unique furniture still remaining around the rooms. Paintings and pictures still hung on the walls, and a few carved ornaments were yet observable. The house was one story, designed and constructed purely in Chinese style.

Leaving Powtinqua's, we crossed the river to the residence of Howqua, who, I believe, is the wealthiest tea-merchant among the Chinese. On the way we partook of our lunch of cold fowl and ham, &c., and stopped a little at the Fah-Tee gardens, — extensive grounds of shrubs and flowers. The elder Howqua is dead, and his son occupies the place, though absent now. As we drew near the house, one of our boatmen intimidated us somewhat by telling us, with a long face, that it would not answer to enter the dwelling ; that Howqua's wife was alone in the house, and that we should be killed if we persisted. Mr. Hunt did not believe any such thing, and we continued on. We came to the gateway, and found the doors that opened into the grounds closed. On knocking several times, and then pounding, a Chinaman appeared. He opened the door far enough to see us, and shook his head. Mr. H. took from his pocket a piece of silver, and held it up before him ; the gate immediately opened wide enough, and we entered. The view which broke on us was the most beautiful of anything which we had seen or could have imagined in this region. Before the unique Chinese buildings spread out an expanse of green shrubbery, broken here and there by glistening mirrors of water, long walks and hedges

intersecting at right angles, and forming squares and oblongs; and long lines of flowers, in green-glazed vases, lined pretty little avenues, through which it was delightful to walk. The artificial arched bridge of wood, the small ponds teeming with fish, and the broad-leafed lotus-plants floating, all added to the beauty and variety of the scene.

We entered the house, and passed through the different rooms, which were of a small size, and of a style that would not suit our taste at all. We came away unfrightened by the sight of Howqua's wife, for there was no one in the house but a number of men-servants, to whom we paid a small fee, — not because they had done anything for us, but because they seemed to expect something. I do not believe that Howqua keeps his wives here, but maintains this more to have a pretty place to entertain his foreign friends.

I observed to-day, established in front of the hotel, three Chinese doctors, one fortune-teller, one gambler, and a dentist. The doctors had among their medicines charms of different kinds, several dried snakes, and one live snake. The dentist had a string of teeth, two yards in length, suspended from his neck. They held forth in bombastic language, each explaining to a waiting crowd his wonderful skill. The gambler and fortune-teller had their portable tables, dice, and cards, &c. The dentists pretend to make some application to the teeth which causes them to fall out; but I believe it is an acid that causes the crowns to crumble away, leaving the roots below the gums. The doctors had their medicines, salves, ointments, &c., spread around them, while they were seated in the midst of it all.

LETTER TO A BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Canton, China, October 9th.

My dear Doctor F——: This was a rainy and cold day, although in October, and in twenty-three degrees of latitude, — about the same as New Orleans or Calcutta. Most persons had to make a change of dress, and many with thick coats and pants were shivering. Such weather is rather unusual here. I have been busy a part of the day, trying to prepare some tooth-powder, as I had promised. I find much difficulty in making the Chinese understand me, and they stand and laugh like idiots. I am inclined, at times, to make them some demonstration for their impudence. I am almost always sure, when I go out to make a purchase, to bring home something that I did not go after, and to leave things that I did go for. Not being able to find the right articles, I have to take the next best, and I have to pay four times the amount that the Chinese pay for the same. But they will not deceive me after a while.

Our friend Dr. B., of the "Plymouth," while at the meeting of Mr. Davis with Governor Su at Howqua's, on Friday last, was admiring a large picture which hung in the room where they had dined. Howqua, observing him, offered to present it to him, which was accepted. It was to be sent the next day (Saturday). This afternoon a Chinaman brought in a large picture, which the doctor, supposing it to be the *picture* from Howqua, was much pleased at receiving; for he had been very anxious, fearing that it would not arrive before his departure by the steamboat. He quickly gave the Chinaman a dollar for his trouble, which the man received with many bows. Then the doctor commenced explaining the figures, and commenting to us upon the beauty of the picture. But the man who brought it soon interrupted, saying,

"Fifty dollars."

"Yes," said the doctor; "I would not take fifty dollars for it; this is a present from Howqua."

Then, holding it up to the light and examining a little more, he turned, addressing the Chinaman,

"Why, this does not look like the picture; where did you get this? Why, let me see; what is your name? Is your name Howqua?"

"No," said the man; "my name is Wun-chung."

"O!" resumed the doctor, "this is not the picture; you are not the man. I do not want this. Here, take it; give me back the money."

The Chinaman was a painter, and, having a picture much like Howqua's, was, perhaps, sent by Howqua or his servants to the doctor, under the belief that the difference would not be discovered, and the man would sell his picture for fifty dollars. But Wun-chung took his picture, paid back the dollar, and went away laughing. Whether Howqua intended or forgot to send the picture, we did not know; certainly he neglected to do so. But we all had a merry laugh at the joke on the doctor, and the doctor laughed as heartily as any of us that he had detected the man before he had paid him the fifty dollars. Occasionally, now, as we are sitting at the table or in the veranda of the hotel, or are walking through the streets, we have a good-natured laugh and mutual pleasantry with the doctor respecting "*Howqua's picture.*"

Wednesday, October 11th.— Yesterday was a cold and unpleasant day, much like one of our spring days in New England when an easterly wind prevails. I had a pleasant call from Commodore G., and enjoyed an interesting conversation with him.

Thursday, October 12th.— I was up at half-past six to keep an engagement with Rev. Mr. Roberts to breakfast with him. He called for me at half-past seven, and I was ready. He had a boat at the American garden, in which we went to his house, near two miles down the river. We visited before breakfast the execution ground, which was only a short distance. This was nothing more than a vacant lot of ground, about twenty feet wide, and fifty to one hundred feet long. Some Chinese carpenters occupied it in part at this time; it was used also for drying pottery ware, which had to be cleared out at the time

of an execution. There are three gates to it, through which the crowd cannot enter. The criminals kneel in a row, with their heads bent over towards the ground. Back of each man stands one holding their hands, which are fastened behind. At the signal, the executioner advances with a cutlass, and by one blow on the back of the neck severs the head from the body. If he should miss the mark, he does not repeat the blow, but the criminal is remanded for a new trial, on account of the superstitious belief that some superhuman power had interposed. The executioner walks along to each successively, till all are despatched. Other officers are present, seated in their chairs, to superintend the proceeding. Mr. R. saw twelve on one occasion beheaded, one after the other, in the short space of three minutes, by two executioners. A number of heads still lay in a heap, exposed as a "warning to others." After breakfast, having taken a short survey of the premises, I returned by boat to the factories.

After dinner, Mr. Moses and I walked in the American gardens, where we were joined by Mr. Bridgeman, and we had a talk of college days at Amherst, Mass. The weather was quite warm.

Saturday, October 14th.— Mr. M. invited me to go with him in his vessel, in a few weeks, to Manilla. If convenient, I shall do so. We walked through Old and New China streets, meeting great numbers of beggars, of both sexes, and all ages, and from the gray-haired to the child of four years. Each one of them had a little wooden bowl to receive the cash that might be thrown in, and all were crying out, in mournful strains, for charity. Several of the streets were quite full of them. Amid all their noise and confusion, it seemed like being in Bedlam. Many of them are loathsome-looking objects, and in passing among them one recoils with fear lest he should touch one. I presume that more than one hundred passed my window last night during the ten minutes that I was observing them. Several times three or four blind ones, in single file, led by one who could see, would pass together, each holding on by the clothes of the one in front. Sometimes a beggar will enter a Chinese shop, and commence drumming with a bamboo stick on a piece of board, continuing this till he exhausts the patience of the shopkeeper, who, fearing that his customers will be driven away by the noise, throws him out a coin called a *cash*, which is one twelfth of a cent, and the beggar goes off to the next shop, where the drumming is resumed. Frequently one of them may be seen standing in the middle of a shop, drumming away on an old gong as if for life, being in other respects perfectly motionless, and appearing as if he had been there for some hours.

With regards to all our friends, truly, B. L. B.

Tuesday, October 17th.— During the first of the evening we went up and had a view from the upper part of the house. There was a large platform and a railing above the roof, from which we could see over the tops of the other buildings throughout the city. Lanterns in every direction shone from the watch-towers, which are higher than

the tops of the houses. These towers are light structures, erected on high bamboo poles, for watchmen to rest in at night, and, overlooking the roofs, give any alarm of fire which may happen to "break out."

I heard this morning that the "Vancouver" was in, and I expect news from home; but I hardly dare indulge the thought, for fear I may again be disappointed. It is over five months since I left America, and I am very anxious to hear a word. I would give a considerable amount for news from home, if money could buy it.

Wednesday, October 18*th.*— This morn I was aroused from sleep by a number of Chinamen crying their various kinds of produce to sell, when they make the worst of noises. I should almost like to thrash them soundly for giving utterance to such unearthly sounds. One passes along, crying out one article; in five minutes another cries something else; a few minutes more, and another comes of the same character; and all at the top of their voices. This morning there were eight or ten different ones thus engaged; and, to increase the confusion, one of them came with geese and ducks screeching and quacking as if they had worn their throats to the bone. All this, with the drumming of the watchmen, was almost enough to drive me crazy. I am out of patience with them.

Thursday, October 19*th.*— It has been a very warm day; the perspiration flowed from me in streams. The mosquitoes are very annoying at this time. I have had quite a long talk with a Chinese merchant relative to the opening of the city gates next spring. Since the war of England with China, the Chinese have been much more prejudiced against the English than against other nations, so that the Americans and others seem to be more in favor with them, though, in a commercial point of view, I presume there is little difference. After some conversation on the subject, I said,

"Suppose I go with you inside city, you think they hurt me?"

He answered,

"I thinkee no makey bobbery you, s'pose Cheenamann sarvy (know) you. You 'Mereky mann; but no can sarvy true, alla same fashion, same facey, same closey, same lookee, no different fashion (from) that Ingliss."

"But," said I, "the Chinese like the English *now* well enough, do they not?"

"No can! no can! no likee!" said he; and, pointing to his mouth,

"Englishman very good talkee;" and then to his breast, "all heart bad, — no talkee true, — too much a proudy."

Friday, October 20th. — To-day I saw, at Dr. B.'s house, a patient whose finger had been bitten by a serpent. For nearly the whole extent of the arm the part outward to the elbow had sloughed, and portions of the finger.

At this moment the rain is falling in torrents, and the wind is blowing violently, very like the typhoon at Hong-Kong. Some say that it is another typhoon. Loose boards and blinds torn off begin to rattle about the streets, and the wind occasionally sweeps round, and wrenches the house with much power.

Saturday, October 21st. — Last night, between eleven and twelve, the wind blew in terrific gusts. Hearing a confused sound of voices in the direction of the river, I determined on going to witness what it might proceed from. I called Mr. M. up, who made ready to go with me. It rained pouringly, and blew almost a hurricane. We proceeded a short distance, when one of the gusts nearly wrested away my umbrella, and took off my cap. While I was after it, Mr. M. became frightened, and ran back. In the dark he encountered a post, that he thought at first was a man, which increased his fears. He soon reached the door, and resolutely refused to try it again, and I was obliged to go alone. I went through the rain, for I could not carry my umbrella spread, and found the Chinese boat-families and their boats in the greatest confusion. They were hurrying this way and that, and from one boat to another, without seeming to know what they were after, — all crying out to each other, to the extent of their voices, in excited tones and with frantic gestures, some for one thing, and some for another. But their principal aim seemed to be to secure their boats, which, tossed up and down, were dashing against each other. I walked to the end of the narrow pier, which was just wide enough for three to pass abreast, with the water splashing up over on both sides, and took a view of the river. I met Mr. Bourne here, making observations for his next day's paper. We could see little except their boat-lights, and the burning of incense-sticks and paper, which they were abundantly and anxiously offering to appease the supposed wrath of their deity. I came home completely drenched, and well satisfied with my adventure.

About five this morning, Mr. Hunt brought up my little Chinese dog, saying that the streets were full of water, and that it was pouring and had flooded the lower part of the house, drowning the little

fellow out of his sleeping quarters. All the forenoon boats and sampans were paddling about the streets. We went to the top of the house, and could see that the streets had been turned into canals, and that the whole American garden was a pond of water, which the wind and tide were driving further into the city. Some of the verandas and roofs were to be seen in ruins.

A gentleman who had an engagement with me came, at the hour appointed, in a boat, floating into the door of the house and up to the stairs, where he landed. Another gentleman told me, since the water has subsided, that he should have come in a sedan, but the water was so deep the coolies could not carry him high enough from the water to make it practicable.

Towards night the streets turned into dry land, and Mr. M. and I walked to the river. We saw stretched on the ground a Chinese boy that had been drowned, and the mother crying and lamenting as if she would die herself; many covered boats were more or less broken up, and strewed about in fragments. Others were stove, and full of water. I am told that the Chinese will not save a drowning person; they think that it is the work of Josh, with which they will not interfere, and that if the man is to be saved he will be saved without their interposition, though we noticed that many of the children still had on the bamboo floater which had been attached to their backs.

CHAPTER XV.

BEGGARS. — SING-SONG. — VISIT TO LEPER VILLAGE. — CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS. — DOGS AND CATS AS FOOD. — WALK WITH A CHINAMAN. — VOYAGE TO MANILLA.

Sunday, *October 22d.* — Messrs. Hunt, Moses and myself, have walked through Looking-glass-street. At every shop where we called a crowd of staring Chinese, as usual, gathered about the door, and in several instances in such numbers that the shopkeepers were obliged to drive them off. We again noticed beggars drumming up the shopkeepers to give them something. In one store, there were two men and one woman all keeping up an incessant clicking and dinging in the ears of the inmates. The wood, being resonant, sounds

very loud; and the shopkeeper, disturbed in trading with his customers, and having endured it as long as he could, petulantly stepped forward, and put a cash — a twelfth of a cent — into each of their bowls.

We could often hear them at a distance, before we came where they were. One of the beggar parties showed themselves to be quite cunning. They kept company with us into each store that we entered. The moment they commenced drumming, the storekeeper, perceiving that he was about to have European customers, would throw very quickly out the cash, to get rid of them. This satisfied them; for they quickly stopped their noises, and went outside; and when we came out we found them ready to precede us to the next shop, knowing very well that the shopkeepers would not like the noise when there was any prospect of a profitable trade. Owing to the superstitious belief of the people concerning them, they are never ordered out; but they will keep up the drumming for hours, if they do not get their cash, no matter how annoying it may be; for they have no regard for the ears of the shopkeepers, further than to stimulate them to throw out the money. Some beggars have the happy faculty of making themselves so very disagreeable that the shopkeepers pay them a regular salary to keep out of their shops.

At evening, I went into the street, to see and hear the "sing-song," a short distance from the hotel. These consist of eight or twelve Chinese musicians, seated on a platform, raised about ten feet from the ground. The place was decorated with theatrical articles, and prettily illuminated with lanterns. Here they burned their Josh-sticks, played and sung (or rather squalled), and acted like insane persons. They appeared highly satisfied with their own music, though such a heterogeneous mingling of horrid noises forcibly reminded me of the cast-iron band of college students in their occasional nocturnal parades. One of the musicians was so enraptured that he would often throw up his gongs with a whirl, and, catching them, strike them together, turn them over, and spin them on his thumbs, with various other motions. The object of this sing-song, I was told, was for chin-chinning Josh not to burn the houses in that street. I am told that the same ceremony is performed in other streets, by these or other musicians.

Monday, October 23d. — I went with Dr. B. to visit a village inhabited by lepers. It is situated a few miles in the country back of Canton, and is supported by the gifts of the emperor. Dr. B., as

usual, took tracts for distribution, — translations of the Ten Commandments, — which were given to the people along the way.

The lepers were a "hard-looking set" to be called human. I was almost disposed to regard them as an order below the human race. Their skins were covered with blotches, spotted, pitted, scarred, or in some way marked with disease, which extended to every person living there — man, woman and child, from the infant to the most aged. Different shades of effects throughout, — the whole catalogue of eruptive diseases, venereal and those of scrofula, elephantiasis in different shades and aspects, or all combined, — were to be observed among them. There were some singularly forlorn cases. One boy about twelve years old, with a diseased body and a wrinkled and dried-up face, appeared to be about seventy-five years old. The legs and feet of some, at a short distance, resembled those of elephants both in color and size; others had varied swellings, discolorations or distortions of the flesh, the natural results of their living and filthy habits. Such a living mass of diseased forms with idiotic expressions, gathering around us and gazing into our faces, was not agreeable. Many of them seemed perfectly amazed; and some felt of our clothes and flesh, as if doubtful what we were made of.

As we drew near the village we could see them collecting along the path, and hear them crying out, "Fan-qui-loo! Fan-qui-loo!" with each other; and as we entered they ran along behind and at our sides, shouting and laughing as if they were escorting strange beings into their precincts.

Many of them could read, and were much pleased to get the tracts with yellow covers. We took seats in the little temple or Josh-house, with the idols around us, and rested ourselves while we stopped; at the same time the whole village collected to look at us. I remarked to the doctor that I presumed we had a larger congregation than they had in their temple generally.

On account of the color of my hair they at first manifested some prejudice towards me, taking me to be an Englishman — one from the "red-haired nation," which had been at war with their country. But explanation being made that people from many nations had the same kind of hair, they were satisfied.

From this village, passing across the country and through the parade-ground of the Canton troops, we came to the cemetery where there is a temple to commemorate those who lost their lives in a theatre which was burned, several years ago, in Canton. There

perished, on that occasion, three thousand persons, whose remains were collected, brought out, and buried here. Hence foreigners call it the cemetery. Their names, as many as could be collected, were inscribed on little boards or tablets, and conspicuously placed inside in rows behind the altar.

All the sides of the hills about here are covered with grave-stones. On one small hill a funeral party was assembled. As we approached they manifested some alarm, but Dr. B. very soon quieted them, and gave them books. We passed through several villages, and stopped a few moments in a slaughter-house, where they were engaged in killing cattle for the supply of the city. Herds of buffaloes and goats were grazing in the pastures. Most of the villages were enclosed by bamboo-trees, looking very pretty, — much prettier at a distance, with their curved and ornamented roofs, than at a nearer view. The streets were very narrow — not wide enough for a carriage. This being the time of a Chinese festival, one long street was handsomely decorated; and chandeliers and images of paper, with various colors and of every description, were suspended over head. As we returned through it, a crowd of boys followed us, but we arrived safely at Dr. B.'s house at two P. M. After tea, I walked home, — a boy going before with a lantern, and carrying the images, &c., which Dr. B. had kindly given me, — and reached there at nine P. M., relieving the fears of friends at our long absence.

Tuesday, October 24th. — Last night the "sing-song," spoken of yesterday, kept up their disagreeable jargon till two o'clock this morning. It was quite a relief to me when fatigue induced them to stop. The variety afforded gratuitously by the beggars, the criers of meats and broths, and the Chinese sounds in general, was more than sufficient for my curiosity.

Wednesday, October 25th. — The "sing-song" has departed, and I hope they have chin-chinned Josh to their hearts' content. It is a pleasure to be free of their jargon and squalling singing.

I attended Dr. Parker's church, at his house, at eleven A. M., Rev. Mr. French officiating.

Mr. M., who rooms under me, amused himself in scattering copper cash among the Chinese in the street, thrown from the window in small handfuls, and seeing them scramble for it. The street soon became crowded with the Chinese, and it was a ludicrous scene to see them pushing, pulling, and tumbling over each other. But a couple of American friends, calling in, stated that it was very dangerous to have

such a collection of dissolute and disorderly Chinese ; that, if suffered to continue, it would be likely to result in a mob ; and, if so, there would be lives lost before it could be quelled. They said that several times a mob, collected by circumstances as trivial, had attacked the factories, which once had nearly been demolished. To-day the collection was of a motley gathering of beggars, coolies, and the lowest class generally, and it was rapidly increasing. They had to be driven away before they would leave.

In the evening we attended the religious services which were conducted by Dr. H. at Dr. P.'s house.

A curious instance of Chinese superstition is related in the *Chinese Repository*. On the flag-staff erected by Mr. Forbes, United States Consul at Canton, was a vane in the shape of an arrow. This the Chinese saw turning around and pointing in different directions, as if menacing the people ; and so much excitement was produced among them that the consul was induced to have it taken down. While a small party of sailors were engaged in doing this, some of the baser Chinese, who had pushed themselves into the square, got up a riot ; but it was fortunately quelled, and order restored. The following account was given by the Chinese gentry, and indicates the popular feeling on that occasion. It was written in Chinese, and posted up in their form of notices in the streets, to be read by the Chinese populace.

" On reflection, we think that both Chinese and foreigners ought to be at peace with each other, and each party behave themselves respectfully. The matter is, that in front of the American factory a new flag-staff was lately erected, and an arrow for a vane placed on the top of it, which shot towards all quarters, thereby causing serious impediment to the felicity and good fortunes of the land. But, upon the remarks of the natives coming to their knowledge, it appears that the said country's merchants took down the arrow themselves, by which we see that they are aware of their error. There ought, therefore, to be no ill-will between us and them. Moreover, these merchants have traded in Canton coëval with our dynasty, for two hundred years, and for the most part behaved themselves properly ; so in this affair having shown themselves obliging, we ought to excuse them. Henceforth, we sincerely pray that all may be at peace ; that, thus looking up, we may participate in our emperor's earnest desire to regard people from afar with compassion. This is what we most ardently hope for (from our own countrymen).

" A public notice from the gentry and elders of all the streets and school-districts in the four roads. TAOWKWANG, *twenty-fourth year, third moon, twentieth day.*"

LETTER TO A SISTER-IN-LAW.

Canton, China, Tuesday, October 31*st*, 1848.

My dear Sister E. C. B.: This evening I took a cooly with a lantern for my guide, and went down to Foo Ti, calling on Rev. Mr. L. He lives in almost wholly Chinese style. He has a Chinese house and Chinese furniture, &c., and I took tea with him on the Chinese lounge. He said that he walked home through the streets alone last night, but did not generally like to. Mr. W. had been attacked several times. This evening, while walking in the American garden, I heard the notes of a piano, which reminded me of home, and for a considerable time my thoughts wandered in those far-off regions.

Wednesday, November 1*st*. — It is a task to do anything with these Chinamen. A week ago, I engaged one to make the blade to a small instrument, leaving one for a pattern. I go to him, and say,

"Have got instrument done?"

"Arh?"

I repeat it, and put the question in a dozen different forms, and by and by he will say,

"No sarva."

After a while I find that I am not addressing the right man, who is not in at the time. I call once or twice more, and, perhaps, find him in, and say,

"Have got that instrument done?"

"Instremy, instremy? No sarva instremy."

"That litty steel, — so long time, you know, — I bring you three, four day before?"

"Ar-r-raha steeley, arh steeley-instremy — O yet, ivorie handley, I sarva; no have got proper, can have two, three day more — no can do so litty time — s'pose you cum two three day, can do."

I call again at the time, and it is the same thing over again. I have to go, and to keep going, and I cannot tell when I shall be done with them; and so with almost every little article that I may wish them to do for me.

My little dog I find that I have saved from being converted into chow-chow, for at the time I bought him such was his fate. The Chinaman pedler had him, with two or three others, all nicely fattened, in two wicker baskets, carrying them about to sell. The man, as I stopped to look at them, told me, by signs and motions, what nice chow-chow they would make, — pointing to his mouth. There were white ones and red ones, and I chose one with long curly hair, of a light red color, — somewhat resembling a young lion, — bargaining for him at seventy-five cents.

I had seen cages of dogs hawked about, but never before thought of buying one myself, till this little fellow arrested my attention, causing my desire to save him from his impending fate. Accordingly, the man brought him to the house, and I had him shut up in my room. Since then I have been trying to tame him; for, as soon as I entered the room, he would run and yelp, and get as far from me as possible; but he manifests no timidity at the Chinese. I have thought that if he

did not soon improve in his disposition towards me, my sympathy and affection for him would be gone, and I should pass him over to Chinese hands again. Cats, mewing their lamentations, are carried about in the same way, destined also to be served up on the tables of the Chinese. They say you cannot tell the meat from rabbit, but I care not about trying it, and had rather take their word for it. When I see any meat on the table that looks doubtful, I look for a wing, knowing that cats have not got wings.

I have not seen any rats yet, though I hear them squeaking and prancing about my room every night. Judging from their numbers here, I should not suppose them to be a very general article of food.

Rats are only eaten by the poorer class of Chinese, and then they are generally "dried rats," prepared by skinning, flattening out, and drying. The bodies are then strung on wires, and hung up in the rat-shops for sale.

After tiffin, I called at a Chinese shop, and the shopkeeper offered to take me around through several streets, to "see some curious things," as he called it. He accompanied me to Looking-glass-street; then to a street where they make and keep nothing but shoes, — Shoe-street, I should call it; then to one where they painted all sorts of Chinese figures, on rolls of paper, for window-curtains; then to shops filled with carved figures, which they sell at high prices. These were of hard wood, rhinoceros-horn, &c., polished, — vases, cups, bowls, idols, images, &c. Then we passed to a street full of tinsel-work; where were all kinds of filigree ornaments, with very bright colors. They were representations of various Chinese scenes, — of men, women, animals, groves, flowers, trees, houses, &c. Some were very large, — several feet in height and breadth. With these they purchase their wives (as the man told me), giving the father, if the girl is very handsome, one of the most costly and beautiful. They are very cheap, ranging from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars. I thought, by their richness, the price would have exceeded one hundred dollars. They have on them an immense deal of work, and I could not imagine how they could be afforded at such prices. When we came into a street where there were but few people passing, my conductor took the opportunity to tell me I must look out for my pockets, or I should find myself robbed; and then remarked that he could not say this to me before, lest some of the Chinamen should have overheard him.

In the evening I called at Dr. P.'s, and had an entertaining conversation with him and Mrs. P. upon home and home affairs. This subject, which *always* includes our friends, is *always* interesting to parties so far from their native country.

Monday, November 13th. — In the afternoon we went to see the regatta of the merchants, which was very exciting, some of the principals of the mercantile houses taking an active part in pulling the oars. Most of the European population of Canton, and many from Hong-Kong, were present. Mr. Heard, who awards one of the silver cups to the winners, sent me a programme of the affair.

Concluded to go down to Hong-Kong to-morrow, and to make a trip to Manilla with Mr. Moses.

Tuesday, November 14th. — At three P. M. I had all my baggage on board a boat for Whampoa. When I came from the hotel, all the Chinese servants were ranged along on each side of the passage to the door for cumshaws (presents). There were the cook, the cook's assistant, chair-bearers, chamber-sweepers, coolies, and others whom I could not recollect of having ever before seen, but presume they had served me in some way or other. In coming down the stairs, I wondered why all those two lines of Chinese were standing so ceremoniously, and looking as if about to do something, I could not tell what. As I approached, they similated most respectful countenances (which I had never observed before), and I concluded they were going to escort me to the boat, or something of that nature. But the foremost one of them soon made me acquainted with the object of their parade. He stretched out his hands, with,

"Doker Pau, s'pose you likey, litty cumshaw my?"

After I had given him something, another's hands came in the same way; and I perceived that each one was waiting his turn. I noticed among them the coolies who had carried my baggage to the boat, and whom I had paid liberally, twenty times as much as the Chinese would pay them; the washerman, who had beat out the new linen clothes for me, the first time they were washed; those who I had reason to suppose had stolen articles from my wardrobe, and others whom I had punctually paid, whenever they had done anything for me. And I said,

"O, no, not to such a crowd as this! There are no obligations resting upon me of this kind towards you; and you can continue to hold out your hands until I get to Whampoa, if you like."

And I passed through them to the boat, much to their disappointment. The boat in the middle was covered above, and my baggage, with the boxes of Chinese articles, was stowed away inside, so that there was scarcely room for myself. My boy and dog, however, crawled in on top of the boxes, and off we went.

Two miles down the river, at Puc-ti-mu, I stopped and called at Dr. B.'s a few minutes, and then went on. Soon we were out of sight of the boat population, only straggling ones being here and there to be seen. The tide and wind were against us, and we progressed slowly. With all the show of my things in front, I was, towards night, a little apprehensive of pirates. Several times suspicious-looking boats crossed ahead of our bows, as if to take a view of us. My revolver was freshly loaded with eight shots, and carefully kept in my breast-pocket, and. on showing it to the boatmen, it received their approbation; but we were not molested.

We arrived among the shipping at Whampoa at about eight in the evening. It was very dark, and it was difficult to distinguish one vessel from another. We cruised back and forth, looking for Captain Lockhart's fast boat, which was to pass about this time, and in which the captain had invited me to take passage, he having hired it for his own use. In case that I missed him, I had arranged to go in Mr. Bush's private cutter, which would pass later. I had given up Captain L., and was looking for Mr. Hunt's vessel, to wait and watch,

when I saw a vessel with white sails gliding by on the opposite side. By so much turning around, and going back and forth, I had completely lost the points of compass, and did not think it could be the vessel I was after, until it had passed, and was disappearing beyond the dark-colored Chinese sails. I had only time to point her out, and tell the men to pull for her and see. The boatmen were cold, and impatient to be released, get their money, and go back; and I was anxious to avail myself of this opportunity to go down, or I might be obliged to wait several days, and then it would be too late for the Manilla vessel. The men pulled, and in fifteen or twenty minutes we were within hailing distance, and found her to be Mr. B.'s cutter. We were soon alongside, and all my things safely on board. I paid the men their two dollars and a cumshaw, and we went our respective ways. I met on board Mr. B., Mr. McK., Mr. D., and the Sardinian consul. Later in the evening, there was provided a supper of cold Westphalian ham, and other good things to correspond. At eleven I retired to my berth, well satisfied with my pleasant and comfortable quarters.

Hong-Kong, Wednesday, November 15th. — We had a fine breeze during most of last night, and sailed along seven or eight miles an hour. I was very cold, and slept very little. At ten this forenoon we were within a few miles of Hong-Kong, and the wind was very light. We took the long-boat, and, with a dozen rowers, were soon set on the shore. The weather seemed much warmer at Hong-Kong than at Canton, though it is south only a degree and a quarter.

To-day I had my umbrella stolen most adroitly. I went into a Chinaman's shop to make a little purchase, and put the umbrella by my side against the counter. My hand and eyes were off from it only long enough to point out to the shopkeeper a piece of goods on a shelf, which was not twenty seconds, when I went to put my hand on it again, and it had departed. I looked around the shop, at some coolies about the door, and up and down the sidewalk, but no such colored umbrella was to be seen. I was ten feet inside the door, and I did not believe that any one outside could reach it. Yet one could hardly charge the shopkeepers with it, with their cunning, sleek, presumptive-looking faces. Had it been their property, it could not have gone without their knowing it; and I do not believe that mine went out of their store.

Tuesday, November 21st. — A party of us yesterday went on board the "Montauk," Captain McMichael, from Australia, bound to New York. He had on board a kangaroo, which would seem to take only two or three leaps to go the length of the vessel. I expected to leave this forenoon for Manilla, but the vessel with Mr. M. did not arrive from Canton. Mr. Drinker and I went and breakfasted with Captain Coates, on board his vessel. It was very rough in going and coming, and the distance being about two miles, we were considerably sprinkled with salt water. The weather is quite cold to-day. Read, at eve, Everett's Eulogy on J. Q. Adams.

Wednesday, November 22d. — At one P. M. the "Sabraon" came in. Mr. Moses has called, and said that he shall go at daylight to-morrow,

and that I must be ready to-night for an early departure. Mr. J. Kierulf, who lives here, kindly gave me an introduction to his family at Manilla, and told me much about the Philippine Islands.

Yours, truly, B. L. B.

At Sea, Thursday, November 23d. — At ten this morning we went on board the "Sabraon" once more, ready for a voyage. Mr. Anthon, of New York, Mr. Moses and myself, were the only passengers. At twelve the anchor was up, and there was just wind enough slowly to turn the vessel's head to the right course. Our friends left, and returned ashore, and I took a stroll over the deck to see what there was on board. I found the vessel well stocked. There were three hogs, two of which had large families; three dogs, all running about the deck; plenty of geese, ducks, fowls, &c. While passing the other side of the island, to the south-westward, we were becalmed, and came to anchor about dark. The motion of the vessel being disagreeable, and somewhat sickening, we all took to our berths between nine and ten o'clock in the evening.

Friday, November 24th. — I could perceive, before I was up, that we were under full sail; I had not forgotten the ugly motion of the vessel. The island of Hong-Kong looked very pretty from this side, having one little village, with the military station; and seaward thousands of Chinese fishing-boats were within sight.

Sunday, November 26th. — Early in the morning the barometer indicated a storm; and during the day and evening we had it in full. The upper yards were all brought down on deck, and even then we expected to see the top-masts carried away. Several times the vessel was thrown almost on her beam-ends. We were amused to see the dogs and hogs sent, in some of her antics, sliding, helter-skelter, to the opposite side of the deck, and tumbling and kicking all in a heap together. As the vessel righted, they scampered back as fast as their legs would carry them. For the last three nights I have slept but little, on account of pain in my bones, the rolling and jarring of the seas against the vessel, and the creaking and cracking of the timbers. But most of the time my thoughts were of home and America, calling to mind many intimate scenes. Once, on awaking from a short nap, it took some time to realize that my very vivid dreams of home were not a reality. But conviction at length came, and I was forced to perceive myself far away in other regions.

China Sea, for Manilla, Monday, November 27th. — The weather suddenly changed to-day to great heat, so that we all experienced very

depressing effects of it. So it is; yesterday there was too much wind, and to-day there is too little. I am poring over my Spanish grammar, endeavoring to reap some benefit from it before going ashore.

Tuesday, November 28th. — I saw the sun rise, and the land of Luconia (the largest island of the Philippine group) was ahead. We had but little wind through the day, and we kept off down the coast, with the land on our left.

Wednesday, November 29th. — For the last two nights I have slept on a settee, this being a cooler place than in my berth. Up at five. We are now quite near the high mountains of Luconia, the island of which Manilla is the capital; and soon we expect to round the Cape, and enter the Bay of Manilla. The Cape is in sight. The weather is very warm. At times the vessel is almost becalmed. We saw, this forenoon, four whales spouting. They were about half a mile off, and are the first that I have ever seen. We could discern but little more of them than the column of spray which they threw up, and a black hump.

We expected to have reached our port in four days, and it is now six. We cannot get in to-day, but trust we shall to-morrow. Three vessels are in sight, ahead. I saw a snake floating upon the water. It was about four feet in length, skin yellow, with dark patches, something like the adder; an ugly-looking reptile.

Thursday, November 30th. — This evening we were on deck, watching our progress past Corregidor Island, into the Bay of Manilla, and looking for the Manilla lights. The captain was obliged to tack back and forth, in order to pass through the narrow entrance, clear of the reef, which is just off the island. At twelve P. M. we had passed the island, and were sailing slowly up the bay, with the wind almost directly ahead. The captain, not having been here before, had to be governed entirely by the chart; and, consequently, our progress was slower. The distance from the Corregidor Island, which lies at the entrance of the bay, to Manilla, is twenty-eight miles, and will end our voyage, in ten days from Hong-Kong.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL AT MANILLA. — HOTEL. — CALZADA. — ORANG-OUTANG. — FEAST OF SANTA CRUZ. — INTERVIEWS WITH THE PEOPLE. — INDIAN THEATRE, ETC.

LETTER TO MY PARENTS.

Manilla, Friday, Dec. 1st.

My dear Parents: Early this morning Manilla was in sight, and about eight miles distant. At nine A. M. a Spanish gun-boat came off to us. It was a queer-looking thing in the distance, a row of long oars on each side, clawing over the water, appearing like the approach of some great spider. The officer and interpreter came on board; and soon after two other boats came for the news. The officer was a large man, with gray hair, and a gold band around his cap, and puffing away at a cigar, as if it was a part of himself. He came into the cabin, and took the lists of crew and passengers, &c. He examined our passports, and said that we should have them when we left Manilla. I learn that they are very strict in their rules and regulations with foreigners. For instance, if I had not my passport I could not have landed till I had obtained one; and, as it is now, I cannot take any of my baggage on shore to-day. However, I took under my arm a white spencer, and no objection was made. All the baggage has to undergo an inspection from the custom-house officers.

As our vessel would not get up for some time, we accepted the invitation of the officer to go ashore in his boat. Mr. Napper came with the officer, and invited us to his house. He was very polite, and made us sit down to a lunch with him. He seemed quite interested in natural history, showing us his collection of shells, and stuffed birds, and animals, which he had collected in Australia. He keeps pleasant accommodations for strangers, and a store as a ship's chandlery underneath. There is one other hotel here, kept by a Frenchman. But this has the pleasantest situation, with its rear upon the river close to the landing, and commands a view of the harbor from its verandas.

As we approached in our boat, the city had a very ancient appearance; and, as I should fancy from our distant view, looked much like Jerusalem. The walls were of a dull gray color, the roofs and domes of a rusty red, and the style indicated an existence of several centuries. Everything seems novel and curious, as in China.

I was congratulating myself on not having seen any mosquitoes during the day, thinking that we might be free from them in Manilla; but I was mistaken; for at dark they exhibited themselves in large force, and commenced their dirges and attacks.

I sent my letter of introduction to Mr. K., who very promptly called on me. He came in a fine carriage, with horses driven by an Indian

postillion ; and, after a little conversation, took me to call at a private boarding-house, kept by a Spanish lady, Doña ——, I do not remember the name. Mr. K. did the talking, and I the silent bowing. I looked at the room, and was pleased with the general appearance of things around, but did not conclude to occupy them at present.

I called on Mr. Griswold, of the house of Messrs. Russell & Sturgis, delivered letters of introduction, and dined with him in the afternoon. Towards evening I rode with Captain Saunders out on the Calzada. This is a fine, large, shaded avenue, encircling one side of the city, outside the fortifications, and is the favorite resort for the Spanish and foreigners, who take a drive in their carriages after the business and heat of the day are over. There were quite a number of Americans mingling in, whose easy, off-hand expressions would distinguish them from the set faces of the Spanish. All the residents who move in good society here keep their carriages and servants, and all strangers adopt their practice.

I suppose I may say I have commenced speaking Spanish ; for, having occasion to say two words, "*adios*, *señora*," to a Spanish lady, I said *adios*, but forgot the *señora*.

There is at the hotel an orang-outang, and I am already one of his particular friends. He will come, with a mournful expression, and lay his hands in mine, first one and then the other, and run to my chair for protection, when in fear. He is quick and high-tempered when crossed in his feelings, though not inclined to bite, or to injure any one. Nothing annoys him more than to offer him something to eat and then to withdraw it before he can take it. In his disappointment he will scream, throw himself down, and tumble over, striking his head passionately upon the floor. He is naturally very tame and gentle, and will sit at the table, use a spoon, and drink from a cup or tumbler — seeming a connecting link between the brute and human species.

I amused myself to-day in looking at the great variety of persons who passed my window. They appeared to be a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, and are called by the Spanish Mestizos. Most of the females are quite pretty ; jet black hair hangs in large tresses down the back, or is arranged on the head. There is to be seen among them as great a variety of complexion as there are shades of color. Their dress, of such bright colors, in checks, makes them look very odd. As I walked in one of the principal streets, there were persons sitting, in two long rows, one on each side of the street, selling various calicoes and piñas.

Manilla, *Saturday*, *Dec. 2d.* — To-day I had my baggage brought on shore. It had to go through the custom-house, and several boxes of tooth-powder were detained, as if it had been poison. I received a note from the officers, stating that the boxes would remain in their possession till Monday, when they wished me to call. My pistols they did not discover ; but my trunks were pretty thoroughly overhauled.

After dinner I went to ride with Mr. M. in the Calzada ; just at sunset we saw numbers of the Mestizos, standing by the way-side, facing towards the city, and crossing themselves, as if the bells that were chiming had commanded them to stop and observe vespers. Our

postillion (an Indian) stopped the carriage a few minutes also, took off his hat, and crossed himself. Others of the Spanish people did the same. On our way home we stopped, and for half an hour promenaded the Washington-street of Manilla. We passed several times the night-patrols, a body of mounted men in military uniforms. Armed guards are constantly stationed about the streets, gates, bridges, &c. At eight P. M. we formed a party, Mr. N. acting as guide, to ride out to see the illumination, previous to the feast, which takes place to-morrow.

Sunday, 3*d*. — This is the day of the "Santa Cruz" feast.

Santa Cruz is the name of one of the divisions of Manilla; the city being divided into a number of these, like our wards, although the city proper has a wall around it, distinct from the other parts. The Spaniards live inside the walls, and the Mestizos outside.

After breakfast I rode with several friends to call upon some Mestizo families. We were all made perfectly welcome at whatever house we entered, and invited to partake of everything the house afforded. Their tables were loaded with all kinds of pastry, preserves, confectionery, chocolate, &c. The ladies played to us on their harps, and produced very fine music. Those of our company who could speak Spanish held quite a lively conversation with them; those who could not speak it had to sit silent. I of course was one of the silent ones. At one house they were dancing and waltzing, several of the families having bands of music, which they hire by the year. These are made up of natives, who play as well as Europeans. The ladies were dressed like Europeans, and danced very well, though with a peculiar shuffling step.

One house, owned by a very wealthy widow lady, was almost like a museum, containing a great number of curiosities, with which several apartments were filled. Among these were stuffed skins of birds and wild beasts; thousands of shells of different varieties, many of them the most beautiful I had ever seen; and coins from all parts of the world, not excepting the United States.

Most splendid representations of Christ and the cross, images of the saints in silver and gold, some costing hundreds of dollars, were to be seen; and innumerable articles of a magnificent character, to which I could not give names, were arranged about the rooms; and tables were covered with glass vases and ornaments without number. One large table was filled with every dainty to tempt the appetite, and we were strongly urged to partake. But I found it hard work to eat at every house, for we went to a great many. At each we must take at least one of their little cups of chocolate, which was very thick and rich, until I began to think I should have to sign off; for I had taken so many I could hardly taste or smell anything but chocolate.

We entered one Indian house where a dozen persons were seated around a table, and, although Sunday, were engaged in card-playing. One Indian Catholic priest was also playing. They were not in the least disconcerted by our visit, keeping on as before. Here we were offered water to drink, sweetmeats to eat, betel-nut to chew, and cheroots to smoke. The betel-nut seems to take the place of our

tobacco for chewing, and to be a principal item in their offerings of hospitality. It is a bitter astringent nut, a piece of which is rolled in moistened lime, and wrapped in a freshly-gathered, pungent, aromatic leaf, belonging to the running vine of a pepper-plant. These are then put into the mouth, and chewed all together. The betel-nut grows in large clusters near the top of a tall and beautiful tree of the palm species. At two P. M. we returned home.

I was invited by Mr. Kierulf to dine with him, and go to witness the procession, which was to appear at five P. M. After dinner we called at a Mestizo house where he was acquainted, and there waited for the procession to pass. The streets were full of people and mounted police. No carriage was allowed to pass down this street, and several which had entered were stopped, the guard presenting a drawn sword. On one occasion the guard came racing down the street after a carriage; and, dashing in front, struck the postillion several times with his sword, in doing which his horse suddenly whirled about, and threw him flat upon the pavement.

There were present in the house where we were several families of the upper class of Spaniards, this being the only occasion in the year when they visit their Mestizo friends. Several of the young ladies were very amiable and handsome, but I could not converse with them, which, after an introduction, was a great deprivation. A little after dark the procession passed. First came a large cross, and torch-bearers in long rows, with lighted torches; then the musicians; then the images of different saints, and the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus, all dressed in beautiful robes and glittering tinsel. I should think there were some twelve or fifteen images in all, and each borne on platforms on the shoulders of several men. Lastly came the priests, &c. It was magnificent to look upon the first of the kind I had ever seen. We went around to the various houses, feasting and listening to music till near twelve at night. Several others joined our party, and we went in company. At one house we stepped in and took seats at the long table spread out at full length, and loaded with soups, meats, pies, wines, fruits, nuts, &c., for supper. People were constantly getting up and sitting down, as fast as room was made. Servants were busy replenishing and carrying away the empty dishes. We all received as cordial a welcome as if we had been acquainted for years, and were obliged to go through the ceremonies of eating, however much against our inclinations. I never saw people so very hospitable; it seemed as if they could not do enough for their guests. After the supper, we passed into the large front rooms open to the street. These were filled with ladies and gentlemen, walking, sitting, and standing; and all engaged in lively, cheerful conversation. Some of the ladies were too pretty and interesting for me to resist having a little conversation with them; and, after I had exhausted my few words of Spanish, I found myself still engaged with them, using more than a dozen English words to one of Spanish. Sometimes one would ask me if I understood, to which I would reply, "O, yes;" when she would say, "Why, no you don't," and away would run and bring an interpreter, who would set us aright, and then leave us to go on again. The

Spanish ladies seem to have the faculty of making themselves very agreeable, even when with foreigners who do not speak their language.

Monady, December 4th. — I called on the custom-house authorities to get my affairs settled, but was only able to accomplish a part. They require me to get permission from the governor to remain, even a few days, in Manilla; and also some responsible person to go with me to the governor, and give bonds for my debts, respectful behavior, &c. &c.

After dinner I rode a few miles into the country with Mr. Napper, calling at two houses, both Indian. The first was one of the poorer class, — not the best nor the worst of its kind, — and was built of bamboo, cane, matting, thatched with straw, &c., and raised four or five feet from the ground on four piles. The inside was ornamented with various pictures, splendid crucifixes, &c. They offered us water, cigars, and betel-nuts. The other was a large house, built in the Spanish style, and occupied by the priest, a Roman Catholic Indian. We did not see him, but saw the uncle's daughters, and their cousins. One of the daughters was sick, and, learning that I was a doctor, requested my advice. At a glance I saw that she was inclining to consumption. It was not a little difficult, and a slow process, to question her concerning her case, as she spoke only the Indian language. I was obliged to call in Mr. N. to interpret; and he, not speaking the Indian language much, was obliged, in turn, to ask the cousin, and the cousin the patient. The answers came in Indian to the cousin, who translated them into Spanish for Mr. N., who translated them to me in English; and, by the time it reached me, I had almost forgotten the question I had asked. I ascertained, however, that my first surmises were correct, and wrote a prescription, directing the regimen, and other particulars.

The cousin was a pretty and finely-formed Indian girl, dressed in the Mestizo fashion. After some acquaintance with her mother and other friends in the adjoining room, she became full of her jokes and prattle. She said she had lost her love lately; he had died, and she wanted to know what she should do for it.

I told her the best restorative was plenty of air, exercise, and occupation.

"O!" she says; "American dottor, humbudd!"

On our return we went to the Indian theatre. The play was taken from scenes among the Moors and Christians. The band, the scenery, acting, costumes, fancy dance by a little girl and boy, the style of the house and boxes, were all very well. The building was put together very rudely, the timbers inside being tied together with rattan strips. The ceiling was like basket-work, painted white. Chairs were used for seats, and the floor was like those of our theatres at home. The audience were mostly Indians and Mestizos, and nearly all were smoking — women, men, boys and girls; and the alcalde (the governor) even made his appearance with a cigar in his mouth, and sat for an hour, though the Spanish seldom attend. We could not understand a word said, for all was in the Indian language. The ticket-master

would not take our money, but told us, with a low bow, to "pass in;" and we met the proprietor, who politely, though in Indian, gave us seats.

Tuesday, December 5th. — I called again on Mr. Griswold, at Russell & Sturgis', to get my affairs with the authorities settled. They kindly become bondsmen to the government, giving security to a considerable amount for my behavior, debts, &c., and sign the letter requesting permission for me to remain in Manilla; but it was too late for the authorities to be found in their offices to-day.

I visited, with Señor B., the house of a Spanish lady. We saw the step-mother, and a pretty young lady, who played the piano and sung very well. I had some conversation, through Mr. B., who interpreted. She inquired particularly about my family in America, and was amused to learn that it comprised so many doctors. She gave me a cordial invitation to the house whenever I chose to call; or, if I wished to practise music (as I told her I was fond of hearing it), her piano was at my service any time.

The interview was rather amusing, yet stupid for me. Only a few such Spanish words coming to my mind as "gracias" (thank you), "buenos noches" (good-night), very good, very well, and such terms; and some of these came in pretty often; for, if she did not wish to wait for the interpretation, she would address the Spanish directly to me, and I felt obliged to answer something at once.

Wednesday, December 6th. — Mr. Sturgis very politely took me in his carriage, and accompanied me to the government buildings within the city walls or fortifications. "The decree had not yet fallen" from the governor, and we returned without accomplishing anything. At evening a company of native musicians came in, and gave us tunes from their instruments, and melodies from their voices. A little boy and girl of their number danced polkas and waltzed. There were two other Indians performing on the flute and violin at the other end of the hall, each group facing the other; and we had music from both parties alternately, though they were competitors.

The orang-outang had another flare-up with me to-day, because I left him too suddenly. He stood holding his head pensively in my lap; and, as soon as I started to go, he threw himself on the floor, and, screaming, rapidly knocked his head, then chased after me, and, not being able to catch me, would again whirl over sprawling on the floor, catching at the legs of the tables and chairs, and screaming with all his power.

Some time after, he watched his opportunity, and, before I knew it, had hold of my leg, to which he clung tight, till he had, hand-over-hand, got his arms around my body. It was some time before I could release myself from him, which was not till I had allowed him to remain a while, to become pacified.

Thursday, December 7th. — I called again, with Mr. Sturgis, on the officials, and signed a paper, which Mr. S. also signed, becoming my security.

A large snake, of the anaconda species, fourteen feet long, was taken by the Indians this morning from a pile of wood and rubbish, and

fastened by his neck to a pole. Around that he twined, like the serpent of Moses, and thus exhibited himself in the court-yard of the hotel.

After dinner I rode with Señor Barado, to take a view of the buildings in the city proper — the chapels, cathedral, nunnery, lady's college, government buildings, tobacco-house, fortifications, execution ground, &c. We passed gangs of criminals in irons, returning from their labor to prison, guarded by armed soldier attendants. The public buildings had a very ancient appearance, being blackened by age and covered with moss, sprouts of vegetable matter, and little plants. At evening we called at Señor B.'s house, and there partook of chocolate and sweetmeats. Two Indian servants played the guitar and flute, while we waltzed with some of the ladies. We then rode again into the city, and listened to fine music from the bands in front of the governor's house, and on the Calzada. Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

Manilla, December 8th.

My dear Sisters: This is another holiday, or feast-day, and nothing is done in the way of business. After breakfast, with Mr. Napper, in his carriage, and Mr. Moses following behind in a sulky, we started for the feast at a place about eight miles in the country, called Pac-ig.

At San Pedro, six miles out, we stopped at an Indian house, where they provided us with refreshment, and we got a banker (a small canoe) to take us up the river. About a dozen Indians ran along by the carriage for a quarter of a mile, offering their services and canoes up the river Our postillion took the carriage back to the village, and we were paddled up about two miles in a little narrow banca. We joined some other friends from Manilla, and, making up a party of six, visited at the different Mestizo houses all day, their tables being loaded with the usual variety of sweetmeats, chocolate, &c., open and free to all visitors. At evening we were again together, visiting at other houses, where we seated ourselves, listening to the music of the piano, harp, and voices. At every house a table was set as in the daytime, and covered with sweetmeats, &c., of which all were welcome to partake. The procession was, as usual, of a religious character, and very pretty, but short. From almost every house that was passed proceeded music ; and the streets were brilliantly illuminated and handsomely ornamented.

During the day I went into the church, which is very large. I understand that the Catholic is the only religion tolerated on the island of Luconia. This church appeared as if it had stood for ages. The inside was very beautiful, and about the altar was a great quantity of silver plate. Near by is a circular stone building, raised upon eight arches, in which was a large image of Christ crucified. Human bones and skulls were lying scattered about in the enclosure outside, which I presume was the burying-place.

We all started at half-past nine for home ; and, going back to look for two of our companions, found they had stopped at another house,

where they heard music, and were again dancing and waltzing. We then visited still another house, which we did not leave till an early hour in the morning. In this last house we waltzed on a floor constructed of bamboo strips interwoven, though the owner, an Indian, was worth forty or fifty thousand dollars. This was not very easily done on such a bending, basket-like floor; but all must dance. If they could not dance, they must hop and jump, which would answer as well. The proprietor continued to dance with almost frantic steps and leaps, as if he would never stop. I wished Mr. N. to ask him if he was not fatigued. He did so, and the reply was,

"When he danced, he *danced*, and as long as he could stand; and when he worked, he *worked* till he was ready to drop down."

In his ardor the Indian caught hold of me, and whirled me in the waltz for about fifteen minutes in such quick time as I had not experienced before; and when we were through he patted me on the shoulder, and cried out,

"Bueno, bueno Americana!"

Saturday, *December 9th.* — Our party left Pac-ig this morning about four o'clock. With the aid of the river's current we came down in canoes very rapidly, being only about an hour. The moon shone brightly, the scenery on the banks was very pretty, and the motion of the banca produced sufficient breeze to make it comfortable. We reclined squeezed into the bottom of the canoes, and although nearly asleep, yet from the novelty we enjoyed it very much. These little boats are only wide enough for one, though long enough for several, and the sensation they produced was to make one imagine that he was in a coffin; which, again, was not so agreeable. Having been on our feet most of the day, in a hot sun, and dancing all the evening, we were naturally disposed to be quiet; and so, on arriving home in season, we enjoyed a few hours' sleep.

I took a drive with Mr. A. a few miles into the country before dinner. I had not been that route before, and found it an exceedingly pleasant one.

Sunday, *December 10th.* — After breakfast I rode with Mr. Napper and other friends, and passed an Indian cock-fight, in an amphitheatre. We went in and witnessed a number of combats, but left on seeing one cock killed by his adversary. It seemed cruel to arm them with such sharp and pointed weapons, which were made hollow to slip over the spurs, with an edge as sharp as a razor, and shaped like a curved penknife-blade. The cock that was killed and his antagonist had not fought a minute before they both fell, at the same time, one upon the other, apparently lifeless. As they thus lay, a great tumult arose among those betting or interested in the game to decide which was the conqueror; for the dollars which lay in small piles around were ready to be claimed by the winning side. In the midst of the dispute and excitement, when the decision was about to be made in favor of the one which fell at the top, the one underneath jumped up and *ran off*. Then came a shout and hurra, and it was immediately decided that the one which ran away was beaten, and the dead cock remained the conqueror. The proprietors of the establishment, for a license, pay

the government ten thousand dollars a year. They charge twelve and a half cents as an admission fee, and receive a certain percentage of all the money staked. Hundreds of cocks were there, tied up by one leg in different places around the grounds, ready for a combat.

Two American men-of-war, telegraphed yesterday, came in this afternoon. I went on board the "Plymouth" with Mr. Napper, and met several friends.

Monday, December 11th. — This evening Mr. M. had a supper-party in his room, consisting of several friends from the "Plymouth" and myself. We remained at the table an hour and a half, with toasts and songs, the evening's amusement commencing at ten. Music and dancing filled up the remaining hours. I sent my baggage to the new boarding-place, Doña Agipita's, to-day, but lodged at my old home at the hotel this night. In the former part of the evening I was called to see an Indian woman in fits. An hour was sufficient to restore her to consciousness.

Tuesday, December 12th. — Was in my room at my new boarding-place most of the day, selecting and learning some phrases in Spanish, to make myself understood, if possible; for no one speaks English here.

In the evening Señor Papia, a Spaniard, invited me, with some others from the hotel, to his house in the city. I went with Mr. N. There were two pretty young ladies, and after tea they gave us music on the piano and harp, to which all waltzed, danced, and sung. They sang a number of very fine Spanish songs. The one who played the harp was only thirteen years of age, though she seemed sixteen or eighteen.

Wednesday, December 13th. — The barometer has fallen since yesterday thirty hundredths, indicating a severe blow. This evening it rains, and begins to blow like the typhoon in China. We have closed up the house. My room has the windows of the veranda and the doors shut (though usually all are open), which is stifling, this hot weather.

Thursday, December 14th. — My doors, windows, &c., being closed, I did not wake till past nine this morning. It blew very hard during the night, but I hear of no damage done.

Friday, December 15th. — Dr. Skinner assisting, I administered chloroform to a gentleman, and removed several carious teeth. Much surprise was manifested by him when he learned that the operation had been done, and without pain or consciousness.

Sunday, December 17th. — A Mestizo lady called this morning for medical advice. Mr. N. interpreted for her, and I thought she never would get to the end of her story, mixing into her case her present, past, and future history, and that of her relations. Breakfasted at the hotel at nine o'clock, after which Mr. N. and I accompanied the purser on board the "Plymouth," where we took tiffin, and afterwards dined with Captain Gedney. Yours, &c.

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTER TO A BROTHER. — EXCURSION TO LAGUNAS. — CROSSING THE LAKES. — INDIAN HOUSE. — LETTER TO A SISTER. — EXCURSION CONTINUED. — CROCODILE LAKE. — DUCKS.

LETTER TO A BROTHER.

Manilla, December 18th.

Dear Brother J.: The heat of the weather here is enervating, and I generally contrive to keep in the house a part of the day, remaining in during the middle hours. Dinner is served at four P. M., and afterwards it is customary to take a drive to the Calzada. One who has not been in a hot climate can hardly conceive of the luxury of a ride towards night, after the heat of the day, when the cooler air begins to return. This afternoon I had an engagement with Mr. M., and we went on board the "Plymouth" to take leave of some friends, the vessel being about to depart for China, with the United States Commissioner Davis, and Commodore Geisenger. Most of the Americans living here, and a number of Spaniards, were on board. After a pull around in the bay, we returned home to take a ride into the country; but I had lent my carriage, which had not been returned, and I was forced to remain at the house. The Spanish, and most of the foreigners here, keep their carriages; walking out is a rare exercise, though I frequently do so with an umbrella. The horses here are smaller than ours. Your large blacks would make a most respectable appearance among them.

To-day I had an interview with a wealthy Mestizo gentleman, who is said to be worth a million of dollars, and is upwards of eighty years of age. After chatting a while, through an interpreter, he gave me his address and left, saying he should call again. He is very eccentric, plain and independent, and in walking is obliged to lean upon his Indian servant. One of his eccentricities is, that he has three daughters, far past the desirable age of matrimony, each of whom he has always opposed in any alliance of that kind. One of them once eloped, some years since, and went with her lover to the church to be married; but in the midst of the ceremony she repented, and returned home without a husband, very much to the joy of her father.

At nine this eve Mr. N. drove us to Señor Tuason's to arrange about going to the "lagunas" (lakes). Christmas week in Manilla is one holiday; no business is done. The lakes are thirty miles in the country, and are celebrated for pretty scenery, crocodiles, lizards of the larger species, ducks, serpents, &c. There is also a volcanic mountain to be seen in that region.

By invitation from Mr. G., I dined with him, meeting a pleasant company of Americans, in the wholesome American style.

Wednesday, December 20th. — I took a sail in the harbor with Mr. A. and Mr. N., calling on board of several vessels, — one Spanish, two English, and the American man-of-war "Preble."

Saturday, December 23d. — I went over to the city and called upon the alcalde, in compliance with a notice to all foreigners to that effect. Some ladies called to request my services for the diseased eye of one of their party. Towards night we dined; and immediately after we set out for the lagunas, and volcano. Mr. Hood, formerly of New York, has done me the favor to procure a passport of the governor-general, permitting me to go into the country. Our party was composed of six persons — Mr. Napper, Captain Wood, Mr. Tuason, Mr. Marshal, Mr. Alexander, and myself. Two carriages took us a few miles up the river, to San Pedro, giving us a pleasant ride, and affording more variety than to have taken boats all the way. We stopped at the house of Captain Synod, an Indian, who was pleased to treat us to beer; but he was still more pleased when we granted his request to sing a few songs. We sent the carriages back, and embarked in two bankers — long, narrow canoes, hollowed out of single logs.

At Pac-ig, a few miles on, we called at Señor Antonio's, and made a supper in part from the provisions we had brought with us. We sang several songs for the amusement of the family. Among these were "America," "Old Lang Syne," and "Long, Long Ago," which they seemed to enjoy much. We were very hospitably treated at both houses. These people are of the better class, and have the largest and best dwellings. The houses are built after the European fashion, with large and high rooms, decorated with pictures and various ornaments, and long entries and verandas. The lower part is built of granite resting on arches, with long and wide stone steps. This class of Indians speak both the Indian and Spanish languages, and are quite wealthy.

Soon after starting, we loaded our guns and pistols, and slept on them. Both bankers were lashed together, side by side, so that in case of any disturbance we might be all together, to act as circumstances should require. We were seated in the bottom of the bankers, which were just wide enough to confine our sides, all in single file and facing the same way; and for an hour we laughed and talked at our ludicrous situation, until, one after the other, we fell asleep. Between eleven and twelve at night we were aroused by the stopping and noise of the boatmen, and found ourselves at the entrance of the *lagunas*. Not more than half awake, seeing strange boats approaching, and not knowing that we were to make a change here, we concluded that an attack on us was about to be made, and we caught up our arms and prepared for action. It was soon explained that it was the prow, coming to take us on the lakes; and we removed ourselves and baggage, without further alarm, into the prow. This was a larger boat, hollowed out of a large tree, rigged with sails, and covered in like the top of a teamster's waggon. We had a lantern, and arranged things pretty comfortably, though the bamboo covering over our heads was so low as not to permit of our standing; and we had either to take the

recumbent posture, or sit on the same level, with our feet straightened out before us. We were soon under way; and, little or nothing being distinguishable in the darkness, we sunk into repose again.

Sunday, December 24th. — We were sailing the whole night; and this morning early we were up, or part way up, looking out and enjoying the quiet scenery of the lake we were crossing. Afterwards we passed into a little river, and at nine A. M. we landed at Binyang, an Indian settlement a short distance from the lake. The banks of the river were thickly wooded, and many birds of bright plumage were flitting among the branches of the trees. Mr. N. shot several; but they were so very beautiful — golden-yellow, red, and blue — that I did not like to kill any myself. We walked a while among the bamboo houses, and then crossed to the opposite side of the river on a bridge made of strips of bamboo, woven like basket-work. It required a little resolution, at first, to step one foot after the other on this yielding material; and we passed slowly over, more frightened than hurt.

At this village we went to the house of a wealthy Indian acquaintance of Mr. N., and were treated to all the hospitalities his house could afford, and strongly urged to remain to breakfast; but, as we had our own provisions in the prow, we returned to a house near the landing kept by a Mustesoe widow, and paid her a small sum to be accommodated. Our provisions and dishes were brought; our boys prepared the food, and we breakfasted as independently as six kings.

At eleven A. M. we started to go to a town twenty-five or thirty miles across the lake. The weather was windy, and the water rough, wetting us now and then. We should have capsized often, had it not been for the "outriggers" fixed on the sides; these struck upon the water when the boat tipped, and kept it in an upright position; it was a simple frame-work, curved, extending eight or ten feet from the sides like two wings, and when the prow was upright hovered eight or ten inches above the water.

As we approached the shore, fifteen miles distant, we could see rising volumes of dense white vapor, which the boatmen told us came from a boiling spring. About four P. M. we reached the shore and landed, but had hardly left the prow before we concluded there was time to visit Crocodile Lake before dark, and we set off again for that purpose. This was only a few miles distant, and when it was over and we would land, the boatmen were afraid of the rocks, over which the water was breaking. All that we could say — that we were not afraid, that a wetting would not hurt us, that they (the boatmen) only wanted an excuse to get back, in order to have the remainder of the day to themselves, &c. — would not change their purpose. After scolding at and disputing with them for a quarter of an hour, with the outside bank of Crocodile Lake before our eyes, we were obliged to yield, and refrain from any attempt at landing. We then told the boatmen to go where they liked; we did not care if they went home again, and we should know what boat to engage another time. But they took another view of the shore, and the Indian captain shaking his head, round we came, facing back again. They stood out now into

the lake, so as to make a long tack, the wind being ahead. We were all much disappointed, and I particularly so; for I realized so well that when an opportunity is once allowed to slip through the fingers it is hard to recover again; and I should have proposed swimming to Crocodile Lake, had not the thoughts of a stray crocodile checked me. After a couple of hours of tedious beating back, we landed with our guns to walk along the shore while the boat should continue on its way to the boiling springs. We found nothing of note, except some large birds, which carefully kept out of our reach, till we arrived at the springs. These proved to be a small stream of hot water, which ran part of the way under ground, and part of the way out, emptied into the lake, and produced the clouds of steam. The origin of the stream is not known, but it can be traced several miles back to the mountains, where, no doubt, the water is heated from volcanic influences. At the place where the water empties into the lake the Indians were scalding hogs; and where the water even mixed with that in the lake we tried the temperature by dipping in our fingers, which we gladly withdrew the same instant.

At dark, all our provisions, sleeping apparatus, and various other things, were brought from the prow, and deposited in our room, which we engaged at an Indian house for safer keeping; and while dinner was preparing we went up a little distance to the padre's (priest's) house, and made a call on him. We remained a half-hour, during which he was very sociable and agreeable, giving all the information of this part of the country he was able. I managed to make a few inquiries of him, through the three who could speak Spanish, about the volcano. But he said so much of the distance, the time, the bad roads, the robbers, and various difficulties, that my feelings were too much damped to hear more, and I was glad when he stopped. Several of our party were already so convinced of its utter impracticability that they thought it was useless to think of the project any longer; but to me the visit to the volcano was the dearest wish of the whole trip. I thought I could discover, from the peculiar construction of his answers, that the padre was prejudiced against our going further into the country; he did not speak with his usual candor; and I concluded to let the affair drop here, and make further inquiries from some other source. The padre was exceedingly polite and affable; treated us to little things to eat, drink, and smoke. He told us of the midnight mass for this evening in the church adjoining his house, and invited us warmly to call again.

Returning to our room, we found our dinner ready. Potatoes and eggs had been procured of the natives and boiled, and portions of our cold cooked meats, bread, butter and cheese, &c., were placed on the table, and we sat down and ate one of the heartiest and best-tasting dinners we had had for years. There was quite a little concourse of Indians from the neighboring houses looking in at the door, with much curiosity and interest, to see us eat.

The table being cleared, and our things spread on the floor, we soon were stretched out in two rows, head to head, for our nightly repose. A half-hour passed in turning and changing to find an easy position,

and in joking comments on each other; and all became quiet, except the deep breathing of the sleepers. I felt no disposition to sleep, and lay with my eyes partly closed, observing the scene. The Indians continued to gaze in at the door, and two or three of them, bolder than their companions, gradually worked themselves inside, and stood looking on us. The inmates of the house, as if led by curiosity, passed and repassed, with their noiseless bare feet, through the room, to an adjoining one, scanning us at each turn. One Indian boy, of about eighteen years, stood back and looked in, with his mouth open, with awe and fear depicted on his countenance, as though we were a set of sleeping giants.

As I lay, the only observer, to my knowledge, of the scene, I came to the conclusion that a hearty dinner of ham, eggs, &c., taken into the stomach at so late an hour as ten o'clock, was rather too weighty an aliment to rest under, particularly on a hard floor. When the Indians were gone, I sat up, and, looking on, laughed till I was tired. First one and then another would heave a long sigh, groan a little, turn over and screw around, until they were in any position but the one they had taken at first. One had his feet resting on the body of another, and an arm thrown back over the face of his next neighbor; one had his feet on another's pillow; and one, suddenly straightening himself out, brought his feet forcibly in contact with another's neck and chin, which awoke him, with the alarm that they were being attacked, and the Indians choking him. One groaned out something indicative of bodily suffering, and unconsciously rolled himself over his next companion, who, crushed by his weight, muttered out, loudly, "O, heavens! you are killing me!" Another, soon afterwards, in a disturbed dream, cried out, "Clear the boat! Clear the boat! we are sinking! O, for God's sake, where are you?" One other, I noticed, lay drawn out straight on his back, with his arms extended at right angles, representing a cross. He, probably, was dreaming of wild beasts or the Indians, and ejaculated rapidly, "Shoot! Shoot! There he is!" and some other similar phrases.

The Indian family, composed of five or six, occupied the room adjoining, and opening out of ours. Several times one of them came and looked in, glancing his eyes over us, then around to the guns in the corner, the powder-horns hanging up, boxes and other things around the room, with an anxiety of countenance which indicated to me that he was at a loss to know how to regard us.

Between twelve and one at night, Mr. A., who was not able to sleep longer, and I, unable to sleep at all, resolved that we would go and walk a while. We went out, but finding it so dark, we could only make our way to the church, where there was an assemblage at midnight mass, and a priest in his robes officiating. The church was lighted up, and the altar, images, and other furniture of silver and gold, looked splendid, in contrast with the dark walls. We groped our way home in the dark, not finding the house till we had passed it, and searched for it some little time, much to our discomfort and fear of some barking dogs. We found our companions as we had left them, and, fixing

ourselves down again, were able to get some sleep. I shall continue the account of our trip in my letter to S. Yours, truly,

B. L. B.

LETTER TO A SISTER.

Manilla, Monday, Dec. 25th.

My dear Sister S. : We arose early this morning, and were glad to forsake our hard beds. The day was ushered in by a pouring rain, which darkened our prospect of enjoying the excursion, which we had attempted and failed in yesterday. Some thought we had better wait for the rain to cease, and some that we might as well give it up, and call it a lost day. But three of us were ready to start at once, and make the most of it, rain or no rain ; when another came over to our side, and four were for going and two for remaining. These said they would remain, while we might go, and they would have the breakfast ready on our return. Our necessary comforts being conveyed to the prow, we embarked. With a favorable wind, the boat skimmed over the surface in an hour, and we landed without difficulty near an Indian fisherman's hut that stood alone; engaging the fisherman's service as guide, we ascended a steep hill, clambering over stones, through slippery mud, and drawing ourselves up by the wet bushes and branches of trees. When we reached the summit, Crocodile Lake lay before and below us. It was circular, and looked like an immense earthen bowl sunk into the ground, and two thirds full of water. The banks are very steep, and covered with a thicket of brush and trees almost impenetrable to human steps, which form a black, scraggly ruffle entirely around it, and somewhat into the water. The surface of the lake appears to be two or three hundred feet below the top of the ground, and a mile or two in diameter. A few minutes' view of it leads one almost imperceptibly to the conclusion that it is the crater of a former volcano, since extinct, and afterwards gradually filled with water. I wished very much to make the descent to the water's edge, and get a sight of the crocodiles, large guanas, &c., with which it is said to be so thickly infested. We did make a slight attempt; but the ground was slippery, the descent abrupt, the brush thick and prickly, and we thought if we encountered any large serpents it would be a bad place to make any defence; for nothing would be more disagreeable than to be in close communication with a serpent twenty or twenty-five feet long, without the free use of our arms and feet. With such considerations, we thought it more rational to dispense with it till we could come provided with hatchets to cut our way through.

On the return descent we observed many beautiful birds, of rich and gaudy plumage, though they were not large.

We made a short stop at the Indian fisherman's bamboo house. Underneath it (for the house is raised high enough to walk under), confined in a kind of basket, we espied a wild animal, a little larger than our domestic cat, with one young one. It was of the tiger species, and was savage in its actions, snarling, snapping, and scratch-

ing at our sticks. Captain Wood purchased basket and all for fifty cents, and took it with us.

We now went on board our boat again, to return, completely drenched with rain, clothing soiled, pants once white now black with mud, &c. We fired at a few birds, as we sailed along near the shore. They were so large, and had such a spread of wing, that it was nearly impossible to fire at them without hitting, which was frequently proved by the scattering of their feathers. The crane species, most abundant here, have very long wings, long legs, necks and bills, with bodies slender in comparison. We were obliged to put out into the lake to make the point from which we had embarked, and it continued to rain and blow hard. The basket-work covering to the boat proved a good shelter from the sun, but not from the rain. We were seated crosswise the prow's deck, ranged on each side, in alternate positions of bodies and feet, so that each one had a pair of feet and legs on each side of him, and a pair of bodies each side of his feet. In this way we sat, the dirty water drizzling on us as from a sieve, enduring our wet fate with the fortitude of philosophers, and making merry of all our discomforts until we reached the shore again. On disembarking, washing and cleaning ourselves as well as we could, we joined our companions, and partook of a warm breakfast with a keen appetite, after which we prepared to leave.

While at breakfast, we were visited by several Indian families, among which were a number of very pretty Indian girls, apparently ranging from twelve to twenty years of age. They were dressed neatly, according to their custom, were bashful and modest in their deportment, attracted from curiosity to see us. One of them was quite pleased with our friend A., and showed herself openly, but timidly, attached to him. She was with her father and mother, and present a few minutes last evening while we were eating. This morning she walked with Mr. A. down to the boat, and seemed considerably disquieted when she saw preparations being made for departure. Some of her relations came down, and, after considerable persuasion, induced her to go back with them, but she quickly returned alone. Mr. A., taking her hand, bade her "good-by," and we pushed off. As the boat receded, she walked back and forth in such a troubled manner that I expected to see her rush to the boat through the surf. She was the last one standing on the beach and watching the boat. Mr. A. occasionally with his handkerchief waved her an adieu, which she answered as long as her form, and her long black tresses, wildly flying, could be distinguished. I told my friend that I should consider myself fortunate to be beloved even by an Indian girl.

Not being able to persuade others of the party to attempt the journey to the volcano, we gave up that project, at least for the present, and were making our way across an arc of the lake to another Indian town, where we stopped for a time, surveying the country, and shooting some water-fowl, which were very plenty in this vicinity. The part of the lake that we had just crossed was thickly covered by immense quantities of wild ducks. For a mile or two each way the water was literally blackened with them. As we gradually approached them

they rose, forming one dense circular cloud, extending, in an inclined plane, as far as the eye could reach; and, as we advanced, they continued to rise, circling away in the distance.

Before reaching the land we held a short council, and concluded to go in quest of some accommodations for the night. Leaving to servants to guard the baggage in the prow, we took canoes up a little creek, to another small town, where we found the head man, the capitan of the place. At his house we held another council, and, after much discussion, concluded to try to reach our journey's end to-night, if practicable. The town we wished to make was four miles further in the country, and was quite a large place, where we could be sure of safe and comfortable quarters. Of the town where we were now stopping none of the party had any knowledge; and, from the manners of the people, and their endeavors to induce us to remain, and the obstacles thrown in the way of our departure, we knew not but we were among robbers. They represented the road as dark, muddy, and liable to attack from thieves; and said no one would let horses go at this hour of the evening. But we had decided on going, and the capitan was bound, by our passports, to furnish horses at our request, for which we must pay the government price; and we demanded them on that ground, forthwith. Meanwhile, some of us went down the creek again, and had our things from the prow brought up in the bankers. The capitan and his men were endeavoring, or pretending to endeavor, to get the horses; still they did not come. We were very impatient, for it was dark, and there was no moon to light our way, and we were to travel unknown roads, in a strange country. Two hours passed, and only four horses were brought, which were standing saddled in the yard. We wanted eight, six for ourselves and two for the servants, besides men to carry our baggage, and guides, with their horses. We held another council to deliberate on the state of affairs, in which the capitan seemed much interested, looking on as if with doubts in his own mind as to what conclusions our sober faces were coming to. The decision was to go with the four horses, and to take turns in riding. But on further consideration, we concluded it was better to all walk, each expressing himself ready to go through *fire* and *water*, robbers or no robbers. Accordingly our pistols were freshly loaded and capped, and our pants stripped above our boots; with four Indians to carry our baggage, and two guides, fourteen in all, our little party marched forth. We had not gone a quarter of a mile before we met an Indian loaded with plantains; the poor fellow thought he was taken, as we laid hold of his plantains, for we had not eaten anything since morning. We took all he had, eating a part, filling our pockets, and giving the rest to the men to be taken along with us; and paid him well, for which he expressed his entire satisfaction. In talking with him, he said he could get us his cart and buffaloes, and carry us all, and we eagerly engaged him. We returned to the capitan's and waited fifteen minutes, the time the Indian had allotted as sufficient for his preparation. An hour passed, very impatiently, when, on inquiry, we learned that the buffaloes were out in the pasture and could not be found, and it wanted but a few minutes of ten. We considered the

late hour, the darkness, the bad state of the roads, the robbers, &c.; and, in contrast, by remaining, there was a good Christmas dinner, a fine time, and a quiet night's rest. Mr. A. arose, made a speech, and closed with the remark that he "should go in for the dinner, at all events, whether we went or whether we stayed." There was no dissension, and the resolution passed to remain where we were, and have the Christmas dinner. The capitan seemed as pleased as any one with the result of the deliberations, and showed himself well disposed towards our comfort.

The servants set about the work at once; fowls, eggs, fruits, &c., were procured; and, with our own provisions, the table appeared in an hour covered with dishes, smoking hot. We then engaged in the business of consumption with true zeal, and for an hour heartily enjoyed the Christmas dinner, without giving a thought to the effects of the late dinner of the last night. Songs were sung, toasts drank, speeches made, and a most lively time experienced, such as quite astonished our host's family, which stood looking in from the other part of the house.

Between twelve and one, having seen that the Indian's family were quietly sleeping in their own apartment, our blankets were spread on the floor, and, pistols underneath our pillows, we gave ourselves to the disposal of Morpheus. Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTINUATION OF EXCURSION TO THE LAGUNAS AND VOLCANO. — ARRIVAL AT COLUMBO. — PERPLEXITY OF LANDING. — PREPARATIONS AND DEPARTURE FOR VOLCANO. — RIDE BY NIGHT. — DETENTION AT AN INDIAN HOUSE.

Manilla, December 26th.

My dear Sister: I will continue to you the account of our excursion to the volcano. We arose at five this morning. All the horses we wished were saddled and bridled, and stood at the door awaiting our orders. We started in the rain, leaving one servant to take care of the baggage, which was to be transported in a buffalo-cart. On account of the rain, our small, raw-boned, narrow-contracted ponies were urged to their full speed; and, splashing through the mud, we passed the four miles very quickly. Such a number of us entering the town together made the inhabitants stare as if they thought we were about to take the place. The capitan received us very cordially, gave us some breakfast, and accompanied us to the cotton factory and other places of interest. This is the only cotton

factory in the country. Mr. A. and I did not wish to examine it, as we could see these things at home; and, passing hastily through the building, now not in operation, we took our guns and started for the mountain, in quest of adventure. We travelled through the forest, among the largest and grandest trees I ever saw, — trees of dense, thick foliage, and towering up to an immense height very beautifully. Our elms at home, with a maple bark, carried up a number of times their length, might resemble them. We passed many places where the earth had been freshly rooted up by the wild boars and hogs. Our guide says that these animals are very numerous, but we did not see any. We saw a few beautiful birds, and a flock of six, each of which was about the size of an eagle. Monkeys, our guide informed us, are plenty here; but, as it was raining very hard, they probably had sought a place of shelter, for we saw none. As usual, I kept my eyes wide open for the snakes, looking above, below, and all around, as we advanced. Once I stepped unconsciously on a large branch, which, starting up at the other end, set me, my hair rising, into two or three leaps, when I turned and put myself into an attitude of defence, and perceived the cause of my fears. My mind was so on them that I fully expected to encounter some of their snakeships, and I kicked the dark branch about some few minutes, not satisfied with being frightened without finding a cause. I quieted my mind by saying I would rather meet one of these reptiles than to be so falsely startled by sticks. Being wet and muddy, we did not long continue our pedestrian tour, and turned homeward. On our way the guide climbed the trees and threw down a few green cocoa-nuts, the ends of which being sliced off, we drank the sweet milk, which was quite palatable, and quenching to our thirst. We also discovered a number of cinnamon-trees, being attracted to them by the aromatic fragrance of their foliage. We eat the green bark of the tender branches, and gathered some of the leaves to bring away. In passing a large field of sugar-cane, we saw fly out flocks of small birds of extremely beautiful plumage, which had there taken shelter from the rain. We broke off and chewed some of the stalks of the sweet cane, which seemed much like the sweet juice of our corn-stalks. The natives are very fond of it.

At our host's house we met two gentlemen who also had left Manilla for an excursion. They had once visited the volcano, and I had a long talk with them about it, to judge for myself of the expediency of making a trip there. The gentlemen represented a tour there as possible, but not unattended with difficulties, which, of course, we were prepared to expect.

After dinner, while writing my few pencil-notes, I resolved on going to the volcano, even if I had to separate from the party and go alone. As I made my intention known, Mr. N. said that he wished much to go, if it could be arranged. Mr. A. would like to go, but feared that his infirmities would not admit of it, as our journey would be mostly on horseback. Captain W. would be pleased to join, but such a journey on horseback would completely upset him, if he did not get upset from his horse. Mr. M. and Mr. T., of the

company, were in favor of going, were they not sure that the expedition would take a number of days; but they must be back at Manilla at a certain time, to attend to some affairs of business. But we could not come to any united decision, although with me it *was* decided. We returned to the prow together, where we again discussed the subject. Mr. A. declared that he would make the attempt; Mr. N. was quite enthusiastic for the project, and ready to facilitate the preparations with all speed. I was fearful that the ride back to the lake, on such hard-trotting, short-necked, and short-legged ponies, would disable me, like my friend A., from carrying out our intentions. I was sorely harassed, but kept my ails to myself. Several times my stirrups gave way, nearly precipitating me to the ground. It was well understood now that three of us were going to the volcano, while the other three remaining were to amuse themselves by hunting and fishing about the lake, &c. It was near three o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the prow, and things progressed so slowly that I assumed dictatorial power, and scolded the servants, setting them to reship the baggage, by taking hold myself and hastening their movements for getting the prow off.

In half an hour I was relieved, as well as rejoiced, to know that we were on the way to Columbo, the opposite side of the lake, which was to be our starting-point.

On our arrival at Columbo, Messrs. N. and T. jumped ashore and left for the capitan's, to procure horses and make the necessary preparations, while myself and the others remained by the boat. It soon became very dark, and, tired of waiting for them to return, we had our things taken to an Indian house at some little distance from the shore. This was not a little perplexing, as we knew nothing of the disposition or character of the people, and every movable article had to be removed from the prow to secure its safety.

The Indians were very ready to assist, and so much so that we feared they would make off with something. One of us stood with a flaming torch at the boat, to see that the things were properly taken away. Others followed the carriers with torches up to the Indian house, and saw them deposited in our room. It was a passing and repassing of flaring torches in the rain and impenetrable darkness. The wind would blow our torches out, and we lose our way, getting into some place, we did not know where, and only knowing the direction by some torch freshly lighted. Once I was hastening back to the boat in almost a contrary direction, when, finding so many obstacles in the way, I turned towards a torch, and, coming up to it, saw an Indian carrying some of our baggage. I followed, unknown to him, to a house, when I found, much to my surprise, that it was the same which contained the rest of our goods, and the one I had a little before left.

With all the anxiety for our baggage and ourselves, it was with pleasure that we assembled in the room of the Indian house, and found no articles missing. Mr. T. returned without Mr. N. He said he had, in the extreme darkness, lost sight of him, could find nothing of

him; and, retracing his steps for a time, finally procured an Indian to show him the way back.

We found the house we were in to be that of a Teni-en-te, a kind of sub-official to the capitan. It was built of bamboo, like all the Indian houses, and set high from the ground on posts. When we ascended the steps to our room it seemed like being in a chamber. The floor, of braided bamboo, bent and crackled under our steps as we passed over it. The provisions that we required were readily obtained, dinner was prepared, and, after waiting some time for Mr. N., we sat down without him. We finished dinner, played a game of whist, and still he did not come. Nine o'clock came, and, as we were consulting about sending the Teni-en-te in search of him, he entered the room, and, much to our satisfaction, made his explanation. He had found, with much difficulty, the capitan's house, at another village, after a walk of two miles, and made known his wishes. The capitan endeavored to dissuade him from the project, particularly in so dark a night. He told him that there was a gang of forty or fifty robbers somewhere on the way; that this afternoon he had received news that a party of Englishmen had been attacked last night by them; that there was a large forest to pass through; and that, on account of the darkness, the bad roads, deep with mud, it would be almost impassable. He thought it doubtful if he could find horses and men to-night willing to go; and, moreover, he was unwilling himself to take the responsibility of forwarding us at such a time. After this account there was a silence of several minutes, in which no one spoke; and then the others strongly advised us not to think of going. It was certainly rather cooling to our ardor; but Mr. N. had brought the secretary of the capitan, who was to carry our decision back, and, if we concluded to go, the capitan would make the best disposition he could. We were not long in considering; each again expressed himself ready to go through *fire* and *water;* and our enthusiasm ran to such a pitch that the Teni-en-te caught it, and desired to go through fire and water with us. Nothing could suit us better, and the messenger-secretary departed with his message to the capitan. The business of our companions, who were to be left behind, would not admit of their remaining longer than the day after to-morrow; and we arranged with them, if we were not back at that time (on Thursday, at noon), they could go without us. That would give us for the adventure a day and a half. The distance there being thirty miles, the sooner we were off the better. Putting our things together, and buckling on our freshly-loaded pistols, we took a parting glass of wine together, and set out on foot for the capitan's. The Teni-en-te, with a servant carrying a lantern, led the way; Mr. Napper, Mr. Alexander and myself, followed, with the servants and baggage-carriers. Each of us had an arm-full of blankets, saddles, bridles, or something else, notwithstanding which we trudged over the two miles at a rapid pace.

At the capitan's house we found the preparations progressing; but we had to wait their completion, and the capitan took the opportunity

occasionally to endeavor to persuade us to remain there all night, and start in the morning. Each time of which he was answered with,

"Our determination is fixed to go to-night."

About fifteen Indians collected around, and seemed to be much interested in us. I believe they had the impression that we were going in pursuit of the robbers who made the attack on the English party last night. The Indians took out their long knives, proposing that we should take them, flourishing them in their hands, saying, "That is the way they should be used." We took them, fastening them upon our persons, and promised to leave them on our return.

At length, it being near eleven o'clock at night, the capitan informed us that all was ready, and, mounting our small, raw-boned ponies, we sallied out of the yard. The moment we were outside, everything was of one color. We could not distinguish the road, houses, fences, nor each other's horses; all was one black mass above, below and around, and nothing but the lights at the Indian houses was to be seen. Two Indian policemen, armed to the teeth, acted as guides and guards, — one going ahead, and the other behind us, — eight persons in all. I involuntarily put up my hand to clear my eyes, as though they had been blindfolded. My horse was moving, but in what direction I could not tell, and I believed no one else could. I cried out for a halt till we could get our lanterns; but the guides said that would not do, as it would direct the robbers to us. "O, well," said I, "let us get together and go ahead." The sound of our voices was enough for that, and on we went. It seemed as if we were going through a boundless black waste, without roads. I fancied every moment my horse was about to run against something; and as to guiding him, that was out of the question; for, if he could see, it was more than I could do. I could tell when he was going up hill and down, and that was all. Had any one proposed it, I believe I should have been willing to turn about, and wait till morning; but nothing was said about it, and I would not propose it myself. I thought that at the end of half an hour we should be able to see better; but it made no perceptible difference. We were often obliged to call out to those in front to know if we were following. The sound of the horses' footsteps was some direction; but that was often lost in the soft mud. Once I heard Mr. Napper's voice, as if in the distance,—

"Doctor, doctor! we are in the woods now."

"How do you know?" said I.

"The Teni-en-te says so."

"O, very well; I 'm glad if he can see them."

Mr. N., who was ahead of me, had on a white coat, and I had a white handkerchief fastened under my cap, and hanging down my back, as a distinguishing object to Mr. A., who was behind me; but if we became separated ten feet, the white was no longer visible. At times Mr. A. would cry out to me,

"I say, doctor, where are you? Hold on a little; I don't know where I am."

When I was obliged to call out to Mr. N. to stop, or I should have lost him; and he, in turn, had to call to those ahead of him. Some-

times the horses would come to a pause, and then slide down some steep place, causing us to fear lest we should land, horse and all, at the bottom of some bank or precipice. Again, we were ascending some difficult place, for the horse came down on his knees, as his feet slipped. Then we seemed to be on some narrow ridge, the animals' feet slipping and gathering first on one side and then on the other; and which way to lean, or which way to jump if the step were lost, could not be known. It was necessary to poise one's self easily and freely, without stiffness or restraint, holding by the knees only, and allowing the body to sway to and fro, adjusting itself to the motions of the horse. Twice I found myself moving very slowly in among branches of trees and shrubs, which were brushing on all sides. I asked of my friend behind if he knew where we were; but, receiving no answer, I stopped and listened, and could just make out footsteps far below me. I now quickly called out,

"Hulloa!"

But there was no answer, and I repeated, at the top of my voice,

"Hulloa, there!"

At some distance the answer came back,—

"Hulloa! come on."

"Come on!" said I; "I am lost, and in the woods somewhere; send the guide back."

I soon heard the voice of the guide approaching, calling out at intervals, and directing himself by my responses. I had to laugh, perplexing as it was, to hear, every five seconds, his "Urngh," inquiring (where are you), and mine following immediately after, "Urngh" (here). Having pushed himself through the brush, he took the horse by the head, and led him down a deep descent, and brought us together again. It seemed like a charm to hear each other's voices once more in concert, and to be able to distinguish each other's forms, though only dark shadows. Here we missed one of our armed Indians, who went behind. What became of him no one of us could divine.

We travelled at a slow pace, walking, except when the horse was obliged to make three or four rapid steps in stumbling over some log, stump or stone, or clambering up an abrupt ascent. I often thought what would I give to be able to see, for once, what kind of a road this really is, if, indeed, there is any road at all. What singular sensations I experienced this night in this strange country, passing through wild forests, our ears, now and then, assailed by the distant wail of some wild animal, with thoughts that he might suddenly honor us with his presence; and then in narrow defiles, the walls of which, in places, were so near as to knock our legs on both sides; and the knowing that there was a gang of robbers, whose visit would in no way surprise us! Did I not think of old Boston, and Northboro, and all my friends at home? Did I not think of my aged father and mother, — of him in the depths of winter, although perpetual summer here, in his daily round of administering to the sick; and of her at the old homestead, who, with her usual care and watchfulness for her children, might at the same moment be exchanging thoughts with the one absent, though she could not know where! But a long time was

not allowed for musing; attention to the horse by his sudden motions was required, which would break up the connection of thoughts every few minutes.

After a couple of hours, we were able to distinguish the outline of the forests, marked on the lighter sky on each side of us, like the banks of a deep trench, filled with solid blackness, in which we were moving.

Wednesday, December 27th. — At about three o'clock this morning we came out of the forest on to a rise of ground, where, for the first time since starting, we could see anything. Directly before us were a few Indian houses, and we were all very glad to halt; for it was much more fatiguing to ride in the dark than in the light. We were conducted to a bamboo house, which contained but one room, on the floor of which lay the inmates, — about a dozen black men, women and children. They had curly hair, and their dark faces, protruding from their blankets, were more like negroes than Indians. I did not fancy them, and would have preferred to change our quarters; but, while I was looking at them, my companions and guide were already down among them, and there was no alternative left for me but to occupy the most vacant place, and make one with the household. I took another survey of the cut-throat-looking people as they lay stretched out in disorder, and, wrapping around me the blanket which I had brought, I joined the prostrate company. When we first entered, three or four of them, awaking, raised themselves into a sitting posture, scrutinizing us with surprise. To do them credit, one of their number — a woman — pushed towards me the end of her bolster, or pillow, for my head, which civility I did not expect from such people. I accepted it, that I might be able to see around without raising my head; and, taking out my pistols in her sight, I replaced them within the folds of my coat on my breast, and lay quietly down again. I tried to sleep, for I was very tired, and needed it; but it was of no use. I could close my eyes, but, on the occurrence of any movement or slight noise, I was sure to open them, and take a glance around.

Yours, &c.,
B. L. B.

Manilla, December 27th.

Dear Brother: At half-past four, after an hour and a half of rest, from which I derived very little benefit, our guides aroused us. Mounting our horses, we were again on our route, under more pleasant circumstances than the preceding night. Here, for the first time, we were enabled, by the dawn of day, to observe how we looked together on horseback, and came to the conclusion that we presented a rather forbidding appearance to any Indians who might wish to attack us. The two guides looked more formidable than any of us. They had, instead of caps on their heads, a kind of shield, made of hard wood and leather, which, in case of need, they could take off and use as a protection against spears and other missiles. They had a pistol on each side of their saddles, and the handle of a long knife projecting from their belts behind. We found that our saddles were made of wood. The

stirrups, also, were chiselled out of a solid piece of wood, and were so small that only the toe of the boot would catch in. It was necessary to keep a continual strain on the feet to retain them in their places. The bridles had but one rein, and that was a rope fastened to one side of the bits. Thus far there had been no occasion for reins, for the horses would pick out their way much better without any interference on our part, except from the use of a stick.

We could now see the road, which here was pretty good. I looked back, trying to discover in what kind of a place we had spent the night: but the uneven state of the country prevented me from making out any trace of it. We now urged our horses at a smart pace, the road being muddy, but not difficult, often leaving our guides a mile behind. It required some practice to know how to manage horses with one rein; but we soon learned the art, and could whirl them round, and perform the various evolutions, with one rein as well as with two. The Indians teach them to go with one rein, or with none; and I frequently saw them riding at full speed, and guiding their horses by the hand on the neck only.

Our next stopping-place was at the capitan's of the next pueblo, about sixteen miles from Columbo. He provided us with chocolate and eggs, and a change of horses, detaining us more than an hour. I thought the animal I rode had some very singular actions, and, on examination, found him blind of one eye. I could not before account for his stumbling more than the other horses, but this explained it.

The moment that our animals were ready, taking care this time to get one that could see with both eyes, we settled for our guides and horses with the Capitan de Sillia, as he is called, and were again on our way.

The price of horses and guides from one village or town to another, a distance of four or five miles, is twenty-five cents apiece. This is regulated by the Spanish government; and travellers, having passports, can demand horses and guards at any time from the capitans, who are obliged to furnish them without delay, receiving for them the regular fee.

The capitans are chiefs of the towns, and are native Indians. They live in houses built after the Indian style, constructed of bamboo and cane, and raised on posts from four to seven feet from the ground. Beneath, usually, one can walk or fasten his horse, or the room may be used for many other convenient purposes. No nails or pins of wood are used in building, but all is fastened with straps of cane, or rattan, wound around the joints. The floors are laid on bamboo joists, strips of bamboo being interwoven crosswise, so that from below upwards through the whole extent there is a good circulation of air. The roof is of similar construction, and thatched with leaves of the betel-nut and plantain-trees. The windows are blinds made of cane, braided like basket-work, and fastened under the roof, or made to slide. Glass for windows is never used on the island. The stairs are after the principle of the ladder, with rounds of bamboo; sometimes two or three rounds are placed together, which facilitates

going up and down, and makes them more like stairs. These dwellings are very neat, both inside and out.

For the next few miles, after our change of horses, we had a delightful ride, though the sun beat down with considerable power. We galloped pretty fast, so that I had not much time to observe anything. My eyes were generally ahead, to see what view would open on us next, so new and strange did everything about us appear. We had glimpses of rare birds, various kinds of trees, thick shrubbery, vines, and many pretty flowers. There were some beautiful palms; but the prettiest tree of all was the betel-nut. This looks, to the length of thirty or forty feet, as if it had been turned out by machinery and polished, and then surmounted with a tuft of green leaves, under which the betel-nuts were growing in clusters. We rode faster than our guides, and arrived at a river, at the end of the road, as it seemed. We galloped in various directions, hoping to attain the road again; but did not find it, and we were obliged to wait for our guides to come up. They soon arrived, and, beckoning to us, much to our surprise, plunged into the river, and we plunged in after them. The ponies were good swimmers, taking us safely across, and up the opposite bank, when, winding round a large rock, we entered the road again.

Five or ten minutes brought us into another Indian town, and to the capitan's house. We promptly gave directions for fresh horses and guides to be made ready, and took some refreshment, — filling our pockets with dry cake, which we bought. We met here a gentleman from Manilla, who was alone, and bound on the same excursion as ourselves. He desired us to wait an hour, and go on with him; but we wished to be back to join our companions at the prow, and could make no delay. The capitan examined our passports with great importance, stating that we had already transgressed our limits, as we were beyond the province assigned to us, and that if he acted in accordance with his official duties, he should have us arrested, and conducted by a guard of soldiers to the provincial jail, to await orders from the government at Manilla. The capitan of another town was present, and Mr. N. entered into conversation, and soon made friends with both of them. We remained conversing with them for some time, treating them to some of our choice stores, and the capitan gave his consent for us to proceed. Before we left they embraced us over and over, shook hands with us, swore *eternal friendship*, promised us their assistance, if required, in whatever part of the island we might happen to be, and suffered us to proceed on our journey without further question.

We soon found ourselves galloping, at full speed, on a fine road, making direct for "Taal Lake," in which the volcano is situated. A few miles on, and the road began to decrease in width, and we soon entered one so narrow that we could only pass in single file. Our path wound about in every direction, up hill and down, in many places so steep that the horses would slip, — sometimes forward up hill, and then backward down hill, — and had we been without a guide, I should have sought some other and safer path. I had constantly to be on my guard, as the pony stumbled over stones and uneven places,

though I was sure he could see with both eyes, — as proof of which he would shy from imaginary objects on either side of the way. The occasional breaking of our stirrup-straps, made of brittle, sunburnt leather, was another source of uneasiness, especially when riding at full speed, which required considerable dexterity to prevent being thrown, and left on the ground behind.

The almost scorching heat of the sun reminded me of its enlivening effects on serpents in tropical climates; and my eyes searched every side among the limbs and branches, and particularly those low over head. I once imagined I saw one at some distance ahead, stretched across several limbs; but, in our turnings, I lost sight of it, and when we came there it had disappeared. No animals of any kind showed themselves, except parrots, and several varieties of small birds of most beautiful colors. The parrots were of a pure white, and flew from tree to tree like pigeons. Yours, truly,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XIX.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE VOLCANO. — TAAL LAKE. — ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN. — CHARACTER OF THE VOLCANO. — VIEW FROM THE EDGE OF CRATER, ETC.

Manilla, December.

Dear Brother: As we neared Taal Lake, from an elevated spot we caught the first glimpse of the volcano of Taal, as it is called. Enraptured with the first sight of such a natural curiosity, we all simultaneously stopped and gazed on it. For some moments no one spoke, and then each one gave vent to his feelings of admiration.

"Is it not grand!"

"How proud, how stately, it looks!"

"How majestic it stands alone, enjoying its own glory, unconscious of anything else, as if it was the whole world itself!"

"With what power, and yet with what ease, does it pour forth, to the skies, its massive-like clouds of incense!"

In the distance appeared a low, conical-shaped mountain, glistening as if of white sand. Its uncouthly-formed summit showed numerous ragged, angular, half-rounded, perpendicular points, standing against the back-ground of the deep blue sky beyond. From its centre shot upward a spiral column of dark-colored smoke, like a spiral shell standing on its apex; and from its inverted base rolled off, horizontally, immense curling and twisting bodies of dense white vapor, spreading out into a broad mass, mingling and gradually disappearing in the clear atmosphere. And encircling its foot lay the quiet water of the lake, stretching out like a dazzling mirror, its broken and scolloped edges

bordered with a fringe of dark green trees. My emotions refused to form themselves into words; and the starting of my horse, as he sped after his companions, which were disappearing down the opposite side of the hill, broke in upon my thoughts, and buried them still deeper within my own breast.

In half an hour we were at the lake, — a beautiful sheet of water, some fifteen or twenty miles across. Our horses had hardly stopped before we swung from their backs, and gladly touched the earth again; for we were jolted, lamed, heated, and fatigued. In exercising to recover the use of our limbs, we cut most ludicrous figures. Age seemed to have crept on us since we commenced the excursion; our steps were like men of ninety, and each laughed heartily at the others, though each felt himself to be no laughable subject.

We had passed several Indian houses a little way back, and the Indians followed to provide us with canoes. Our horses being secured, we stepped into a canoe, and two Indians plied their short paddles. Opportunity was now afforded for refreshing ourselves from our store of drinkables and eatables; and never did water, mingled with a little wine, though thoroughly warmed by the sun, taste better. We felt invigorated anew, and were ready for other hardships. The water we kept in a hollow piece of bamboo, about five feet long and four or five inches in diameter, but a most disagreeable vessel to drink from. The open end is applied to the mouth, and the other end, like a gun, is raised to the required height. Generally, one receives a flood over his face before being aware that it has reached his mouth.

The sun poured down its heated rays, which reflected with intensity from the smooth and glassy surface of the lake, so that we feared more from its brightness to our eyes than from its heat to our bodies, — though, the equator being within fourteen degrees, it was at least comfortably warm! The superior comfort of the Indians, in their slight garments, could not escape our observation; and, with all their simplicity, it rendered them, even in our eyes, more consistent with the laws of health than ourselves, with all our assumed knowledge. The perspiration ran freely down their tawny skins; but, with all their labor, it was less profuse than ours, confined as we were in our saturated clothes. The less frequent passing and repassing of the long bamboo to them also confirmed our views; for our parched mouths needed moistening once in five minutes. The canoe glided rapidly over the water, but, restless beings as we always are, we could hardly restrain our impatience for it to reach the shore. We watched the curling, ascending smoke for an hour and a half, when the boat touched the land, and we sprang out upon the base of the mountain-island. All that we could now see of it was a barren waste, with here and there a tuft of grass.

The most tedious part, that of gaining the summit, was now to be performed, and we set about it at once. The road was as hard and smooth as if prepared by a mixture of gravel and mortar; but its inclination was steep, and the ascent, under a broiling sun, I knew would be laborious, though the height of the mountain did not appear to exceed a thousand feet.

I had, before this, learned that if, in ascending high places, a person should commence gently and leisurely, he will have strength to hold out to the end. But if he begins hurridly, he will find himself failing before he has advanced a hundred feet: and at each subsequent step he will become more and more fatigued, and, after many halts on the way, will sink down exhausted, on reaching the top. My progress, therefore, was slow over the more gradual ascent, while my more animated companions were pushing ahead as fast as they could go, in spite of my interpositions and endeavors to induce them to a more protracted pace; and, consequently, I was left considerably behind.

The ground reverberated to our footsteps, indicating a hollowness beneath, and the gravel-like surface-crust, from long exposure, crumbled under our weight. The last half of the distance was much steeper than the first, and at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, — making it necessary to take a zig-zag course, of double the distance of a direct line, and to turn our feet inward to make them hold. It was fatiguing work, obliging us occasionally to stop to take breath; and the perspiration ran down my face in streams. I arrived on the summit half an hour before my companions; and it was not a little amusing to sit down and watch them below me, toiling up the hard way. But it was not so interesting to them. They were bent over, with their heads on a level with their knees, their faces of a burning red, and their steps and motions indicative of exhaustion, and of last efforts to proceed, which I too well understood. Every few moments they would stop, with one knee bent forward, pausing to take breath (and it seemed, as I saw their shoulders rise, that I could hear their long sighs escaping); and then looking behind them to scan the distance they had passed, and then turning, with wo-begone countenances, their eyes upward, they would measure the toil before them.

As they made their last efforts to gain the spot where I sat, they certainly had my sympathy; yet I could hardly refrain from indulging in a little merriment at their expense. They seemed like two aged men, humbled by adversity, and bowed down with years, making one grand effort to reach the goal of their hopes; and, this attained, ready to relinquish all claim to existence; sinking exhausted on the ground, submissive to the will of destiny. A little rest, however, with the necessary comforts, brought by the servants and boatmen, soon restored us all to our natural selves.

Our company now numbered twelve, and it was midday. Before moving further, we took a survey of the scene around us. The mountain is an island in the middle of the lake, and contains thousands of acres. It is made up of a variety of ill-shaped peaks, and deep hollows and chasms, as if an evil spirit had thrown up these masses of distorted forms. On our left extended a chasm, hundreds of feet deep, like an immense furrow ploughed through the mountain. It appeared to be about half a mile wide at the top, inclining so as to meet at the bottom; and on each side were red lines, as the lava, in a liquid state, had flowed down. A narrow path, or ridge, leads to

a peak half a mile or more distant, beyond which the smoke is rising. This ridge seems hardly wide enough to walk on ; yet it is the only way to the crater, and we proceed slowly along on it in single file. It is like a high, crooked ridge-pole, flattened a little on the top. We kept a steady balance, looking as much as possible to the path before us ; but it was impossible not to see the fearful depths on each side into which a single misstep might precipitate our then luckless bodies. A person liable to giddiness would be a fit subject for such an accident. None of our party had any tendency that way ; though we found it necessary to halt occasionally and fix our eyes on the peak for a few moments, as the path appeared to glide backwards from underneath our feet.

Arriving at the top of the eminence, the crater in its whole extent appeared to our view, with striking effect. For a few moments we could hardly realize that it was not a dream ; for we had had dreams as much like the reality as this. There we were, looking down into an immense basin of fire, with the smoke pouring out, and nothing to obstruct our sight. Our first impulse was to retreat a pace, fearing too close a proximity ; but, seeing no immediate danger, our confidence was quickly restored. Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

December 27th.

Dear Brothers : This basin or crater is of circular form, and appears to be about half a mile in diameter, — though it may be more than a mile, — and fifteen hundred feet deep, though we could not learn its depth. We were told that it had been measured, and found to be lower than the water of the lake outside ; but the height from that we could not learn. The sides of the crater are nearly perpendicular, and resemble walls of dried clay with horizontal strata. In the centre were two cones, or chimneys, the outlets for the smoke and burning elements within ; their surfaces, slightly concaved, are grooved into sections, from top to base. These grooves are of a fiery red color, tinged with purple, on a ground-work almost black, giving a very ornamental effect. The chimneys stand side by side, like two large inverted tunnels, their noses broken off and touching at their base, and rise from the bottom of the crater to about one third the height of the walls.

A beautiful sulphur-water lake occupies a fourth or fifth of the crater-bottom, stretching nearly across one side, between the base of the chimneys and the wall. Its color is of a yellowish green, like that of sulphur, with a glistening silvery glare on its surface. It is not transparent, and at different places is continually boiling and throwing off vapor highly charged with sulphurous gas. From several places around the lake numerous white columns of steam in jets were being thrown up, as if from so many steam-pipes of engines buried below the lava-crust.

From the larger of the two chimneys belched forth, in large, dense volumes, a mixed mass of fire, smoke, vapor and cinders, although the fire in the sunlight could only be seen by its faint glimmer ; and

a strong smell of sulphurous gas, at times almost suffocating, filled the air. It would commence in a low, sepulchral, half-smothered rumbling, a half-stifled groan deep in the bowels of the earth, gradually rising and increasing to a suppressed moaning; then, as if unable to bear its tortures any longer, it burst out at the top in a long, half-hollow explosion, like the last gasp of some dying monster. Remaining quiet for a few moments, as if holding its breath, signs of returning animation would begin to show themselves, and it could be perceived that life was not yet extinct, — that another sigh was in preparation, — and then, in the same suppressed fulness, another gasp would be wrung from it. And thus it continued as long as we stopped, each gasp seeming the last: but there was no last, and it is probably gasping now, and may go on gasping to the end of the world, for anything we know to the contrary. The smoky volume arose into the sky far above our heads, and then bending abruptly, sluggishly floated off, a dense white body, over the lake, and then disappeared.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and being tired, we sat down on the ground, had our cold meats and other refreshments brought and spread before us, and took our dinner with good appetite, enjoying it none the less for being in full sight of the infernal regions, as the Indians are wont to regard them. While thus engaged in eating and watching the half-explosive bursts from the chimney, one a little louder than the others made us fancy that we felt the ground tremble; and, remarking that the part of the peak we were on might cave in and precipitate us into the crater, we gathered up our things and removed further back, when we finished our meal undisturbed.

Descending this peak, I walked along the edge of the crater to that portion which overlooked the sulphur lake, leaving my companions at rest. After watching a while the various operations of the steam-jets, the boiling of the water, &c., I thought I would throw a stone into the lake, to see the effect. Picking up a piece of hardened lava, the only stones to be found, I gave it a toss towards the middle of the lake, and following it with the eye. To my surprise, it curved, returned towards the wall under my feet, and was lost to sight. I threw another, which at first bent directly towards the centre of the lake, but, curving more and more, it came to the wall again. I threw another, with more force, but it returned to the wall and disappeared like the others. Puzzled at this, I took up another, a good-sized one, saying to myself, I will make sure of it this time, and whirled it with such force that I actually believed it would strike the opposite shore of the lake, which, for a moment, appeared to be underneath it; but it performed a larger circle, returning over the shore and water, drawing nearer and nearer. I leaned over the crater, and saw it, apparently at the touching point upon the wall, vanish, as if it had evaporated. A fourth and more determined effort was attended with a like result. Foiled and nonplused, I stopped to philosophize. The wall does not appear to vary one foot from a perpendicular, and stands out so that I was just able to see its whole face. Was the phenomenon caused by a refraction of the rays of light, by the attraction of the walls on a smaller body, or by a magnetic attraction? I dropped some pieces far

enough from the edge to clear the ragged points, and saw them appear to touch and vanish at the same instant, without hearing the slightest sound. Could it be that I was deceived in the great depth of the wall, and that the vanishing point stood out from a perpendicular further than I could throw a stone at the top? I again experimented in throwing stones, but with the same results. I sat down on the ground, thinking it over. I brought to bear on it all my philosophy, but it was of no use; there was the fact, and I consoled myself with the thought that probably it was not the only problem I knew not how to solve. I wonder if a ball, fired from a cannon, would return and hit the wall from which it was fired.

Having a large black bottle, I enclosed a paper with our names, date, visit, &c., and, sealing the bottle, threw it into the sulphur lake. It closed in with the wall at a short distance down, and then disappeared as if it had been converted into air by an unknown solvent. I may safely affirm, according to the testimony of my ears and eyes, that it did not break, nor in the space of three minutes reach the sulphur lake.

Turning my eyes towards the rounded peak where we had dined, the highest of all the eminences, I saw that my friend A. had risen to his feet, and was standing and gazing into the old grim volcano, while the others of the party were wending their way towards the descent homeward.

Noticing his gesticulations, I listened, and found that my friend was holding forth; unable, in his inspiration, to leave without a parting address. I could not hear the words, but I could imagine him saying:

"O, Monster! O, King of Death! whose terrible features we are now looking upon; we do not approach thy presence without a due regard to thy awful power, and our own utter insignificance. We know that thou sustainest thyself upon the food of sulphurous earths, and the drink of corroding acids. We know that thy tongue is a flame of fire unquenchable, that thy bowels are a fiery furnace of boiling elements, and that thy heated breath is filled with poisonous gases, the odor of which is death for us to inhale. We see in yonder floating mass the outpourings of the continuous blast from thy capacious lungs. We hear the low mutterings of thy voice, and dread to hear thee speak. When we feel thy tremblings we know it is thee, and men fear afar. In the manifestations of thy wrath thou vomitest out rivers of liquid fire, pouring them in torrents down thy sides, and men's hearts are struck with awe and terror, made sensible of thy inexhaustible strength. We know that thou sleepest neither by night nor by day, and the whole world is filled with wonder at thee. In ignorance we ponder the date of thy existence, and believe that death is not to thee. We do not leave thine awful precincts without an estimation of the grandeur, the magnificence, the greatness, and the sublime majesty, in which thou art enthroned, the remembrance of which will remain to the end of our lives freshly engraven on the tablets of our memories. May you continue a long existence in your own glory!"

As I arrived again at the peak, my friend had concluded; and his

majesty, the volcano, groaned out, as if in response, another gasp, "So may it be," and we bade him an adieu.

We wished to walk entirely around the crater, but our time would hardly permit. Poising ourselves on the ridge, we followed it back and made a safe descent. It was now three o'clock P. M. The wind had thrown the lake into commotion, and the boatmen refused to embark in its present state; and all we could say and offer in money would not change their determination. Perhaps it was better for us that they would not go, though it was a great disappointment; and had we known of it, we would have made the circumference of the crater.

It was too late then to think of climbing the mountain a second time, and we walked along the shore of the lake to a place where the grass grew rank and high, meeting a poor Indian fisherman, who offered to conduct us by a short way to his hut,— the only one, he said, on the island. We followed him, winding and opening a path through the thick, long grass, while the canoe was paddled along the shore.

A walk of a mile brought us to an open spot between the mountains, where the ground was covered with verdure, which seemed a delightful retreat in the midst of such barrenness. Tired and foot-sore, we gladly stretched ourselves on the soft grass in front of the hut; though my two companions, fearing the effects of lying on the ground, took the inside, on the bamboo floor.

Observing fowls and potatoes about the grounds, we set an Indian to work to prepare us a dinner. In an hour a fowl was cooked, by being held on pointed sticks over the fire, and also thoroughly smoked. But our stomachs were not now fastidious, and, sitting on the floor, the eating process commenced. With a bone in one hand, a potato in the other, and a boiled egg apiece (adding the bread we had with us, and an Indian paper of rock-salt, mixed with dirt), we fared quite decently; though, when we came to deluge our faces and bosoms from the long bamboo which had traversed the volcano with us, we thought an improvement might be made, and the Indian, being attracted by our merriment, and unskilfulness in drinking, brought half of a cocoa-nut shell, which answered admirably. Without plates, we did not need knives and forks, which I suppose the Indian had never seen; and two of us together could manage to pull the smoking members asunder without much difficulty.

There were several children shying and peeping through the interstices of the hut; but they did not show themselves openly. The mother we did not see, but concluded, if there was one, she must be at work on the soil somewhere. Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XX.

SUSPICIOUS INDIANS. — DISMAL NIGHT. — INDIANS FEASTING AND DANCING. — DISAGREEABLE PREDICAMENT.

Manilla, December 27th.

Dear Brothers: A good look-out was kept to see when the turbulence of the lake should cease, for to-morrow noon we wish to join our companions at Columbo at the lagunas. We waited till six P. M., and then determined to go, even if we had to row ourselves. Having paid our hospitable Indian, we passed down to the canoe. Here we met Mr. Usted, the Englishman we left this forenoon at the house of our particular Indian friends, and who wished us to wait for him, that he might join us back. He had just landed, and generously offered us his canoe, which was larger, and had sails and outriggers, while he, accompanied by several Indians, should make his visit to the volcano. With many thanks we accepted of his kindness, and, paying our own boatmen, were immediately off with his crew.

In two hours, at eight in the evening, we landed at the place where we had embarked in the forenoon. A number of Indians, with torches, conducted us to a cluster of Indian houses, a little way in the forest, where our horses were secured. We entered one of the houses by an ugly ladder, and sat down on the floor to wait while the horses were brought. After a while, uneasy at the delay, we went out to see what they were doing; but we could see nothing, it was so dark, and came back as wise as when we went, with the exception of knowing that it had begun to rain. Mr. N. blazed away at the Teni-en-te, who answered that the horses were put up; that it was too dark and rainy, and that we should surely be attacked by robbers if we went; and the servants manifested the same fear.

"Fire and water!" we all exclaimed, and told them to have the horses re-saddled and bridled, and torches prepared; and that, when the rain should lessen, we should depart, robbers or anything else. The rain continued to pour, and Indian after Indian passed in and out. At one time there were nineteen or twenty seated before us on the floor of the only room, eating their boiled rice and fish, with most villanous-looking countenances. They left the room one after another, excepting three or four, and we deliberated what to do. It was past nine in the evening; the rain rattled on the thatched roof, black darkness prevailed outside, and we should soon be asleep, for it was with difficulty that we could keep our eyes open. The Teni-en-te, who had gone out to see what he could learn, returned with a long visage, and said that a large party of those who were in here had just left, taking a by-path, for the purpose of intercepting us on our way; and he urged us, by all means, to remain over night. Whether it was so or not, we determined to go, and pledged ourselves, through all dangers which might assail us, to stand by each other to the last. By the

aid of torches, the guides very reluctantly brought up the horses, declaring, at the same time, that they would not go. Our arms being adjusted and secured in convenient places, we thoroughly examined our saddles, bridles and travelling equipments, mounted into the seats, and started. We had proceeded but a few steps, when the guides said they would go; and they brought out their horses, — which, as it appeared, were all ready, — and we went together.

A dismal, dark and rainy night was before us, and our torches were cast aside, it being safer without them. The horses went at a walking pace without guiding, and we rode for an hour in silence, neither the guides nor ourselves hardly speaking. Our path was a different one from that we came, hoping thereby to elude any ambuscade that might be in wait for us. The unshod horses slipped badly, and struggled hard in climbing some of the hills. I could not see how the others managed, but sometimes I found the mane insufficient, and had to clasp the horse's neck to avoid sliding off behind by his violent motions in the ascent. In descending, it seemed that I should go over his head, in spite of all the exertion I could make; and the jerk of the horse, slipping and catching, carried me several times near to his ears. A stray buffalo, or the limb of a tree, hitting our persons, caused us to draw our pistols a few times; but we saw nothing of Indians until we emerged from the woods. We then entered on an open road, broad, but crooked, with thick brush on each side. The rain having ceased, we could see quite comfortably, and an Indian appeared alone. He was on horseback, and rode leisurely past, surveying each one of us. We watched him, and saw him stop and look after us a moment, when, putting spurs to his horse, he quickly disappeared in the darkness. Our Teni-en-te said that he must be reconnoitring for a gang not far off. After walking a few yards further, our leader exclaimed, "Now, go on;" and, setting the example, the horses were urged to their fullest speed, till we came in sight of the lights of the town, and we dismounted safely in the yard of our "particular Indian friends." They received us with open arms, and embraced us; and, while we were reclining for a little rest, they listened attentively to the story of the Teni-en-te, as he related our adventures. The intendante and guides seemed overjoyed at having reached this place in safety, and talked of the good night's rest we should have here; but, as we ordered up fresh horses, they put on their longest faces. Our Indian friends had assured themselves that we were to be their guests for the night, and would not listen to our going. The rejection of their proffered hospitalities they regarded as such a slight, and as an act so unfriendly towards them, that, when we told them of our delays, and that to-morrow noon we were to be back at the lagunas, they even then refused to be reconciled. Moreover, they recapitulated all the innumerable obstacles and difficulties of the way, — the "gang of robbers," &c. They added that they were responsible to the Spanish government, which does not permit of travelling after eleven o'clock; and that, any accident happening to us, the consequences would fall heavily on them for furnishing horses, and allowing us to go.

"No," said they, "you must stay till morning, and then all shall be ready for you."

Mr. N. was of the opinion that they could not be compelled; and we acquiesced with him that it was best to wait an hour, and then see what could be done.

Our Indian friends told us that it was feast-day with them, — that they had attended mass at the Catholic church in the forenoon, and, as their house was filled with their friends, they wished us to join in their festivities and pleasures. They seated us at a table with the capitan from a neighboring town, and, though they had been eating all the evening, their politeness was such that they joined us, and eat again. Dish after dish of meats, &c., was brought, and several times, when we thought we had finished, we found our plates loaded again, in doing which they seemed to take much pleasure. After they had made us eat as much as they could, they brought on a variety of sweetmeats, and cups of hot chocolate. This last was very palatable, and rich and thick, and is much used as a beverage.

This house was of bamboo, like all the others, and elevated about ten feet from the ground, on posts; but it contained several rooms, one of which had regular board floors, instead of bamboo. In two of the rooms there was music and dancing. With our Indian friends it is a mass in the forenoon, and music, dancing and feasting, the remainder of the day! We were conducted into these rooms, which were filled with the best class of Indian company, whom, I suppose, we must denominate Indian gentlemen and Indian ladies. There was an Indian band of music, of flutes, harps, two treble and two bass guitars, &c., which were fascinatingly played. A table was then loaded with meats, cakes, candies, sweetmeats, chocolate, &c.; but we thought they would not attempt to make us eat again. We were, however, mistaken; eating was the first thing to be attended to, and eat we must. This is such an important item of Indian etiquette, that we tried to make a show of eating, and passed through the ordeal to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned. I advocated an immediate departure, as the only safe mode of surviving the night, notwithstanding the robbers.

But our time had not arrived; we had not yet danced, and we were not suffered to remain idle spectators. They took us by the hand, and led us to partners on the floor, who at first seemed abashed, and frequently blushed through their dark skins; but they soon threw off their reserve, on perceiving that we made ourselves quite at home. They were all dressed in their best, — the ladies, like the Mestizos, in bright colors, and in slippers which seemed just ready to drop off, clattering at each step; and the gentlemen, in striped pants and light frocks. Several of the ladies were handsome, which our Indian friends appeared to be as well aware of as we; for they selected the prettiest ones for us to dance with, though there were others plain and homely. The dancing continued almost without intermission; and as fast as couples retired to their seats, their places were supplied by others. The figures were much like our own at home, though there were some polkas or fancy dances, which, I suppose, are peculiar to themselves.

The step of the gentlemen was in rapid leaps and skips, and that of the ladies was by slow, sliding shufflings, each marked by a jerk of the knees, and scarcely lifting the feet from the floor, which their slippers would not admit of; yet all in perfect time with the music. It was very novel and amusing to see those two opposites confronted, — the excited motions and gestures of the gentlemen on the one hand, and the cool, measured movements of the ladies on the other, and all at the same time.

The favorite part of their dancing was the waltz, and here I made a jumble; for the partners take hold of each other's hands, instead of the manner customary with us. We were ranged around with our partners, and the exhilarating music for the waltz commenced. I started with the others, but the lady smiled and shrank back. I followed, and she retreated, until we came to the bamboo settee, on which she seated herself. Not knowing what the difficulty was, and unable to speak with each other for an explanation, I was about to sit down, when she arose, and I putting my hand upon her waist, we began again. Still shrinking from me, she laughed, and stepped backwards as fast as I advanced, and we both were seated on the settee a second time. I felt a little confused, for she was the belle of the party, and it was my first dance with her, and the step was similar to our own. I could not make out whether the fault was mine or hers. I was sure there was nothing in the way of her dancing before, though I had not seen her waltzing. However, she threw back her beautiful tresses, and, with her black eyes sparkling and a lively smile on her face, she came forward again, and, before I had time to make any movement, she seized both my hands, holding them tightly in her own, and catching the step, we went off around the room, amid the clapping and cheers of the Indian company who were observing us. My obtuseness was not so great but that I then perceived where the difficulty lay, and I concluded that the Indians were one step in advance of Europeans. The waltz ended, the Indian gentlemen gathered about me, and, with many shakes of the hand, and pattings upon the shoulder, congratulated me on my success; and the Indian beauty, with an air of satisfaction at her exploit, seated herself, laughing and talking, in no little glee, with her companions. The gentlemen appeared to consider it quite an honor that we should condescend to mingle with them, and the ladies were no less pleased with the distinction of having had European partners.

My friend N. told our Indian hosts that I could play the flute, and they handed me over, without any ceremony, to the band, as if determined to make the most of us. The principal flutists delivered up their instruments, which I declined. They finally put a spare flute into my hands for me to play alone. This I refused to do, but consented to try with the band, though I was unacquainted with any of their music, except from hearing it played. This satisfied them, and the dancing went on. I contrived, after my own fashion, to make a third part to one of their favorite tunes, with which they were delighted, though I could not tell whether from my good or bad playing. The excitement of the dancers increased, and the band of

musicians were soon all going in double quick time. The gentlemen leaped backwards and forwards, up and around, gesticulating, with peculiar emphasis, arms, heads and feet, and glancing at me or my companions dancing; and, in the height of their enthusiasm, whirled each other's partners, to the discomfiture, yet amusement, of the ladies, some of whom lost off their slippers. I played as fast as I could, the band increasing their time until I was played off the track altogether; and finally they played themselves off, and the dancers off the floor with them. Here the festivities ended, and the Indian gentlemen gathered around us, shaking our hands with many expressions of thankfulness for the enjoyment they had received. One of the oldest Indians, with his daughter on his arm, took leave; and the others, as if his example was the sign of departure, followed, one after the other.

It was now between eleven and twelve at night, and we besought our Indian friends for the horses. They endeavored to persuade us to remain; but, seeing our determination, yielded reluctantly, saying that, as we had proved ourselves their friends, they were ours, and we should go if we wished. Horses were brought, and, in addition to our own men, they provided us with two well-armed guards, telling us that we should need them. Embracing us, shaking our hands with much warmth of feeling, and descending the steps with us, they saw us mounted on our horses, and, with many wishes for a safe and pleasant journey, bade us "adios, adios."

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

Manilla, December 27th.

Dear Brother: We travelled slowly until we came to the river, which was to be forded. We heard the guides plunge in, but could not see them. Our horses kept along a little way, and then stopping, became unmanageable, and refused to go on. Supposing they were afraid of the water, we applied the sticks and jerked their heads by the bridle-rein, but without avail. They turned around with us, and we found, by the descent they were making, that we had missed our road, and had been trying to urge them over the steep bank of the river. The horses having regained their road, which was a cut through the bank down to the fording-place, we could indistinctly see where we had been, and which might be somewhere from twelve to thirty feet deep. The horses plunged in one after the other; we congratulated ourselves that we had not leaped unawares from the top of the bank, and landed safely upon the opposite shore.

Continuing our way, we could see tolerably well, the country being more open, the road comparatively good, and the darkness much less than that of the preceding night. We travelled in a close body, so that no one alone should be surprised. With the armed guards on all sides of us, and pistol in hand, scrutinizing every place, straining our eyes into the gloom of every thicket, and looking at every rustling leaf, we arrived at the next town, without meeting with any one, between twelve and one in the morning of Thursday, December 28th.

Calling up the capitan, and procuring a change of horses and

guards, though the capitan was very unwilling to do anything about it, we started once more with our little cavalcade of nine or ten persons. We were obliged to travel quite slowly, it being now dark and muddy, with many bad places to pass. The night air and our wet clothes chilled us through, making my body tremble and teeth chatter. Twice I fell asleep and nearly dropped from my horse, but as we approached another suspicious spot I became thoroughly aroused. Here was a deep pond-hole of mud, mire and water, which we must go through the best way we could. It was enclosed by a thicket, — a fine place for a band of desperadoes to conceal themselves and take advantage of our misfortunes. "The worst place of all is this old swamp-hole," remarked Mr. A.; "it is such a fine place for the scamps to hide in, and we should not see anything till we feel their spears." To all of which Mr. N. and I perfectly agreed. Although I began to doubt our being attacked at all, I could not keep my eyes away from every dark object, and was not easy until we had passed; for every one had told us that we should fall in with the robbers somewhere. I believed that our escape thus far was on account of their fear of so many of us, and more especially as there were three white men to contend against; for the Indians fear one white man as much as several of their own people.* The horses struggled, and it was doubtful at times what the issue was to be; they mired, stuck fast, and would have sunk down but for our sticks, which excited them to fresh energies. I could not help laughing, notwithstanding the dangers, when we were pitching and floundering in the midst of this slough-hole. But fortune favored us, and we went through without leaving any one of our number behind.

Between two and three in the morning we suddenly heard a crowing of cocks around us, though no habitations were to be perceived. They commenced not far from us, answering each other, and died away in the distance. After listening to them a while, one of our companions exclaimed,

"I say, does that not sound very much like human voices? I believe they are Indians crowing in that way to entrap us. There, that is not a cock crowing! That is a human voice, surely!"

We all thought they sounded much like human voices, but no Indians appeared afterwards; and we saw Indian houses, and concluded the sounds were not imitations.

Not very long after we came to a guard-house, or police-station, with a bar drawn across the passage. These are small buildings, like a shed, erected over the road at intervals of several miles by the government. There was a door, which was locked, through which all must pass. The guard was asleep in one end of the building, and, after some delay, made his appearance. Much talking and discussion

* Three days after this, Mr. N. received a letter from one of our particular Indian friends, inquiring how we succeeded, after leaving his house, in reaching the lagunas; also stating that on this same night his brother capitan had been attacked and robbed on the road that we had passed, and that some of the robbers had since been taken.

followed between him and our leaders, which resulted in our horses being led off, and ourselves obliged to remain till daylight. The reason of this we did not know, but presumed that horses could not be got at this hour, and our own horses were too jaded to go on. Being conducted to a house of a village a little way off, and an empty room shown us, a hard, knobby bamboo floor, through which one could see below seven or eight feet, was once more our couch, and a blanket our bed. We wrapped up, extended ourselves like so many Indians, and were soon beyond the pale of wakefulness.

We were aroused at early dawn, our horses were at the door, and I awoke sufficiently to feel the cold streams pouring through the interstices of the floor. Chilled through and stiffened, in my damp clothes with wet feet, I felt unable to move, and would have given ten dollars for another hour's sleep. Slowly bringing myself to a perpendicular posture, and gathering up my blanket, I mounted my horse from the ladder leading down from the door.

During this part of our journey we had opportunity to see the road we had travelled over the first night of our leaving Columbo. After a few miles we began to enter on it, before the sun had risen. Of all bad roads I had ever seen, I never saw anything to compare with it. We passed many Indians on the way, who were mostly on foot, driving their pack-horses before them. They seemed to be going to or returning from market, generally in parties of ten to thirty. The horses had panniers hung on both sides, with potatoes, onions, pigs, chickens, eggs, &c. ; and some had their own families loaded in, the heads of several pappooses being sometimes seen sticking up above the sides. There were places in passing where one party must wait for the other, and if two parties met it was a dilemma how to proceed. If on a ridge, one must either turn into a slough-hole of an unknown depth, or ride down some almost perpendicular bank. I saw the place in which, I presume, I must have been when I was lost, and the guides came back to get me out. They were, indeed, sufficiently formidable by daylight or by moonlight, without groping one's way along in black darkness. For long distances logs had been laid down crosswise, apparently through a swamp, between which there was only room for the horses' feet, and over which one foot must be stepped at a time. We went again through ponds of mud, where one would hardly know whether to call it wading or swimming. A number of monkeys scampered about the trees on one side of the road, stopping now and then to make up faces at us, and peering at us in all sorts of attitudes. A large serpent lay on the opposite bank, among some bushes, apparently watching them. We could not see his length, but we had not the time or inclination to engage him in battle. We went on plodding at a slow pace, but as fast as we could go ; and when we could trot or gallop five yards, we made it a point to improve it. Our last four miles were over a good road, and the tired horses were put to their utmost speed. We arrived at Columbo at one P. M., instead of twelve, an hour past the time ; and our companions, after waiting half an hour for us, had departed. We did not like the idea of being left, but we contented ourselves by returning

to the house of our intendante, and ordering the best breakfast the country could afford.

Hiring another prow, and packing our things aboard, we set sail for Manilla. In a few hours we had crossed the lake to the river, where we changed our prow for a canoe, and, gliding down the river, we arrived at Manilla in the evening, much to the surprise of our companions. They had been at home two hours, and did not expect us for three days, if we came at all; for they believed we were either killed or laid up by a conflict with the robbers. A good supper was provided in Mr. A.'s room, where we all met, talking over our adventures, and enjoying a happy reünion until midnight.

Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXPEDITION TO A CAVE. — A CALL AT SAN PEDRO MACATI. — A GORGE OF THE MOUNTAINS, AND RAPIDS. — EXPLORATION OF A CAVE, ETC.

LETTER TO A BROTHER.

Manilla, Dec. 29th.

Dear Brother: After a good night's rest, in a comfortable bed, we arose this morning much refreshed in mind and body, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, and the haste with which we had journeyed. All our party expressed themselves highly satisfied with the trip to the lagunas; and those of us who had made the excursion to the volcano, in spite of bad roads, fear of robbers, and want of sleep, felt so well remunerated that we framed an expedition for to-morrow to the "Cave" in a mountain, which is spoken of as a curiosity.

To-day I changed my boarding-place, and came back to the hotel, where I find myself situated much more to my mind.

There seems to be nothing but parades and feasts here at this time, holiday succeeding holiday.

This afternoon, with a small party, we rode out to San Pedro Macati, ten miles in the country. We called on several of the better Indian families, and were treated to some fine music, from their harps and guitars, by the daughters. Some of them live in large two-story stone houses, and have pianos; but they play very little on them. Poor girls! where they have adopted the habits, dress and customs, of civilized life, they become sickly. The dark red was fading from their cheeks, their peculiar animation and vivacity was lost, their naturally rounded forms were exchanged for angular prominences. From their close dresses vital organs were being impeded in their functions, and bile, which should aid in the digestive process, forced back and carried into

the circulatory system, imparted its yellow tinge to the skin. The lungs were showing the effects of their compression in short breaths and hacking coughs; and a wasting consumption, unknown to themselves, had already commenced. It does not look reasonable that this people of nature can, at one step, pass into civilization, without bringing its evils on them. I could not help thinking how much better off were they in their native state, with health and beauty, than now, with declining health and emaciating bodies.

At one of the houses of a wealthy family, where we had called several times before, they showed us much hospitality, and insisted on our taking beer, wine, and different kinds of cake, &c. The daughters we have met frequently at feasts, in different places. One, however, had eloped and married during the last week. She had often declared this intention to her father, if he did not give his consent. He continued to refuse, and she made good her word. At their request we sang "America," and a few other songs, in listening to which they seemed to take much pleasure. In the eve we returned home, and assembled in one of our rooms, where we had dinner.

Saturday, Dec. 30th. —This afternoon Messrs. Napper, Alexander and myself, were to start on the "Cave" expedition. We devoted about five minutes to dinner, and, with our indispensable box of provisions safely packed, we departed. One went on horseback, and two in the chaise; and the two servants followed on horseback. Mr. A. rode the horse for the first few miles, and I rode in the chaise; then changing, I rode the horse the remainder of the way. We arrived at Mariquina, a place inhabited by Mustesoes and Spaniards, without any particular incident, about eight o'clock in the evening; the distance I should think was near twenty miles. The stirrup-strap broke once, and I was nearly thrown to the ground; but I changed horses with one of the servants, and afterwards went on very well. In crossing a stream, not liking to get wet the first part of the way, I dismounted and rode over in the chaise, the boy leading my horse. But I nearly repented of this; for we came to a stand in the middle of the broad river, the horse at last barely succeeding in drawing us out.

Mr. Tuason having given us a letter to a relative of his, a widow lady in Mariquina, we stopped at her house and recruited, and examined some beautiful Scripture-pieces with which the room was ornamented, of which every Roman Catholic house contains more or less.

We again started at full speed; six miles from Mariquina brought us to an Indian house, about twenty-five miles from Manilla, the end of our journey with the chaise. Here they gave us a supper of fried eggs and boiled rice, which, with our own provisions, made us a hearty meal. Having paid our host, we were again ready; and, procuring guides, we mounted our horses and pushed along. The guides walked ahead, with lighted torches to show the way, and they carried a bundle of torches and lighted candles, which we had procured at Mariquina. As we passed through some narrow, rocky defiles, winding along through woody places, and over frail bridges, I thought that we must look like banditti prowling about, on a midnight depredation. Five miles further brought us to the last Indian house in this direc-

tion, and as far as we could proceed on horses. It was now midnight, and thirty miles from Manilla.

Dec. 31*st*, — — Soon after one o'clock this morning, I was seated in front of an Indian house on a log, Mr. A. was walking back and forth, Mr. N. was in the house, the boy was taking care of the horses, one man was holding a torch, while two or three had gone in quest of a canoe to take us up the river. The Indians did not seem to like being called up in the night. They came back in an hour and a half, having kept us waiting all that time, and brought us intelligence that they could not find the canoes till morning. It was already three o'clock, and we concluded to wait, and reclined on the floor to secure a rest of two hours' duration.

At five we were all up, alive and well, not having slept, but rested, and with our boys and four Indians we marched to the river, where were no canoes. We waited a little, and told them to lead the way on foot, as we should wait no longer, although the distance and prospect were not very pleasing. The first thing was to cross the river. I was looking to see how we were to accomplish this, when I saw Mr. N. seated on the shoulders, and his feet on each side the neck, of one of the guides. One of them stooped before me, and, fixing myself in the same way, I followed Mr. N. in the same manner, and Mr. A. brought up the rear. Several times my Indian slipped on the smooth stones, and I expected to be tumbled headlong into the water.

We could not raise our feet to prevent being wet, as the bearers' arms were clasped around our ankles. In this way we crossed and recrossed the river a number of times, following up the stream, climbing along the sides of almost perpendicular rocks, stepping on the jutting edges, holding on by the bushes and crevices, up hill and down, through brush, mud, sand, &c. Several centipedes were pointed out to me on the rocks we were scaling, and I was warned against touching them. Their bite sometimes proves very severe. They much resemble a caterpillar, but are blacker, with a greater number of legs. After three or four miles, we came in sight of the cave, which was across the river. Arriving opposite to it, we sat down to observe and admire the beautiful scene.

A deep gorge separates two high mountains, once evidently united. Through this the water rushed with fearful rapidity, tearing along, as if it would carry everything before it. Immense rocks had been severed and hurled out from the mountain, and lay scattered along, for some distance down the stream ; and around them the water was dashing and foaming. The sides of the cut through the mountain were nearly perpendicular, and faced with an almost solid mass of stone, with ragged and jutting angles, and resembling a kind of white marble. About one third of the distance up one of these sides could be discerned the black mouth of the cave, — a large oval doorway. After in vain trying to get across, by jumping from rock to rock, we gave that up, and the guides brought bamboo poles to make a bridge. Two or three of these, being placed together, extended from one rock to another, and held at each end, by good balancing we passed over,

holding on to each rock till the bridge was transferred to the next beyond. In an hour we were safely landed on the other side, and clambered up to the cave.

After rest and refreshment, with lighted torches we commenced the exploration. The entrance was fifteen or twenty feet high. We had proceeded but a short distance, when one of the guides raised a shout, signifying caution on our part. We looked, and a snake, several feet long, ran before us. I sprang forward to kill it with my stick; but, recollecting that some snakes were venomous, I desisted, and the Indians did not seem to like interfering with him, but let him escape. Soon the bats, startled by the lights, flew about as thick as mosquitoes, hitting us with their wings. Their numbers were astonishing. Above, the wall was literally blackened with them. We moved along slowly, looking on every side, and above and below, inserting our canes in every nook and corner: now over masses of large rough rocks, and then stooping and crouching beneath such. We felt our way with our long sticks stretched out ahead, and measured the depths of mud and of water before our feet. Several times we thought we had come to the end, but, thrusting our sticks ahead, there was more space beyond. There was a great sameness in the passage, which was generally oval, like the letter D, with rough sides, and a variable roof, dripping with white, sparkling stalactites. Sometimes it appeared to be fifteen or twenty feet high, and at others not more than four or five. Several times our torches were extinguished by the water dropping from above; but we had a good supply of fresh torches, candles and matches, besides the other things necessary to our comfort.

After travelling under ground for more than an hour, the question was proposed, "Whether we had not gone far enough?" "The further we went the narrower it became." But all were "for the end," which, in less than half an hour, we reached. It was simply narrowed down to a small aperture of ten or twelve inches, through which the stream of water emptied into a natural basin. I supposed the cave to be considerably less than a mile long, but my companions believed it to be more than a mile.

Our curiosity being satisfied, having realized much less of the beautiful than we had anticipated, and the air being damp and chill, we willingly turned our footsteps towards the entrance. We had seen its end, which Mr. N. believed had not been done before, though it may have been, as there are no real difficulties in the way. As we made our way back, we looked into some short branch passages, where we were half-smothered by the bats; and we gathered some of the stalactites, — the petrified drippings which hung like icicles from the roof. Mr. A. fired his pistol inside the cave, and it reverberated with a tremendous concussion. One of the Indians had built a fire at the mouth of the cave, the smoke of which, blowing in, half-suffocated us before we emerged, and, getting into our eyes, almost prevented our seeing. We were some alarmed, for, at first, we could not tell how far we were from the outlet; and were heartily relieved in both mind and body when, in less than half an hour, we reached it. Having

refreshed ourselves with a lunch, we set off at once, and arrived home about dark. Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXII.

LETTER. — CASINO. — SECOND EXCURSION TO A VOLCANO. — INDIAN TOWN. — TOWN-HALL, OR COUNCIL-HOUSE. — INDIAN CEREMONIES. — VOLCANO VIEW BY NIGHT, ETC.

LETTER TO A BROTHER.

Manilla, Philippine Islands, Monday, Jan. 1st, 1849.

Dear Brother A. : For the present, I will continue to write you some of my notings in this quarter of the globe, in journal form. As I have not time to write both letters and journals, I presume you will excuse it. I have given up my boarding-house at Doña Agipita's, and returned to the hotel. I found it was of little advantage to me, in learning Spanish, to remain there ; although the Doña was very pleasant towards me, yet I saw her seldom ; and, yet expecting to stay but a few weeks, I could not make myself contented. The rooms were large, airy and clean, with good furniture and waxed floors, mosquito-nets, and well-behaved Indian servants, and the charges were the same as at the hotel ; but every dish of food was strong of garlic, which, to my unaccustomed taste, was a great objection.

A wealthy Chinese merchant, a convert to the Catholic faith, and whose house is in sight, has been making merry with his friends all day. Their Chinese music assails our ears at all times of the day and night. In the eve went with Mr. N. to the Casino, calling on Señor Abeytua on the way. The Casino is a place where Spanish ladies and gentlemen once a month hold an assembly. Foreigners here also join ; and strangers generally receive invitations to visit them. I was kindly presented with a ticket by an American house. It is held within the city, in a large hall set apart for the purpose. A fine band of music is stationed at one end of the hall. Sometimes they have a concert, and sometimes a play or comedy, in which the members take part. Usually, although the floor is carpeted, there is, after the first part of the evening, waltzing and cotillons. There is another room, of the same size, parallel with this, where, in the intervals of dancing, those who choose to can promenade. I did not join in the amusements, — acting the idle spectator. The governor, a fine-looking man, with gray hair, reminded me much of the portraits of Washington. He, with his wife and her sister, promenaded up and down the rooms for a considerable time, and several very pretty ladies, handsomely dressed, followed in their wake. Dancing continued till past eleven.

Tuesday, January 2d. — Mr. A. and I rode out after dinner with Mr. Moorhouse, and other English merchants, taking our course through different streets, and surveying various portions of the city; and in the eve we took our own carriage, and went, with other friends, to a feast. After wandering among the various groups of people there assembled, we called at Señor B.'s, where we enjoyed music and waltzing. One band played in the passage-way of the house; and, soon after, another came and played beneath the windows, — each alternately with the other. We returned to the feast, where we remained an hour, and returned home at eleven.

Wednesday, January 3d. — I called, to-day, with Mr. N., on a French physician, who commenced the practice of medicine here; but, the authorities interfering, he was obliged to abandon it, and opened a book-store, in which he has amassed a little fortune, and is about to remove with it to his native France.

Thursday, January 4th. — I called, professionally, to see Doña M., having previously made her several visits. We are hardly able to converse otherwise than by signs. Her daughter, a pretty young lady, came in, followed by a servant with a harp, and regaled us with some fine playing.

Friday, January 5th. — In my visit to Doña M. to-day, we found considerable difficulty in communicating; and, after a half-hour of signs and misunderstandings, she sent below to Mr. W., the English vice-consul, who came up, and, interpreting, set us aright. She expressed her satisfaction for the improvement which she experienced, and was in such an overflow of good spirits that she joined her daughter, and sang to the harp.

At the hotel, to-day, we were discussing, with different parties, our late volcano excursion; when, warmed with our old enthusiasm, and for the doubts expressed of our first trip, we entered into a league to start to-day, and accomplish a second journey there and back, within three days. One principal attraction to Mr. A. and myself was to have a view of the scene by night. In half an hour our plans were matured. We were to take a carriage, travelling all night, with changes of horses, to Columbo, in that way avoiding the delays at the lagunas, and make the remainder of the route on horseback. A serious obstacle seemed to be that passports could not be procured under three or four days; but our companions' time was limited, and, as we considered ourselves all well-disposed people, we thought we would trust to the leniency of the Spanish rulers, and go without; though we heard that a party we had met at the lagunas had been fined for transgressing the bounds of their passports, and that the same course was to be pursued with some others, — intimations being made that we were to be the ones.

Dinner being over, our carriage was at the door. Our box of provisions, lantern, blankets, a large coil of rope by which to descend the crater, and other things, were packed inside, and four saddles and bridles, and a trunk, were fastened on behind. Loario, who had been with us before, and an Indian barber, were to accompany us on horseback. Señor Abeytua, the only one of our party who spoke Spanish,

was to be the director of the expedition. Having seen that everything was in order, Señor Abeytua, Captain Grey, Mr. Alexander and myself, took our seats, squeezing into the smallest possible space among our goods. The postilion mounted his left horse, and, with three cheers from our friends of the hotel, we rattled over the flat pavements of the court into the street, the two servants on horseback following behind. Crossing the river, we passed the large avenue of the Calzada into the country. Finding that, by some mistake, we had taken the wrong road, we returned to the Calzada, and entered the right one. The postilion, according to his directions, drove with speed, and we soon came to a town five miles out, where we stopped to let the horses breathe, and got out to straighten our limbs, for we were much cramped up with our baggage. Mr. A. gave some directions to the barber servant about looking after the things behind, enforcing his injunctions by taking his pistol from his pocket. The poor barber thought he was to be immediately shot, and, dropping on his knees, begged for his life, crying like a child, and entreated leave to return home. He was readily pacified, assurance being given that he was not to be hurt.

We went on to San Pedro Macati. I had endeavored all the way to convince my companions that we were on the wrong road; and here we ascertained that this road had been made impassable by the late rains, and the bridges washed away. They told us that we must return to Manilla and take another road. This all refused to do, but determined to keep the carriage as far as we could, and then take such conveyances as should offer. We followed the bank of the river a short distance, until the road terminated with the water, and we were obliged to stop. Fortunately, canoes were to be had; our baggage was transferred to them, the carriage sent back, and we went on.

Arriving at the head of the lagunas, we changed again for a sailing prow. The Indians, as usual, could not see any use in hurrying, and it was only by scolding and threatening that they were not two or three hours in simply preparing to sail. As it was, we had to pitch the things and crew on board, and push the prow from her fastenings. With a fine breeze, we then skimmed rapidly over the water. We were indebted to Señor A. for the luxury of mattresses and pillows, which he took without asking from the house of our Indian boatman. We partook of a lunch from our provisions, by the light of the lantern, with good appetites, and lay down on our beds by twos, occupying all the room the boat could afford, where we talked, laughed and joked, till midnight. The deep breathings soon denoted that the others were asleep, while I, unable to sleep, lay awake for hours more, revolving in my mind how to expedite our affairs after this twenty-five or thirty miles which we had expected to avoid should be passed over.

Yours, truly, B. L. B.

LETTER TO BROTHER J.

Manilla, January 6th.

Dear Brother J.: I will resume to you the description of our second trip to the volcano.

At nine this forenoon we had crossed the lagunas, and landed at Columbo. We went at once to the house of the Teni-en-te where we were quartered on the previous occasion. The old Indian recollected us, and was glad to see us again. As my companions did not like to leave without a good breakfast, to sustain themselves under the fatigue of a long ride on horseback, we remained and had one provided. Leaving the barber in care of the baggage we did not wish to take with us, we started under loads of saddles, &c., for the capitan, two miles distant. We found the house easily, but no capitan; the house was vacated, and another delay awaited us. We proceeded through the village of bamboo houses, and found them all deserted. Arriving at the Catholic church, we discovered the inhabitants all inside. Not wishing to disturb them, we drew off to a bamboo structure near by, which proved to be the town-house. On inquiry of an Indian guard there, we learned that the capitan was in the church; that it was election day, and that a new capitan was being installed in office. We therefore waited his appearance.

The town-house was built entirely of bamboo, one story high, reminding one of a large bird-cage. It was divided into three rooms — the council-chamber, the public spectators' room, and a prison. This last contained eight or ten culprits in chains, with a guard armed with a spear stationed over them.

The spectators' room had a few bamboo benches around the wall, on which we reclined, taking all the comfort possible on such hard sticks. A flight of steps, half stairs and half ladder, led up from the ground to the entrance of the house. The council-room contained only benches and a table.

We waited half an hour, when we saw a swarm of Indian girls and women pouring out of the church. All wore white veils of muslin, or handkerchiefs of pi-nia, or cotton, on their heads, and their dresses were mostly of bright checked calico. One of our companions, full of fun and merriment, went out and joined the throng. He took up one of the little girls and walked with it in his arms, fondling and caressing it, as much to their amusement as to ours. Some of them had very pretty features, with jet-black hair; and nearly all had handsome natural forms.

After the females, the males made their appearance, marching in procession, headed by their native band of music, out of the church. They stepped slowly, in measured paces, with solemn countenances. Our comical companion's attention was now directed towards them. He put down the little girl, went back, and joined the two forward ones, who proved to be the new capitan and the ex-capitan, and marched by their side, keeping step, and making sideway motions with his head. We were somewhat fearful they would construe his actions as an attempt to ridicule their ceremonies. They at first looked as if they did not know how to regard it; directly their Indian gravity relaxed, and they smiled, and, finally laughing, seemed amused with his oddities. They wore striped pants, and short white shirts outside, with ornamental figures worked on them. The procession passed to the gate of the town-house where we were standing, and halted. They looked at us inquiringly for a few moments, as if wondering what

four Europeans could be doing here. The request for horses, &c., was made; but before attending to this, they had to finish their own affairs. The band now played a lively tune, and the chiefs marched into the house; meantime our friend set himself to dancing a jig, which amused them much. The capitans and their principals now engaged in some business affairs in the council-room, and we went in and looked on. Some papers and documents were read, and some short speeches were made. We could not understand what it was about; but the Indian spectators present were evidently much interested, for the bamboo floor in the spectators' room began to crack, and give way, from the accumulated weight of those coming in. In an hour their deliberations were over, and they came out with an air of satisfaction on their countenances, indicating that they thought they had performed some important business.

The capitan and his assistants now gave their attention to us, and despatched men after horses, to get which required considerable time.

It was near noon when our little cavalcade of seven galloped out of Columbo, more swiftly than usual, hoping to make up for lost time. The first part of our way, on leaving the town, led over the miserable road which we had so lately travelled in the night. The mud was, if possible, deeper than before, and our raw-boned, dwarf-sized ponies would frequently sink into the mire, and come to a stop, extricating themselves with difficulty, sometimes not till after several trials. We had about ten miles of this mud to go through. At one place our friend A. came to a halt, his horse sinking in the mud, when, thinking to relieve his beast, he jumped off, and sank himself in the mud to his chest. We had a hearty laugh at his expense. He said he considered it fortunate that he held on to the reins, as, without this precaution, he might have passed out of sight.

We pushed on, as fast as we could urge our horses through such a road, across which, much of the way, logs of wood about a foot apart were lying. Between these were holes, and the horses' feet would sometimes strike on the logs, and again between, stumbling and pitching, somewhat to the risk of the rider's neck.

After the first ten miles, the road became better, and we urged our ponies faster, splashing on through mud and water, covering horse and rider with it, till we arrived at the house of our particular Indian friends, at the place called Tanauan where we changed horses, took a lunch, and engaged a prow of an old Indian whom we met here, and who lived on the margin of the lake. Our friends treated us very hospitably, saying nothing this time about the passports.

We were soon under way again, the old Indian piloting us. He was a large man, and must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds; yet he galloped as fast as any of us. It came on to rain quite hard, and we stopped a few minutes at an Indian house near Taal Lake, and the only habitation in that vicinity. Here we asked for some water to drink, and they handed us a long bamboo, eight or nine feet in length, which stood against the house. This was made by cutting a bamboo off below a joint where it makes a thin partition inside, and breaking out the remaining partitions.

"What!" said the captain, "do you drink out of that big pole? Why, you want one of those Indians to hold one end. I don't believe I can manage it, but I rather think I can get the water if it is there."

He placed it to his lips, and, raising the other end too high, the contents came pouring into his face.

"Thunder and zounds!" said he, putting down the bamboo, "there is water enough there, and I believe I got it all, but none of it in my mouth. I had rather put my head in the lake to drink."

We all drank, — the captain succeeding, after a little practice, — and placed the bamboo up against the house, leaving it for further use.

We followed our Indian leader to a different part of the lake from the one we before reached. Winding around by the edge of the water to where we supposed we were to take the prow, we went on, and on, till it seemed as if there was to be no end to the road. More than a dozen times I said to myself "That must be the place;" but on the old Indian went, and on we followed. Every turn we made towards Taal Lake I thought was the last. Once the road had contracted to a narrow path, which I could perceive led directly into the lake. "Well, now," said I to myself, "I am not mistaken this time, and here is the spot for us to embark; this is the end of the road, there is the water twenty rods before us, and there is the canoe!" I let my horse slacken his pace, to discover where we were to turn, as I saw them within a few feet of the water, and thought, "You'll have to turn quick, old fellow, or you will be in the lake!" And sure enough into the lake the old Indian dashed, and on dashed Alexander and Abeytua. I followed, and Captain Grey dashed on after us, as if determined to follow, though we should go to perdition. The water was shallow, and we rode galloping near the shore, the horses splashing a shower of water over us. About two hours' ride brought us to the boatman's house, where we could get off our horses; but it was with difficulty that we could move after we were off.

It was now evening. We crawled into the house, and experienced true bliss when we found ourselves stretched on the floor for a little repose, while a dozen Indians stood around, gazing at us. Resting for ten minutes, we were ready to start; but the old fellow's prow was away, and we had to wait till after nine o'clock in the evening; when, declaring we would wait no longer, we took up with two small canoes. After paddling across, and around to the other side of the island, landing, and climbing the mountain, at eleven o'clock at night we stood on the brink of the crater, looking into its depths below. The circular outline seemed smaller and more contracted than in the daytime; and from the centre of the dark abyss poured out and upward huge volumes of fire and smoke, apparently not a hundred yards from us, though in reality much more. The fire was not so bright as we expected, and was only distinctly visible as in convulsive throbs the accumulated gas was belched forth from the mouth of the conical chimney, when there could be seen a lurid glow, veiled by a body of reddened steam and smoke; but a volcano must be seen to get a just appreciation of it, for lifeless words cannot convey a correct idea of such a scene. The sulphur lake showed itself like a bed of silver,

melted and cooled. The red streaks coursing down the outside of the chimney were only to be seen by the reflected light of the fire within; the interior of the crater had a reddish glare on its lower parts and sides, which likened it, in imagination, to Hades itself; and the whole presented a truly grand yet awful appearance. Señor A. cautiously approached to within a few feet of us, peeped in for a few seconds, and then crouched back and beat a hasty retreat, seating himself a few yards below us. He said he had seen enough, did not like to remain in such a dangerous place, and wished us to go. He thought it very strange that we should wish to look more than a minute into such a "hellish" scene, telling some of our party that they were fools for trusting themselves so near its edge. Finally he said, if we would stay in such a horrid place, he would not; and he left us, making his way down the mountain.

The wind taking different directions, we were frequently obliged to change our positions to escape the sulphurous gas, which rose in great quantities, and rendered the air almost strangulating. Sometimes we were forced to retreat precipitately below the surface outside.

We had brought a coil of rope for the purpose of making a descent in the daytime; but our several delays had prevented our reaching here in season, and the only alternative left us was to make the attempt by night. Selecting a place where there was an inclination of the walls, the end of the rope was made fast to a lava rock, and guarded by Mr. A. Then taking the rope in our hands, Capt. G. went ahead, and I followed. We slowly let ourselves down, taking care to avoid sharp stones for the rope to grind upon behind us. For the first part we descended very comfortably, holding by our feet on any roughness which might present, and making short slidings and restings, to see where we were to come next. We were hardly out of sight of our friend at the top, when we came to a place where we could neither see nor feel any foothold; nor could we, by rattling down pebbles, hear them strike anything below to which we might swing ourselves: it seemed almost folly to try to go any further. We waited to see if "old volcano" would give us a little light; but he went on puffing and blowing with his usual intervals, not caring for us pigmies who were trying to scale his sides; and his lurid glare would not illumine the black abyss beneath. As neither of us would trust ourselves where we could not see any hope of success, we turned our backs on invisibility, and, drawing ourselves up, sought visibility at the surface, our companion being at his post guarding the rope.

We were much disappointed, and I proposed returning to the village, and, sleeping there, make the descent in the morning; but the others thought they must be back at Manilla. Concluding that if we could not make the descent inside we could outside, and collecting our apparatus, we descended, with the aid of the lantern, to the base of the mountain, where we found our friend, Señor A., rolled up in his blanket and quietly sleeping on the ground, which was well warmed by the burning fires below. The servants and boatmen also were calmly enjoying their sleep. It seemed a pity to disturb them, but a few hulloas brought them to their feet.

We took the canoes to the village where our horses were, and continued on our way. After a fatiguing night's ride, with no particular incidents, we arrived, at two P. M., at Columbo, where we stayed till near night. Recrossing the lagunas in the prow, in which we had no shelter from the damp air and chilly breeze for six uncomfortable hours, we procured canoes, glided rapidly down the river, and landed at Manilla between three and four in the morning.

It was not yet light when we arrived, the hotel was shut up, and the servants asleep; and, to disturb no one, we scaled the walls, climbing over the parapet on the terrace. Capt. Bridges, who had risen early to take the morning air, was sitting here in the veranda in a loose dress. We thought he was a ghost; and he, not expecting us for several days yet, on seeing our heads appear above the walls, thought we were ghosts; and so it was a ghostly time all round.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VISITS TO FAMILIES OF THE SPANISH. — CIGARS AND SMOKING. — FEAST OF PANDACKAN. — INCIDENTAL DESCRIPTIONS. — COUNTRY-SEAT OF DONA M——, ETC.

LETTER TO A SISTER.

Monday, January 8th.

My dear Sister L. F.: I had nearly made up my mind to leave for Hong-Kong with Mr. A. to-morrow; but, from the solicitations of some patients, I have decided to remain for a couple of weeks longer. In one of my visits to-day I stopped for a while, practising in the Spanish language with the family. Mr. W., who had interpreted for us, came up shortly after we had left, saying that the gentleman who had an office underneath "thought there was considerable noise above for a physician." We had been engaged in the pronunciation of both Spanish and English; and, in the different trials of English sounds, the ladies raised their voices considerably above the natural tones; and, when any amusing mistake was made, it ended in a merry laugh all round. Sometimes the Doña, perceiving, as she fancied, where the want of success with the younger ladies lay, thought she would try; and, failing in a similar way, excited laughter anew. They wished to know how I pronounced my name, as they disagreed among themselves about it. I explained, and it was then with difficulty that they could pronounce it right, calling it Boul, Bale, and Bal, and anything but Ball. They told me, when they had it right, that we pronounced differently from what we spelt; and that, according to my pronunciation, it ought to be spelt B-o-r-l. I could but admit the justness of the observation. At my mistakes they did not laugh

beyond an occasional smile, which, from their pretty faces, was more agreeable than disagreeable. But, to avoid further cause for remarks from the room below, my stay was not prolonged.

In the evening I went with several friends to the feast of Qui-apo, and afterwards to Señor B.'s, where there was music and dancing. I had the pleasure of dancing with a Spanish lady who spoke English — the only one I have met in Manilla, though I presume there are many. There were two bands, one inside and one outside the house, besides a piano. The feast of this evening is the ninth and last of the new-year's feasts, but probably not the last of the year.

When I came home I found that a large lizard had taken possession of my table, lying quietly on it; but he quickly vacated it and escaped to the walls. They are very numerous, but harmless. Frequently, as I sit writing, I see eight or ten of them on the walls of the room; and often, when I have retired, I amuse myself by watching them as they chase each other over the ceiling.

Wednesday, *January* 10*th*. — I have forwarded letters home by Mr. Alexander, who leaves for Hong-Kong to-day in a Spanish vessel. Several of us went down the harbor and on board to see him off, but, the vessel not being ready to sail, we returned ashore. I have had a long and pleasant chat with Mr. Balfour, an American, from Charlestown, who has been residing here many years. After dinner we rode over the Calzada, and then to Señor A.'s, and spent a pleasant evening with the ladies in music and dancing.

Thursday, *January* 11*th*. — In one of my visits to-day, the daughter, Señorita P., a pretty young lady, promised to teach me Spanish, and I to reciprocate by teaching her English. How we shall succeed can be known, I suppose, only by the progress we make. Towards night I rode to the Calzada, calling in and looking at several stores on the way, some of which were fine and handsome. Then we went to the plaza, or public square within the fortifications, and joined the throng of people who were in their carriages, drawn up and listening to the military bands which were playing in front of the governor-general's palace.

Friday, *January* 12*th*. — Almost every one here smokes cigars, from the wealthiest to the poorest, from the little boy to the old man, males and females, — cigars of different sizes, strengths and qualities, being adapted to the various tastes and means of the consumers. They commence smoking the first thing in the morning, and it is the last thing at night. Every morning, at the hour of rising, which is about sunrise, the servant brings a cup of chocolate with a cigar and a light fire, and places them on a little table by the bedside; if you are not awake he calls you, and leaves the room.

A person without a cigar in his mouth is out of fashion. The little Indian boys will run along by the side of carriages, for a considerable distance, with burning pieces of rope in their hands, offering a light, for which they expect a small coin to be thrown them. They seem to take it for granted, when they see a gentleman who is not smoking, that it must be from the want of a light, and they hasten up at once with the burning ropes, calling, "Fuego? fuego?" The Spanish

ladies, I believe, do not generally smoke; the more matronly ones I occasionally see smoking, but the young ladies never. It seemed strange at first to have a Spanish lady offer me a cigar; and especially when, wishing to show particular attention and interest, she would first light it, drawing it with her own mouth. To refuse it would be considered an offence to their politeness. The Mestizos ladies are to be seen in the streets at all times with cigars in their mouths. The poorer classes among the Mestizos and Indians smoke cigarettas, which are made of tobacco rolled in a husk or leaf; and the other classes the best cheroots, or some of the cheaper qualities. The tobacco is raised here, and the cheroots are made in the government manufactories. By a permit from the authorities we visited the one in Manilla, where there were seven thousand Mustesoe and Indian girls at work. It was quite a curiosity to walk through the different departments, and see the various processes. The operatives were ranged in rows, seated at low tables, and making a clatter reminding one of a factory. The operation of rolling is very quickly done. The girl takes between her fingers a little bunch from the prepared heap of leaves, places it on the flat wrapper, straightens and rolls it, and then pastes the edge and cuts off the ends. The making of the boxes, the packing, papering, lettering, &c., is all done here. I did not see any opium used, yet I am under the impression that in the cigars of the best qualities a little in solution (though a very little, it may be, in each cigar) must be intermingled to give the peculiar flavor, and render them so fascinating to those who give them the preference above all others for smoking.

Saturday, *January* 13*th*. — With Señor A. and others I attended a feast in that part of the city bordering on the bay. It was much like all the others — a great crowd of people moving about the streets, going in and coming out of houses, with many carriages, &c. In the evening I went over to the opposite part of the plaza, where there was to be a celebration by the soldiers — the anniversary of some battle or massacre. The soldiers paraded in a procession of two lines, each bearing a lighted candle. They marched without music, with a slow and mournful tread, and as they entered the plaza the effect was very pretty — two rows of moving lights encircling the square, forming angles here and there, and their dark forms and illuminated faces on a darker ground-work gave quite an air of solemnity to the scene. Making a call on a Spanish family, we received an invitation to attend them to-morrow, in the country, to the feast of Pandackan, and to the baths. Then, returning to the great feast of the afternoon, we spent the remainder of the evening in visiting various families, who made us most welcome to their hospitalities and pleasures.

Sunday, *January* 14*th*. — Señor A. called this morning, at six, for us to go to the feast of Pandackan. He went with Mr. N., in his carriage; Captain G. with me, in mine, followed. We started early, as it was arranged to meet a party at the bathing-places, and had a fine ride in the cool air of the morning five or six miles, through a part of the country that we had not before seen.

These feast-days remind me of our old May-election days in Massa-

chusetts. Everybody seems to be in high spirits. The streets out here were thronged with human beings, many of whom were Indians; and every fourth or fifth man we met had a fighting-cock under his arm. Cock-fighting is the great amusement, and Sundays and feast-days are the principal occasions for it. We saw the amphitheatre, but did not think it of sufficient importance to call there.

The Indians in the morning appear in nice, clean, white, shirt-like frocks, worn outside, but by night they are so soiled as to lose their attractiveness. These garments are of cotton, cambric, or muslin, and wrought with various figures. Taking a canoe, we crossed the river to a village a little way up, on the opposite bank. The river was filled with canoes, laden with Spaniards, Mestizos, Indians, and a sprinkling of Europeans, arriving from different directions, all in pursuit, I suppose, of the feast, or the holiday which the feast caused.

We assembled at the house of an Indian family on the edge of the river, where we met our friends of the Spanish family from Manilla. At nine we had a breakfast of fried eggs and meat, bread, fruits, chocolate, &c., prepared by our Indian host. Soon after, hearing music and the firing of guns, we all walked to the church, where the procession was just entering for mass. The image of Christ, glittering and sparkling with the finery and ornaments of gold and silver with which it was enveloped, was carried on a platform supported on the shoulders of four men. Four others held a white canopy on gilded sticks over a priest walking behind. The procession was preceded by the band, and two rows of men and girls, bearing lighted candles. Our stay in the church was only a few minutes, the ceremonies being like those we had seen in all Catholic churches.

At noon, robed in our bathing-dresses, we entered the baths, — a large bamboo enclosure, covered, and leading into the river from the house. The ladies were already there, enjoying, with merry laughs and acclamations, the refresning element. We numbered a party of about ten. The weather was very warm, and the cooling water was most grateful. The ladies showed themselves to be excellent swimmers, superior, if anything, to the gentlemen. This would seem natural, when one considers that it is their custom to bathe every day, and often several times a day. After an hour here, all repaired to their dressing-rooms, and soon appeared in the principal room in their usual attire. During the afternoon one of the Spanish ladies played and sung to us with the harp. We promenaded the streets for an hour or two, and stopped a few minutes at the cock-fight, where there seemed to be much excitement among the Indians. We saw two fights, and two of the combatants killed. In the evening we walked out with the ladies to see the fireworks, but a rain commencing prevented their taking place. The evening continuing dark and rainy, Captain G. and I returned home, leaving our companions still remaining there.

Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

LETTER TO A SISTER.

Manilla, Monday, January 15th.

My dear Sister L. : I will continue my journalizings to you, if you will accept them for such as they are, and not such as they might be.

Towards night Captain G. invited me to take a ride with him ; and where did he go, but to the feast of Pandackan ? I thought we had finished that yesterday ; but it closes to-night, and we thought we would see the last of it. We there met two other parties from our hotel, and other acquaintances. I also saw several Spanish families which I knew, and went with them to various places. Music, feasting, illuminations, dancing, promenading by a great collection of people, &c., were the order of the evening.

Wednesday, January 17th. — Morning and evening, when inside the mosquito-net, are the only times we can be really free from the mosquitoes, especially in rainy or cloudy weather. At these times I do the most of my reading, writing, and studying.

In our rides this evening we called with Señor A. on the señoritas, at his house. They were at home, and two hours glided by very pleasantly. I talked all the Spanish that I could muster, and they inserted what I omitted, which, I presume, was at least two thirds ; but they were willing, for the amusement which it afforded, and it seemed mutually to be so considered. Late this evening the mosquitoes were quite furious, and they imparted a similar disposition to me. As I went to rise quickly from my writing-table, hitting the lamp, it was upset, and deluged my journal. I cleaned it up as well as possible, but it had saturated the leaves. I remembered the words I learned when a little boy, " Let your moderation be known unto all men ; " but I thought it would be better known here to myself. These lamps are open tumblers, two thirds filled with water, covered with cocoa-nut or pea-nut oil on the top. The wick is a small pith from some tree, and is held in its place by an iron spiral wire, bent, with arms, which hang on the edges of the tumblers. Then, set into a plate, it constitutes the lamp.

Hot weather reigns here, although it is winter. We seek for cool places, and no one pretends to go out except in his carriage, and then not much in the middle of the day. I break through the rules, and go out when I like, with my umbrella. I have a carriage, but I prefer to walk. Vegetation is green and flourishing the year round ; fresh fruits are seen in the market every day ; and lemons, oranges, plantains, guavas, cocoa-nuts, &c. The ladies ride in open carriages on the Calzada, without anything over their heads but parasols. The Mustesoes usually wear a pinia handkerchief instead of a bonnet. Children about the streets wear very little clothing, and many nothing at all.

The people of Manilla are extremely free and open-hearted to their acquaintances, and they invite strangers with as much cordiality to their hospitalities as if they had always known them. To-day, in making a visit, I found the family at dinner. I said I would wait in the other room. The Doña urged me strongly to partake with

them. On declining, she insisted that I should sit down at the table, and then that I should taste from her own spoon or knife of each of the many dishes that were served. My perceptions were not so delicate but I was able to acquiesce. The house was large, well finished and furnished, and two stories high. Few buildings, with the exception of the public buildings, nunneries, &c., have two stories, on account of earthquakes. The rooms are spacious and lofty, the floors of hard wood, and, waxed every day, retain a beautiful polish. Underneath is an arched drive-way, from which stairs lead up to the upper rooms, and form the entrance to the house. In the rear is the court, surrounded by other buildings, — the stable, bath-house, kitchen, servants' rooms, &c. Light and airy verandas encircle the house at the second story on three sides. The basement, or first story, is occupied for offices.

In the evening, with Mr. N., I attended the Casino, which was filled to overflowing with the fashion and beauty of Manilla, with a few strangers interspersed. After a comedy and a few songs by the amateur performers, dancing commenced, which continued till twelve. At the close I could not, among the throng of vehicles, find my carriage readily; and, being afraid the gates of the fortifications would be shut, I went without it; but a Spanish acquaintance saw me, and took me home in his — many thanks for his politeness. Half an hour afterwards my carriage came in, the coachman telling me he had waited till all were gone.

Sunday, January 21st. — I rode out with Mr. N. a few miles, and passed over the floating bamboo bridge. This is constructed of braided strips of bamboo, which bend and creak under the horses' feet and the carriage as if we should break through ; but it is considered very strong. In the evening we went to the feast of San Sebastian. We called on several pleasant Spanish families, and were made most welcome. At one house I met Doña M. and daughters and others, and had an agreeable time. The Doña introduced me to her daughter, Señora C., whom I had not before seen. A large and long table was loaded with luxuries of meats, wines, cakes, fruits, nuts, chocolate, preserves, &c., which were put there not to be looked at, but to be eaten ; and all ate as though they were not afraid to eat, and as if they came with the intention of eating. I am very sure I did my part ; and, with the attentions of the frank and generous people, it was not possible for one who entered the house to leave hungry. I noticed butter upon the table here, not having seen it but once before at any other house. I think the people rarely eat it. While here I met Mr. ——, whom we fell in with at the lagunas, and who gave us much information about the volcano. He told us that, since he returned, he had been fined fifteen dollars for crossing the limits of the province his passport stipulated. We remained about two hours, enjoying ourselves every moment. I talked all the Spanish I knew, but soon got through, and had to begin over again. There was one little girl here who was learning English, and with the two languages we managed to get along together quite glibly.

Saturday, January 27th. — It seems to be so arranged that when

there is a feast in the city it is confined to a particular district or ward, and only that portion is then illuminated for the occasion ; and the feast takes the name of the ward, — as San Sebastian, San Miguel, &c. After one is over another commences in some other ward, or district, and after that another, and so on. Where they end I do not know.

I rode with a party of friends ten or twelve miles, to San Pedro. Called there upon the Indian Captain Synod and others, and was agreeably entertained with the harps, pianos, &c.

After dinner Mr. N. called with me at Doña M.'s, and we accompanied the family out to their country-seat, a few miles distant. She and her daughter, with two other young ladies, went in their carriage, with postilions and footmen, &c., and we in ours. The place was very pretty, — a large house, with fine verandas, commanding an extensive and interesting view, and surrounded by a garden full of plants, flowers, orange and lemon trees, guavas, cocoa-nut, betel-nut, &c. The betel-nut tree is much the handsomest, and appears like the work of art. A delightful fragrance filled the air. The house stands in the centre of the grounds, and is unoccupied except when Doña M. visits it. Convenient bathing-rooms are attached at one side, and the whole is enclosed by a high plastered wall of stone.

I here applied the lotion which they had brought with them to the eye of my patient. The guava-tree, from which came the cause of the affection, was pointed out to me. A poisonous insect, six months since, had flown or fallen into her eye while she was standing under the tree, which caused an immediate inflammation, that had assumed a chronic form. I examined the leaves and branches of the tree, but could discover no small insects there.

On our return we all went into the San Sebastian church, and attended vespers. The people were constantly going in and out, and, although very large, the church would contain, at one time, but a small proportion of those who frequented it. The floor up to the altar was filled with kneeling devotees. The greater part were ladies, and the beautiful soft pinia veils of white, contrasting with their rich black hair and brunette faces, gave them an exceedingly fascinating appearance.

Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAVAGES AT THE THEATRE. — MARRIAGES. — DEPARTURE FROM MANILLA, ETC.

LETTER TO SISTER-IN-LAW.

Manilla, January 28th.

My dear Sister A.: In my visit to the doña, this forenoon, I found only herself, the family having gone to mass at the church. When they returned, each one entering the room advanced and took her hand, kissing the back of it. In about a half an hour they went out again, each performing the same ceremony before leaving. I presumed it to be a form of salutation, of affection and respect, from the younger members towards the oldest, or head of the family.

Monday, January 29th. — I am often asked why I do not go to the theatre oftener, and why I refuse such invitations. I answer that I am not fond of it except as an occasional thing. It is dull to sit and look on without understanding the language well enough to be amused by the plays; but this evening there was a new attraction, and I was induced to join a party of friends, and go. A party of savages, who dwell in the most mountainous parts of the interior of the island, were to appear. They were all chiefs, — a deputation of forty from their tribes, which the Spaniards had never been able to subdue, on account of the difficulties of access to them. Being tired of constant warfare, they had come down to Manilla, and voluntarily delivered themselves up. They have been treated very kindly by the authorities, who have taken pains to show them their arsenals, fortifications, guns and weapons, &c., that they might be impressed with their superior power; and, at the request of the authorities, they consented to show themselves at the theatre.

As they came on the stage in a state of almost nudity, one would not have to be told that they were savages. They were the largest and fiercest specimens of the human race I have ever seen. They were tall, straight, very broad across the shoulders, with full, expanding chests, large frames, with well-developed muscles, and very symmetrical forms. They performed several of their dances, which were anything but dances; leaping and hopping, with violent gestures, and wild contortions of the face. They, however, displayed great muscular power and energy. Their color was nearly black, — and their hair black, a medium between the curly of the negro and straight hair of the Indian.

Tuesday, January 30th. — To-day we have witnessed a review of several thousand Spanish and Indian troops. In the evening, Mr. N. and I called at Doña M.'s, listening to fine music. Mr. N. examined the heads of the company phrenologically, which created

much amusement. I returned home, and read within my mosquito-net till twelve; and then, pushing the lamp away from the curtains, watched the darting lizards on the walls until I fell asleep.

Friday, February 2d. — With several friends, I went into the country, to the feast of San Pedro Macate. We had a delightful ride. The illuminations, processions, feastings, music, dancing, &c., were like all the others.

For variety, a large paper balloon was made to ascend by combustible materials fastened underneath. The amusements closed with fire-works in the plaza, the last of which represented an immense bull galloping back and forth, spouting fire from his nostrils, and his whole body streaming with fire.

Saturday, February 3d. — Doña M. took me with her family this evening to visit her son-in-law, Col. C., and wife, who live in that part of the city within the fortifications. The colonel, a very amiable gentleman, did his best to make me speak Spanish, but I was too dull of comprehension to make much headway. On our return we called on Señor B., and it was a great luxury to speak English with him. He had lived in Calcutta, and spoke English perfectly.

The ladies here marry very young, sixteen to twenty being the common age, and often fifteen: some marry at fourteen, occasionally one at thirteen, and in rare instances they marry at twelve; but these, I believe, are mostly among the Indians. A lady of my acquaintance has two daughters, one thirteen, and the other fifteen, and she is not yet twenty-nine. The daughter of thirteen, I am told, is already engaged. People arrive at maturity in these tropical climates much sooner than with us.

The laws respecting marriage differ somewhat from ours. The ceremony must be performed by a Catholic priest. If done by a Protestant, it is considered null. Before a Protestant gentleman can marry a Catholic lady, he must take some vows, or go through some forms of the Catholic religion. In such cases, they are married first by the Catholic priest, and then by the Protestant clergyman. But the Protestant form is not permitted here, and after the Catholic marriage the parties go on board a foreign man-of-war and are married by the chaplain; or, if there is no vessel or Protestant clergyman, they go to Hong-Kong, or some other place where Protestantism is tolerated.

Sunday, February 4th. — I rode with Mr. N. into the country towards Fonda. Mr. N. had late English papers, in which was an account and drawing of the sea-serpent, as seen by the officers and crew of H. B. M. ship "Dædalus." We discussed the subject until the bad state of the roads compelled us to turn round, in doing which the coachman nearly tipped us off backwards over a bank, and the sea-serpent story was driven out of our minds. It rained most of the time (it being the rainy season here), which did not add to our pleasure; but the air was much cooled and purified by it.

Monday, February 5th. — To-day I had a pleasant interview with a Roman Catholic priest, who has been living at the hotel for a week or two past. He has a fund of knowledge on almost every subject, and I have had many interesting chats and discussions with him. He has

travelled a great deal as a missionary, speaks six or seven languages, and, as a man of the world, has all the angular prejudices of home or localism rubbed off. He rode out with me this afternoon to the Calcada, and afterwards showed me over the Roman Catholic seminary. We discussed Catholicism, republicanism, &c., freely; and, like all those endless subjects, left off about where we began. He took me to visit a brother priest, whom he wished me to see professionally, — of course gratuitously, — in which I was very willing to comply. He has declined an offer of the president of the seminary here for the education of priests, preferring to always remain in the capacity of missionary. He is going to California, where he wishes me to accompany him.

The seminary which we visited is very large, extending over an area of more than two acres. It comprises the unadorned and almost unfurnished rooms of the padres, gloomy cells of the student-priests, a fine cathedral, and soldiers' barracks. The building reminded me of ancient convents of which I had read, — long halls, winding-stairs, rows of rooms, all in solid brick and stone, dark, damp, and cheerless.

Saturday, February 17th. — I rode into the city after breakfast, and visited with Señor Philippi the college or convent of St. Dominique. In our ride after dinner on the Calzada I had a chat with Mr. N. upon cocoa-nut plantations. Great profits are said to be realized by those obtaining grants of land from the government, and planting cocoa-nut trees for the manufacture of the cocoa-nut oil.

At Doña M.'s this eve I met several señoritas, and enjoyed a musical treat, accompanying with my flute to some of the pieces on the harp and piano. I met Captain Codman at the hotel, who invited me to make a trip with him next week in his vessel, the "Vandalia," to Hong-Kong. I may accept of his politeness. Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

LETTER TO MOTHER.

Manilla, Philippine Islands, February 20th.

My dear Mother: It is more than nine months since I have had a word from you, — the longest time that I have been away without some intelligence from that endeared place, "home." I think there must be letters on the way, which, perhaps, have been delayed. When I do hear, I shall appreciate them all the more.

You can easily judge what the weather is here, when I tell you that I have worn none but thin clothing this winter. I ought not to call it winter in Manilla, though it is the winter corresponding to yours. White pants, white vest, socks, shirt, gloves, spencer, are worn and have to be changed every day. Black shoes and a black hat compose the two extremes, and the remainder of our dress.

I have been to Mr. W.'s and had some daguerreotypes taken, and exchanged with friends. So you see that in Manilla one can have his likeness taken, and by an American, and done as well as in America. Mr. W. has been here, connected with a mercantile house, a number of years; and occasionally gives his attention to this art, much to the accommodation of his friends. I am now making preparations to leave

on Saturday next, with Capt. Codman, who is from Dorchester, Mass., for Hong-Kong.

Saturday, February 24th. — I have been busy all day for the departure this evening. I had my baggage taken to the custom-house and cleared, made several calls on friends, and succeeded in getting round to dine at Doña M.'s at four P. M., an hour after the appointed time. There I met Señor O., and several young ladies. We dined sumptuously. I was surprised at the variety of meats, pastry, wines, preserves, fruits, etc. Only to taste of each, such was their multiplicity, would have made a sufficient repast; but one must eat as well as taste. In the evening we had music from the harp, with an occasional note from the flute, and singing. I enjoyed the occasion, and, delaying the hour as long as possible, took leave at nine with many sincere pangs of regret, but with a hope that it was not yet my last interview with them. I waited for Capt. C. at the hotel until past twelve at night; but something prevented his being here, and I retired to my room for one night more in Manilla.

Off the coast of Luzon, February, 1849.

Sunday, February 25th. — This morning early I hurried off in a canoe on board the vessel, Mr. N. accompanying me. The Spanish gun-boat lay a little way from us, keeping a watch, according to their custom, on the vessel; and we were obliged to approach it before nearing our vessel. At one P. M. we sailed down the bay, passed Corrigedor Island, and then stood out to sea. This evening we are in sight of the coast of Luzon, the wind is light, and the "Vandalia" moves along very quietly; but all the old associations connected with leaving and being at sea are strongly fastened on me. The captain and all have retired, excepting the regular watch and myself, and I am sitting and musing alone.

I cannot help thinking of the kind-hearted, hospitable people, from the chief magistrate down to the thoughtless though happy Indians, whom I am leaving behind. The friendship, society and hospitality, of many of them, I have enjoyed with real satisfaction. And among them are the Danish Consul, Mr. K.'s family, consisting now of several brothers and sisters, all living at their house in harmonious concord. They speak so many languages, and with such fluency and correctness, that I should hardly have known what nation to call them, and was always disposed to believe the language they happened to be speaking their own native tongue. I have seen them conduct a conversation in five or six different languages at the same time — to one English, to another Danish, to another French, Spanish, German, &c. And what seemed remarkable was, that they could speak and change from one language to another with ease and facility. Their accomplishments in music, &c., could not be much less. I have spent many agreeable and home-like hours in their society, eaten and drank at their table, listened to their sensible words, and been cheered by the music of their instruments and voices.

We passed the "Amistead," a Spanish vessel bound into Manilla from Hong-Kong. Captain C. attempted to speak her, but she did

not understand, or did not wish to pay any attention to us, and kept on her way.

Monday, February 26th. — This evening we are nearly becalmed, and have been nearly the whole day; but now, at eight o'clock, our sails fill with a moderate breeze from the land.

Tuesday, February 27th. — I had a fine cool berth to sleep in last night; but if a person feels unwell it is hard to sleep anywhere. I lay the whole night dreaming, awaking every half-hour only to change my position, and return to partial sleep again. I find my thoughts many times a day turning back to Manilla, somewhat as they did to Boston when leaving for the first time; and they traverse in a moment of time to all the places and persons of my acquaintance. It seems almost like leaving home to leave Manilla.

We are now standing out to sea, leaving the land behind us, with the wind from the wrong quarter. A small vessel crossed our bows this evening in just time to clear herself. Had we come in contact, we should probably have sunk her, or been sunk, either of which would have been sufficiently unfortunate.

Wednesday, February 28th. — Last evening from eleven to twelve I promenaded the deck alone. Falling into a thoughtful mood, I paced back and forth almost unconsciously. The moon had sunk below the horizon, and the stars were shedding a bright light, as if to make good her place. All around was lulled to solemn stillness, except now and then the dull splash of a wave against the sides of the vessel. I seemed alone, the only living thing on board, and as if floating at the mercy of the wind and sea. Although my body was here, my mind was at home among the friends nearest to my heart; and I could see them in their different places, as if from some point of observation, and all comprehended at a glance. We are now out of sight of land, and I am again, for the third time, in the China Sea. The weather is very mild, and most agreeable.

With much affection, your son,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXV.

PASSAGE FROM MANILLA TO HONG-KONG. — LETTERS FROM HOME. — CHINESE SERVANTS. — THEIR CHEATING, ETC. — CHINESE PIRATES. — OPENING OF THE CITY GATES.

Thursday, *March 1st.* — We are having very light winds, but there is a strong current which enables us to make a little headway. Yesterday we made two hundred miles, which is not a bad day's work for a sailing vessel. But we all feel more interested in the progress

of this voyage, on account of a bet pending between our vessel, the "Vandalia," and a Spanish one, which left some days since. The vessel arriving at Hong-Kong in the shortest time wins the bet of fifty dollars, the time being reckoned from the hour of the vessel's sailing to the dropping of the anchor.

The wind freshens this evening, and produces a motion that is anything but agreeable; but I am willing to endure it while there is confident expectation of beating our competitor. The captain and Mr. Farnum have full conviction that we shall beat, and I remarked to him that probably the Spanish captain was equally as sure that he should; which it will be, remains to be seen.

Friday, March 2d. — This evening I had with the captain a very agreeable conversation about home, and friends there. We found that many of them were known to us both, and the evening passed off with much enjoyment. Last night the captain was quite sick for a while, but this evening he is quite well again.

Saturday, March 3d. — All the past night we have been going, as they say, "at a fearful rate," "like the wind," rolling and pitching "*quantum sufficit.*" To-day the wind is strong and violent, and we tear along at an unusually rapid rate. The vessel seems almost to skip from sea to sea, and often her white sails go down and touch the rising water on each side.

Toward night we came near the land, but, being unable to see or make out the passage or entrance to the harbor, we "hove to," and waited for a pilot, with the anchors ready to let go. I was fearful that a pilot's boat would not venture out in this weather, and that we might have to stay all night, and by that means get beaten by our Spanish brother, who was probably safe in the harbor. In the course of two or three hours a Chinese boat ventured from its concealment, and was seen directing its course to us. We several times expected to see it turn back, but on it came, buffeting the water and spray that broke over it, tacking both ways until she reached us, and the pilot came on board. The bargain was soon arranged, which it is very necessary to do beforehand in dealing with the Chinese. It saves much disagreeable dispute, time, and exorbitant charges. The pilot took us very directly into the harbor, and we came to anchor before the town of Hong-Kong at half-past eight o'clock.

Hong-Kong, Sunday, March 4th. — Captain C. and I went ashore, and breakfasted with Mr. Drinker at Messrs. R. D. & Co.'s. I met a number of the officers of the "Preble" in the evening, with many

of whom I enjoyed conversation. I was here shown the curiosity of twelve hundred dollars in gold-dust, so called, though consisting of gold pieces or fragments. Wonderful stories are told about the California gold, and incredulously listened to here.

At evening I returned on board with the captain, and passed the night. The weather seems cold compared with that of Manilla, and is much like our March in New England, with the cold east winds.

I found to-day, at Mr. D.'s office, a large package of letters and papers, which was not seen yesterday.

Monday, March 5th.—I breakfasted on board with Captain C. The captain of the Spanish vessel came on board to breakfast, and acknowledged that our vessel had beaten his ship. He had been twelve days out, and we less than seven.

I called with Captain C. at Mr. Bush, the consul's, and at Mr. R.'s, this eve, where I met Rev. Mr. Dean, Rev. Mr. Loomis, Lieut. Burt, and Dr. Lober. I took up my residence at Messrs. R. D. & Co.'s. Everybody is engaged in talking of California.

LETTER TO MOTHER.

Hong-Kong, China, March.

My dear Mother: I arrived here by the ship "Vandalia" the 3d inst., at evening. I could not wait till daylight to go ashore, for my mind was on the letters, should there be any, from home. Two officers, calling on board on their way from the American man-of-war "Preble," offered to set us ashore; which invitation I very readily accepted, and soon had in my hands some letters which were waiting for me. Several of them were notes from persons about here in Hong-Kong, &c.; but I was greatly rejoiced to see one which the numerous postmarks on it indicated had come over land, and must be from some of you. In a moment after, I saw A. before me in that well-known hand-writing. Immediately I was in the midst of you all, transported from China to America in a second of time. I could see father and mother, brothers and sisters, friends and relatives, all at their respective places. Boston, Northboro, Quincy, Medford, and all the towns in which I was acquainted, were crowded at once before me, without any change. I returned on board the ship to have a quiet read. The next day I discovered another package, which had been forwarded from Shanghae by Mrs. B. to Hong-Kong. It had gone there by mistake, and again had returned. I looked over a pile of papers till I came to some letters. "And who are all these for?" was the mental inquiry. I looked them all over, and, to my great surprise, found my name on every one. I could not believe that they were all for me, and looked them over again. "Well," I thought, "I did not expect to find such a treasure in a Chinese des-

ert. This is like the traveller and the oasis in a barren waste. He did, at last, even in the great Sahara, find water 'to moisten his parched lips, and cool his feverish tongue.' And I, at last, have found in China the so-much-desired draught to quench my burning thirst for news from home; and I have a pretty good day's work before me." I breakfasted with the captain on shore, and after that commenced breaking the seals, and read till time for church; after the service resuming the reading, and finished before night the moderate number of thirty letters. I was agreeably surprised to find letters from others than the family, — Dr. E. R. S. and Mr. N. A., &c.

Three days after this, there came still another package, by the "Ariel." So that in the space of a few days I have had a very bountiful supply, both written and printed, and I denied myself any indulgence until I had consumed the whole.

I should have liked much to have seen you when I sailed from Boston, and given you an affectionate son's "good-by;" but it was not to be. Mrs. G. was nearly right when she said to you that in China the servants put one to bed, take him up in the morning, lay him on the floor, wash, dress and comb him, &c. There is here very little waiting on one's self. Custom obliges every foreigner living here to have a servant as much as to have a room. I am becoming more reconciled to it, and they follow me up pretty closely. They are all called boys, if forty years old; and it is,

"Boy, bring me the paper," — "Boy, get me a glass of water," — "Boy, bring me a cup of coffee," &c.

Or rather, it is, in the Anglo-Chinese,

"Boy, go catchee that paper he make a-read-pigeon" (that is, not a blank or sheet of writing-paper, but one that is to be read, — a newspaper); — "Boy, go catchee mye glashe water," — "Boy, bring mye coffee," &c.

I do not much fancy one of this celestial race, as sometimes called, — a heathen Chinaman, with his long head, long face and distorted features, long arms, hands and finger-nails, long, lank body shrouded in a long white or blue frock, long tail or queue, long neck pitching angularly forward, and head thrown backward, and the long strides of his long, clumsy legs, — moping along after me. There is something so disagreeable about their countenance and in their senseless expression, — like human faces carved out of pine boards, — that I do not like to have them in such close communication as their duties impose on them, namely, to take off my shoes, stockings and pants; to hand me the different articles of the toilet, and to hold one thing while I put on another. Helpless beings they must consider us! I prefer to wait on myself a little longer; and, when my "boy" comes in while I am dressing, and stands gaping at me, I take the liberty of sending him out. At the table each one is obliged to have his own boy to stand behind his chair and wait on him. He watches while you eat, passing to you one dish after the other, and endeavors to anticipate your wants. The boy I had before I went to Manilla was a pretty good one, and seemed somewhat attached to me. His duties

were light, occupying him not more than two or three hours in a day, which I am inclined to believe was the principal cause of his attachment. He came to me as soon as I returned, and wished me to take him back again; but, as he was engaged in a family, I did not wish to interfere, and refused him. The one that I now have I do not like as well, though I cannot say how he will turn out. When I look at him, which is as seldom as possible, he reminds me of a tall green cornstalk.

The servants live mostly on boiled rice and vegetables, some meat, and some fish. They are supposed to buy their own provisions; but it is pretty evident that, when they buy for their masters, they are careful to know that there is enough for themselves also. It is amusing to look at the Chinese servants when they take their chow-chow (food) in the little open court by themselves. I have often looked down from a window above, and seen from twelve to twenty sitting on stools around their circular tables, all engaged with a true devotion to the cause such as is rarely to be noticed elsewhere. They are waited on by servants to themselves; and whether there are servants to these servants' servants, I do not know; but I think that as soon as the dishes are served they sit down and eat all together. Their bowls are filled with boiled rice, and set before each one, and a plate of vegetables, and one of fish or meat, cut in small mouthfuls, are in the middle, within reach of all. Almost simultaneously they insert their chopsticks into their rice, and, all raising their bowls to their chins, they bear down the chopsticks over the edges of the bowls, and, with rapid motions, pitch the rice into their mouths. This they continue, their cheeks on both sides expanding as they crowd the rice into their mouths, until their enlarged faces appear to have reached their greatest tension, when, with their heads raised a little upward, their bowls lowered in one hand, and chopsticks resting upon the table in the other, they commence masticating with slow evolutions. One almost expects to see them choke, and snap their heads, like hens with their dough; but a few circlings of their chin outward and gapings of the mouth enable them to swallow after a while, which they continue until their mouths are emptied, when they commence filling up again; and, if the observer notices, he will perceive their chopsticks gliding out now and then into the vegetables, or meat-dish, and as rapidly return to the bowl again. With these changes several bowls of rice are emptied, when, with a little fruit and cups of tea, their meal ends. Sometimes they eat curry and rice with their other food, for variety. The impression one receives while looking on such a table is, that each one is trying to eat faster than the others. The Chinese are great cheats, the whole of them, I believe.

Say to James, who wanted me to send him some of the Chinese cattle, that they are not superior to the fine cattle of England and America. They are generally large, but ill formed, like their masters; and the horses are miserably small. The Chinese have no milking cows, but goats are used instead, though the Chinese them-

selves eat neither milk, butter, or cheese. The Shanghae sheep and fowls only are considered finer than ours.

Will E. say to Dr. B. that I am right side up yet, and not on my head, as he would have it; and that if one of us is on our head, I am sure it is not me. I will make the great stamp that he proposes; and, on the fourth of July next, if he listens, precisely at twelve o'clock, mid-day, he can hear it on the other side. He may at first think it to be thunder or an earthquake, but, if it is generally noticed, he will be able to explain the phenomenon. Do not be afraid of my falling in love with the "little feet" and "long hair" of the Chinese ladies. There is very little attraction about them for me, though they are superior to the men in every respect, especially in good looks.

I have to submit to many things that are not agreeable; but that is the case everywhere, though perhaps more here than in many other places. I do not like the scoffs, the self-conceit and arrogance, of the Chinese. Every act and look of theirs betrays their supposed superiority over Europeans. This sometimes stirs a rankling sensation within, particularly when it comes from some low, miserable cooly; but it is better not to notice them. "There is no place like home." Good-night — in return for yours. Affectionately, yours,

B. L. B.

Wednesday, March 7th. — I have been quite unwell to-day, mostly from dyspepsia; but I can take care of myself. The weather is cold here now, though I am told that the weather has been hot through the winter.

Thursday, March 8th. — I found pleasant rooms on the main street at Mr. Markwick's house, with a furnished parlor, for which I am to pay twenty-five dollars per month. My meals I shall continue to take with Mr. D., as usual.

Sunday, March 11th. — Dined and spent the evening with Mr. B., the United States Consul. Met there Capt. Codman, Mr. Anthon, Mr. Dana, and other Americans. After tea in the evening we enjoyed New England singing, Mrs. B. presiding at the piano. The music was very good, and I was agreeably reminded of our pleasant Sunday evening gatherings at home.

Yesterday Mr. F. met with a severe and rare accident. While riding horseback, the horse threw his head up and struck Mr. F. in his face, loosening and breaking some of his teeth. I replaced them, secured them with ligatures, and made some applications of astringents, &c.

On account of the rain, Mr. B. sent his sedan-chair and coolies to take me home. I had never been in one, and thought I never would if I could avoid it. I did not fancy being carried by human beings so

much like slaves. But, preferring not to get wet or muddy, nor to refuse Mr. B.'s politeness, I accepted, and took the chair for once.

One cooly went before and the other behind, and I went swinging, with a kind of jerking, rising and falling, between them. The sensation was disagreeable, but not uncomfortable; yet they carried me safely, and set me down at my door.

Tuesday, March 13th. — Went on board the "Vandalia" to see her off for Manilla, Capt. C. sailing to-day. I had half a mind to accept his invitation to go with him, but concluded I was not yet ready. Mr. J. Kierulf and Mr. Dana were passengers.

Thursday, March 15th. — At six this P. M. I dined with Mr. Markwick; for which I had only to step from my room to his. He is the government auctioneer here, and lives alone in his bachelor glory, with only his servants around him. There were several of his friends present, and a finer spread table I have not seen in this country. I remarked this more particularly for the reason that he is a man of so little show and pretension. The dishes were numerous, with a profusion of meats and viands, and various wines; and the silver plate was massive and handsomely wrought. Not feeling very well, I soon excused myself, and retired to my own room.

Saturday, March 17th. — The weather is cold and disagreeable. Mr. M. sold, by order of the police, the effects belonging to the notorious murderer and pirate Chui-a-poo. I bought the earrings and anklets belonging to his wife, and some other things, enclosed them in one of the handbills, and added them to my stock of curiosities to send home, — a curious fancy of mine for such mementoes.

Mr. M. calls frequently in my room, and is very kind, showing me many attentions which I could not expect of him.

Everybody is talking of California, and often one may hear, among the Chinese, "Kalyporny," beginning or ending their sentences. Some talk confidently of making two hundred per cent. on goods sent there. I am myself a little inclined to go, but shall consider it first.

Sunday, March 18th. — Dr. Burt, from the "Preble," dining at Mr. D.'s to-day, stated that one of their boats was attacked by Chinese pirates, last night, while it was on the way to Macao, where two sick men were being conveyed. All who were in the boat jumped overboard and saved themselves; but the guns, cutlasses, and other things, were seized by the pirates. This evening an armed boat has gone in pursuit.

There is a report here that four men have been murdered by the

Chinese at Whampoa, and that two others are missing. The steamer "Medea," with English troops on board, has gone up there to investigate the affair. The Chinese forts all the way up the river are in a state of activity, and the soldiers being exercised every day at the guns, in anticipation that the English may attempt to force the opening of the gates of Canton, the sixth of April next.

This morning I called at the printer's office to get a newspaper, and the Chinese shroff, in making the change, undertook to cheat me in several different ways. When I perceived his object, I determined that he should not do it. I gave him a Spanish dollar to take out one quarter for the paper. He took the dollar and went into another room for the change, returning with two half-dollars. Finding that I would not give him one of them, as is sometimes done to avoid delay, he took it and went across the street to get it changed. As he was gone a long time (very likely was waiting for me to go without it), I started after him, and met him. He said he could not get the half-dollar changed. "Very well," said I, "as I live but a few steps from here, I will get the change, and call in and pay it in the course of the day. He then thought he could get it changed at another place. I consented, and he went and returned with the change. I expected he would make short change by a few cents, and watched to see how he would manage it, expecting he would give me a string of his copper cash for a part of it; but it was all silver, — one doubtful quarter, and two worn ten-cent pieces. I paid him the two small pieces, when he asked me for the half-dollar of his money. He looked so very plausible, that, for the moment, I began to doubt, and felt in all my pockets to see if I had the two. Finding but one, I recollected that he took one of mine, and told him so. "O, no!" said he; "my money! my money!" He continued to persist, and had I happened to have had other half-dollars he would have succeeded; for, if at all doubtful, I should have paid it to him.

Wednesday, March 21*st*. — There is a report that the "post-boat" which carries the mails to Canton was attacked during last night by pirates, and robbed, and that some of the boatmen were killed or drowned.

I have a new boy — a Chinese pagan, who has come to-day from Macao to enter into my service. He is a green, country-looking genius, and has nothing prepossessing in his appearance.

I met to-day with Capt. Patterson, who is originally from Northboro. I had a long and social chat with him on home affairs. To see some

one from my native town is next to being there in person, and brings to mind many pleasant reminiscences.

Saturday, March 24th. — Had a pleasant interview with Mr. McKee, a merchant at the Sandwich Islands. He was formerly master of a vessel from Nantucket. Cruising at one time about the islands, his black steward made an unprovoked attack on him in the night, when he was asleep in his berth, and gave him severe blows from a hatchet on his face and head. The steward then ran on deck, discharged two pistols at the mate, and, jumping overboard, was drowned. The mate was uninjured, but Mr. McKee was so disabled, one side of the face being paralyzed, that he was laid up for a considerable time, and afterwards took up his residence at the islands. No cause could be assigned for the desperate assault of the steward.

LETTER TO BROTHER A.

Hong-Kong, Thursday, March 29th,

DEAR BROTHER A.: * * * * * * * *

Tell Mrs. C. that every Sunday I think of her, especially as I read her papers, and realize the difference in church affairs out here. When I return I shall appreciate the churches in America more than ever. On several Sunday mornings, before I was fairly awake, I have thought, "Well, I must hasten up, dress, take a little walk, go up to the Winthrop to breakfast, read the papers, &c., and call at Mrs. C.'s at half-past ten to go to church with her, and then at noon go to Mr. M.'s to dine." But when my calculations were made, a sudden move to put them into effect would bring to recollection my position, and I would think, "Well, there is no getting up to H.-street, to D.-street, nor to any other street in Boston, to-day or evening; and I may as well content myself, and rest again."

To live in China, compared with America, is like being shut up in a convent. One is almost entirely separated from the civilized world. The Chinese call us barbarians; but we call them barbarians and heathen. They are true heathen, for they worship the "blocks of wood and stone." It is almost provoking to witness such foolishness, such superstitious nonsense, as their idolatry; to see them pay such profound adoration to a senseless idol; chin-chin their god, that he will not have a fire this year to consume their houses; burn Josh-sticks and Josh-paper for a prosperous journey, voyage, or trade; kneel before a carved image, bowing this way and that, kissing the ground, supplicating the god to befriend them, to give them a favorable wind, and to make plenty of business for them, &c. &c.

The "Ariel" remained here but a short time, and is now at Whampoa, from whence she leaves in a few days for the United States. I should send some little articles home by her, but am fearful to send them up to Whampoa, on account of the pirates. All

about Hong-Kong and the islands here, and through the Canton river, there swarm great numbers of Chinese pirates, who get their living by robbing boats, and occasionally fishing a little. These places, and many others on the coast, are completely infested by them. Every day or two news comes that a certain boat was attacked, and that certain persons were killed, wounded, or drowned. Their aim does not seem to be to take life, but to plunder; though they do not respect life when they cannot succeed in their intentions by other means; usually, when any resistance is made, more or less lives are lost, Chinese as often as Europeans. The Chinese often give up to these pirates, without a word of opposition. There are so many islands for places of retreat, and so many hundreds of boats, that it is almost impossible to detect the pirates. They lie in wait, sally out, do their work, and are quickly in retreat. No boat pretends to go without fire-arms, and other weapons of defence. Large ships are also armed; but the pirates generally fear to molest these. Their manner of attack is stealthily to come alongside, or, as a ruse, hold up a piece of white paper, indicating that they have letters to deliver, until they are close to, when they rapidly throw fire-balls and suffocating mixtures on board, and immediately attack with guns, spears, pikes, and cutlasses. The party attacked, when less in number than the pirates, are soon overpowered, and to preserve their lives jump overboard. Those disabled by wounds, and those unable to swim, are drowned; others escape by swimming ashore, or are afterwards taken up by vessels passing. Every article of any value on board is pillaged. The Chinese government is unable to subdue or to detect them. Rewards are freely offered; and if a pirate, perchance, is taken, he is beheaded with little ceremony. During this month of March they have been uncommonly bold. The secretary of the English consul told me lately that he was attacked by them on the Canton river, fought them a while, and was wounded in several places; but fortunately saved himself by swimming ashore. Some of his boatmen were drowned. A day or two since, the Spanish mail-boat was attacked, and the mail-agent drowned, with most of his crew. Some of the Chinese fast boats, with a crew of eighty to one hundred men, regard them with so much fear that they pay the pirates a regular sum yearly, and are not molested by them. A boat with nothing valuable on board is rarely, if ever, troubled by them; as they know, without going on board, what it contains. Their emissaries are so scattered about that some of them may continually see you; but you would not know them from any one else. Coolies about the streets, or your boatmen, may be their emissaries. Shopkeepers, or your own boy, may be in league with them. I am told that through their system of communication, by signs, signals or other ways, they are well informed of every boat that leaves Hong-Kong, Canton, Whampoa, Macao, or any place about here; the time when they leave, when they may be expected to pass any given place, and what there is on board, — having some of their emissaries stationed at all these places. Thus, those only which are considered valuable, or worth the trouble, are attacked.

On the river the robberies are of such frequent occurrence that they are hardly noticed by the public, unless some person is killed or severely wounded. Dr. B. informs me that nearly every day he has patients from among the pirates; wounds to be dressed and sewed up, balls to be extracted, broken bones to be adjusted, chronic ulcers to be healed, &c. A boat which has any amount of specie on board is sure to be attacked. No matter how much secrecy or precaution has been used to keep the knowledge of it from the boys, coolies and others, the pirates will not fail to know it. But, generally, the servants have to take care of their master's property, which affords an easy way of its being known to others; and your own boy, the servant that waits on you, is often supposed to be an accomplice, and for his information to receive a share of the spoils. The steamer which goes occasionally seems to be the only really safe way of travelling.

According to the treaty between the English and Chinese, the city gates are to be opened on the sixth of April next, and foreigners allowed to do business inside, and to go in or out at pleasure. Although there are now but a few days to that time, yet nothing definite can be known. At present both nations seem to be acting on the defensive. Governor Bonham has had an interview with the governor of Canton, which resulted in the same excuses as have been made on former occasions — one of which is, that the authorities had not the power to restrain the mob, if the gates should be opened to foreigners. This I should judge to be true, to a certain extent. All the people are opposed to the carrying into effect of that part of the treaty; and, doubtless, the authorities are also.

During this month they have been actively engaged in repairing their fortifications, and they have placed some thousands more of men in their forts on the river. A day or two since they reported to their general that the guns were all mounted. They have organized, in the city of Canton, a large force of eighty thousand men, who march through the streets by day; and they have a large patrol at night; but the Chinese say that this is for protection against large and numerous bands of robbers, who take advantage of any change of affairs to make depredations on the citizens. These troops are called "braves," and are brought from the interior; I have myself little faith in their bravery. The English say they do not expect any trouble with them, and have a war-steamer lying off the factories, and others at hand. They are evidently prepared for any difficulty, but do not like to give an impression that they expect it. They have ten or twelve vessels of war here, and others, I believe, up the coast. It is generally believed by foreigners that the gates will be opened by an imperial order from Pekin, merely as a form on the part of the emperor, to comply with the article of the treaty.

March 30th. — The mail closes directly. News has just arrived that Governor Su, of Canton, has received despatches from the emperor respecting the opening of the gates, and that his instructions are to do as he pleases. "Compassionate the people," "do the best you are able," are the imperial words addressed to Su. It is impos-

sible to see how the affair will end. Considerable excitement exists at this time, and a slight circumstance would be sufficient to break the peace. In haste, your brother,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TREATY OF THE ENGLISH AND CHINESE. — LETTER TO A SISTER. — VISIT TO A CHINESE SCHOOL. — LETTER TO DR. F. — CHINESE EDICTS. — PUNISHMENT OF CHINESE OFFENDERS. — DILEMMA.

LETTER TO A BROTHER-IN-LAW.

Hong-Kong, Sunday, April 1st.

My dear Dr. F.: It is a lovely day, but rather warm here. I breakfasted on board the "Heber," with Captain Patterson and other friends who were there, and attended church at the new Episcopal building. I took tea at Dr. Morrison's. A night or two since the doctor had his house pillaged of silver plate, his gold watch, &c. The robbers entered and took it from his own bedroom, where he was sleeping at the time. His Chinese servants are supposed to know about it, but it is impossible to ascertain anything. Some ancient and valuable pieces of family plate were taken, and are probably melted up before this.

April 6th. — According to the treaty between the English and Chinese, the gates of the city of Canton were to have been opened to foreigners to-day, which appears likely to pass, like all other days, without any disturbance. The Chinese authorities and people are both against it; and Su, the Chinese governor, has lately sent an official notice to Governor Bonham that the gates would not be opened, on the plea that the people are strenuously opposed to the measure, — of which, I believe, there is no doubt, though most persons here have thought that this was merely a feint to deceive on the part of the government. I took considerable pains, when at Canton, to ascertain the views of some of the people there, and there was not a single instance in which they did not express themselves firmly and decidedly opposed to the opening of the gates. One of the merchants, accompanying his words with violent gestures, said,

"Foreign man no can go inside (the gates) too muchy long time. Have got Cheena custom, no can do. English have got custom Hong-Kong, Cheenaman no can do," — that is, nothing opposed to it. "Cheenaman have got custom Canton, Englishman no can do," — that is, anything opposed to it. In other words, both these nations have their own customs or laws, which are not to be infringed upon by the other.

"Suppose the English should bombard the city," said I; "you could not prevent them."

"Englishman can do that fashion, — can burn city, — can kill fifty tousand man, — marsa-qué, Cheenaman go in country; but foreign man NO CAN GO INSIDE!"

Another man, taking his long braided hair in his hands, and making a sawing motion across it, said that "they would as soon have that cut off as to let foreigners go inside the city;" and then, drawing his hand across the throat, he said that "Chinamen would as soon have their heads taken off as their hair." So degrading do the Chinese consider the punishment of having the hair cut off, that after it has been inflicted on them they have been known immediately to go out and commit suicide. They do not generally appear to know that it was stipulated in the treaty by their government that the gates of Canton were to be opened to the world, imagining it was the port only which was to be opened.

They seem to be under an impression that the English have some sinister motives for going within the walls, besides those of trade. Some think that they wish to discover their arts; others believe that foreigners have the power of seeing into the earth, and that they are desirous to obtain possession of the money and treasures which, in some instances, are for security kept buried there in large amounts; and many other things are ascribed to the English. Placards of various signification, and addressed to the people, have been posted in all parts of the city. Meetings have been held in the different wards among the different classes of merchants, and resolutions passed by which they bind themselves, under severe penalties, to suspend at the present time all intercourse with the barbarians (foreigners). Reports have been circulated among the lower orders of Chinese that the upper class have offered rewards for barbarians' heads; but, whether there is any truth in it or not, the simple fact of such a report would make it dangerous for foreigners to wander much beyond the factories. Another report is, that Hong-Kong is seriously threatened with extermination by the Chinese. Yours, truly,

B. L. B.

LETTER TO SISTER E. C. B.

Hong-Kong, Tuesday, April 10th.

MY DEAR SISTER: The weather here is quite warm. Mr. Drinker to-day had some boxes of silk goods broken into by Chinese boatmen, while being transported from the storehouse to the vessel. Some of the goods were taken away, and the place they occupied filled in with old pieces of ropes, &c. Mr. McKee's packages also were broken into a few days since while coming down the river, some valuable articles removed, and straw substituted in their place. I could enumerate many instances of their adroitness in stealing.

Almost every day I notice some of the ragged coolies who have their stand in front of my window attacked by the passing dogs. To-day a dog about the size of a spaniel sprang barking at one of them, who,

half frightened, cried out, crouched on the ground, and suffered the dog to bite him without resistance, until a foreigner came up and drove the animal away. The cooly was a great, lusty Chinaman, and able with one kick of his foot or blow of his brawny hand to have laid the dog straight; but he evidently had not the courage to make any defence.

Friday, April 13th. — I breakfasted with Rev. Mr. Dean, and then went with him over to the main-land of China. Hong-Kong is English ground, — an island quite separate from China, though a great many Chinese reside here. We took a good boat, and, passing up northerly through the harbor, in two hours landed at a small town in a deep bay. Here Mr. D. has a Chinese school, which we visited, and which was quite a curiosity to me. There were about a dozen scholars, whom we heard go through their recitations. They all study aloud, which seemed to cause no confusion with them, though it did considerable to me. There were two Chinese teachers, acting under the direction of Mr. D. I bought two of their school-books as curiosities.

We next visited the Josh-house, and walked through the village over to another place, called Cow-loon. Here we saw the rice-fields, — little level patches of ground, divided into a variety of shapes by raised footpaths between, some of which patches were hardly large enough to turn the ploughing-team in. And such ploughs! One would suppose there had been no improvement in them since the days of Adam! Women, with single bullocks, were ploughing, digging, and cultivating the ground in various ways. They get three crops in a year of rice or potatoes. It looked singular to see females at work on the land, with bare feet and bare legs, broad-brimmed hats, like shields, of basket-work, short frocks, and short pants. They keep the fields, by irrigation, covered with water to the depth of two or three inches, which extends back from the marsh to the hills. We visited the fort, which commences in the midst of the town, and extends back to a point on the top of a high hill behind. The wall was about twelve feet thick and twenty-five in height, being made by erecting two parallel walls, and filling the space between with dirt. At intervals and at the angles little towers are built in the wall, within which a gun is mounted. The people stared at us considerably, but did nothing to molest us. On our return I stopped at and rambled over a small rocky island. Here were immense rocks undermined by the washing of the sea, some of which were fallen over and separated into parts. I brought away some curiosities, and found there two idols, which had been washed ashore and partially buried among the rocks.

Saturday, April 21st. — Took a walk after dinner with Mr. Menneken to "Happy Valley." Here is the race-ground where gentlemen and ladies resort to ride on horseback. Many were there this evening, among whom I saw the governor and his lady.

Truly yours, B. L. B.

LETTER TO DR. F.

Hong-Kong, April 22d.

My dear Dr. F.: The mail leaves earlier this month than usual, and is going in a few days. Very little of importance has occurred during the month. The Chinese were firing crackers here on the evening of the 6th inst., — I suppose on account of the temporary victory which they had gained in maintaining closed gates on that day. Everything is quiet at Canton, though, for several days, appearances indicated that it would take very little to cause an outbreak. The Chinese are naturally so jealous and excitable that it would not be surprising to hear at any time that a mob of several thousand men had collected about the factories, though, two hours before, there might be no sign of any disturbance.

Among Su's preparations for the defence of the forts he is said to have had twenty thousand bags of quick-lime procured, to throw into the eyes of the English soldiers, should they attempt to scale the walls; also twenty thousand bags of cotton placed as a breast-work on the walls. It would seem from the official despatches that the authorities are not as much in favor of opening the gates as they appear to be. I send you a copy of the emperor's edict from Pekin, which was addressed to Su, the governor at Canton. Forty thousand copies were circulated among the Chinese in the city, and Su sent the English plenipotentiary one, which is as follows:

"Walled cities are erected with the view of protecting the people; and by protecting the people only can the country be preserved. And that to which the hearts of the people incline is the will of Heaven. Now, since the people of Kwang-tung (Canton) are all of one fixed opinion, in being averse to the entrance of foreigners into the city, shall we circulate and post up a luminous proclamation, transcribed on yellow paper,* constraining them to the opposite course? The Chinese government cannot thwart the inclinations of its people in order to comply with the wishes of strangers from afar; and foreign governments ought also to pay attention to the wishes of *our* people, and spare the power of the merchants. You ought still more rigorously to guard against native banditti, and prevent these from availing themselves of the opportunity for creating disturbances, and throwing the inhabitants into a state of disorder. And as the foreign merchants, who come from a great distance across the vast ocean, undoubtedly desire to live in tranquillity, and take delight in their occupations, you ought, therefore, to render them protection in the same manner. Thus all will forever rest in harmony, and enjoy universal tranquillity. *Respect this.*"

Governor Su remarks, in the despatch which he sent:

"You will perceive, from the foregoing, that the language I held during the personal conference I had with you was not based on an

* Imperial edicts are addressed directly to the people in this manner, on yellow paper.

obstinate adherence to my own views, but that the Imperial Rescript which I have received from a distance also corresponds with the views of the public.

"For this reason, I send you a communication, and, at the same time, take the opportunity of wishing you happiness and tranquillity.

"A necessary communication."

With relation to the former part of the emperor's edict, where he asserts, "And that to which the hearts of the people incline is *the will of Heaven*," I would say that, according to my ideas, that to which the hearts of the Chinese people incline is more the acquisition of *money* than any other object; and, to accomplish this, they will resort to cheating, stealing, lying, robbing, murdering, and the most debasing practices. This, of course, they consider as *the will of Heaven*. They do not understand how anything can be done to promote another's interest unless they are to be paid for it in money. I think that my boy's heart is inclining somewhat towards me; for, this morning, before I was up, and while apparently asleep, I saw him trying the lock of my trunk with some of his keys.

The authorities at Canton, on account of the anticipated difficulties in regard to the gates, have been pretty severe with some of their people during this month and the last. A Chinese builder had a contract with an American to build the church, which, I believe, he had been engaged in for some time, and had not finished. He was seized, bastinadoed, and died soon after. The crime alleged was breaking the Chinese rules, — that is, by working for the "barbarians," which had been prohibited. Another Chinaman bought some cotton yarn of an American house, and, on taking it away, was stopped by some of the members of the cotton guild or compact, and compelled to carry it back again, although he was not a member of the guild, or in any way connected with them. However, they accused him of smuggling, or of having broken their rules; and he was arrested, severely beaten, and finally died under torture.

Some Chinese artists, who were sketching some of the city streets, were arrested under the supposition that they were employed by the Europeans to furnish them with drawings of the city. They were taken to the torture, where they denied that they were thus employed, or had any connection with Europeans. Yet they were imprisoned, and sentenced to death, in case there should be a war with England. If no war takes place, they are to be discharged; thus their guilt or innocence is to be established by the contingency of a war, — they believing the case to be justly decided, that they were giving the artists an impartial judgment; and the condemned artists themselves may perhaps consider their trial just, and the principles of the judges to be magnanimous.

Gangs of banditti are very numerous in and about Canton. The wealthy Chinese are obliged to hire "braves" (the troops) to take care of their property. One man has hired and pays seven hundred men for this purpose. The number of banditti is stated to be upwards of eight thousand. They move about from place to place, and

plunder in regularly organized bands. People send their valuables from the country into the city, considering that they will be safer inside than outside the walls. Su, with a large body of men, has gone into the country to break up one desperate band of them; so that there are plenty of robbers here on land, as well as on the water.

April 25th. — The mail leaves this morning. It is reported that, a few days previous to the 6th of April, Su, the governor of Canton, visited Hong-Kong in disguise, making all the examinations that he desired with regard to the affairs of the English, without being detected. It appears by the report that, had Canton been attacked by the English, the Chinese were to have made a simultaneous attack on Hong-Kong, and would have received reinforcements from the opposite side of the harbor.

You see that I have not gone to Shanghae yet. I have been hesitating whether to go at all, but have about concluded that I will go soon. It happened fortunately for me that I did not go last fall, as I had some thought of doing; for, unfortunately for others, several vessels were lost at that time. Mr. Nye, brother-in-law of Mr. Bush, the U. S. consul, has not been heard from, nor the vessel in which he embarked. His friends here have nearly given up all hopes of him.

Yours, truly,

B. L. B.

Hong-Kong, Sunday, April 29th. — This is the first that I have sat up since Tuesday, when I had an attack of bilious cholera, which was violent and very painful.

Yesterday, Rev. Mr. Johnson, a missionary here, came in to see me, and was quite surprised to find me sick. He sent me some milk, — real cow's milk, and American cow's milk, — the greatest luxury I have yet tasted here; so it seemed at the time. The cow was brought from America by Rev. Mr. D., and supplies the milk to their families.

Monday, April 30th. — Called this morn, at half-past seven, at the residence of Rev. Messrs. Dean and Johnson, and breakfasted with the family, confining myself to the simple and nourishing diet of Indian pudding and milk. Met Rev. Mr. Loomis there, and an English missionary. Mr. L. and I held quite a long conversation respecting the Seaman's Bethel he had in construction at Whampoa. Resumed some professional engagements, but was not able to be out much.

Tuesday, May 1st. — I have been miserably sick all day, and while gazing out of the window at dusk, watching the heavy clouds as they were borne swiftly westward, I said to myself, "I wish I was going the same way."

The police made a fine haul of pirates yesterday, capturing eight boats, or junks, over forty men, and thirty pieces of cannon. Many other pirates escaped ashore and fled. I called at Mr. Bush's this evening, where I met several friends, passing a few hours very pleasantly.

Thursday, May 3d. — I rose at six, and took breakfast with the Rev. Messrs. Johnson and Dean. I have a standing invitation there while recruiting my health. I am somewhat better, and the weather is quite hot. I am in doubt and perplexity how to move or act, or whether to proceed in any direction, or to stand still. I feel too much prostration to make any particular effort of mind or body towards a decision. I should like to go up the coast, and visit other Chinese cities — Shanghae, Ningpoo, &c. I should like to go to Java, Calcutta, up the Red Sea to Cairo, and across Europe home. I should like to make a trip to the Sandwich Islands and California. I should like to make a visit to Japan; and I should like to find myself in Manilla again, and make an extensive journey through the country, and see various friends there.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEAVE FOR SHANGHAE. — NINEPIN ISLAND. — ANNOYANCES FROM COCKROACHES. — ISLAND OF FORMOSA. — CHUSAN ISLANDS. — YANTZ-TZE-KIANG RIVER. — WOOSUNG. — ARRIVAL AT SHANGHAE.

Saturday, *May 5th.* — The "Pacific," Captain Swain, left this morning early for California, taking Messrs. Baker, Anthon, and Meredith, as passengers. So many of my acquaintance are going, it seems that soon there will be none left whom I shall know here.

Dined at Mr. Rawle's. Called on board the "Dart," with friends, to see Captain Porter; talked a little of going up to Shanghae with him. Tea at Mr. Bush's, where I met Captain Watkins and wife and Mr. Williams, and there concluded to go up in the "Dart" to Shanghae, which sails to-morrow morning. Mr. Bush kindly offered to give me letters. It is my intention, by going now, to return before the typhoon season commences, which is in July and August.

Captain W. leaves, with his wife and Miss R., on Monday, also for Shanghae, so that we shall be in two vessels not far apart, and, perhaps, in company.

Sunday, May 6th. — My boy "Assam," seeing my trunks packed, came to me with a wonder-stricken countenance, and, looking me earnestly in the face, said,

"To-day you go way some place?"

"Yes!" I said, "Shanghae."

Then wishing to know if I wanted him to go with me, and on my answering "No!" he said,

"More better, makee-pay my littee wagey" (the balance of his wages).

I informed him that I could not pay him until he found my tooth-extracting instruments, which had lately disappeared; and that I had given the money into the hands of Mr. M., to pay him when they were found. The boy was satisfied, and said,

"Very well."

I did not know whom to suspect, the boy, or señor, who was dressed in the garb of a gentleman, and who was the only person in the room at the time they were lost. After a few weeks, the boy being unable to find the instruments, the wages were paid to him.

I got my baggage on board, calling at Mr. B.'s for letters, and at other places on the way.

At twelve o'clock the "Dart" moved off before a gentle breeze, with two passengers — Mr. Trotter, clerk in the court at Hong-Kong, and myself. We had a beautiful sail out of the harbor, passing high lands on both sides of us, but mostly barren of vegetation. Here and there a solitary house appeared in the midst of a few stunted trees, or behind masses of rocks. The English barracks also could be seen, though nearly concealed from view by the hills. Now we are bound on a voyage, somewhere within a thousand miles, up the coast of China, to Shanghae. At nine in the evening we stood off the "Nine-Pin" Island.

Coast of China, for Shanghae, Monday, May 7th. — Last night at nine I went to rest on the transom, and had lain there but a few minutes when I felt a nibbling at one of my toes. Raising myself up carefully, expecting to find a mouse, I saw a large cockroach busily engaged in eating the nail; but it slunk quickly away on being discovered. Those acquainted say that during the night these

insects stealthily eat off the nails from the hands and feet, and sometimes so closely as to cause bleeding. They began to make their appearance early this evening, coming out simultaneously from all parts of the cabin. Believing that it was me they were after, I gave battle at once, killing a considerable number, and dispersing the others; but, as soon as it was still, they appeared again. I then took my blanket and pillow, and, going on deck, laid down in the open air, and slept very finely. These cockroaches are about the size of large crickets, and are disgusting-looking insects, having an odor similar to assafœtida, which they leave wherever they pass. They run very fast, and make a noise like dry leaves, or a rattling sound, as if their legs were made of slips of dry wood, full of joints, striking against each other.

With a very fair wind we kept in sight of the coast, till about four P. M.; when at dinner a squall came up, the wind veered to nearly ahead, and we were obliged to change to the eastward. We are now sailing towards Formosa, instead of keeping the direct course. "Pedro Blanco" (White Peter), a large, high rock, rising out of the water, we passed within a short distance, and left it astern this afternoon.

Tuesday, May 8th. — It is one year to-day since I left home. I have read some in surgery, and from the "Last Days of Pompeii." Captain Porter sets an excellent table, has the best of everything, fresh meat, vegetables, nice fresh bread, &c., which is well served up. I never was on board of a vessel where the fare was better. He tells us to call on the boys for anything we wish to eat, drink, or have done, and at any time.

Thursday, May 10th. — The breakfast hour is eight, although when I sleep on deck I am up at sunrise. Mr. T. and I keep on our backs below, on the transom, — not really sick, but so near that it is almost as bad. I have no energy or strength, and my head is giddy when I attempt to sit up.

At noon the captain said that we were getting too far south, and he tacked to the north-west. With head winds and heavy sea, the water continually breaks over the bows of the vessel to-day, it being pretty rough. We can discern rocks and islands in the distance. These are the Bashee Islands, which are inhabited by Indians. Just at night, while standing and looking at the land in sight, a sea came on board, drenching us all. I think I was the worst served; for I

had to change all my clothing. Notwithstanding the salt-water pickle, we all laughed heartily at each other. If a person gets a splash over him, he is laughed at by sailors; no matter what his importance may be, it will not save him.

In the evening we saw a light ashore at a distance of fifteen miles or more, which looked very pretty, as it shone up into the sky. Goat Island was plainly seen.

Friday, May 11th. — The island of Formosa appeared this morning. At twelve we were within a few miles, tacking on and off the shore. The wind holding north-east, we were obliged to go outside of the island. The land is very high, looking from the water rather picturesque. It appears to be partly under cultivation. We could see, indistinctly, several of the native dwellings. It is slow progress beating up the coast in this way, wind all the time ahead. It rains this evening, which obliged me to give up the deck and take to my berth at midnight.

Saturday, May 12th. — Here we are, running up the eastern coast of Formosa, as well as we can. The winds are still unfavorable, and we are standing off and on the land, alternately, about eight hours each. If the ship's path was to be described, it would represent the teeth of a large saw. As we approach the shore the land is green, and rises in a variety of shapes, with an aspect quite interesting. The hills and mountains appear to be tumbled together, with no regard to order, one on another. On this part of the island we can discover no signs of habitations, though on the side next to China the inhabitants number two millions. The natives are a race similar to the Chinese, formerly originating from them.

A part of the island is subject to China; and the other part, mostly interior and very mountainous, has never been subdued. The natives are said to be very hostile and treacherous; any unfortunate foreigners getting ashore are immediately taken prisoners, and what becomes of them is not known.

Sunday, May 13th. — We again made the land of Formosa early this morning. The fresh green slopes looked very inviting, and I should not hesitate, with a few of the crew, to go ashore. I would much like to explore the deep ravines between the mountains and the valleys, &c. We saw smoke rising from one spot, which was the only sign of habitation to be seen.

All day the vessel has been rolling with a sluggish motion to the sea-swells. In the evening a fine breeze sprung up, and we were off again.

Blue Sea, coast of China, Monday, 14th. — I slept on deck, and was up at sunrise. The others on board do not like to trust themselves there, so that I have it all to myself. Formosa has disappeared, and nothing is to be seen but the boundless ocean.

Wednesday, May 16th. — We have been becalmed all day, and must wait patiently. Saw a group of islands on our left, about twenty miles from the main land. The weather is mild and favorable, and the surface of the water is smooth, though the sea swells with gentle undulations.

Thursday, May 17th. — Saw several islands in the distance, towards the shore on our left. They appeared like large hay-stacks, and prove to be the "Chusan Islands." Had a beautiful day's sail, though we made but little progress against the light head-winds.

Mr. T. was very sick all day with bilious colic. I attended him as much as possible, and prescribed what seemed to be necessary. He suffered much, not being free from pain during the night. I gave him medicine every twenty-five minutes, and sought by every available means to relieve him; still the pain was severe, inducing nausea, and the stomach rejected every antidote in a few minutes after being taken. We are happy to see him much better this evening.

Friday, May 18th. — This morning early the "Fisherman's Chain" (numerous islands) had a very pretty appearance as we wound along through them, reminding me of those in the harbor of Boston. We passed the English brig-of-war "Mariner," from Shanghae, about noon. The water is very yellow, though some miles from Shanghae. The broad Yantz-tze-kiang empties itself here, and appears as much like the sea as a river. Being very large and long, it carries, mingled in its waters, a great quantity of yellow mud, which gives the yellow coloring. The Yellow Sea and Yellow river, a little further up the coast, receive their names from this coloring of the water.

It is now evening, and we are at anchor in the harbor of Woosung, in the Yantz-tze-kiang river. This place is about twelve miles from Shanghae, and is the anchorage for vessels which are too large to proceed up the Woosung river; being to Shanghae what Whampoa is to Canton. Shanghae lies on the Woosung river, twelves miles further in the country; and Woosung is situated at the junction of the two rivers, about forty miles above the mouth of the Yantz-tze-kiang. I have just returned from a visit to the receiving-ship of Messrs. Russell & Co., which lies next to us, a little way down the river. Captain Endicott, of Messrs. Heard & Co.'s receiving-ship, called and took us

on board in his boat. We took tea there with Captain Roundy, meeting Mr. Ford and other officers of the "Plymouth," and spent a very agreeable evening with our countrymen. Captain Bush afterwards took the boat and returned me to the "Dart."

About fifty miles out we passed Gutslaff Island, meeting on the way many junks, moving in every direction. They are great, coarse, shabby, ugly-looking deformities in the shape of vessels. One English ship we saw ashore, having gone too far on the flats. With the spy-glass I could discern near the shore, for many miles, a line of embankments, which I took to be the fortifications of the Chinese; and, very near, a line of trees, green and thick with foliage, forming a dense hedge; and now and then, interspersed, very large, high trees, with wide-spreading branches. From this a green slope extended down to the water's edge, dotted with buffaloes grazing. Behind the bank could occasionally be seen a rusty-looking Chinese building.

At one time, with the glass, I discovered near the shore what looked like crows of large size, mounted on long legs, with outspread wings, wading through the shallow surf. Some time afterwards I found the crows had become men, and they proved to be Chinese fishermen, with black nets spread on frames, and held out on each side. I also learned that the long lines of supposed fortifications were simply dykes, built to protect the people against inundations, as the land is extremely low. Yet the dykes had guns mounted on them, which gave them the appearance of fortifications. On both sides, at Woosung, these dykes stretch along for miles.

As we came in we passed the "Plymouth," U. S. N., lying at anchor. She sent off an officer, with a boat, to board us, to get any letters or news we might have for their company. The captain says,

"Be ready there, one of you, to throw out a rope as the boat comes up."

The man took his station. We were driving through the water at a rapid rate just at this time, with a strong wind, yet with several sails taken in. The boat was steering at a right angle with us, as if to cross our course ahead. As we came up she was close to, and, rounding up with a sweep, was alongside. The rope was promptly thrown, and quickly caught and held by three or four of the boat's crew; but the boat was so near, and was drawn with such rapidity through the water, that it filled and capsized, and they all were submerged in the water. Our vessel was brought to, and a boat lowered for their assistance. They were a long way astern before the boat

reached them, but kept themselves afloat by holding on to the sides of the boat, which appeared with the bottom-side up. The "Plymouth," looking on, sent another boat and picked them up, and they all safely returned to their ship. We have made the passage up in twelve days, which is considered an excellent run for the season.

Sunday, May 20th. — About eight A. M. we got under way for Shanghae. Captain E. came on board and went with us. As we were leaving we discerned through the trees, over a point of land, the white sails of the "Antelope" (Captain Watkins), just coming in. Captain P. seems well satisfied at having beaten her, as she is considered the fastest-sailing vessel. We are now sailing up the Woosung river, tacking from side to side, with head winds. Numerous Chinese junks are on all sides of us, some going up stream, some down, and others at anchor. The "Ann Eliza," an English brig, has just run into one, carrying away her own jib-boom. There goes her anchor, and she is obliged to haul up to extricate herself from the snarl and repair damages.

We are now within about four miles of Shanghae, and can easily distinguish the single foreign residences from the Chinese mass. The fine, large, commanding houses, of European construction, contrast like hotels by the side of the rusty, shed-like structures of the Chinese. Beyond, on the river, can be seen a forest of the masts of junks, and of the few foreign vessels there. With my eye to the spy-glass, coursing up and down and over the low banks, the scenery of the country, with its uneven flats covered by a beautiful green verdure, is quite attractive and refreshing after a number of days at sea. Still there is much sameness between this and that near Canton, except that there is more of country and less of city here to be seen. We notice along the edges of the river several old Chinese batteries, which have been partially destroyed during the English war.

At two o'clock P. M. we arrived at Shanghae, but expected to have been up at noon, or before. Our voyage ended, Mr. T. and I took one of the curious red sculling Chinese boats and went ashore, separating on the jetty, each to our respective course. Directed by the stars and stripes floating above the American Consulate, I went in, and delivered my letters to Mr. Griswold, the consul. He received me with an openness of manner, and kind, hospitable cordiality, which made me forget that I was in a strange place; and, engaging in conversation, I almost fancied myself at home.

On being introduced to Dr. Hall, we were both surprised each to

recognize in the other a familiar countenance, and we almost as soon remembered that we had met many times before in the lecture-rooms of the Boston Medical School. It was very pleasant so accidentally to meet a familiar face so far from home, after a separation of several years, and it afforded us an interesting subject of conversation.

After accepting Mr. G.'s invitation to return and dine with them, I went and surprised Mr. and Mrs. Baylies by my sudden appearance there. I soon found that I was to remain their guest while in Shanghae, and I was made welcome to a room in their house and a seat at their table. As there are no hotels in Shanghae, a stranger is under the necessity of quartering on some of the residents, among whom generosity and hospitality seem never to be wanting.

I returned and dined at Mr. G.'s, meeting Mr. Cunningham and several other Americans at the table; and I enjoyed the occasion much. I begin to think Americans are to be found in every part of the world. If I should go to Pekin or Kamtschatka, I should expect to find Americans already at each place. Mr. G. gave us the hours of breakfast, dinner and tea, with an invitation to come in without ceremony at any time, when disposed.

Towards evening I met with Mr. Clark, a former acquaintance in Boston, and who walked out with me to see the place. He said that he was looking through a spy-glass and saw me land, and recognized me at once. He came out in the same vessel with Mr. and Mrs. B., and inquired for Dr. F. and others of Boston. We walked around among the European residences, and a portion of the Chinese habitations. Almost every lot of land that we came to belonging to the Chinese had a tomb on it. We passed the English chapel and the European grave-yard. The land is very low in Shanghae, and is generally wet, and always damp. I stopped at and saw Dr. H.'s house, which he is building. There is quite a large and pretty garden attached to it, and many vegetables and flowers are growing. I met Mr. Graves, a brother to Captain G., with whom I came out from Boston. I called at his rooms a while, and then came back to tea at Mr. Baylies', where I had a long talk with Mr. and Mrs. B. of friends and events at home.

Shanghae, Monday, May 21*st.* — Mr. B. occupies a part of the large building formerly the hotel. The citizens are so hospitable towards strangers that a hotel cannot be sustained, and now they have none. I called on Dr. H. this forenoon, and had a long conversation about the Medical School and affairs at Boston. It rained

most of the day, and in the evening I recounted to the family some of my adventures in Manilla. Nearly the whole of last night I battled the mosquitoes, there being no net to the bed; which, to say the least, was not interesting.

Tuesday, May 22d. — Had a mosquito-net put upon my bed. We had hard rain, with thunder and lightning, through the night; the rain continuing through the day. I met with quite a party of Americans at Mr. G.'s in the evening.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEW BOY. — DR. LOCKHART'S HOSPITAL. — WALK INTO THE CITY. — VISITS WITH SEDAN-CHAIRS. — LOSS OF VESSELS. — MISSIONARIES. — COUNTRY AROUND SHANGHAE. — LETTER TO A SISTER. — CHINESE LADIES, ETC.

WEDNESDAY, *May 23d.* — It is still raining most of the day. This evening read the American papers and played at checkers. Yesterday Mr. B. sent out to get me a "boy," and to-day one came; but I did not fancy him, he is such a big, over-mature fellow. When he first appeared, and told me that he had come to be my boy, I thought it would have been nearer if he had said *man;* for he was, I should have supposed, upwards of forty years old. He seemed to have fixed himself up nicely, for a Chinaman, — his head being freshly shaved bald, his long black queue braided out with silk till it nearly reached the ground, a clean white frock on, reaching below his knees, with white leggins, and large, clumsy shoes, and a fan in his hand. He is so much older than myself, and so dignified in his demeanor, I almost fancy that I ought to wait on him, instead of he on me; but I shall endeavor not to make the mistake.

Thursday, May 24th. — Dr. H. called, and we went out to Mr. Robinson's and Mr. Walcott's, American merchants, and then to Dr. Lockhart's, an English missionary-physician. We found all to be very agreeable people. In company with Dr. L., I visited his hospital, which seemed much like Dr. Parker's, at Canton. Most of the female patients had small feet, and some of them were clean, neat, and good-

looking. The others looked filthy and bad enough to counterbalance. I should think there were nearly two hundred patients, all waiting for him at the same time. Dr. L. sat on a stool, dispensing pills and draughts to them, as the case required, which they took on the spot; made applications to their eyes, and applied plasters and washes to ulcers, &c. They came up, one or two at a time, showed their disease, took their medicine, received their ticket which informed them when to come again, and wheeled off for others who followed.

After dinner I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. B. to the residence of Bishop Boone, a missionary. They were living in comfortable and good-looking houses, in a group of missionaries' houses, about half a mile beyond the merchants' quarter. While there, Mr. Spaulding, a missionary living here, had an attack of raising blood, which caused considerable alarm to the family. He is soon to leave for America, for the restoration of his health.

Sunday, May 27th. — Yesterday, cold north-east wind, and rain in torrents all day. To-day I fully intended going to church, notwithstanding the rain again; but, being engaged in reading, the hour for the service passed without my knowledge of it. Afterwards I called on Dr. H., with whom I spent a couple of hours, socially discussing different subjects. I read in the Scriptures; and at evening spent the time with Mr. and Mrs. B., reading the *Christian Registers*, and talking over home friends and acquaintances.

Monday, May 28th. — Dr. H., Mr. F. and myself, went on board the "Dart," and breakfasted with Captain Porter. After dinner, Dr. H. and I took a walk on the top of the wall around a part of the city, calling, on our return, at the house which he is building.

The city wall is from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and five or six miles in extent, made of two parallel brick walls, each about a foot and a half thick, and ten or fifteen apart, the space between being filled with dirt and rubbish, broken bricks and stones. The bricks are merely sun-dried, and would offer little resistance to cannon-balls. There are two gates at each entrance, which are made of iron, and are the strongest part of the wall. I was surprised to see how much better disposed towards foreigners the Chinese people here appear to be than those in Canton.

The weather cleared off this afternoon, for the first time since my arrival. Although it has rained all the time, and the land is very low and flat, the streets, by means of the little drains to the river, are rendered passable; but this morning they were muddy enough.

Tuesday, May 29th. — To refresh ourselves with the morning air, we walked out before breakfast, — the streets being nearly dry, and the day warm and beautiful. After breakfast I walked for several hours about the city with Dr. H., and, returning, called at Mr. Fogg's, who is in business here from Boston. We visited a number of shops, which were much like those at Canton. I found a handsome Japanese case to send home.

We went through the Tea-gardens; so called because there are restaurants, in and about the premises, where the Chinese take tea and refreshments. These were full, as we passed by them. In some, I should think, there were a hundred persons, closely seated at little tables. They seemed to enjoy themselves, eating, drinking, laughing, scolding and disputing, one with another. The "Tea-gardens" appear to have been once the residence of some wealthy Chinaman, the grounds still retaining the trenches, pools of water, bridges, &c.; but the buildings have been taken away, or so changed as not to be recognized as such. The trenches, filled with water, mark the boundary between this place and the rest of the city. It is a favorite public place for various kinds of amusements — sing-songs, show-cases, jugglers, performers of gymnastics, fortune-tellers, pedlers, venders of knick-knacks, doctors with their herbs and roots spread on a bench to sell, dentists with their long necklaces of human teeth, and many other things. It is also a place of resort for loafers, and innumerable beggars, many of whom are sickening and revolting objects of poverty and disease. We could hardly make ten steps without meeting them, singly or in groups, with outstretched hands. I was disposed to bestow something on them, but they were so numerous I thought it would not be safe to begin. One, a boy, lay on a stone bridge, crying out as if from pain and suffering. He was covered with dirt and filthy sores, and had his body wrapped around with several broken pieces of matting. A few paces from him, on her knees and forehead, was an old woman with white hair, reeling and twisting her body, grinding her head into the gravel and stones, and moaning and crying in most piteous sobbings and broken bursts of anguish. On some stone steps near by were several others lying perfectly motionless in the scorching sun, their faces burnt and swollen, and patches of the blistered skin peeling off. I stopped to see if they were dead; but they quickly showed animation sufficient to open their eyes and stretch out their hands. Others were walking about clothed only with a few dirty rags filled with creeping vermin; and sometimes they would stop,

sit down, pull off a piece, and begin to pick them out. One man, enveloped in partially-decayed matting, which was kept on by its strands tied together and fastened around, presented a revolting instance of leprosy. There were a number of such cases of the most loathsome description. They were, literally, living masses of corruption, rolled up in torn fragments of matting; and all stretched out their hands as we passed, and implored us in touching tones to give them a few "cash." I involuntarily shrank from the touch of such degraded and disgusting specimens of the human species.

Towards evening I accompanied Mrs. B. on board the "Duke of Portland," an English vessel lying in the river. Met the captain and wife, enjoying a pleasant conversation in the cabin, and afterwards a promenade on deck, and returned at nine.

Friday, June 1st.—This afternoon Mrs. B. and myself called on several of the missionary families within the city walls. Foreigners are not prohibited from going inside at Shanghae, as at Canton, and can reside there as freely as outside. We went very comfortably, in two chairs; I do not fancy or enjoy this mode of conveyance, but it answers the purpose very well. The coolies go along in a half trot or leap, and get over the ground quite fast, which is the principal object; though the unsteady motion is disagreeable. The coolies accent each step with a grunt, first one, and then the other, answering to each other. Sometimes they alternate several notes of voice, not disagreeable to hear; to which they keep time by the step, and remind one of the beats of four or five men in a blacksmith's shop, pounding a tune on the same piece of iron.

It was not a little amusing to me (though probably annoying enough to some one else), to see, as we came into the thickly-crowded streets, many of the most curious of the Chinese run along by the side of Mrs. B.'s chair, endeavoring to get a sight of the foreign lady. They did not stop for ceremony or introduction, but, holding with one hand upon the chair, as opportunity would admit, they thrust their heads in front, gazing, within a few inches, into the face of the occupant; at the same time keeping up their pace by sideway movements. Sometimes one would not be satisfied with a look as long as he could hold his breath, but would repeat it three or four times, taking a fresh breath after each, and then falling back for others to take their chance. I could but partake somewhat of their excitement, as I saw their inexpressive countenances suddenly become animated, and turn from the sight illuminated with a glow of enthusiastic delight and satisfac-

tion at the accomplishment, and to listen to their comments ejaculated rapidly to each other. Of me they hardly took the slightest notice, bestowing on me scarcely a glance. The missionaries seemed to be comfortably situated, and appeared happy. Their houses are generally new and commodious, and very well furnished; though some have Chinese houses, which are small, with contracted and badly-arranged rooms, inconvenient to foreign occupants.

Sunday, June 3d. — I attended church at ten, accompanying Mr. and Mrs. B. to the Rev. Mr. Medhurst's missionary chapel, within the city. Mr. B. and I walked, and Mrs. B. rode in a chair. The distance was considerable, and to keep up with the chair-bearers we had to walk at a rapid pace. Mr. M. preached a very good discourse, without notes, to an audience of forty or fifty persons, of whom seven or eight were Chinese. The building, outwardly, resembles a small Chinese temple. It has small windows, without glass, but with diamond-shaped sashes of small squares, nearly filled with Chinese carvings. The inside is plain, with a small, low pulpit, settees, and chairs. There is a large church, the English Episcopal, constructed like a European church, in the foreigners' quarter.

After the service, Mrs. B. returning home, Mr. B. and I varied our course, passing through several of the principal streets. The shops were open, and the Chinese as busy as on any other day. At one place, in a kind of public thoroughfare, we noticed the beggars congregated much the same as at the "Tea-gardens" the day before yesterday. There was the old woman of white hair, upon her knees, with her head on the ground, and her face buried in her hands, crying and wailing in the same way, as if she had not moved from the place for a week. I think I must have seen the same one at several times, with the same lamentations, posture, &c.; if not, they marvellously resemble twin-sisters. One man, with both feet severed at the ankle-joints, lay moaning on a piece of matting. The feet, black and shrivelled up, lay beside him; and occasionally he would take them up and show them, to excite the sympathy of some passer-by. From his fat and full habit, he evidently had a plenty of rice to eat, and probably made a good living. Several were lying scantily covered with a matting made of bark. Some had on a species of sacking like a meal-bag, and appeared as if they had slept last in a bed of ashes, reminding us of "sackcloth and ashes;" and some were obliged to hold their rags together, to keep them from falling off their bodies.

Monday, June 4th. — Last night a mosquito came inside of my net,

annoying me for a long time, and not permitting me to sleep. I spent the time in reading till two o'clock in the morn, when, after a long pursuit, I succeeded in killing the insignificant and troublesome insect. This evening they are really ferocious, making their attacks as if they had a perfect right to eat one up. It is the first time this season they have appeared so numerous and desperate.

I have made the acquaintance of Miss M., a missionary from Boston. She is very zealous in the missionary cause, and is engaged in teaching the Chinese at Bishop Boone's. She has no support from any society, and enters the field dependent only on herself for her resources and course of operations. She dispenses many charities among the Chinese, is very ambitious to do good, and has quite a philosophic turn of mind, with a disposition to regard things in the best light they will bear. Satisfied with everything, she makes no complaints, and, consequently, is lively, sociable, full of good-humor, and strongly devoted to her mission.

News came last night from Woosung that the "Torrington" was ashore on the great bank. To-day the news is that she has gone to pieces, with a loss of the letters and papers of the mail, and four hundred chests of opium. Mr. B.'s overland letters were on board, and mine, if I had any; all of which are gone. The crew were saved.

Tuesday, June 5th. — This forenoon the "Island Queen" came in, and several houses were happily disappointed in finding letters for them, having supposed that they were all in the "Torrington." But I have discovered none for myself. Rev. Dr. Bridgeman called, and we had a very pleasant conversation. In the afternoon Dr. H. and I walked several miles into the country, among the farm-houses, and to the Souchong bridge. Some of the missionaries once had a very narrow escape at this bridge. They were passing underneath in their boat, while the Chinese were throwing down stones on them. The boat was smashed, but I believe all escaped serious injury.

There are no streets or roads here in the country; and only narrow paths to walk in, large enough for one, and in some places for two to walk abreast. The houses are generally built in villages, but they sometimes stand in groups of from two to a dozen together. If they stand alone, they are low, and surrounded by hedges and mud walls. A great proportion of those we saw were miserable, dark, and dirty abodes. The whole country, for sixty miles around Shanghae, is perfectly flat; and as you approach a house, a village, or a cluster of houses, all that you at first observe is a clump of trees. A nearer

view shows the buildings through their trees. The people in this part of the country generally are very civil. The land is laid out in beds, as if intended for a garden, and we saw growing rice, cotton, wheat, vegetables, &c. Each man's grounds are separated from his neighbors' by a raised foot-path. Ditches, into which the tide flows, intersect at short intervals, and serve to water or to drain the land, as may be required. Tombs, in raised mounds of earth, covered with green turf, and of varied sizes, are thickly interspersed over the whole country here, and are met with at short distances in every direction.

LETTER TO SISTER S.

Shanghae, June 6th.

My dear Sister S.: You have expected that, long before this, I should have been in Shanghae, as you have directed your letters to this place. They came up here long before me, and returned again to Hong-Kong. But, as the name would indicate, it is difficult to say which way the *Ball* will roll, or where it will stop, when set in motion.

I left Hong-Kong to come here just a year from the time I left the United States for China, or the day before the year expired. I came up in the "Dart," with Captain Porter, an American from Portland, Me., in twelve days, and I expect to return with him. He has now left for Hong-Kong, but will return, when I expect to be his passenger back. The price of passage up and down is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars.

My latest dates from home were in October of last year, and received in March of this. I suppose that I am a sufferer by the ill-fated "Torrington," which recently got aground, and afterwards went to pieces. The sea swallowed nearly all the letters, papers, &c., and I presume that old Neptune is still busy at work reading them. You have no idea of the excitement and anxiety of people in China to receive letters, both business and family letters. The *mail* is all the talk when it comes and when it goes. I have written home almost every month since being in China.

You ask if I attended church at a specified time in October last. I find, on reference to my diary, that I then attended Dr. Parker's church at his house, in Canton, and also the evening meeting. But church to me out here is not what it is at home. The day is not recognized as Sunday, except by the foreign community.

The Chinese seem totally devoid of all feelings of humanity, and manifest no love or kindness, as if they were incapable of amiable qualities. I speak this of the *middling* and *lower* classes. The higher class I cannot speak of as yet. But this condition of character is not so much to be wondered at, when we consider their ignorance of the Christian religion, — that which smooths down all the rougher parts of man's nature, and inclines him "to practise those things which are good, and to shun those which are evil."

The comforts of living in China are very few compared with those

in America. One may have servants innumerable, be dressed and washed, or put into bed by them, if he chooses; but the less one has to do with them the better. They have very little idea of what persons out of their own country wish or require. They do everything backhanded, after their own way, which to a foreigner is generally the opposite of his wishes, and a person must endure much from them till they are taught; and, by that time, they know how to steal, deceive, and take many advantages. Profound rogues are among those understanding both English and Chinese.

M. asks how I like the Chinese ladies. Tell her that the Chinese ladies are very seldom to be seen at all. The small-footed celestials are very particular about exposing themselves out of doors, especially to the sight of foreigners, whom they regard as evil spirits. They keep themselves very secluded, and from the age of ten have no society with the other sex until they are married. In fact, they never see their intended until the time of marriage. Some of them, I think, must be sadly disappointed when they come to look at each other for the first time. All that each knows of the other is through their fathers, mothers and aunts; which I should regard as rather unsatisfactory. But I am inclined to think that some of them, by hook or by crook, contrive to catch a glimpse of each other's faces before marriage. If not, how could this little song, which I subjoin and send to you, have come into existence, especially the third line of the third verse? It is said to be Chinese, though my opinion is to the contrary.

"O daughter of the great Ching-Chum,
Whose eyes like Kasian diamonds glow,
And wilt thou love thy Fa-Fe-Fum,
My sweet, my lovely Ho-ang Ho?

"The swans their downy plumage lave
Where Lano's wandering waters flow;
But can the swans of Lano's wave
Compare with thee, my Ho-ang Ho?

"Six moons have travelled through the skies,
And softly gleamed on Kifing-O,
Since first thy beauty met my eyes,
Light of my soul, my Ho-ang Ho!

"O, when I clasp thee to my breast,
Chang-fee, to whom the nations bow,
Shall not be half so truly blest
As Fa-Fe-Fum and Ho-ang Ho!"

A great many Chinese women may be seen, — boat-girls, and the poorer class, who are obliged to obtain their living by labor; but the small feet you rarely see. In one or two instances I have caught a glimpse of them; but, when they see a foreigner approaching their houses, they run in with all possible speed, shut and fasten the outer gates, and then, retreating, close up and lock fast every door, until they are securely barricaded inside of the house. This I have seen

done in several instances. Last night I walked with a friend into the country a few miles, and, as we approached the dwellings, we heard the shutting of gates and slamming of doors, and for a moment we had a glimpse of one of the fair ones. As you pass their houses, the boys, men and old women, stand and stare bravely at you; but the young ladies run in with all possible haste, and fasten the doors with a slam and the rattling of bars. If they are not very timid, they will then peep out at you through some crevice or hole; but if they have received too severe a shock by the sight of the foreigners, they will hide away, — poor things! — choking, no doubt, with palpitating hearts. Their horror of a foreigner is very great, — partly owing to prejudices cherished by the men and impressed on them, and partly to the excesses committed by intemperate soldiers during the English war. They fear us more than they do the devil; and they have so much fear of *his* majesty, that their houses are fortified against him as ours are against lightning. On the tops of their houses are crooked and pointed rods of iron, fastened from various places, which they suppose to be a perfect protection, believing that he cannot enter where these are.

I once went with Dr. B. to visit a village near Canton, when one of the girls, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who was in a Josh-house, paying her devotions to the idols, saw us approaching. The moment she discovered us, her prayers were forgotten, the senseless idols were deserted, and, instead of imploring their aid for protection, she screamed, ran out, and disappeared around the corner of the street. They think of little besides dress, ornaments, jewelry, and bright colors. Dr. B. informs me that their prejudices against foreigners are being gradually dispelled. But you need not be fearful of my bringing home a Chinese lady. If pretty faces were a sufficient recommendation, I presume one could be suited; but a mere doll would not make a very agreeable companion for life.

Since I last wrote about Hong-Kong, the steamer has captured eight Chinese pirate-junks, with seventy men, and thirty pieces of cannon. They fired into the steamer all the way that they were being chased. Many articles found with them had belonged to Europeans who have been taken and killed. The pirates are likely, however, all to get clear, as the proof is not positive against them. They allege in defence that they were prisoners, and that those who jumped over and escaped ashore were the pirates. A great number escaped on shore, and, while they were clambering over the hills, the steamer poured in upon them several rounds of grapeshot, wounding many, and killing a number. According to the Chinese law, those taken (guilty or not guilty) would have had their heads taken off immediately; but, being brought into the English jurisdiction, there is not sufficient evidence to condemn them; and they will be set free, and probably, in less than a week, be committing their depredations again.

Many Chinese are very anxious to go to California. They believe that they can walk along and pick up the gold like pebbles as soon as they arrive. With regards to all, your brother,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTER TO A BROTHER. — THOUGHTS OF HOME. — VISIT TO PAGODA. — INTERVIEW WITH A MISSIONARY. — DUCK-HATCHING FACTORY. — VISIT TO MISSIONARY SCHOOL.

LETTER TO A BROTHER.

My dear Brother A.: * * * Many things here recall to my mind reminiscences of the past. Once, in visiting with Rev. Mr. Dean his Chinese school, my school-boy days were brought clearly before the mind, and a hundred other circumstances in connection with them also appeared, and for a few moments I felt almost sad that I was not a school-boy still, and at home, in the full enjoyment of those times. As I looked upon the Chinese urchins at their books, I could fancy myself there again at the old red school-house; then the rustling leaves of the books, the teacher, the committee, Rev. Mr. A., the examinations, — all were before me. How much enjoyment I have received myself, after a considerable absence, in visiting the old parental roof at home; in meeting the family; in seeing father, mother, brothers and sisters; having a cordial shake of the hand, and exchanging congratulations with those who were dear by the natural ties of relationship! Such pleasures are not now to be enjoyed. I can only *think* of them; and I need not tell you how often the sentiment of "sweet home" forces itself into my mind. It can be truly felt and appreciated *here*. Surrounded by semi-barbarians in a foreign land, separated as one is from every consideration of sympathy, with so many chilling influences to encounter, one begins to feel himself alone in the wide world. It is then that "sweet home" comes up to the mind in its full power, and the reality of such a place is vividly and correctly estimated. That song is a favorite one with foreigners here.

June 17th. — In the forenoon Dr. Hall and I took a boat, and made a visit to the pagoda, about eight miles up the river. We started with our boys at ten o'clock, and, as we did not require fire-arms, we took only a spy-glass, a spare overcoat, a sheet of Mrs. B.'s gingerbread, and our umbrellas. Almost anything can be dispensed with better than umbrellas, without which there is no protection from the rain or sun.

The junks in the river, opposite the city, were so numerous, crowded and packed in together, as to appear like a forest of masts as we passed. We had a pleasant sail up, it being cool enough, and there was but little rain. Mr. G., with Dr. K., on board his little cutter, and bound up the river, passed us, and hailed to know if we were well provided with food, &c., offering to spare us some if we were not.

We landed, and walked to the pagoda, a distance of half a mile. The road was a little irregular raised pathway through the rice and cotton fields. Peach-trees grew in abundance on the little creeks and ditches which extend into the land. We passed through a part of the village, and the people exhibited no rudeness towards us; but not so their dogs. These flew out at us, keeping up a continual barking as

long as we were in sight. They are poor, thin, miserable, hyena-looking animals, and, doubtless, half-starved; for the Chinese themselves — the lower classes — eat what ought to be thrown to the dogs. About twenty rods from the pagoda we stopped and viewed it. It was octagonal in shape, seven stories, and, I should think, was less than two hundred feet high, and from fifty to seventy-five feet in circumference. A long spire extended up from the top, on which were two gilt balls; and bells were suspended at angles of each story from ends of arms that extend out and curve upwards, — fifty-six bells in all, — which, when the wind blew, rang constantly. We could now and then hear their soft and delicate tones, which, at times, were almost drowned by the singing and chattering of birds that were flying and circling over and about all parts of the pagoda, as if it was their hive, from which they were swarming. These varied noises, mingled with the sighing of the winds, sounded mournful and sad. We came to the fence which enclosed the pagoda, and sent a boy in quest of the keeper. A priest came, unlocked the doors, and permitted us to enter. We ascended to the seventh story, the stairs being in flights from story to story. Four doors of each story opened to little verandas, on which we could walk entirely around the building. We could now perceive little clay images of human figures fixed on the arms, and at their extreme ends the carving of a fish. The bells suspended from them were about the size of a large dinner-bell, vibrating sounds half-musical and half-solemn, like the strains of the Æolian harp.

The view from the top of the pagoda was very beautiful. The country appeared flat and nearly level for thirty miles all around, and here and there interspersed were little groves of bamboo and other trees, which shaded their villages. The only "hills" (so called) that were to be seen were three or four blue, monumental-looking eminences, that lay in a group, some thirty or forty miles up the river. The river itself, crooked and winding, and dotted with small junks, stretched away to the northward, and disappeared in the horizon. And below us lay the town, a mass of black, rusty-colored buildings, with narrow, ditch-like streets extending through it, and enlivened by a population of about two thousand inhabitants. The houses were one story high, mostly built of wood, and looking as if they had been run together in moulds. On the walls of the pagoda we saw inscribed hundreds of names of those who had visited it. Some were cut in the wood, some were scratched, some were written with a pencil, and some with a piece of charcoal, &c. I thought we might as well immortalize our names in this corner of the globe, and so I wrote "Dr. Hall and Dr. Ball, Boston." On our way down I made a search for the nests of the birds which were flying in and out. They are generally concealed among the timbers, which cross each other in layers, one above the other, and form a central column of support to the structure; but were beyond the reach of my arm, the birds having taken care to provide against any disturbance of that kind.

We next visited the Josh-temple, which was well provided with idolatrous images of all kinds and sizes. In the centre of a room

stood three great human figures, about twenty feet high, and a row of smaller ones all around at the outside. We passed through this entrance to an inner set of buildings, and visited several rooms of their gods, where a number of priests were standing, sitting or loitering about, and one of them was drumming with a small mallet on a hollow ball of wood. This drumming is kept up continually, night and day. When one priest tires, another takes his place, commencing before the other has left off, so that there shall be no cessation of sound; and how many years this has been already kept up, although informed, I have forgotten. After we had left, I returned again, to test the attachment of the priests to their gods, and tried to purchase one of their little idols. At first, the answer was, "No." Afterwards he said that four dollars would purchase it. I offered him two dollars, which he would not take, but said I could have it for three. As I already had several, I did not purchase it.

Monday, June 18th. — At four P. M. I took my boy, and walked to Dr. Bridgeman's, several miles distant. On entering what I supposed to be the house, the first person, I met was Rev. Mr. Jenkins, whom I first saw on board of the "Cleone," about a fortnight before leaving Boston. I had mistaken the house, and gone into his instead of Dr. B.'s, who lived just across the street, which was so narrow that I could cross it at a single step, although I believe it is somewhat narrower than the streets usually are. I spent a pleasant hour with Dr. and Mrs. B. They have two Chinese girls, six and eight years old, which they are bringing up, who speak English well, — even better than their own language. Mrs. B. played the piano, and they accompanied her with their voices, singing prettily, though their voices are yet to be mod lated to musical softness. They read in English and Chinese, — in English very well; but the Chinese I could only judge of by the sounds, which, to my ear, were bad enough. I read a letter which the eldest girl had written to another Chinese girl, an acquaintance, living at Dr. B.'s, in Canton. It was in English, and showed good penmanship and very fair composition for one so young. She is only eight years of age, and is already betrothed.

I was so much interested in witnessing the attainments of these children, that I stopped longer than I intended, and was induced finally to remain to tea. I had a nice cup of tea, — an article the missionaries seem always fortunate in procuring, — and some stewed peaches, which were quite a rarity here. The principal fruit to be had since I have been in Shanghae has been the peboos. These look much like a white plum, and are agreeable to the taste. The flavor is variable, being sometimes like roasted apple, then like strawberry, and then like strawberry mixed with quince. Plums and peaches made their appearance about the middle of this month, but are not yet fully ripe. Fresh dates, oranges, raisins and English walnuts, were on the table at dinner yesterday at Mr. R.'s.

Nothing particular occurred in my walk home, except that a large dog sprang at me as I was leaving a bamboo lumber-yard, which I had taken a fancy to look at. Had I not used my umbrella, he would have laid hold of me.

Saturday, June 23d. — I dined at Dr. Lockhart's, where I met three English gentlemen, strangers to me. After dinner Dr. L. took me to see the Duck-hatching Factory, where they hatch out ducks by the thousand, simply by the aid of a small furnace, in which is burnt a little straw. The room is the inside of a long, one-story Chinese building, battened on the sides with straw, and kept darkened — lanterns being necessary to see in it. The temperature is continued at about ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, or from that to one hundred. The number of eggs undergoing the process of incubation at this time is about ten thousand. They are first placed in open baskets and left in the room for several days. These baskets of eggs are then set over furnaces of a gentle heat, after which they are transferred to broad platforms, or shelves, that extend the whole length of the room. The shelves are covered with cotton batting, on which the eggs are placed, close to each other, in a single layer, and turned over every day. This is done by two or three Chinamen in constant attendance, who spread their hands over as many eggs as the fingers can reach, rolling them with both hands at the same time, and rattling them together so hard that I expected to see some of them break. They so arrange it as to turn out about a thousand ducks every few days, different lots of eggs passing through the different stages of incubation at the same time. We saw several baskets full of ducklings which had just burst their prison-shells. Having been fed for a day or two, they are peddled about the streets, and sold to those who make a business of raising them in large flocks. The price of such is now about twelve or fifteen cash, or about a cent apiece

Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

Shanghae, Sunday, June 24th. — I attended service, with friends, at Mr. Medhurst's church within the city, where Mr. Muirhead preached.

After church I came home, with my boy, through a part of the city which I had not before seen, and glanced over the curious articles for sale. At every place I stopped a crowd of Chinese gathered about to gaze at me, but gave me no trouble.

The "Coquette" has been several days in getting up from Woosung, and is still a mile below. Mrs. B. sent down and received her packages, which came to Hong-Kong by the "Illzade." I hardly dare to expect anything for myself, yet I can but hope.

I came near having a conflagration in my room last night, having set on fire my mosquito-net; but I extinguished the flame in season to prevent it. If I could burn up all the mosquitoes, I should not mind for once having a good fire.

Monday, June 25th. — I went this morning, before eight o'clock, on board the "Coquette," with Mr. S., to see if I had any news from

home. I saw Captain Prescott, and obtained no letters; but there may be some by the steamer to-morrow.

This being the day when a lot of ducks were expected to be hatched, I went, after dinner, to the "Duck-hatching Factory," to see them come out of their shells. They had, however, already hatched, the most of them leaving their shells yesterday. The little ducklings lay in baskets beneath the several platforms from which they were hatched; and they were as lively and musical as ten hundred such motherless little creatures could be imagined.

Tuesday, June 26th. — I read myself to sleep last night. The weather is rainy, as usual. The steamer came this afternoon with the overland mail from Hong-Kong, but there was nothing for me. I am doomed to disappointment.

We went after dinner to the English consul's, and waited patiently till the mail was assorted. Mrs. B. received two letters, portions of which were interesting to me. I saw the deaths of several friends noticed in the papers. The young, as well as the old, are passing away at home. Since Mrs. B.'s package came, Sunday, I have been quite busy and interested in looking over the Boston papers. Mr. Huttleston received the news of his father's death, at Batavia, yesterday. His father was master of a vessel, bound home to New York. A spar fell on one of his arms, and partially paralyzed it. On the third day after the accident they reached Batavia, where he had his arm amputated; and he died of lockjaw the next day.

The moon has shone out to-night, and the stars have appeared, for the first time, I think, since I have been in Shanghae.

Thursday, June 28th. — I called on some of the missionaries this P. M., and visited the missionary school under the direction of Bishop Boone. This is devoted entirely to the instruction of Chinese children, and is taught by two American ladies — Miss Morse and Miss Jones. I have forgotten the number of pupils, but think them about thirty. They study American or English school-books, translated into and printed in Chinese. They have no knowledge of the English language, it being thought advisable that they should not learn it. They occupy one room, and all study together, and aloud, after the manner of the Chinese. The variety of their voices and tones, which were high and low, quick and slow, abrupt and drawling, was to me a queer confusion of sounds, and I did not feel exactly myself till I got out again into the open air. The teachers, however, told me that their ears have become so accustomed to it that they do not now notice it.

The school is in full operation; such a set of bald heads, with young bodies, their only hair a braided queue, hanging down the back; such young faces in the dress of old men, in frocks, leggins, and large shoes, with boys' motions and actions, and the medley of voices; such a variety of grotesque sounds and tones, was a very novel sight, and would make a laughable picture; but it would be necessary to produce the sounds to give a correct idea of a Chinese school.

LETTER TO A BROTHER.

Shanghae, June 28th.

My dear Brother J.: * * * * * * * * I have seen Boston papers, the *Post*, *Traveller*, *Transcript*, &c., which had date up to February last, and observe that a terrible disease has broken out among you, carrying off hundreds, and I know not but thousands. It has prevailed here to a greater or less extent. Many of the foreign population have been taken away, and the Chinese considerably subject to it. I was a little affected myself, but was soon able to arrest its progress. I know not how it is at home; but here it indiscriminately affects all classes; age, habits, or occupation, seeming to make very little difference, and requiring no particular alteration in the treatment. The brain is almost invariably the seat of the disease, and with many it runs into a species of monomania. Last week a whole ship's company were carried off, master, mate, passengers, and all. There were between one and two hundred on board, upwards of a hundred Chinamen. A few, however, left the vessel several days before it sailed, and were the only ones who escaped. At present the disease, as an epidemic, has very much subsided. It has proved to be contagious, and has, from the constant craving of patients for gold, been denominated "the gold fever." The specific remedy has not been found among the medicinal agents of China, but I am informed that it exists in great abundance in California, and can be easily obtained there, by digging among the roots, herbs and rocks, of that region, and is familiarly known as the "*root-of-all-evil.*" Many persons are already on the ground, seeking for the cure, and no doubt will find enough for themselves and some for others. Should any of you be seriously ill of this peculiar affection, of course the same treatment would have to be adopted, and you would have to emigrate southward to find the natural restorative; and it is not impossible that we may meet there; for, should I become seriously affected, I might be obliged to go. However, I do not yet make any calculations of the kind. A proposal was made me, a short time since, to go as surgeon to a ship; and had I been ready, with time to have made the necessary arrangements, and all things agreeable, I might have gone. I had half a mind to go, as it was; but it seemed a kind of wild-goose chase, though I should have gone without expense, and received a compensation for my services. I observe by the papers, through the friends of Mrs. B., that no small number of physicians have gone out

to California from the United States. My remembrances to the family, to friends, &c. B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXX.

FOURTH OF JULY IN CHINA. — DEPARTURE FOR NINGPOO. — WOOSUNG ON BOARD PORTUGUESE LORCHA. — EXCURSION WITH MR. WEST. — NU-WONG. — MOUNTAIN ASCENT. — FUNERAL OBSERVANCES.

FRIDAY, *June 29th.* — I took my boy, and went into the city. After calling at several places on business and friendship, I visited both of the large Ningpoo furniture shops, but bought nothing. I stopped here and there to see little curiosities, and at each halt had quite a crowd of speculators. One man, who spoke some English pretty well, thrust himself on me as interpreter, following me to each place, though I did not want him, and tried to get rid of him. I saw numerous beggars, and, as they looked sick and so miserable, I contrived, out of sight of each other, to throw them a few handfuls of copper cash. The Chinese around appeared pleased to have me notice their poor. I observed a funeral procession also. The priests went before the coffin, burning Josh-paper and scattering it along the way; and two young females in white dresses walked behind. Their feet were compressed to about half the natural size, and their gait was a hobbling step. There was nothing very imposing about the procession. I bought some paintings at the gardens. I passed a place occupied by the chief magistrate, which I recognized by a large screen before the entrance, painted with Chinese figures. I asked my boy to lead the way in; he said, "No can go in." I then went into the court on my own responsibility, and he remained outside, seeming much surprised at my daring to venture within the grounds of a mandarin. There was nothing in particular to be seen there, but several criminals who were chained in a large cage in the gateway. Next, after stopping at a sing-song (Chinese theatre), I passed a priest wallowing through the mud, and on the hard flat stones of the street, on his knees. He was repeating a prayer from some scrolls of paper, translated from the books of the Buddhists. At first I took him for a beggar, but could not exactly make out his mission.

I met here the Rev. Mr. Muirhead, who explained to me some plac-

ards which were posted up about the city, and the instructions of Su, the governor of Canton. Mr. M. had just been preaching to an audience of Chinese, that he had collected in the streets. Home at six. In the evening I called on Dr. L., took tea, and conversed with him a couple of hours.

A few days since, Mr. B. bought several hens, so as to have fresh eggs every day; since then they have been dying off by degrees, and to-day another one of them has died. Mr. B. attributes their death to the cook, a Chinaman; and thinks he kills them with poison or salt, because of the loss of his profits in supplying the family with eggs. In buying, the cook has it in his power to make one or two cash on each egg, and therefore it is an object with him to kill the hens, and oblige Mr. B. to send *him* to the shops for eggs. The cooks expect to make a profit on all the provisions they purchase for their employers. The Chinese are up to all such modes of rascality. Last night a new white silk coat came from the washerman's entirely ruined by being burned or stained in the ironing. It was the first time that it had been washed: and there was but a small part of it which had not been colored brown or black, and some of the buttons showed bare the wood through the covering.

Knowing that the washerman and tailors were in league with each other, and that I could get no redress of the former, I thought I would try the Chinese tailor, and sent for him to come to me. When he came in, I said a few words to him, and then, getting the coat, and pretending to be angry with him, threw it at him, saying,

"There is your new silk coat that you made for me; you can wear it, if you like."

He took the coat, and, looking at it, said,

"Yeas, tadt dam wash-a-man have makee spile-em tadt cote; he have makee tadt iron too muchy fire."

Then correcting himself, — fearing, I suppose, to implicate the washerman, — he said the stain from the buttons had caused the discoloration of the coat; and he offered to make me another instead of it, and took it away. I thought this very good proof that he considered himself somewhat to blame for it; and that, fearing he should lose my patronage, he was ready to conciliate by making another.

Clothing is often ruined, the first two or three times that it is washed, by the rough usage of the washermen, who beat it with stones. They do not care if they spoil twenty dollars' worth, if they only get the few cents due for their own labor.

Shanghae, Wed., July 4th, — "the glorious 4th."

DEAR BROTHER: Capt. W., of the "Antelope," a merchant vessel, and the only American vessel here, fired a salute of twenty-one guns at noon and at night. Mr. Griswold, the American consul, gave a dinner-party, at which every American in Shanghae was present, except the missionary families, who declined, probably because of their position.

The company, numbering eighteen, made up a nice social table-full; and among them were two American ladies — Mrs. B. and Mrs. W. We took our seats, at eight o'clock in the evening, to a table of good things, which, even in this celestial country, would reflect no discredit on the fourth of July in America.

Much good-humor and hilarity prevailed among the company, while their knives and forks were performing duty to the evident satisfaction of those interested. The last courses of nuts, fruit, ice-creams, &c., came on about ten, after which were the usual compliments to each other, healths drank, &c. When the ladies had withdrawn, then came the toasts.

Mr. Griswold arose, and, making a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, gave "*The day we celebrate*," followed with three cheers by all present, and by a response from the guns of the "Antelope," in the harbor. At each of the first thirteen toasts a cannon was fired from Capt. Watkins' vessel, the signals being given by a lantern suspended from the flag-staff.

Mr. Cunningham gave, "*The President of the United States.*" Hurra! hurra! hurra! and boom went the cannon. Dr. Hall gave, "*The heroes of '76: may we not prove their unworthy descendants*," with hurras and cannon. Capt. W. proposed, "*The immortal Washington: first in the hearts of his countrymen.*" Mr. Spooner gave, "*The signers of the declaration of independence;*" one of our company, "*The navy and merchant service.*" Mr. Fogg gave, "*Our host*," to which was replied, "*The army.*" Dr. Ball gave, "*Lafayette, the nobleman who assisted America in achieving her independence: may his memory continue ever in the hearts of the American people.*" Mr. Graves proposed, "*The reverend clergy.*" Mr. Williams, after a few remarks on the "glorious American revolution and Washington," gave, "*His country is his independence — her independence his monument.*" Captain W. gave, "*Fourth of July to everybody.*" Dr. H., "*The smartest nation in all creation — America.*" Mr. Huttleston gave, "*Health of Mr. Griswold;*" Mr. Griswold, "*The English nation.*" Mr. Crampton, the only Englishman present, replied with a beautiful sentiment: "*The tree of liberty: may it flourish throughout the world, and every individual partake of its fruits.*" Mr. Baylies gave, "*Health to Mr. Crampton.*" Mr. C. gave, "*Commodore Geisinger and the American Squadron.*"

A few more toasts were given, and Dr. B. was called on for a song, which he declined on the plea of inability; but this was of no use, no excuse being admissible, and he sang, "The Ode to Napoleon's Grave." Afterwards Mr. W., Capt. R., Dr. H. and Mr. B., followed with songs. Some scattering sentiments were given, and at twelve

we rose from the table, repairing to the veranda, and witnessing an exhibition of fire-works in the yard in front of the house. These were very good, of Chinese manufacture, and lasted half an hour. We then returned to the room, and sang "America" and "Auld Lang Syne." We now separated to go home; but a part remained, walked to the Bunn to enjoy the cool air of the evening, and then went down to Mr. F.'s, who set before us oysters and other refreshments, of which we partook, when the party, returning, separated for the night.

By this you will see that the fourth of July is not forgotten, even in a country as far off as China; and I should hope it would not be this side of the Arctic Ocean, if there were any Americans there.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

Monday, July 9th. — I have been very busy all day making ready to move. I was informed that a Portuguese lorcha would sail to Ningpoo to-morrow morning, but that the captain could accommodate no passengers. The English war-steamer "Medea" leaves here on Saturday for Hong-Kong, touching at Lewcong, near Ningpoo, and at Amoy, on the way. I learn that it is not probable she would take me, as she has two passengers already engaged, and rarely takes any. As she is engaged about the wrecks of four vessels, recently run ashore, I cannot see the captain to ascertain. I have seen the Portuguese captain, who said he did not wish to take a passenger, — that his cabin was very small, his cook sick, and he had no conveniences, &c.

But as this was the only means of going that I could learn of, and as I had found a little perseverance to succeed on other occasions, I talked with him a considerable time, telling him that I would sleep on deck; was not particular about the living, especially for the short space of two days, &c. He said his vessel was very small, and that he did not wish to treat a passenger as he should be obliged to treat me; but I overruled every objection, he finally saying that if I chose to take up with the accommodations I could go; and so I succeeded. I went speedily home, attended to several professional engagements, and went out after dinner to make several calls; but the depth of the mud occasioned me to abandon that purpose, though I would have taken a chair had there been one at hand; packed the remainder of my things, and engaged a boat to take me to Woosung at night. I settled with my tailor, who, after repeated messages to him, had got my work done; called at Messrs. Walcott, Bates & Co.'s, to get letters to persons at Ningpoo. At Mr. R.'s met Dr. H., who gave me a mattress to take with me for a bed, and when nearly twelve at night I was ready to leave. The doctor went down to the boat with me. Find-

ing my baggage, boy and goods, all there and right, I bade adieu to Shanghae, when, crawling in under the low cover of the boat, I lay down on the mattress, and the boatman pushed off down the river.

Woosung, Tuesday, July 10th. — We came part way down the Woosung river last night, and anchored, waiting two or three hours for the tide to favor us. But, O, the mosquitoes! I lay kicking and twisting all night, not sleeping a moment; and was heartily glad when it was day, and they had taken themselves off, for they commit their depredations only at night. Their bites feel as if their bills were made of red-hot iron, and burn like it for about fifteen minutes.

I had, unknown to the boatmen, about one hundred and fifty dollars in my valise, and thirty in my pockets; and, as the boatmen lay near me, I kept my hands in my pockets all the time; but there was no attempt to rob me. A little after day we arrived alongside Capt. R.'s vessel at Woosung. Towards night Dr. Murray called, and we all went on board of Capt. E.'s vessel, and dined with him. I was a little reluctant to stop, as the Portuguese vessel had arrived, and I was afraid she would be off. Capt. E. assuring me that he would see that I was not left, I remained quiet. We had not, however, finished dinner, before a gun from the vessel a few miles below was fired for me, and the mainsail hoisted. Capt. Roundy (many thanks I owe him, as well as Capt. Endicott, for their kindnesses), with six men at the oars, put me on board in season to secure my passage, and in a few minutes we were off.

The Portuguese lorcha I took to be a man-of-war, as she had on her deck a number of four-pounders, and two swivel six-pounders. We sailed down the Yantz-tze-kiang before a good breeze, but, the tide turning, it was so strong against us that we came to anchor in the night.

Wednesday, July 11th. — It has been raining the most of the day. The cabin being so closely covered that I could not see to read or write, and the air being so close there, I preferred to be in the rain on deck a part of the time.

We were under sail early in the morning, anchoring once during the day. The wind dying away, about ten at night we again came to anchor, where it seemed to be but a few miles from the mouth of the Ningpoo river. Rows of lights lined the shore on both sides of us, and there appeared one high in the air, which proved to be that of the pagoda on the top of the mountain which overlooks the entrance of the river.

I have had considerable conversation with my Portuguese friend. He is not the captain, but is commander of all the Portuguese naval forces on the coast of China, — a kind of commodore. He has nothing to do with the management of the vessel, but stays mostly in the cabin, very seldom making his appearance on deck. The lorcha is not a man-of-war, but a private vessel, belonging to himself and another individual. He leaves her at Ningpoo, and goes to another station at Amoy. He was educated in Portugal, and teaches a naval school at Macao. He is very gentlemanly, polite and social, though somewhat reserved; and he says that he is inclined to melancholy, sitting sometimes, for several hours, with his hands to his head, entirely absorbed in his thoughts. He read in a paper to-day a reference to a brother-in-law of his, a captain of the "Dos Hermanos," who was lost overboard in the Manilla Bay. He said it brought the circumstances so fresh to his mind that he should think of it all night, and get no sleep on account of it. This disposition of his led him at first to refuse to take me. I find that he knows a number of persons in Manilla with whom I also am well acquainted. He speaks little English, and, when I first saw him, he wished to know if I could not speak Portuguese or Spanish, as he understands those languages. With the three languages, we continue to get along very well. On account of some disagreement between the English and Portuguese at Macao, he dislikes the former, and supposed at first that I was an Englishman.

I think we must have passed the four wrecks at night, as we saw nothing of them. Last night there were very few mosquitoes. To-night they are so numerous that I have been walking the deck, with my umbrella spread over my head to ward off their attacks.

We are at anchor this evening at the mouth of the Ningpoo river, opposite Tinghae, in the midst of numbers of junks, all swarming with Chinese. There is a row of lights on each side of the river, and, by the noise and voices of the Chinese sailors and boatmen around us, I should think that a hundred savages were celebrating some of their orgies.

Ningpoo, July 12th.

Dear Brother: At five this morning we were lying at anchor in the Ningpoo river, opposite Tinghae, and left for Ningpoo, with the aid of a breeze of two miles per hour. Part of the way the men were plying the long oars over the vessel's side, and a small boat, manned with rowers, was towing us ahead. The pagoda and other buildings at the top of the mountain, on one hand, and the tower on the other,

look very pretty. Both are fortified, and batteries, at intervals, line both sides of the river a little higher up. Here, at Tinghae, a great battle was fought a few years since with the English ; or, rather, there was a great slaughter of the Chinese, thousands of whom, it is said, there perished.

The country further up is very picturesque, — more so than I have seen anywhere before. Tinghae is very low, and is built on flat, marshy land, protected from the water by a high wall, and which extends about two miles along the river. I thought I had seen junks by thousands before at Shanghae and Canton, but here, at Ningpoo, they appear in ten-fold numbers. We passed several Portuguese lorchas, which were lying here, the Chinamen on board of which chin-chinned, or saluted, their countrymen on board of our vessel, welcoming them on their safe arrival. As we neared each of the lorchas, a Chinaman, with a gong, stationed himself high up on the after part of the vessel, and another with a kind of drum, who commenced a requiem with a banging and rattling of their respective instruments. This was answered in the same way by the Chinamen on board of our vessel, and such an outrageous noise I hardly ever before heard. We could hear nothing else on board, and were deafened for some minutes after it ceased. If the Chinese can perceive any honor in such barbarous noises as these, I believe they alone can enjoy them. The only foreign flag to be seen floating here at this time is the Portuguese, from the lorchas.

The boy I have with me now is not the one I had in Shanghae. I only told him of going to Woosung, and, when he came to know that I was going to Ningpoo, he left me. Captain Roundy kindly lent me his boy for the trip, and I dismissed mine altogether, much to his surprise. The captain's boy is a native of this part of the country, and will be more useful to me than the other, though he speaks no English, and I find it difficult to make him understand ; still he is the most agreeable Chinese boy I have had.

At five P. M., having been since morning getting up from Tinghae, a distance of fifteen miles, we came to anchor opposite the city of Ningpoo. I immediately took my boy and went on shore for a walk, and to get a view of the place.

Landing on the bank opposite the city, I strolled past several missionary houses, and met a gentleman whom I knew to be an American. I accosted him, and, after a little conversation, finding me to be a stranger, he took me to his house, introducing me to Dr. M'Cartee, a missionary-physician. Dr. M. invited me to call and take "pot-luck" with them at any time I should feel disposed. Almost every one gives the same general welcome. Continuing my walk, I next met Mr. West, whose acquaintance I made at Shanghae, and another American, with his wife. I spoke with Mr. W. a few minutes, and passed on.

Pursuing my course by a narrow path, made of flat stones, — the only path I found, — I walked about a mile up the river. The Chinese buildings were all superior to any I had before seen. The grounds look green and flourishing, the trees are inviting for shades, and the tombs

and coffins which lay exposed to the open air were as numerous as ever, every few minutes coming on some of them. I next met a European lady, walking unconcernedly, at a very quick pace; and behind followed another, with a spruce and rather pretty-looking Chinese girl by her side, some Chinese servants bringing up the rear. The Chinese girl, about sixteen years old, walked past us stiff and erect, like a moving statue, looking neither to the right nor the left. There was no expression on her face, no movement of her eyes, and no motion of ease to her body; and, if I had not seen one foot moving before the other, I could not easily have decided that she was not an inanimate statue. We then passed numbers of Chinese, and again fell in with missionaries, with whom I stopped and had a little chat. I found them all Americans, and happy to meet me, and I as much so to see some of my own countrymen to speak to. One of them gave me the usual invitation to call, &c.

I continued my walk quite a distance beyond where I landed, and met with two Englishmen, who asked me if I had arrived in the lorcha which came in this afternoon. After a little conversation, I went with them to their house to tea. My polite host I found to be Mr. Davidson, the only English merchant here beside the consul.

My boy led the way back through the crooked streets to the lorcha, at nine P. M., passing, as usual, several shops where the Chinese were gambling. It was very warm, and, dreading to be eaten up by the mosquitoes, I remained on deck walking until late at night. Having no net, the mosquitoes nearly carried me out of my berth the night before; and, fearing that they might quite do so now, as they had considerably increased their forces, I took my mattress and lay on deck, until a shower of rain drove me below.

Ningpoo, from an outside view of it, is the handsomest city that I have yet seen in China. It is, in fact, the only one to which the term handsome can be at all applied; for little is to be said of them. On telling Mr. D. that I intended to return by the way of Chapoo to Shanghae by land in a few days, he said that it would be very dangerous, as Chapoo was in a terrible state just now. He informed me that the country above was inundated, the rice-crops destroyed, that twenty thousand Chinese had come down to pillage, &c., to keep themselves from starving; also, that the Taouti (governor) of Ningpoo was expecting a similar attack here, and had called on the mandarins and wealthy Chinese to contribute money and men to prevent the city from being sacked. Another piece of news is the report that the emperor has issued an edict that all foreigners in the different ports must return to Hong-Kong and Canton by the 27th of this month, and that the original thirteen Hongs for foreigners are to be established at Canton, as formerly. If that is the case, my stay here among the Chinese I fear will not be very agreeable.

Ningpoo, Friday, July 13th. — In the morning the missionary whom I met in my walk last evening called, and I found him to be the Rev. Mr. Way, from Georgia. He very kindly invited me to stop with him while I remained here; and, being assured that I should not incom-

mode him, I took my things, and accompanied him on shore to his house.

I found Mr. West staying at Mr. Way's. He is engaged in sketching various scenes about Ningpoo, and he leaves this afternoon for an excursion into the country. Learning as much as possible about places, people, &c., and as I wished to make a trip into the country, we concluded to go together; to start a little before dark, and return on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. He having made his necessary arrangements, I had only to make mine, sending, before I left, letters to my brothers in Boston. These Mr. Davidson forwards by a Chinese boat to the Chusan Islands, where they are taken by vessel to Hong-Kong; and after that they are forwarded by a mercantile house, in the overland mail of the English steamer, via Singapore, Hindostan and Egypt, through Europe to London, thence to America.

We waited till ten o'clock in the evening for the return of the boys who had been sent to prepare boats, during which time we enjoyed a pleasant conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Way. The boys came at last, evidently intending to make it late before we should leave, in order to avoid the too numerous eyes of the Chinese citizens of Ningpoo. Mr. Way seemed to hesitate whether to favor our leaving at this late hour of the night; but we concluded, as we had our things on board the boat, all arrangements made, and the men waiting, that we had better go at once; and Mr. W. saw us down to the boat. Here we were again detained for nearly an hour, the boys seeming determined, by various pretexts for delay, that we should not start until it was so late that most of the people should have retired.

My friend had provided a large bag of copper cash, with silver enough, as he said, for all our expenditures, and, at his suggestion, I left mine behind; but, knowing its potency, especially among strangers, if difficulties or accidents should arise, I returned to the house, and privately secured some about my person.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

Saturday, July 14th. — At eleven last evening we pushed off; and, pulling for a mile or two up the river, we landed at some stone steps. There we unloaded our things, which were not a small quantity; for we had mattresses, blankets, pillows, coats, mosquito-nets, charcoal for cooking, lanterns, kettles, crockery, provisions, and various other articles for our comfort. Two or three Chinese observed us here; but, with three coolies, our two boys, our cook and ourselves, we managed affairs pretty expeditiously, and, shouldering our goods, took up our march across the city. We passed through the streets in a half-run, and reached the canal without any accident, though twice, in the narrow, dark, intricate passages, we were near losing each other. The watchmen, beating their hollow bamboos, looked at us very suspiciously; and I do not know what or how many lies the boys told

them as to what we were doing; it was sufficient for us to know that they did not interfere with us.

We found the two boats which the boys had engaged in waiting; and, as considerable curiosity was manifested by the passing Chinese, our things were hurriedly thrown in, leaving the boys to arrange them afterwards, and the boatmen pulled away up the canal. The boys prepared the sleeping apparatus in one boat, while in the other, which was alongside, the utensils for cooking and other things were made ready; so that we had one boat to sleep in at night, and one to live in during the day. We sat up an hour or two, enjoying the scenery and the cool air, though little besides the outlines of Chinese buildings and clustering bamboo-trees was to be seen at night. Our boats were covered with bamboo basket-work, and were very good and clean; and, what was not to be wondered at, were well filled with mosquitoes; but we made ourselves pretty comfortable, though it was close when within the nets the boys had contrived to fix up for us. The boatmen use no side oars, but propel the boat by sculling with a long oar behind. We retired to our beds at one o'clock, and concluded that we were pretty well off, — thanks to Mr. Way for the many comforts he had provided us. With our eyes closed, we lay and listened to the grunts of the two men at the oar, which continued alternating at each sway of the oar, until we fell asleep.

Saturday, July 14th. — We arrived at Nuwong early this morning, and arose soon after daylight, having passed a comfortable night in our narrow quarters. Several times in the night we were startled from our sleep by a loud crash and concussion, which we found to be caused by jamming against the stone sides of the arched bridges which we passed through. At first we knew not but something serious had happened, and aroused with some alarm; but, after a little time, we found everything all right. All these boats have little furnaces to cook in, and we breakfasted on board at eight o'clock, the owners living in their boats.

Concluding to visit a temple here, we took up our march for the mountains, leaving our boats to repair to the opposite side of the canal to avoid the Chinese gathering.

Our boys leading the way, we passed through the principal street of the village, the people crowding on each side to see the "barbarians." The walk continued for nearly two miles to a kind of valley, in which is situated the temple. The path was winding, up hill and down, and paved with flat stones. Tombs on either side, from the

base of the hills half-way up their summits, and coffins covered with dried palm-leaves lay exposed in the open air, all along the sides of the valley. We went on the side of the mountain opposite the temple, where Mr. West stopped and busied himself in taking a sketch. In the mean time I ascended to the top, where I had a beautiful view. The temple lay in the valley below, a pagoda towered up a little way to the left, and another pagoda stood on the top of a mountain on my right. The whole country, as far as it could be seen, looked like a huge meadow, divided into sections, by ditches intersecting every few feet, and dotted here and there with bunches of brownish-red cranberry-bushes; the ditches being in reality canals, and the bunches of bushes towns and villages that were in sight on the eminences. A heavy shower suddenly coming up, we ran down into the valley below, and sought shelter within the temple.

This we found to be a cluster of buildings, in which are rooms for the idols and priests. After looking a while among the numerous gods, the priests, either wishing to show us some politeness or to get some money, I know not which, brought us cups of hot tea. I paid them a few cash, and lay down on one of the benches to rest, and surveyed the huge monster gods and goddesses that towered up in their bright and glittering colors twenty or thirty feet above me. Meantime beneath their benign influence I fell asleep, and slept soundly, three hours. When I awoke I found that my companion had been all the while engaged in sketching the figures, images, &c.

The rain ceasing soon after, we visited both of the pagodas. The hill on which one of them stood was hard to climb; we ascended to the top of the pagoda, but stones having fallen out far above, and others seeming just ready to make their descent, we hastened down. Near the base of the hill Mr. W. had a fall, which hurt him considerably, and I feared seriously. We made our way back to the boats, dined on boiled rice, eggs, and cold chicken, with a cup of tea, retired within our nets at dark, and, by the lantern, read till eleven.

Monastery at Teen-Tung, Sunday, July 15th. — This morning we lay within our nets reading till seven. After partaking of a plain breakfast of rice, eggs and tea, we concluded to spend the day quietly in our boats. We slept very well during the night, though much cramped for room, our beds being across the boat, so that we could not lie at full length.

While at breakfast, hearing a more than ordinary noise and clatter, we looked out, and found it to proceed from a funeral proces-

sion, just leaving the boat, in which they had come up the canal. The coffin was placed on the shore. Two females of the large-footed kind, in sedan-chairs, and dressed in white, were wailing, with great outcry. The gongs were beaten, pieces of paper were strewed in the path, and gilded paper-offerings burned in considerable heaps.

The Josh-paper was fixed into forms intending to represent Chinese shoes, silvered over so as to resemble the sycee silver, for which it is substituted. These they carried in baskets before the coffin, stopping every few steps to put a little bunch of it on the ground, and burn it; they frequently held and burnt single pieces in the hand. The pieces of paper strewed along the path represented their copper cash; the paper being full of little circular cuts, each of which expresses one cash, a fraction of a cent. They believe that in the other world the departed spirit receives the value represented by the paper. A portion of the paper burnt was gilded, which is intended to represent gold.

The two females, as is usually the case, were hired mourners, paid expressly for the occasion. When the procession moved they cried and wailed in loud and most doleful voices, distorting their faces and wringing their hands, as if their hearts were breaking; then, they would writhe their bodies, shriek and scream, and, burying their faces in their hands, cry and sob as if they never, never could be again reconciled to this world. When the procession halted a little, their lamentations ceased, their countenances relaxed, they laughed, talked and ogled, all with so much pleasantness that one could have supposed they had never known a moment of grief. When the procession again started, they again commenced their dismal wailings; and, if their pay depended on the noise they made, I should think they intended to run up a large account against their employers. After seeing it thus enacted several times, the scene looked so foolishly ridiculous, and so hypocritically superstitious, that I felt like going and turning over their sedan-chairs, and pitching them out.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DEPARTURE FOR TEEN-TUNG. — MOUNTAIN CHAIRS. — MONASTERY. — FIRST BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE. — OTHER BUILDINGS. — FOURTH OR ANCESTRAL TEMPLE. — LADY AND PRIEST. — PAGAN MONASTIC OBSERVANCES.

After taking a little walk on shore, we decided to let the boatmen convey us to Teen-Tung, a place some twelve miles distant. As we lived in the boat, no preparations were necessary, and we started at once, leaving Nuwong behind.

Our boats were sculled along, each by one man, though they had two others to relieve them at intervals, at the rate of about three miles an hour; and we had plenty of time to read and observe the prospect about us. The day was very hot, but, keeping under the covers of our boats, we were screened from the sun. We occasionally passed Chinese boats, some laden with bamboo-poles, some with brush for firewood, rolled into fagots, and one had a freight of Chinese girls, who seemed to be horror-struck on discovering us "foreign devils," and appeared as if they wished that they had some place to flee to; but we were soon out of their sight.

For many miles the country was flat, and intersected with canals, the only roads there are. The water in the canals was within a few inches of the surface of the ground. The mountains we are approaching look very pretty in the distance. In many places along the banks shady trees improve the prospect. Chinese peasants are here and there at work on the rice-fields; rice being almost the only thing we saw growing, excepting a kind of flag, in two or three marshy spots. An hour brought us to the confluence of several canals that led in different directions like the spokes of a wheel, forming a basin at their junction, in extent, perhaps, an acre of water. Two arched bridges crossed two of the canals, and I noticed, with considerable interest, three Chinese women wind around by a little path in the banks, mount up and cross over the bridge, passing along out of sight, on the opposite side. They each carried a burden, and, I presume, from their gait, were more or less small-footed, for they appeared to be walking on little rolling stones.

At the base of a single high hill that stood alone on our right were several tombs, nearly hid among the shrubbery. Characters and

figures of the Chinese were carved into the stones; and in front of one tomb stood, sculptured in stone, a horse with its saddle and bridle on, and so perfectly done, that had it been painted a natural color, I might have taken it for a living one. And a little further on stood a small temple, or Josh-house.

We passed under one of the bridges, and came to a line of large stones, which gave evidence of once having resisted the action of the ocean. The whole country appeared as if at one time it had been a part of the sea, — a kind of bay, extending into the land here, — and had been filled up by washings from the hills.

We arrived at a village about one P. M., which was the end of our travel by water, the remainder of the way being over the mountains. We dined in our boat. Learning that it was six miles to the monastery, and the weather being very hot, we sent for a couple of sedan-chairs, and five coolies, to convey us there. For these we were to pay two hundred cash, about twenty cents to each man. Packing up our beds, provisions, &c., in half an hour all was ready. The boatmen were paid something to buy their rice with, and were to await our return, and we mounted into our chairs. These were a skeleton chair, called mountain chairs. Each consisted simply of two horizontal poles, between which, suspended by cords, were two pieces of boards, one to sit on, and the other to rest the feet on, while swinging in the air.

As our train started, it was most amusing to look at, and caused us no little merriment while the novelty lasted. Mr. West, in his chair, supported on the shoulders of two coolies, one before and the other behind him, went ahead, and I followed in the same manner. Then came a cooly with the bulky baggage hanging by a pole, carried on one shoulder like a pair of scales; then came the two boys and one boatman, each with bundles in their hands; and, lastly, followed a rabble of men and boys, shouting and laughing, the noise of which brought others to look at us from the houses lining the street on each side. We left the village and continued up the mountain, occasionally getting down and walking, to relieve the coolies, as well as to relieve ourselves from the sickening motion of swinging. This kind of labor seemed hard for the coolies, though they are accustomed to it, and carry burthens over the mountains of several times our weight.

Our path was about five feet wide, paved with flat stones; and, at the distance of three miles, we arrived on the summit of the pass between two mountains. Here, in a "rest-house," we stopped and sat down, for a short time, on the stone benches. These "rest-houses"

are provided by government, or by benevolent individuals; being placed along the way, at convenient intervals, for the comfort of the travelling public, and free to all. This one was nearly full of coolies, with their burthens, sitting on stone slab benches, around the outside of the room. The "rest-houses" are built of wood, supported by eight stone posts, and placed directly over the path, somewhat resembling a small railroad station-house. Three sides are open, and the other is walled up with hewn stone, leaving a free passage-way through, continuous with the road. The roof is curved concavedly at its angles, and covered with red earthen tiles. On a sign-board inside is written in Chinese characters, "*A house for travellers to rest in;*" and on a stone tablet are inscribed the names of those who contributed to its erection. A pagoda was standing a little way off on one side, crooked,out of shape, and evidently very old. We postponed visiting it until our return.

Descending the mountain on the opposite side, we stopped in another "rest-house" at its base. Here we saw the tea-plant growing in the adjoining fields. It was planted in hills, like potatoes, and at a little distance much resembles them. We went over and examined the plants, and found them like bunches of hawthorn-bushes, about a foot and a half high. The tops had been cropped, and the tender leaves were sprouting out luxuriantly from all sides. They had been recently hoed and hilled up like corn. In another field of moist soil the lotus-plant was being cultivated. Its tops resemble our wild lily-pads. It has a large bulbous root, like the potato, though much coarser, and is much esteemed by the Chinese as a kind of substitute.

Our way now led along by a small river, through a rich valley, the scenery of which was very interesting. Villages were interspersed, and the mountains, four or five miles distant, ranged on each side like two great barriers. They were very high, and down their green slopes rivulets were coursing, curving from ledge to ledge, and reflecting in the sun a silvery brightness, as if they were frozen cascades. Now and then we had to cross, on small, narrow bridges, a deep abyss, over which we found, sometimes, ourselves suspended. At these times the forward cooly, in stepping off the opposite side, would turn at an angle, while the hinder man was still on the bridge, which would bring us hanging diagonally immediately over the depth below; and, as we cast our eyes down and thought of *a single misstep*, it would cause our flesh to thrill.

We passed through several villages, with, at times, a considerable

crowd of Chinese following in our rear. The younger children, on seeing us two "evil spirits," would run, screaming, and hide their faces in their mothers' laps. The elder ones, and those who had sufficient courage, with countenances of amazement, would stand, grin and gaze at us, until we had passed.

At two or three places by the roadside, men were grinding grain in a mill of primitive construction. A bed, consisting of several pieces of oblong stone, grooved out like a trough, and laid down in a circle, held the grain. A heavy stone slab wheel, placed upright in the trough, was connected by a shaft to a post in the centre of the circle. At the end of the shaft, outside the wheel, was an ox or buffalo, but oftener a cow, attached after the fashion of a horse in a bark-mill, with its nose fastened by cords to the machinery ahead, walking around and dragging the wheel, which crushed the grain as it rolled over it. A boy followed behind with a whip, to keep the animal moving. When the wheel has revolved around the circle a sufficient number of times, the grain is ground. The meal is then taken out, about a peck of grain again is poured in, and the same operation is repeated. We could not approach very near the mill, as the buffalo manifested more fear of us than its master did.

Along the way we met many coolies, toiling under heavy burdens of rice, tea, and various other things, in large packages, transporting them towards Ningpoo. The tea was carried in large baskets of the size of half a hogshead, hanging at each end of a pole, balanced on the coolies' shoulders.

Within a quarter of a mile of another resting-house, we entered a beautifully shaded walk, which, after a few windings, brought us to the open ground in front of the temple, or what is more properly called Teen-Tung Monastery. The walk was three feet wide, and paved with flag-stones; and on each side of it were rows of large, tall pines, intermingled with which was a tree resembling the elm — the camphor-tree, if I recollect aright. Here and there, on each side, were beautiful groves of the delicate bamboo, and sometimes of the black bamboo, which was exceedingly pretty. The rice-fields extended back on to the sides of the mountains, rising terrace after terrace, till they seemed but a few feet in width. They were supplied with water by rivulets from the mountains, and had to be made level, so as to be easily and regularly flooded. The same water is conducted from the higher to each lower terrace, running from one to another. In several of the trees along the walk, near the monastery, idols were

placed, the trees being hollowed out, about fifteen feet from the ground, for their reception. These reminded me of so many owls looking out from their hiding-places, some of them even looking as sage. We passed around a little lake in the open ground, directly in front, and, ascending a flight of steps, landed at four P. M. in the first or front building of the monastery.

The coolies set down the baggage in the house of and in the very midst of Chinese gods, our chair-bearers not stopping till they had set us down inside, and before their great idols, though great only in size. We seated ourselves on benches, and as the priests gathered around us we momentarily expected that they would indignantly order us out; but they did not seem at all disaffected, and only manifested great curiosity to look at us. It was anything but agreeable to be thus gazed at by such an open-mouthed, idiotic set; but we felt that it would not answer to show any resentment, and endured them with the best grace we were able.

After a quarter of an hour's rest, our boys mentioned our wishes to remain here a few days, and that we might take up our quarters in the monastery during the time. This was readily granted, and one of the priests took on himself the office of guide, and led the way. We followed, with the boys, coolies and baggage, past several buildings, and up several terraces, — some of the priests taking particular pains to bow to us as we passed, which we returned, — and pursued our course to the rear part of the buildings. There another squalid-looking priest showed us up stairs to a room for our accommodation. We gave a hasty glance around, but did not dare to scrutinize too closely, for fear we should become disgusted with it. We saw that it was very dirty, the walls decaying and crumbling, holes in the roofs, and two bedsteads the only articles of furniture.

We thought, if it did not rain, as it was warm weather, that it would answer to stay in at night; and as we should not want it in the day-time, we concluded to make it answer. As soon as we entered, a third priest, or rather monk, — for it is a monastery, and its devotees are monks, of whom there seem to be a considerable number belonging to the establishment, — came in with his broom and dirt-pan, and carried off the filth and old rubbish that was in it. Cleaning up the floor had really made such a change that we dared to look at the room more particularly. The windows were open spaces, without panes of glass or frame-work, and enclosed only with dark blinds. Large cob-webs covered the walls and roofs; and for curiosity I commenced

counting the big venomous spiders which occupied them, lazily waiting for their prey. I counted over a hundred, and then gave it up; but they were all suffered to remain there without disturbance.

The boys spread the mosquito-nets; arranged the beds near to each other, so that, with a lantern hung between, we could lie and read within the nets at night; they prepared our supper of tea, boiled rice and eggs, of which we partook lightly, — both of us being unwell, — and repaired at an early hour to our respective couches. It was particularly pleasant to lie there within our nets, to read or to watch the mosquitoes as they flew against and protruded their bills through the interstices, and to listen to their whine of disappointment as they tried unsuccessfully to force their bodies through.

As I lay there, I thought over the long, crooked, and intricate passage I had traversed to get from the front of the monastery to this obscure loft, and wondered if I should ever be able to find my way back and forth. I could recall to mind that we passed through the first building; then ascended a flight of steps up a terrace, and then another smaller flight; then through a door, along a narrow passage, turning short to the left, and then around to the right; after this, that we went entirely through a building full of gods, up a flight of stone steps, through another building, up other steps, and then through other buildings, I could not tell how many. I could remember dark cells with monks' heads at the windows, a terrace, a kind of open court, a turn, a high wall, an entry-room, a dark and long entry, and descending steps somewhere; but it was all confusion.

We arose this morning at seven, somewhat refreshed with sleep. Mr. W. was pretty well, but I was not much improved. I had an intolerable thirst, and no appetite. My boy brought me in a cup of tea, which I drank; before he could get out of the room, I called him back and sent him for another; and then for a third, a fourth, a fifth; and when I said another, he stopped and looked puzzled, as if he thought I must have disposed of the tea some other way than by drinking it; but finally he went out and brought it, and with it the tea-pot itself, which he sat down on the floor. Somewhat renovated with the tea, I descended the stairs to the little court below, and sallied out to try my wits in the direction of the front building, where Mr. W. had gone. I spent about half an hour in tracing and retracing my steps, trying to open doors, following out blind passages, &c.; and when I would ascend higher up the mountain, in order to obtain a view of the premises, I found my course obstructed by a high wall,

encompassing the grounds, and heading me off in every direction. At last, by some way or other — I know not how, but after a number of trials — I came out at the front building.

I found Mr. W., and asked him if he had any difficulty in finding his way. He said,

"O no, not at all — my boy showed me."

"Well," said I, "I think I will take my boy to show me, the next time."

Mr. W. had his portfolio in his lap, sketching the monastery, and five monks looking over him, with mouths wide open, as if struck with marvellousness to see their buildings caused to appear on paper by such little scratches. I was loth to believe the existence of such stupidity when I saw it.

I looked about by myself for an hour, when, feeling quite unwell, I directed my steps towards our room. Finding much to interest me on the way, I wandered from building to building, and from room to room, keeping in mind bearings as nearly as possible, until, when I wished to go directly to our room, I could not hit on the right way at all. I was thus groping through courts and covered passages, almost tired out, when my boy came in search of me to call me to breakfast. I was quite ready to have a guide, and followed him most willingly. We had breakfast of tea, rice, eggs and chicken, of which I partook very sparingly, and then went to bed.

Towards night, hearing a strange humming sound, as if of many voices in the distance, and my boy not at hand to go with me, I started out alone in quest of it. Following in the direction of the sounds, I traced it to one of the buildings, and, entering, was surprised to see a concourse of monks assembled. There were sixty or seventy of them; and I did not before know that there were so many on the whole premises. They stood like so many idiots, chanting their me-tóe-fah-le, me-tóe-fah-le, over and over, and going through senseless ceremonies before their idols. As I saw only a part, I shall endeavor to take another opportunity to witness the whole proceeding, foolish as it may be, and give a little account of it.

I continued my stroll while the priests were engaged, to take a hasty glance about, and see what I could discover. I wandered in various directions — now, up a long flight of steps, through a long passage — then at a right angle, and came into a court, passing by rows of small rooms belonging to the monks, through an archway, into another court, and still another and another, till there appeared

to be no end of them. Each of the different buildings seemed to have one room set apart for public worship, and had three or four, or more, large idols placed in a line to be adored. I looked into the rooms of some of the monks, which presented a dark and dirty appearance, and contained no comforts but a greasy bed and a dingy mosquito-net. There was no table, glass or chair — no plastered ceiling or papered walls — nothing but a miserable black cell to live in. Some had no opening to them but the door, and others one window with a shutter.

This evening, while reading within my mosquito-net, I counted eight different kinds of insects crawling upon the outside of it, and several others which, being of a smaller size, contrived to get inside. Among those actively engaged in crawling over me, and giving an occasional bite, were the flea, the bed-bug, round bug, and black bug. Sleeping with such a variety of the insect tribe was not particularly agreeable, but, as there was no avoiding them, they had to be endured with the best philosophy possible. The windows, without glass, all darkness or all light, let in several large species of winged insects, which were buzzing, floundering and crawling, on the decaying rafters; but the stifling air obliged us to keep them open. On the beams were cut or written a number of names, — those of persons, I suppose, who had occupied the room before.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EXCURSION TO TEEN-TUNG MONASTERY, CONTINUED. — DESCRIPTION OF TEMPLES, MONKS, RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES, ETC.

Tuesday, *July 17th.* — I arose at seven, feeling very badly in my head, and with considerable heat and fever; but I try to throw it off by diet and exercise. What I care for is drink — cold water and acid of some kind; but I cannot get either here. All that seems to be drinkable is tea — tea — tea; and that we have the whole day long. The Chinese keep water continually hot to make tea for themselves, and drink it all hours of the day; and through them we have a constant supply.

I went out to *see* what I *could* see. Hearing again a humming noise, such as I heard before, when the priests were chanting, but

coming from another direction, I followed the sounds for some time, but could not ascertain from what room they proceeded. After going back and forth several times, again and again coming into the same court, I cast my eyes up to the roof of the building, and discovered that it was the humming of a hive of bees. I then made my way to the same building in which I saw the monks performing yesterday, and again found them in their forms of worship. I stopped a few minutes, but thought I was receiving about as much benefit by observing these idiotic ceremonies as in the wild-bee chase.

A word respecting the situation and general appearance of the place. The monastery is a group of buildings, of a variety of forms and sizes, occupying an area of more than a million of square feet. Its depth, as I paced it one evening in the dark, is three hundred and fifty paces, or more than one thousand feet; and it appears to be about the same in width. The buildings are enclosed by a high wall on all sides except the front, and are connected with each other by flights of stone steps and terraces. The principal buildings are the five temples, containing the largest idols. They stand on five terraces, rising one above and behind the other, in rows like files of soldiers. The other buildings are arranged like a square, so as to surround the temples, and are divided into almost innumerable rooms for sleeping, lodges for small idols, and for all the various purposes contingent to a large family, or community, of between one and two hundred individuals. It is situated, with the extensive grounds attached, in a kind of nook, at the extreme end of a long, deep, pretty and fertile valley; and large mountains rise up behind, nearly encircling it. On the inclined base of these mountains are erected the buildings, on one side of which, and extending back, are the cultivated grounds, while directly behind are a thick brushwood and small trees. The inclination of the mountain gives rise to the series of terraces spoken of before.

In approaching the monastery, when within about a third of a mile we entered a beautiful winding walk, quite narrow, but shaded on each side with a row of tall trees. It leads on the right into an open semi-circular space, fronting the buildings. In the middle of this open space is an artificial lake, with a nicely-paved walk all around it. On arriving here, one seems to be entirely secluded from the world, and can see nothing but the mountains, the tall trees, the buildings of the monastery, and the sky overhead. In front of the lake, by the side of the high brick wall, is a small pagoda and six vases, each about

fifteen feet high. In the vases are apertures, in which ashes are deposited, I suppose from the urns inside the temples. They look antique, appear somewhat classical, and are quite ornamental to the place. The monastery is endowed, and supports itself from its own resources.

It is said that one of the former emperors of China lived here as a monk in disguise. He had become wearied with the troubles and anxieties of public life, and secretly resorted to this place, and joined the fraternity. He continued to live here for some years, when, being discovered, he was obliged to return to his throne. While here, he built the pretty walk, planted the fine trees leading to the monastery, and made other improvements with his money.

To reach the first temple from the space in front, an ascent of twenty stone steps is necessary; advancing thirty feet, there is an ascent of four steps more, when the entrance is attained. In the middle of the room a large god, some twenty or thirty feet in height, is the first object that meets the eye. While sitting here I made a few notes on the blank leaves of a yellow-covered book which I had brought to read. Yellow is the imperial color, and as soon as the monks observed it they collected around me with the greatest curiosity, evidently thinking that it emanated from the emperor. One commenced pulling up the leaves, little by little, stooping, with his head lower than the book, to see what was inside; another caught sight of a map, and was trying to feel it with his fingers, looking at it as if it were some large hieroglyphic; one was making remarks on the curious English letters; another saw two or three Chinese characters interspersed among the printings, and began trying to pronounce them aloud, and others, hearing him, gathered around, and, not agreeing in the view he took of them, joined in with their voices, pronouncing for themselves, till finally numbers of them were pronouncing on their own account, and others were arguing and discussing. It was a confusion of Hoe-hee-ching-larr, fow-lee-yung-tze, chow-ts-de-shing-kwo, or some other indescribable sounds, as if one was in the midst of a flock of geese. While this was going on, one of the monks was examining my coat, and another my handkerchief, pulling it partly from my pocket; one, whose curiosity urged him a little further, feeling something outside the coat-pocket, thrust his hand inside, exploring the recesses, pulling out articles, and examining them, with many expressions of wonder at his discovery. One handled my whiskers, running his fingers through them with evident pleasure; and another gently pulled off and examined

my cap, turning it over and over, with a face full of astonishment. One stooped down and felt of my shoes, as if he thought them made of polished iron, and then pulled up the pantaloons to look at my stockings; and another took hold of a button, looking at it as we would examine a diamond. In many other things they were equally curious, and it seemed as if they would pick me to pieces; yet I did not interfere much with them, in order the better to observe their operations.

They asked me many questions, which I could only answer by shaking my head; and they continued until my head was dizzy. They seemed to think that I should be able to answer something, and persevered till the ceaseless motion of my head — first to one and then to another — became altogether too tedious. Up to the hundredth time they were not able to understand that I could not converse with them; and yet, when they asked me a question, holding their head so still and peering into my face so inquisitively, I could not refrain from either giving a shake of the head, or saying *boo* to them. At last I turned on them, asking them questions in English; and they began to perceive that it was as difficult for them to converse with me, as it was for me to answer them; and I was less annoyed. As one thing led to another, they caught sight of a picture, which I endeavored to explain by signs, and succeeded pretty well. I sought also to render our alphabet intelligible to them, and, to show them the simplicity of our language in comparison with theirs, that with only twenty-six characters I could select four or five, and spell any of their words. Only two or three of them, who appeared more intelligent than the others, took any interest in the letters; but when these saw how they could be managed, and seemed to understand the principle, they burst out with a ha-a-a-ar-a-ar, and were much pleased. I would get them to pronounce one of their great intricate characters, and then I would select two, three or four letters from the alphabet, and, showing them singly, place them together beside their character, and pronounce them as they had done it; and when I had gathered a considerable number of their characters, and could, with the aid of our letters alongside, speak them correctly, they appeared to be delighted and astonished, and looked upon me as if I was a conjurer, or something as singular. As some of them went away, others were constantly coming; and I began to find myself too much occupied, especially as I was obliged to go through with the same explanations, over again and again, to each new comer. There-

fore, at the first convenient opportunity, I left them rather abruptly, much to my relief, though without having accomplished my notings of the place.

I waited till the middle of the forenoon, when they had all dispersed to their rooms, and then went in and resumed my writing. Near the centre of the hall stands, or rather sits, cross-legged, a great, disagreeable-looking bronze idol. It is from twenty to thirty feet high, is represented as very fat, with an immense belly, and laughing as if very happy. Before him is suspended a lantern, and in it a dim red light is burning, which, I believe, is never permitted to go out. On a table-like altar in front Josh-sticks have been lighted and are smoking. In front of this table is a large metallic urn, for containing the ashes of the Josh-sticks and offerings. Before the altar, in a line, are three stools, covered with little mats, for the worshipper to kneel on. Above, near the roof, is an inscription of Chinese in gilt letters; and each side of a post, extending from the roof to the floor, is lined with the same kind of characters.

On the right of the hall were two other gods, facing towards the left, also in a sitting posture, the legs being turned out, and the right foot of each resting on the back of a tortoise. They were about twenty-five or thirty feet high, and eighteen feet in circumference around their middle. They were ornamented with bright and various colors, and gilded and decorated in a profuse manner, appearing more like theatrical characters than gods. Many smaller figures of the human form are about the feet of the larger ones, as if paying them homage. These also are richly and handsomely painted, moulded, and fashioned in a similar manner. All the gods have shrines, and kneeling-stools and incense-sticks placed before them. The first of these larger gods is represented as a black man, with a huge beard, holding a sword in one hand, and wearing a crown. I think he is called the god of war. The other is the god of music, with a complexion light and delicate, animated features, and regularly-trimmed moustaches. This one is playing on a guitar, and smaller Chinese figures are playing at its feet.

On the left of the hall, facing towards and corresponding with those on the right, were two other gods of the same size and style, and seated in the same manner as those on the opposite side of the hall. One of them had in one hand a dragon's egg, with the young dragon just presenting itself; while in its other hand was held, writhing about the arm, a serpent, which he was crushing. The other god held a flag,

and had a self-conceited expression of countenance, as if it were a very great character in its own estimation. These were the gods of vengeance and justice.

Behind the first-named idol is a goddess, which is consulted and worshipped by women who are desirous of offspring. She faces the opposite door, and has all sorts of vases, candle-sticks, urns, Josh-sticks, &c., around her.

The hall is high, and supported by pillars; the floor is paved with stone, and there is a little room on one side for a monk to sleep in, the timbers and wood-work being unpainted.

We now came to the second building of the monastery, which is about fifty feet from and behind the other. This hall contains the greatest number of idols, and is where the ceremonies of the monks are performed. Idols are arranged all around the room, and there are several in the centre.

As you enter the door, three huge gods, twenty-five feet high, appear, looking very demurely, with eyes cast downwards. Two goddesses, one on each side, stand facing at right angles. They are all very richly dressed, — the goddesses particularly so, having crowns on their heads. The others have nothing on their heads except a simple cap, without a front-piece. A large polished brazen vase stands before them, full of ashes, burning incense-sticks, &c. There were many other things, of various shapes and sizes, belonging to the altar furniture, which I knew not how to name.

On the left of the altar was a large iron kettle, used for a drum; and there was also a hollow instrument made from a kind of resonant wood, and in the shape of a large sleigh-bell, for drumming purposes. Its noise is dull, and to me disagreeable. Back of all these idols is a goddess, mounted on an ass, the head of the animal being turned up towards her, with his mouth wide open, as if braying. The gods around the outside of this hall were in two rows, one on each side of the room. They were about the size of men, and of various designs — one god having a great many arms and hands sticking out from its sides.

The third building is another temple, about thirty feet back from the second one, and is merely a large hall. A kind of rough stage was built up in the centre, on which were placed a chair and table. A few characters were inscribed on its posts. In the upper part of this building, and flying about, were a large number of birds, which appeared to be its sole occupants, making their nests on the

sills and beams, which in Chinese buildings extend across in every direction.

The fourth building is the Ancestral Temple. This was a smaller hall, and containing nothing but the tablets with the names of the departed whom they wish to worship.

The other buildings form the fifth and last range, and branch off on both sides, containing a great number of rooms. In many of these are a variety of idols, of a small size ; but the rooms are mostly inhabited by the monks as their own private cells. In one of these buildings, which is two stories high, is suspended an enormous bell, from ten to fourteen feet long, and eighteen or twenty feet in its greatest circumference. A monk lives in the lower story, surrounded by his idols, and remains, with one associate, in constant attendance on the bell, which they strike at intervals of about five minutes, day and night. Its low tones and prolonged vibration break on the ear like a death-knell ; and its solemn notes, in the stillness of the night, have kept me awake for hours.

All the buildings comprising the temple have existed a long time, — for eight hundred years, I am told, — and they are at this time much out of repair.

Under other circumstances I should not have considered myself well enough, this morning, to have appeared outside my room ; but, knowing that this was the only opportunity I should have to further observe this strange fraternity, I made extra exertions, and arose at an early hour of the morning.

Soon after my interview with the priests of yesterday, I observed a Chinese lady in a mountain chair, followed by a priest in another chair, approaching the monastery, and they soon alighted inside of the first temple. She was not very handsome, but had small feet, though not diminished to the smallest size, which was sufficient to entitle her to some consideration. Her hair was done up in a large mass on the back of her head, and was oiled, smoothed, and ornamented with white flowers ; and she had a very consequential air, as if she thought herself of considerable importance. I only wondered that, like all others, she was not afraid of me ; but she seemed only to regard me with some suspicion. She advanced, gave me a scrutinizing look, as did also the priest, and then kneeled several times before the god, each time striking her head against the stool on which her knees rested. Her attendant priest went through the same ceremony, generally leading the way and setting the example. They then went round to the goddess on the

other side, and, with heads bowed, presented incense-sticks. Having consulted her a while, they went through many forms, advancing and receding, holding the burning sticks in their hands, bowing, kneeling, striking the head, and addressing imploring words to the goddess, making known their petitions, requests, &c.

She then passed, with the priest, out of the first building, and entered the second, where she chin-chinned for a time ; and then returning with a number of priests, they broke into a chant before the goddess. The priests in a row chanted and kept time to a little bell, amid the wafting smoke of incense-sticks, while the lady bowed and knelt over and over again, till I was tired of observing her. She did not appear in the least fatigued, nor did she appear to strike her head *over and above hard* against the paved stones of the floor.

One little simpleton of a monk, whom I pushed from me for his excessive familiarity, handed her incense-sticks, presenting them on one side and then on the other, a whole bundle at a time, as if this was of great importance. After this, one of the leading monks — I recognized him as the one who explained to the other monks this morning — led her through some doors that fastened behind them, and I pursued my way to my own room, to breakfast.

Passing up by the dining-hall of the monks, I observed many of them at their morning meal. There were about eighty together. Dishes filled and heaped with rice stood before them, and by the side of each was a bowl of greens. They were mumbling over to themselves, when I first saw them, something that I imagined to be a kind of "grace ;" and then they all commenced in good earnest with their chopsticks, stuffing their cheeks to the size of small bladders. Having their bowls replenished several times with rice, they gobbled it down like turkeys. I looked in at the open windows during the whole meal, on which they were so intent that no one looked up to notice me. The meal consisted only of rice and boiled greens, each pinching up with his chopsticks one morsel of the greens to about six mouthfuls of rice. When they had concluded their meal, one leading monk walked down through the middle and came out; and then all the others arose, struck into a chant, bowing towards and from their idol, and marched out in single file.

I soon returned from my breakfast of a single boiled egg, and, hearing a queer, buzzing noise, I followed the sound to the second building, where I found candles burning, and a great parade of monks. I thought the worship of the lady had been concluded; but here she

was, in the midst of eighty or ninety priests, marching in single file before the gods. They passed back and forth between the kneeling-stools, doubling their lines, until there were eight or ten moving in opposite directions, but in one continuous line, stepping to the time of their chanting, and the drumming of the hollow wood, the whole looking to me inexpressibly foolish.

Each person has a kneeling-stool, like a little desk about six inches high, which are all arranged, like men on a checker-board, before the shrine. On a table, before the idols, were offerings, such as bowls of various kinds of food, and one or two hundred packages containing twenty cash each. These offerings, I suppose, were made by the lady, and go as a perquisite to the monks, who assist her devotions. The whole amount would not be two dollars, which would allow each monk about two cents. Four little boys, who were learning to become priests, were with the monks, taking part with the lady at their devotions.

As I stood at the door, looking in on them, the monk who was conducting the ceremony came and asked me inside, politely giving me a seat. He was tall, and I recognized him as the one who was the most intelligent and interested in my explanations of our alphabet. He appeared to have the most sense of any of them, though none to spare. Through the servants I learned that he was the head of the whole tribe here — the abbot.

He had a cup of tea brought me, and occasionally came himself and took a seat beside me, looking over, with much interest and profound curiosity, to see me taking notes in the book with yellow covers. Sometimes a leaf would open a little, disclosing a Chinese character, when he would spring at it with his fingers to examine it. I then had to make signs, as if in explanation of it, to afford an excuse for closing the page, so as to go on with my notes. He appeared to understand my signs, — though I did not myself, — and answered with gutturals of approbation.

The lady, seeing him with me, a foreigner, became somewhat disconcerted, and too agitated to proceed ; so that the abbot was obliged to leave me and go to her, with which arrangement I was quite pleased. He whispered a few words to her by which she was pacified, when, giving me a searching glance, she resumed her observances. The abbot directed her when and where to kneel, and gave her the burning incense-sticks to offer to the idols. Several of the kneeling-stools seemed to be particularly applicable to her case, and necessary for her

to kneel on. She would kneel on one, knock her head over it on the pavements, usually three times, but often more than twenty; and then go to another stool, repeat the same ceremony, — and so on to the others. She never looked up at the idols, but kept her eyes cast down before them. The chanting of the monks continued, and she continued her round for a half-hour after the monks had all stopped beside their stools. They now all bowed together, all clasped their hands in a particular way, raised them, and let them fall again. Then those on one side would bow, go down, kneel, and bump their heads; and then those on the other side, in see-saw fashion; and while one half of the company were going down, the other half were coming up, making the scene a little theatrical. After a while the priest led her away to the first building, where they concluded their ceremonies by kneeling, by offerings of incense-sticks in bunches of two or three hundred, and burning large quantities of silver and gold paper.

At last she shook a bamboo box of tablets till one fell out, with some motto in Chinese on it, which the priest interpreted, giving her a corresponding slip of paper, which, I suppose, after being burnt, entitles her to some thousands of cash, or admits her to some privileges or spiritual honors in the next world. Any person, by paying a few cash, can shake the box and obtain a similar receipt. The lady now chin-chinned the principal god, and with her companion, the priest, departed in their sedan-chairs.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TEEN-TUNG MOUNTAINS. — ASCENT. — DECEPTIVE PEAKS. — VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT. — DESCENT. — MONASTIC MUMMERY, ETC.

Wednesday, *July 18th*. — I rose quite early this morning, and walked with Mr. West out behind the monastery, and up the mountain-side. As the country beyond appeared interesting, and we had ascended half-way, we decided to send the boy back for our breakfast, and meanwhile to continue our stroll to the top of the mountain, and return to this place for refreshments.

For a part of the way our path was the dry bed of a former rivulet, and in other places we could see no path to guide us; but, pushing

through the bushes, which were about our own height and densely thick, they opened on the path.

As I was passing ahead of my companion, I heard a hacking sound in the bushes, some little distance in advance of me. I stopped to listen, but could not satisfy myself as to its nature, and went on. Coming nearer, I discovered that it was a Chinaman with a cleaver, cutting brush. I came up unperceived, gave the bushes at his side a knock with my stick, and the poor fellow jumped and gave a long and deep inspiration, with an earnest stare at me. He looked so astonished and frightened that I could not refrain from laughing. Perceiving that he was in no danger, he laughed himself, and showed me, by patting on his breast, the momentary agitation of his heart. I chin-chinned him, and went on, expecting to get frightened myself before reaching the top of the mountain. The day was very hot, and the way long; and it appeared to me to be just the place for snakes and venomous reptiles.

The ascent was very steep, and we were obliged, at short intervals, to stop and rest, from fatigue and the great heat of the sun. Our umbrellas, when we could use them, were of little protection, the sun beating through them as if they were made of gauze. The latter part of the way was through high grass or flags, which grew very long and thick. The path on this part of the mountain, as it wound around on the very edge of the steep sides, was almost obliterated; and it was necessary to use some care, lest we should step off and tumble down the declivity, in which case it would be impossible to say where we should bring up. As we pushed along, the grass generally parted over the path, and showed us where to make the next step. After considerable toil we reached the summit, and were not a little surprised to find the top of the mountain, which, below, looked perfectly smooth, covered with rich, thick grass, about two feet high, which we trampled down so as to mark where to find the path again. We ascended to the highest point, and took a view of the group of buildings we had left, the monastery appearing like little play-houses made by boys with old shingles.

It was exceedingly beautiful to look over the tops of the thick foliage, so dense that it seemed as if one might walk on it, and down the huge ravine into the little cultivated spot below. It was also pretty to look across the ravine on to the opposite side of the mountain, which half shut out the rest of the world. Our view in that direction extended many miles inland, but only to the successive ranges of

mountains, which rose one above the other, until the last range met and mixed with the clouds in the horizon; while those on the other side of the valley, through which we came in our chairs to the monastery, appeared like chains of diminutive hills.

I watched with much interest a large body of white vapor, floating past, nearly on a level with, and but a few feet below us. It came over the top of the mountain we were on, and just grazed the tops of others in the vicinity, while over other mountains it floated without touching, leaving some of them far beneath. When below us it looked like a body of white cotton, and seemed almost compact enough for me to jump on and be floated by it over to the other mountains. Towards the south the horizon in the distance rested on the blue ocean, studding which, like jewels, lay the Chusan Islands. Nearer to us the sea was full of junks, sailing; then came the coast, and then the flat and low lands up to the mountains just below us. The mountains looked like large sugar-loafs, being so situated that we could look over and around them, and to the lowest depths of the valleys between. Some of these valleys were fearfully deep, and it made us almost giddy to look into them. Each mountain seemed to be of a conical shape, with numbers of ravines coursing down its sides; and all together looked as much like a painting as reality.

I was unwilling to withdraw my eyes from the scene; but we concluded to ascend another still higher peak, a short distance on our left, and set out towards it. This appeared so smooth on the top that we thought we should be free of the long wet grass. We found it a difficult process to ascend, the way being very steep, over rocks, bushes and briers; and the grass, if anything, higher than where we had before passed. However, we did ascend, and there had the satisfaction, or dissatisfaction, of observing another peak, that was still higher. Being determined to reach the most elevated summit, we set off again, running and jumping over such rocks as we could, making the descent of the declivitous peak without any great difficulty; and then, after a good climb, we reached the top of the other. But what was our surprise to see another peak, still higher, beyond! Again we descended, but content to take it a little slower than the last. After a tedious climb over cragged ledges and through prickly brambles, we came to the summit. Taking a single glance to see that we were all right, that there was nothing beyond, we sat down and rested, and congratulated each other on our good fortune, though we were not forgetful that we should have it all to go over again on our return;

and that our frail shoes were giving out, — a kind of Chinese shoes, made of rushes twisted and woven, soft to the feet, but not calculated for rough service.

On rising to our feet to take a last view before descending homeward, what was our disappointment to discover, a little on one side, a large oval mound, evidently higher by a hundred feet than the one we were on! It was so much to the left, out of the range of the others, that we had not before noticed it. We glanced a moment at each other, and then over the intervening ground. There was a considerable descent, and we must go round quite a distance in order to gain its top; but each saw that the face of the other expressed "no backing out." It was decided, without a word being spoken, and away we started for that eminence. Our feet had begun to be sore, but we pushed on till we came to its top. This peak also was covered with thick, rich grass, and the ascent differed little from the others. After a little rest on the ground, we arose and found ourselves repaid for our prolonged fatigue; for this eminence commanded a full view entirely around us. We could overlook everything else, which fully convinced us that we were now at the highest point, and that we were realizing the attainment of our wishes.

It was a magnificent sight. We had a complete bird's eye view of everything below us. The tops of mountains on which we looked down seemed like large sugar-loaves in size; and the valleys, which we had thought very wide, now appeared like a succession of trenches dug deep into the earth, the sides seeming nearly perpendicular, and extending as far as the eye could reach in that direction. As we faced the east, looking over the heights, there was beneath us an immense tract of country, as level as a body of water. It appeared like a vast meadow, the canals like ditches, the rusty-looking villages like bunches of red water brush, and the winding Ningpoo river shone like a piece of white satin ribbon. We could see distinctly the high fortifications on the mountains that guard the entrance to the river, the Chusan group of islands like pincushions dotting the silvery expanse, and junks floating along the channel like bits of shavings. Nearer was the pagoda at Nuwong, which we had left a few days ago. In the distance, towards the west, was a group of lakes, reflecting the rays of the sun like mirrors; and near them a great stone, standing conspicuously alone. What this was we could not make out. It looked like a rough monument of some kind, with the base turned upwards. We determined to visit it, and so know all about it.

We could have enjoyed the scene for hours, and it was very reluctantly that we commenced our return. Being very thirsty, and there being no water to be had, we picked a few red berries by the way, which moistened our mouths a little. An old wall, long since fallen down, ran over the tops of the heights and down the mountain's sides beyond us. We could not imagine, for a time, its possible design in such a high place, but at length concluded that it was built to bound the lands belonging to the monastery. We made our way back through the disagreeable grass, which was full of all kinds of insects (we did not know what else might be lurking there, to surprise us); and our frail rush shoes we could hardly keep on our feet, and had frequently to stop to bind them on with strings.

We succeeded in getting back, finding with some difficulty the old place, where we beat down the grass, but we were very much fatigued. After resting a while, and taking another look at the rare scenery, we continued our descent, and met the boy with the breakfast. Mr. W.'s boy had given out, and mine had brought it alone. Seating ourselves in the path, we partook with little ceremony. There were rice, eggs, a fowl, and hot tea. Being refreshed, I felt better able to go on than before. My boy went down again to bring up Mr. West's materials for sketching, while I pursued my way loiteringly down the mountain, hardly keeping my shoes together till I could arrive at the bottom. Proceeding to my room, tired, and my feet sore, I lay down on my bed, and did not awake till near night.

On rising, I walked out, in and about the different buildings, for new discoveries. In the second row of buildings I found the monks about to perform their devotions, took a stand at the door, and watched them till they were through. They were summoned together by three beats of the large bell, and a few strokes on the large wooden fish which hangs before the dining-hall door. They all passed in, and stood beside their respective kneeling-desks. Their heads were shaved close, and their feet bare — only three or four of them having on even rush sandals. They were dressed in long robes of a material resembling sacking, of a dirty yellow color, and so dirty were they themselves in their own persons that I doubt their ever having seen a piece of soap. The robes were loose under the right shoulder, and fastened by a hook over the left. They stood in lines — one half of their number on one side of the aisle, facing the other half, who stood on the other side. Their heads were inclined forward, the palms of their hands placed together in front of the body, their eyes looking into vacancy,

and with an expression of countenance as if the fate of many souls really depended on their interpositions. Two or three of their number were constantly moving about among them, with large fans, which they used with both hands — fanning first one, then another, as they saw the symptoms of heat predominating. The others stood motionless for a few minutes, when the abbot gave a blow on a large coarse drum, and continued this slowly and regularly for a certain number of times, when they all turned half round and faced the idols. Three blows were then made on a hollow piece of wood, worked out in the form of a shell, and emitting a lonely, forsaken kind of sound, and they all bowed together to the idols. At three tinkles of a little bell, they all knelt on their desks, touching their foreheads three times in succession on the floor. Rising, they placed their hands together, turned and bowed to the idols, and then turned back to their places. The abbot then struck on the large kettle, and commenced to chant something like "fah-tee-lah-me," in which they all joined, — repeating the same over and over together, keeping time with the iron kettle, the hollow wood, and the little bell, together. They drum on these instruments with little mallets, giving a rap at each syllable, which are all spoken at equal intervals, as if they were the syllables of one long word, the end of which is only reached when the sounds stop. The instruments first came in singly, then, one by one, all together, and with their low, gruff, unmusical voices pitched at different keys, but each one continuing on his own key, and all articulating at the same time, with now and then an expressive response from the big drum, the sounds were discordant enough, and not very unlike the music of a corn-cracking-mill. They chanted very slowly for a while, increasing gradually till they got into very quick time. Finally, it was as much as they could do to speak fast enough to keep up with the mallets.

After half an hour, as they all were standing, chanting away, and looking like statuary idiots (for they made no movement except with their lips), at the tinkle of the bell they raised their hands, with closed palms in front of the chest; at another tinkle, they dropped them a few inches, all together, like machines; a tinkle again, and they laid them over each other on the waist, — all the time continuing the "fah-tee-lah-me-fah-tee-lah-me-fah-tee-lah-me," with the beating of the drums and kettles.

With their burning lights, their arrangement of vases, urns, &c., they remind one of the Roman Catholic service. In truth, I should

be inclined to think that their mixed religion originated with the Catholics, or that the Catholics had copied from them.

During these ceremonies I stood leaning against a stone pedestal outside the door, when one of the monks brought out a little pewter cup, which he had just presented to the idols by holding it up to them and mumbling something. In the cup was some water, with four or five rice-kernels, which he poured on the top of the pedestal — placing the kernels in a certain position, then snapping the middle one off with his finger-nail, and then arranging the others, and in like manner snapping them all off but one. Having snapped at this several times, and not succeeding in his object, he let it remain. He then turned the top of the cup outward from him, and bowed three times at something or nothing, — it might be at the air, though he went through the action with a good deal of gesticulation, as if to some distinguished personage. Perhaps he was chin-chinning Josh for fruitful crops of rice. They had now commenced their march, walking in single file, and doubling, back and forth, between the kneeling-stools and before the idols. They continued to march, the horrid chanting and drumming still going on, for about twenty minutes. Then one half of their number marched off one way, and one half in the other direction, and, passing around before the other idols at the outside of the room, returned again to their places. Continuing here, and back and forth, a little longer, they again came to a stand. They now bow facing each other, all kneel together, and turn and bow to the idols. Now one half of them, all those on one side of the aisle, stand and mumble away, while those on the other side bow, kneel, and bump their heads on the floor, for a few minutes retaining that position; and then, while these are coming up, those on the other side go down, and perform in like manner. Forty or fifty monks come up, and forty or fifty go down; forty or fifty go down, and forty or fifty come up; and thus, up and down, down and up, they continue in a regular see-saw motion. After these performances, and a few bows to the right and to the left, they come out in two lines, one from each side, and go directly to the dining-hall, where they take their rice and vegetables.

While their services were going on, an old blind monk came up, guiding himself with his cane along the side of the building, with his basket of dishes on his arm, going after his supper. I avoided him, but was amused to see him go directly towards Mr. West, who was busily sketching the scenes inside, and bluntly strike against him.

Mr. W. started, and looked quickly up, somewhat angrily, to see who was so bold and impudent; and the old man, on his part, stood aghast, astonished that any person who could see could not avoid him. Muttering a few words to himself, the old man put his cane in motion again, and passed on.

The day being over, I was glad to ensconce myself inside of my mosquito-curtain, and consign myself to rest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DEPARTURE FROM THE MONASTERY. — INCIDENTS BY THE WAY. — CHINESE CITY OF MACHTZEIEN.

Thursday, *July 19th.* — We arose at five, and, having collected our train and mounted our chairs, we started for our boats, to make a trip to the lakes. We paid our hosts a few hundred cash for the privilege of using their fire to cook by, and a dollar for the use of the room, for which they seemed well satisfied. We made a halt at the resting-house, while Mr. W. sketched a view of the avenue leading to the monastery, after which we went on again.

The valley was beautiful, and we enjoyed it much, it being made up of such a variety. We passed monuments in the shape of gate-ways hewn of stone, erected to the memory of some benevolent individual; and one with carved figures and characters raised and dedicated to chaste women stood on the edge of the path, and tombs on both sides extended some distance up the mountain's side. Arriving at the outskirts of a little village, our coolies set us down, and ran off and left us. On inquiring of our boys the meaning of this, we were told that they had gone to their "chow-chow" (their eating). We thought them rather independent, not asking our permission; but we sat down by a wall, and partook also, not having yet been to breakfast. We had a kettle of hot water brought, had some tea made, which, with our cold rice, fowl and eggs, made a very passable breakfast.

We soon had a large collection of the poor peasants about us; for the inmates of the houses, old and young, with their children, and their infants in their arms, came out, and gazed at us while we ate.

As they crowded about quite near, if our attention was directed to any one, the small-footed girls would quickly hobble backwards, as if they feared being kidnapped. One old woman brought out a couple of live chickens, which we bought, paying eighteen or twenty cents for both. Our salt being left behind, a few cash procured a little, but it was coarse, rusty, and full of dirt. The children here were covered with sores from their excessive filthiness.

Our coolies having returned, we gave the people a few cash, with which they seemed satisfied, and we left them.

The only tree that I recognized as common with us in America is the pitch-pine. These grow in clusters on the mountain side, enclosing tombs. Coffins, all the way along, were left out on the ground and exposed, being merely covered with palm-leaves. These coffins, with their thick, slab-like sides, are very clumsy and large; and appear, with their coverings, like shocks of wheat in the fields, fallen down. We passed through the rich, deep valley, walled in on both sides by the high mountains, and stopped at the resting-house at the foot of a small mountain which has a pagoda standing on its top. Here was the tea-growing, which has been before described.

At this place Mr. West, at my suggestion, took a sketch of our little train, just as we were. Numbers of coolies were constantly stopping, passing and repassing. I presume that a hundred in an hour stop here to rest. They were heavily laden with rice, tea, and other articles, and had to rest every quarter or half a mile. There were from eight to twelve here all the time; and they manifested a good deal of curiosity about us, but offered no insult.

The path the entire way is paved with flat stones. We ascended the eminence, and proceeded to take a view of the pagoda. It stands in a little open space, surrounded with a handsome grove of black bamboo-trees. It is in part covered with vines and shrubs, growing on all its sides from the interstices. It is built of brick, stone, and almost anything that could be obtained to fill up; and, crooked by time, it looked as if it would tumble down before we could get out of its reach. I did not like to stand near it for many minutes at a time, and, as the wind was blowing, did not attempt its ascent. Another resting-house stands a little way from it, just within the gap of the two mountains, which was also filled with weary foot-passengers.

We took our chairs and descended on the other side, where Mr. W. took another sketch, and I wrote up my notes, which I had not been able to do while travelling. I have attempted to do this many times,

but afterwards not being able to tell one mark from another, have given it up. The coolies passing us would stop, cast off their burdens, and with the greatest curiosity go to Mr. W. or myself, and back and forth from one to the other, to see what we were doing. No one could pass without laying down his load and taking a look at us, so that we constantly had a crowd about us. Their countenances indicated that the little marks we were making on paper seemed to them like a species of witchery ; and they examined them very intently for some time. Mr. W. was so besieged that I had to laugh to see him, in a good-natured manner, push them away ; for, in their eagerness to see him draw, they inserted their heads directly between him and the view that he wished to sketch, and did not give him room to work.

We arrived at our boat at four P. M., and unwillingly left the beautiful scenery — the green slopes of the mountains, with their gushing fountains, those beautiful bamboo groves, and the sparkling rivulets.

Our boys paid our four coolies, for both chairs, a hundred cash — about half a dollar for the day's work ; bought some Chinese sandals to wear in travelling among the hills, for which we paid about two cents a pair ; and we continued our way for the lakes, which we saw from Monastery mountain. We took the same route by which we came, as far as the hill of tombs that stood alone in the midst of the great plain, where we branched to the left.

We travelled all the way by canal, passing under many bridges, to accomplish which, in some instances, we had to take down the tops of the boats. It was delightful sailing, so still and quiet, on such a fine evening, while the moon diffused her silvery light through the clear atmosphere.

I sat up after Mr. W. had retired, and mused alone, except that the men were sculling away at their oars, and the mosquitoes were always at hand, till we came, towards morning, to a village or town where many boats were huddled together, ours fastened among them, when I retired to rest.

Friday, July 20th. — I arose at daylight, took a look to see where we were, and then urged the boatmen to expedite matters for the lakes. We found a dam here about twelve feet high, which kept the waters of the lakes in their place above ; and the boats, in their turn, had to be drawn up and launched on the other side. About fifty boats had precedence of ours, before our turn came ; and, while waiting, we took a short walk about the place. Its name is one of the worst to be

pronounced or to be remembered. I wrote it down as soon as I heard it, or I should not have been able to recall it again. It is Machtzeien. For a quarter of a mile on our left, as we passed up, was the Chinese town. The houses were all open in front, looking like rough sheds more than anything else. They were one story high, and made the principal street, which faced on the canal, and included many little shops, containing a great variety of articles for sale. There was a grain shop, then a butcher's shop, then a provision shop, and then a tin shop, &c. At intervals were eating-rooms, with tables full of Chinese at their meal; but they were all men. The women I have not seen eat at all, though no doubt they indulge occasionally. Just behind the mass of buildings rises up, in the background, a beautiful hill, covered with green foliage, trees, and tombs. Before us is the dam, at this end of which is the place to enter the lake, and at the other the place to come out. Boats are continually being drawn up into the lake at this end, and being let down out of it at the other. On our right is a pretty hill, covered with young pines.

This hour of the day was a very busy time. Crowds of people, with their baskets, boxes of vegetables, &c., were pushing along the streets. Three or four girls saw us landing, and ran with all speed, not daring to look back till they were at a considerable distance from us. Frightened things! they might have known that with their little feet, had we been disposed for a chase, we could soon have overtaken them. Several others ran in the same way, and I do not know but they may be running still, as they were doing so the last we saw of them. They ran as if two wild animals had just escaped from cages, and were after them. With their short, hobbling step, I expected to see them tumble, but I believe they kept on their feet. They reminded me of boys trying to run on stilts. I stopped in the street to explain something to my boy, which did not occupy more than three minutes; but when I looked up we were completely surrounded by the crowd, that had gathered about us from curiosity. We walked up and down the street to observe the curiosity of the people, and found those within the houses as curious to see us as those without. With mouths and eyes wide open, especially the girls of from eight to fourteen, they stared at us, and looked as if they would jump out of their wits at our appearance; and the timid ones, to see us, would peep from behind the doors and posts, and, when we were past, would venture out a little. One little girl, of about twelve, ran as she saw us approaching, not daring to look back till she had got one foot over the door-

sill; when she gave one glance over her shoulder, and, pulling the door after her, disappeared. No doubt she thought she had a narrow escape from the Fanquies.

The small-footed wife of the tinman was seated in front of his shop, dressing her hair, with a glass set up before her, very unconcernedly. I was amused to notice how particular she was, and the pains she took in its arrangement. She hardly appeared to notice us, and had, perhaps, seen foreigners before. A little way down the street, on the side of the canal, were a group of Chinamen disputing with each other. They gesticulated with great warmth, and each one, screaming at the top of his voice, made noise enough for ten. In one house we passed there was a pretty-looking girl sitting alone at a table, taking her "chow-chow." As she fixed a wild stare on us, her chopsticks were suspended about half-way to her mouth, which was left wide open, and as if in doubt whether to scream or run. At one place a Chinaman and his family were sitting at a table outside their house, taking their breakfast together. They gobbled down their rice and vegetables with wonderful celerity, raising their bowls near to their mouth, and poking it in with a continuous stream. As they perceived us, their heads and bodies all turned toward us, as if on pivots; and, suspending their eating operations, they gazed at us till we were out of sight.

A girl of about eighteen years, who did not perceive us, was seated on a high stool, under a tree, arranging her hair before a dressing-case placed upon a table. She inclined her head one side, and then the other, fixing this part and then that, placing and replacing her hair-pins. She did not seem in a hurry, but took it very leisurely, as if she had the whole day at her disposal. She tried it over and over; put up one part well greased, stuck in a pin, fixed in an artificial flower, took a look in the glass; then combed and fixed up another part, and looked again, and then pulled it all down, to reärrange it more to her mind. She put it up and took it down several times. There was quite an array of toilet articles about her bench, cups and combs, hair-pins of silver, and others of a kind of green stone, paints, white gypsum-powder, artificial flowers, a basin, and a kind of thick grease that looked like tar. She was so absorbed in her toilet that she did not perceive us; and I was almost afraid to look at her, for fear she would scream, tip over her establishment, and run away.

One man stood before his house mixing something like dough. We walked towards him, and, suddenly raising his head, he stopped, with

the material in his hands, staring at us as if he was confronting two walking spirits. His dog, lying near, seeing us, sprang up with its ears back and its tail down, gave one bound, and, with a despairing yelp, vanished at the other end of the room. When we were sufficiently near to bow and speak, he seemed most happy to hear our voices, and relieved of conflicting doubts, as spirits never speak. He went on with his work, mixing and working molasses-candy, and kneading into it as much rice-flour as it would bear, rather pleased with the notice we paid to his avocation. He cut the candy into square pieces, about half as large as boys at home sell for a cent. I put down twelve copper cash, amounting to a cent, to see how much it would buy. He wrapped up in a paper twelve of the squares and gave me. I had observed his hands, and, presuming that he was governed by the principle that anything escaping from them only increased the quantity to be sold, I felt no inclination to eat it, and handed it over to the boys, who swallowed it very quickly. As we moved off, the Chinaman chin-chinned us very politely. We next approached a young girl, about fourteen years old, who was spinning in front of a house, astride the seat of her spinning-wheel, with her back towards us, and her hair decorated with orange-blossoms, and hanging in a braid down her back. Hearing undue Chinese sounds, she raised her head, looking forward; then stopped and held her head still to listen; and then, as quick as thought, her head whirled on its axis towards us for a moment, her body rocked backward, and one of her small, half-sized feet passed over the wheel, and away she went, in hobbling leaps, as fast as her stiffened ankles would carry her. She did not attempt to gain the nearest house, but made for one several buildings beyond. As she entered the door, she ventured to look over her shoulder, and, forgetting the high threshold, she tumbled headlong into the house, but quickly regained her feet, which, with her arms, were flying in all directions.

Many other little amusing incidents took place, but hardly of sufficient importance to be here mentioned. The crowd that gathered about us becoming too dense to be comfortable, we turned and walked slowly back to our boat, entering to escape the gaze of the populace. Through the crevices of the boat we could see them on the bank watching the place where we had disappeared, as if expecting another view of us; but we thought proper to disappoint them, as they become too bold after a short acquaintance.

The boatmen here came on us for cash and rice, as they were out of

both. From the way ours had disappeared, we concluded they must have been out for two or three days; and that, perhaps, they had disposed of some of it in other ways besides eating it, for a large stock had been laid in. Our funds were nearly spent; and here the few dollars which I had gone back to get at Ningpoo became very convenient, and more provisions were added to our stores.

Between eight and nine it came our boat's turn to be taken into the lake, which was managed in this way: The head of the boat is brought up to a place where there is an inclined plane on both sides of the dam, kept constantly covered with black, slimy mud. A large cable, made of grass, is thrown by a slip-noose over the stern of the boat, and its two ends connected with two capstans, one on each side, at the top of the dam. It seems a rude contrivance, but there are no locks that I ever heard of in China. It is the only way; and, perhaps, it is more expeditious than locks. Small vessels can be taken over in this way. The capstans are each turned by thirty or forty men, and the cables wound up, until the boat is drawn to the top. The men insert handspikes into the capstans, radiating like the spokes of a large wheel laid horizontally, and commence running and crying out Yar-ar-ar-ar-a-a-a-a-r-r-r-r! Yar-ar-ar-ar-ar-a-a-a-a-r-r-r-r! in most outrageous tones. They run around a few times, and then gradually relapse into a slow walk, after which they break out again all together with the Yar-ar, etc., and run again. The cable, although five or six inches through, broke twice with us, but was quickly tied again, it taking some yards to make the knot. It was so full of knots that there was hardly room for another, should it break again. The delay occasioned is but a few moments, and with the savage-like Yar, etc., of all their voices, they start again. They did not discover us foreigners until we were nearly drawn up, when they evinced much curiosity, peeping through the interstices of the boat to see us. The boat, by its own weight, easily glided down the opposite side, and was launched into the lake. We endeavored to cross the lake to the opposite side, but the boisterous state of the weather made it unsafe, and we kept in near the shore, passing several villages. At one we stopped, and debated whether to wait for better weather until to-morrow, or to return homeward to-day. Deciding to remain, we went ashore, ascending a pretty, mound-like hill, the sides of which were covered with tombs and patches of trees. At the summit we had a fine view, made up of mountains, a chain of pretty lakes, and many villages and cities on their borders. Leaving my companion to sketch the scene,

I descended with my boy and went in search of some vegetables, so as to vary our monotonous meal of chickens, rice and eggs, on which we had lived so constantly.

We saw the egg-plant in considerable quantities, but we did not like it. We thought some cucumbers sliced in vinegar would be grateful to us; and, after a time, I made my boy understand what they were, though, in describing them, I had to go through all the motions of paring, slicing, etc. He inquired for them often, and said at last there were none to be obtained. I had seen one man pointing over the hills, and understanding by him that they were to be found in that direction, I told the boy to go, and I accompanied him. We passed along the edge of the lake a considerable distance, and then crossed over a couple of hills, scattering the frightened children in all directions, and came to a farmer's house which stood alone. My boy made inquiries, and the man went into the garden and brought two or three little shrivelled-up cucumbers. While paying for these, an aged man with white hair, though scarcely enough to form a queue of a few inches on his neck, who seemed to be a kind of patriarch here, and had the pleasantest Chinese countenance I had met, came out and led us to the further part of the garden, where we found as many fine ones as we wished. The old man gathered and put handfuls of them into the apron of my boy's frock, and refused payment; but I insisted that he should be paid, and my boy gave him thirty or forty cash, which he received and put in his pocket without counting.

The women and all the inmates crowded to the door of the house, and looked at me with a mixture of fear and astonishment, hiding themselves behind each other whenever I turned my eyes towards them. I chin-chinned the old man, and he chin-chinned heartily in return. He seemed to be a very good man; though I think, from his actions, he was glad to see me leaving, for the whole neighborhood was gathering on his premises, with some symptoms of excitement.

Returning to the boat, and pushing out a few rods from the shore, having now a plenty of cucumbers and vinegar, with our rice, chicken and eggs, we made our dinner. The people on shore loitered near, looking with curiosity to see us eat. After our meal I again went on shore, leaving Mr. West in the boat to complete his drawings, and gradually advanced through the town as curiosity might dictate, and as I might find it safe.

Knowing the great interest of the people to look at our books, I put in my pocket one with some plates in it, thinking it might be of ser-

vice to me. The Chinese flocked around, following me in great numbers. Occasionally, as they began to be too boisterous, which I knew, if continued, would end in a mob, I stopped and showed them some of the pictures in the book, with which they seemed much pleased, though I thought as many appeared to look at me as at the book. The bolder ones annoyed me exceedingly by asking innumerable questions, all of which I could not have answered had I known the Chinese language, the dialects are so different; and the only way in which I could get along with them was to silence them as I did the monks, by talking to them English as fast as I could, to which they assented, apparently well satisfied, though they could not understand a word. As the crowd pressed me closely, I moved on; and in this way I wandered about in sight of the lake, though I found nothing remarkable. All the houses were old and built like sheds, the streets narrow and dirty, etc.; but the population was more numerous than I had anticipated, so that it might be called a city instead of a village.

I could not help feeling somewhat amused, when displaying the plates in the book, to see such a multitude of people around. They completely encompassed me upon every side, — old men, old women, middle-aged people, young girls and boys, — all gaping, with wonder-stricken countenances. They displayed as much marvellousness as we might have done at the appearance of an inhabitant from another planet. At first they approached very cautiously, but, perceiving that I did not hurt or frighten them, they advanced with more freedom and confidence; and after they had scrutinized the pictures they scrutinized me, and then they scrutinized the pictures again, and so on. Gradually they neared their gaze, till their faces were within a foot or six inches of mine; when, gratifying themselves with a profound look, their mouths stretching into an inexpressive grin, they would break out with a half-grunting, half-laughing exclamation of "hurngh," drawling it out as if they felt it from the bottom of their feet. Then, as if amazed with what they had experienced, and absorbed in their own thoughts, they would get pushed back a step, and others would crowd in and take a look. After a while, one man stretched out his hand, slowly, but timidly, towards me, keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on my face, and at length touched my knee. Emboldened by this, he touched my arm, and then my shoulder. He seemed to wonder if the flesh of my body was like theirs, and felt of my hand and my face, smoothing the skin a little, and pinching it up. Others, observing his success, thought they would like also to touch the strange being, the

"foreign spirit,"—and joined in. One man drew his hand upon my face and forehead, though doubtfully, as if he was not quite sure it was safe to do so, examining his fingers afterwards to see if the white color came off. One man felt of my hair, another of my nose and whiskers; one took off my cap, and examined that; another was looking at the nails of my fingers; one at my coat, examining the material; one was down on the ground, feeling of my shoes; and one was trying to look on their under side, examining carefully the smooth leather, the bottoms and the seams, and appeared to think it all very singular in comparison with their cloth shoes. One examined my dickey, one felt of the smoothness and hardness of the bosom, and another turned his attention to my vest; one was smoothing up and down my pants, examining minutely the texture of the cloth, till it seemed as if as many had their hands on me as there was room for them; and all this time others were squeezing and crowding through to get at me. These things became very annoying; but I could not prevent it without showing some resentment, or pushing them off, which I did not like to do. Whenever I found them becoming too well acquainted, or too bold, or coarse in their actions, I moved on, changed my course, or turned a corner. Sometimes they crowded so hard as to push each other over, tumbling over a stone down a bank, or into the gutter; but, to avoid any tumult, I passed along as quietly and quickly as possible.

Once I found myself rather too closely besieged. The concourse had so swelled as to be quite a sea of Chinese heads and shoulders, mostly of men, naked to the waist, whose yellow skins, of the color of books "bound in calf," shaved heads, and long, braided queues, presented a very unique appearance. I was so completely hemmed in that I found it difficult to get out. The crowd had become noisy and boisterous, and were swaying back and forth, like a wheat-field in the wind. I did not feel at ease in the midst of such a crowd, and studied for some way of escape that should not excite their suspicions of my desire to avoid them. I had tried to crowd through them, but found that I could not do so without using more violence than I was willing to, and I became convinced that I must resort to some artifice. I therefore raised my book, and so held it open that the pictures might be seen only by those in front. As the back of the book was towards those behind me, in order to get a sight of the pictures they had to crowd around to the other side, which gradually left the way open for me, as they vacated the ground behind me, to step back. This I con-

tinued till the opening in the rear was sufficient, when I glided out, thankful to make my escape. As I accomplished my object, they evidently perceived the design of my artifice; for they burst into a loud hurra, and pressed on behind. I was careful not to let them encircle me again; and, with the many turns and crooks in the streets, there was always a place for retreat. I returned to the boat at dark; and, in order to avoid the Chinese during the night, we pushed off, and anchored a little way from the shore, and at an early hour retired to rest.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CROSSING THE LAKE. — CAUSEWAY. — QUARRIES. — CHINESE WORKMEN. — RETURN TO NINGPOO. — SMALL FEET. — NINGPOO PAGODA. — HOUSE OF CHINESE DOCTOR. — TRIP INTO THE CITY. — EXCURSION TO CHUSAN. — ENGLISH CEMETERY. — RETURN TO NINGPOO. — TEA-DRINKING. — INFANTICIDE.

Saturday, *July* 21*st*. — We were up at light; and, finding that the violence of the wind had ceased, we set off across the lake. Coming near an island, I directed the boatmen to pull to it; and, leaving my companion asleep in the boat, I went ashore, and had a ramble alone. There was one Josh-house and a small pagoda on the island, and the ground was cultivated, the crop being mostly a kind of squash; but no one was living there. The pagoda was about thirty feet high. Climbing up part way on the outside (for there were no stairs to it), I took a view of the surrounding country, and returned to the boat.

We continued on, taking breakfast by the way, and passing under the bridge of a very fine causeway. This causeway is built of stone, and stretches quite across the lake. Near the shore we passed a Chinaman in a boat, who was calling after him some hundreds of young ducks and goslings, swimming, which he was raising. We next came to the stone quarries, and to the singular-looking monument, or pedestal stone, which we saw from the mountains at Teen-Tung. Landing, and climbing the hill, down which men were rolling wheelbarrow-loads of stone, we saw the quarries. Numbers of men were engaged in hammering and splitting out the stone. It was

from these quarries that stone had been taken to build the causeway, and over which the stones are now transported to other places. It seems odd not to see horses or oxen used to draw the stone, which is all done by Chinese coolies. The monument we saw was simply a pedestal of rock, about two hundred feet high, with rough sides full of angles, and larger at the top than at the base. It was formed by quarrying around it, and leaving the centre stone standing. Hundreds of birds were flying around the top, where they had made their nests. It may be intended for a future pagoda; but it is an interesting object, as it shows the height of the original hill.

While Mr. W. was taking a sketch of this queer place, I went off to ascend some of the elevations on different sides. It soon began to rain; and, as I was seeking a place of shelter, I saw one of the workmen beckoning to me. Curiosity led me to follow him, and he took me into his house at the foot of the hill, and gave me a stool to sit on. The house had no windows, and appeared more like a small blacksmith's shop, having a rude kind of bellows, some hammers, &c.; it was probably used for repairing the tools. Here he lived, and had his workshop. The ground was the floor; a heap of old blankets on a place raised a little from the ground represented the bed; and the walls of the house were hung with bits of trash, — odds and ends.

There was no other one present but his wife, who did not allow her suspicious eyes to stray from me long at a time. He offered me his pipe, and gave me warm tea from a large earthen pan, which he kept well filled, and dipped out from it as he wished. It was more like an infusion of senna than tea, but I thought I must drink it. I remained here near an hour, talking by signs with the man, and finally with the woman, who at last did not seem to consider me an evil spirit. When the rain had ceased, I left them, they both responding to me their chin-chins, as I thanked them for their hospitality.

We crossed the lake to the other end of the causeway, and, seeing nothing more of particular interest, took another route back to Ningpoo. We passed through one town on foot, the boat sailing along the shore, and the Chinese forming together in lines on the sides of the street to look at us. A crowd of Chinese boys followed us in and out, as we called at various places where inclination prompted us. One of the places where we stopped was a Josh-house, where were various idols; and another was at a house where some women were weaving cloth in looms that looked as if they were constructed before the Christian era. Reaching the end of the lake, we

had our boat drawn up and launched again into the canal below; when, hoisting sail, we sped along at a rapid rate. Occasionally we landed and walked through a village, and at one place I had my handkerchief stolen. Having completed a distance of forty or fifty miles to-day, we arrived at Ningpoo about dark.

Ningpoo, Sunday, July 22d. — I attended church services in Mr. Way's chapel, though I felt quite unwell all day. There were sixteen foreigners present, and four Chinese. Rev. Mr. White preached. After this, I went to hear Dr. McCarty discourse to the Chinese in their language. Here the private schools of the missionaries unite on Sundays, and have religious services together. There were about eighty scholars, girls and boys, present, of from six to eighteen years of age. They were a singular-looking set of beings, — the girls having their hair dressed variously, to correspond to their particular ages, after the Chinese custom. Several of them were pretty; but when they hobbled along on their little feet to pass out, I could not help thinking they were very foolish to allow their feet to be made the cause of rendering them so uncomfortable. One would suppose that the pain they undergo while subjected to the bandages, and the discomfort they endure ever afterwards, would deter them from this unnatural practice. But the Chinese gentlemen are very partial to this mincing, hitching, uncertain gait in their females, which, I suppose, is the principal incentive towards perpetuating the custom.

Rev. Mr. Way afterwards preached to a Chinese congregation; and at evening Dr. McC. came in, and, with Mr. W., we had a long talk on Chinese matters.

Monday, July 23d. — I arose at six, and felt miserably all day, but forced myself to move about. Mr. W. offering to accompany me this forenoon on a visit into the city, we took a couple of chairs, crossed the river, and entered the city. We first called at a Chinese shop where the most of the foreigners trade, and procured material for a mosquito-net, being determined not to suffer unnecessarily from these insects.

We then visited the Ningpoo pagoda, ascending to the top by stairs inside. This has seven stories, has twenty-eight windows, is hexagonal in form, and one hundred and sixty feet high, with a spiral course on the top. The view is commanding and extensive, consisting of the entire city with its suburbs, the Ningpoo river, Ningpoo hills and valleys, a distant chain of mountains, and the sea with its islands. This pagoda has been once burnt, once struck by lightning,

and once blown down in a hurricane. As to the design of pagodas, the Chinese say "that the presence of such an edifice not only secures to the site the favor and protection of Heaven, if it already bears evidences of enjoying it, but represses any evil influences that may be native to the spot, and imparts to it the most salutary and felicitous omens."

The great "Porcelain Pagoda," at Nankin, has nine stories, and is two hundred and sixty-one feet high, and near a hundred feet in diameter at the base. It has one hundred and fifty-two bells; one hundred and twenty-eight lamps outside, and twelve porcelain lamps inside, requiring to fill them ten gallons of oil. It is encased upon the outside with green porcelain in slates, and has on its front an inscription in Chinese of *First Pagoda*, and cost in building between three and four millions of dollars. Its object, according to the commands of an emperor, was to commemorate "the virtues of his august empress mother."

In the top of the pagoda, for warding off evil influences, were deposited several pearls, one hundred and thirty-three and a half pounds of tea, one hundred and thirty-three and a half pounds of silver, one ingot of gold, fifty-three and a half pounds of medicine, one hundred and thirty-three and a half pounds of sacred books, &c. A Chinese account says, "The god Thunder, while expelling a strange monster, chased him to this place, when instantly three parts of the nine stories were demolished; but the influence of the Buddhistic doctrines was so boundless, that the whole building was not destroyed."

As we walked through the city, we called at a "sing-song." This is the Chinese theatre. It was held in a square court, the stage being erected on the opposite side, so as to front a large temple full of gods, and, I presume, so as to be within the scope of their benign influence. There were no ladies present, and no objection was offered to our entering the gate and passing inside the court, where we walked around freely; but ten minutes satisfied me here. One view of the assemblage, one of the harlequin actors, in silk costume of bright colors, a little of their squalling voices, and one blast from their orchestra, was all that I felt it necessary to see or hear of their performances. The musicians blow their instruments as if they would splinter them, producing most nervous, spasmodic, unmusical sounds, not unlike what would be made by a number of cats in a fit.

We next visited an old Chinese gentleman, a retired physician.

He met us with much politeness and evident good feeling. With many bows and motions of the hands, he pointed to chairs, and insisted on our being seated before he would sit himself. The chairs of solid black wood, and uncomfortable, compared with ours, were placed against the walls of the room, with a tea-poy of the same material separating them by pairs, so that, in taking tea, one of the little tables answers for two persons. Everything about the house, of course, was purely Chinese. The old gentleman sat and chatted very sociably and pleasantly, without any Chinese bombast, and apparently without any feeling of superiority over the foreigners, which is so general with the Chinese. He had many inquiries to make about me, such as my age, birthplace, family, wife, &c.; and he seemed much interested to learn that my father was a doctor, and so aged. When he inquired about my brothers, and learned that there were so many doctors in the family, he laughed, and seemed much amused; and, as if to bring the number more home to himself, he touched the fingers of one hand several times over, and stopped with an accent on the little finger of the other. As it is considered disreputable to the females to be seen by strangers, they all keep out of the way, though we saw a pair of eyes looking out through an opening in a paper window which were much too soft and pretty for a man's.

After tea the Chinese doctor led us through the apartments to his garden in the rear of the building. This was a curious place, full of flowers and plants, serpentine paths, subterranean passages, grottoes, pools, imitations of sea-rocks, covered with sea-shells, weeds, moss, &c., made to imitate places on the sea-shore, and only wanting the sea to complete them. The works were all artificial, and in one of the grottoes was kept a large bird of the crane species, which stood higher than a man, and was more than a hundred years old. The agreeable old man followed us back to the street-door, and we took leave of him. He put one hand closed into the other, and shook his own hands at us, according to their custom; and we shook ours at him, and departed.

We next came to the Temple of Confucius. We found no idols here, the followers of this sage not admitting them in their tenets. They use instead tablets inscribed with the names of their ancestral objects of worship. The building was large and open, and the ceiling highly ornamented with carvings and gildings. One of the large gates is kept closed, and only to be opened when the emperor from

Pekin makes a visit, which, I believe, he has not yet done. During our walk we saw many of the "small feet," but no ladies of the higher classes. We returned at one P. M.; and, though we rode in the chairs the most of the way, I suffered much from weakness and prostration, and was obliged to lie down most of the afternoon. Towards night I went on board the Portuguese vessel to pay my passage from Shanghae. I did not see the admiral, but settled with the captain for thirty-seven dollars. In the evening, with Rev. Mr. W., I had a pleasant call at Mr. S., the British consul's. Mr. S. was unwell, but Mrs. S. and daughter appeared, and gave us an agreeable entertainment. I took tea at Dr. McC.'s, meeting some acquaintances there.

Tuesday, July 24th. — I arose very early, to see what the morning air would do towards renovating my strength; but I believe it made very little difference, feeling an extreme lassitude all day. In the evening, with Rev. Mr. Q., I called on Rev. Mr. and Mrs. G. They were formerly of the Siam mission. Mrs. G. was originally from Holden, Mass.

Wednesday, July 25th. — Mr. Q. walked with me into the city, where we called in at an embroidery-shop, and saw some beautiful specimens of that kind of work, — aprons, dresses, bags, slippers, vests, shawls, &c. We also went into some large furniture-shops; visited temples, a Mahometan mosque; passed the Chinese brigadier-general's place, and called at a Chinese druggist's, where we were regaled with fine tea. This man was an acquaintance of Mr. Q. The Chinese proprietors here were very attentive, and showed us some things which I was too miserable to observe or remember. I had determined to-day to walk and exercise to the extent of my strength, hoping to throw off my ill feelings, although the weather was very hot. My thirst seemed almost unquenchable, and I drank water or tea at every opportunity, the Chinese setting before us cups of tea at all their shops. I took tea with Mr. Q. at Dr. McGowan's. The doctor has had much success in curing the Chinese opium-smokers of their habit of smoking this drug, and presented me with several pipes which his patients had given up.

Thursday, July 26th. — I arose at seven, and took a bath, but with no diminution of my bad feelings. Have had very little appetite for the last week. I made calls with Mr. Q., and spent most of the day at Mr. S., the British consul's. They are extremely polite and pleasant people. There is hardly any luxury of the country that their

house does not afford. The English consuls of China are allowed eight thousand dollars a year, — a handsome salary, compared with American.

At sundown we were getting on board the boat for Chusan. Rev. Mr. Quarterman, Mr. West, Rev. Mr. Johnson, and myself, constitute a sufficient company to be some protection against the pirates. At nine in the evening we were under sail, and directly after we had tea. The boys set the little table we brought with us, and, the Rev. Mr. J. asking a blessing, we partook of an humble repast of bread, cake, &c., from our stores. Feeling quite unwell, I afterwards sat outside for several hours, and enjoyed the refreshing breeze. This crazy Chinese boat, though very old, sails well. On going inside, I found that my companions had spread their simple beds on the floor, had arranged their mosquito-nets, and were fast asleep; and I very quickly followed their example.

Chusan Islands, Friday, July 27th. — I arose this morning at sunrise, and found that we were down the river, opposite Chinhae, and where we had stopped, and were just under way again. There are on board a number of Chinamen passengers; but they have their places fore and aft, the boat being hired for our party, with the privilege of taking a few Chinese passengers. We had the centre, under cover, entirely to ourselves. I am told that the Chinese take advantage of opportunities to go in boats with foreigners, as they consider themselves safer from the attacks of pirates when with them than when only with their own people. The boatmen are very glad to get foreigners for passengers, as they get double pay for them, secure more Chinese passengers, consider themselves and boat much safer, and have a better chance for smuggling goods; there being a duty on many things that are carried to the islands, and the authorities not liking to interfere, by examining, when there are foreigners on board.

We arrived at Chusan about noon. This is the island the English held during the war with the Chinese. We passed hundreds of Chinese junks and boats, and were unmolested by pirates, a whole fleet of whom lately arrived in the neighborhood of the Chusan Islands, much to the terror of the inhabitants and others visiting the vicinity. The Chinese naval commandant here has sent to one of the neighboring provinces for a reinforcement of men and war-junks to operate against them; but this is of little use, as the war-junks are often captured by the piratical junks, and do not like to venture very near.

We passed a little rocky island, on which were congregated quite an array of pelicans, looking in the distance like an army of soldiers. Soon we came into a snug little harbor, in which were many vessels of all sizes belonging to the Chinese, and also two Portuguese lorchas, the only foreign vessels here. Landing, we walked to a house where two missionary families are stopping, and were made acquainted with Miss Elmer, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lord, and Rev. Mr. Russell. Miss E. is a Swede, and the others are all Americans. We had our baggage brought in, and our party of four took possession of an empty room in the back part of the house. Our beds were located on the floor. No foreign family is suffered to reside on any of the islands in the Chusan group, but now and then some of the missionary families make visits there, for short periods at a time, for their health, to which no objection has yet been made by the Chinese.

I was obliged to take to my bed as soon as we arrived, with cold shiverings, pain in my head, back, and limbs. I covered myself with clothes, and in a short time was in a violent heat and perspiration. With much pressure of blood to the head, and throbbing of the temporal arteries, I found my pulse up to near a hundred. After a dose of medicine, and a hot foot-bath, I bound a wet napkin about my head, and, although unable to lie five minutes in one position, composed myself as well as I could. My companions, and the other families, were very kind, offering freely their services, and tendering many little niceties for my comfort.

Saturday, July 28th. — I was quite sick all night, vomiting and retching, &c. Rev. Mr. Quarterman was assiduously attentive, holding my head, and acting the part of the good Samaritan. I kept my bed most of the day, but towards night rode in a chair, in company with Mr. Q. and others, to the hills. There I had a draught of pure water from a rivulet, which I had much desired all day, having been suffering much from thirst; and, thinking of a nice cold spring in "cold harbor" meadow, at Northboro', which I used to frequent when a boy, it seemed to me that if I ever went to America again, I should go to that spring and drink to my heart's content.

An old Chinaman on board of our boat being questioned yesterday by Rev. Mr. Quarterman respecting a future existence, gave it as his belief that if he was good in this life he would be born into the next world a *man*, and in connection with a family of *honor* and *distinc-*

tion; but if he was bad here, he would there exist as a *cow* or a *woman.*

Sunday, July 29th. — I sat up part of the day, my whole desire being for drink, having considerable fever.

Religious services were held in Mr. Loomis' room at ten A. M. Mr. Johnson officiated, and the service being short, we all attended.

Towards night Mr. W. and I walked to the English burial-ground, situated on the side of the hill, a few steps from our quarters. On the top of the hill stands a Chinese temple. There are here about thirty grave-stones, "sacred to the memory" of several hundreds of those who had belonged to the English army while stationed here.

The Chinese had here one small open tomb, containing about twenty pails, in which were deposited the heads of pirates who had been decapitated. I suppose they thought the "barbarian" burial-place the most fitting for such a tomb.

The top of the hill and the temple are surrounded by a heavy, thick wall, with embrasures, capable of being fortified. The Bunn is a walk, built and walled up on the edge of the water, for about a mile in extent. A bank of clay and turf about five feet high is raised on this, intended as a breastwork defence to the harbor.

Monday, July 30th. — I kept my bed most of the day. Towards evening I took a chair and accompanied the missionary ladies and gentlemen to the country-seat of a wealthy Chinaman, where I procured a cooling draught of water from the rivulet; and then we continued on to a pass in the mountains. This our party understood to be the pass the English troops came through when they took this island. There is a story that when the British fleet was advancing up the coast the Chinese fortified the harbor of Chusan, and awaited the coming of the enemy. The fleet approached the island, and the Chinese stood at their guns, along the fortifications, with the brave intention of blowing up the English vessels as soon as they should appear; but what was their surprise and mortification, while watching for the vessels, to see the English appear on land, marching through this pass of the mountains! They had landed on the other side, and were marching directly on the city, which lay between them and the Chinese fortifications. The Chinese are said to have exclaimed,

"Hai-yar! Hai-yar! how can so fashion, that Englishman he too muchy fraid; hai-yar, he come back-side, that no fair fightee!"

The city easily fell, and the Chinese had another lesson to learn in the art of war from their English teachers.

Tuesday, July 31st. — I thought I would persevere in going out, although I was so unwell that it seemed as if I could not make the effort. Deciding that it was all nonsense to be sick here, Mr. W. made the arrangements, and all I had to do was to descend the stairs and take my seat in the sedan-chair. After a comfortable ride, we were set down at a house at the distance of a couple of miles. We learned that the proprietor was dead, and that a poor man now was living here and taking care of the estate for a minor son, who was living at present elsewhere.

The man was well-disposed, and brought us tea as soon as we arrived. I had some cool water brought from the rivulet, and, with my mat spread on the stone floor, and a pillow, I laid down and felt comfortable while I saw the water-jar within reach. We are now in the summer-house, adjoining the garden. It is furnished in real Chinese style, so that, if we choose, we can recline on the broad seats, and sip our tea after the Chinese fashion.

The garden was ornamented with many trees, flowers, artificial grottoes, and little walks. The walks were paved with small pebbles from the beach, representing, in their arrangement and different colors, various figures and characters. Other passages around, over, and through the grottoes and artificial rocks, were so arranged with a small pond as to convey the idea that they might have been formed by the dashing of the water. Plants are springing from different portions, and vines and flowers give a romantic wildness to the whole.

Small porticoes project over the wall on the left side, and on the right is a beautiful little dark grove of bamboos. Tombs of various shapes cover the hill-side, just above the house, and on our return we remarked their great numbers. Hill after hill, almost to their summits, with others in the background, which could be seen, was covered with them, so that at a little distance they appeared like cities of tombs. We arrived home at six P. M.

Wednesday, August 1st. — We were all up soon after daylight this morning, expecting an excursion to "Puto," a neighboring island of the group; but, as Mr. L. was absent with the boat we wished to go in, and as the other boatmen said there was danger from pirates, typhoons, &c., we concluded not to go at this time. That island is remarkable for the great number of Chinese temples with which it abounds, almost to the exclusion of everything else.

Mr. West and Mr. Loomis went off to the hills, and Mr. Johnson,

Mr. Quarterman and myself, took a boat and had a sail, circumnavigating two of the islands near by. The breeze was fresh and reviving to us all, though the odor from the boat, it having once been a fishing-boat, was sickeningly disagreeable, and neutralized the renovating effects we might have received from the air. While out we sang the "Missionary Hymn," and the Chant, all joining. It sounded prettily, and was peculiarly impressive in our isolation, as it seemed to be, from the civilized world. I passed the remainder of the day on my couch.

Thursday, August 2d. — Mr. Q. left us and returned to Ningpoo. I was hoping that Mr. L. would return to-day, so that we might go to the island of Puto; but, as he has not returned, and Mr. Q. is gone, we shall give up that project. Several of us, however, walked to see the building formerly used for the English hospital. It has since remained empty. Every pane of glass had been broken out by the Chinese, everything about the building of a foreign character removed, and one of their gods placed inside. The large temple on the top of the hill, in which the English officers were quartered, has been remodelled, and whole lines of gods reinstated; and the priests, very polite, are in attendance as before.

Friday, August 3d. — Mr. Johnson and myself took a boat to return to Ningpoo soon after sunrise this morning. The wind was very light, and the men were obliged to row all the way, which made it rather tedious for us. We came into the river about one P. M. and anchored opposite Chinhae, waiting for the tide.

While here we took a small boat and went on shore to promenade through the city of Chinhae. After walking a while, hot, tired and thirsty, we stepped into a Chinese tea (drinking) shop, where numerous Chinese were sitting at little tables drinking hot tea. We were, of course, the objects of their staring eyes, and attracted a crowd about the door. We took seats at a little table, and a Chinese waiter brought two cups with lids and placed them before us. Another followed, and dropped into the cups half a dozen tea-leaves. A third came with a tea-kettle, and poured boiling water on the leaves, and covered the cups with the lid. The heat and steam being thus kept in, the tea directly diffused itself through the water, and in a few moments it was ready to be drank. Depressing one edge of the lid, we sipped it off, when the man with the tea-kettle came and again filled the cups with water. This he does to all, going around among the tea-drinkers, and filling their cups as often as emptied, if to the

fiftieth time, and without any change of the leaves. We had our cups filled the fifth or sixth time, and left them full at last; and our last cup seemed nearly as strong as the first. We paid for our tea five cash apiece, — in all about a cent.

We visited the market, some temples, shops, &c., meeting with nothing particularly interesting. I bought some peaches and ate, which is about all I have taken to-day. On our way I noticed an infant, rolled up in a mat, and floating in the river, borne down by the current, which would soon carry it out to sea. Reaching home (at Mr. Way's) about ten o'clock in the evening, we called up Mr. Q., who let us in.

Saturday, August 4th. — Had some appetite for breakfast, for the first time lately; took a bath, and at two P. M. retired to my couch.

I observed to-day more infants floating in the river. I am told that infanticide here prevails to a great extent. They destroy only the female infants. They say the males are able to work and support themselves, but the females, with their small feet, are comparatively helpless; and, if their parents are not affluent, they remain an encumbrance through life; or, if cast on the world without support, they will lead a life of profligacy and misery. And therefore, severe as it may seem to us, they regard it as a virtuous act, and a kindness to the world, to themselves and to the infants, to strangle them, and consign them to the water which floats them to the sea. The manner of strangling usually is by a piece of paper, wet in vinegar, and laid over the mouth and nose of the infant.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKING. — DEMANDS OF RANSOM-MONEY OF PIRATES. — WORMS IN TEETH. — IMPOSITIONS OF AN OLD WOMAN. — VISIT TO LU-CONG. — LEAVE FOR SHANGHAE BY THE WAY OF CHAPOO, AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

Sunday, *August 5th.* — It was very warm this morning. I attended church at the new missionary chapel. Rev. Mr. Way conducted the services.

Monday, August 6th. — This evening, in company with Mr. and Mrs. W. and Mr. J., I dined at the English consul's. We met there some officers from an English man-of-war. I was so miserable in health

that it was as much as I could do to keep up a respectable appearance on the occasion.

I called, with a friend, at the house of Dr. McG., to see some Chinese opium patients — victims of opium-smoking. They were most pitiful-looking objects, emaciated almost to skeletons, their faculties obtused, with long, sorrowful countenances. The doctor requires them to give up their pipes as the first preliminary to their becoming his patients ; and, after a few months of medical treatment, they are generally cured. It costs them a severe struggle to contend against the fascinating effects of the drug, when it has kept them for years under its influence. They require more or less of narcotics in their treatment, or they would go crazy from the abruptness of the change.

We then called at several temples, and visited the foundling hospital, in the city ; but, on account of my ill feelings, I cannot recollect much about them. I remember seeing a range of low, dirty buildings, called the hospital, in which were seated numbers of dirty Chinese women, and in whose arms, and on the floor, scattered about, were sundry bundles of rags ; and I remember seeing, on closer observation, projecting from the end of each bundle, something resembling the head of an infant, spotted with sores and stained with dirt.

Ningpoo, Tuesday, August 7th. — We have just received news that the pirates have captured two junks in the neighborhood of Chusan, mangling those on board in a horrible manner. I think it fortunate that we did not leave Chusan for Puto. The pirates have a singular way of extracting money from the mandarins. They hold the prisoners which they have taken, while one of their number goes to the mandarin in whose jurisdiction they belong, and demands a large sum, sometimes as high as eight hundred dollars, for the release of each one. If this is not complied with, then the pirates at once take off the heads of their prisoners. The mandarins, knowing the consequence of a denial, do not generally dare to refuse them ; and the pirate who goes to negotiate fears no harm to himself, for he knows that the lives of the captives depend on his safe and speedy return. Sometimes the pirates send their messenger to the families or friends of the captives, stating that if their terms are not acceded to, and the ransom-money coming by a particular time, they will kill them forthwith. The amount of ransom-money is generally regulated by the importance of the person, and the wealth of the relatives.

To-morrow a fleet of war-junks will be sent by the government

against them, several mandarins accompanying them; but they have so little courage in a fight that they are almost sure to succumb and be taken prisoners themselves.

I had a considerable conversation, two or three weeks since, with Mrs. ——, about an old Chinese woman who pretends to extract worms from the teeth. She has had the old woman at her house many times, and lately once or twice a week regularly, to look at her teeth. As often as the old woman came she succeeded in extracting several worms, of the size of half an oat-seed, from her mouth. The lady thought strange that her teeth should be so infested with worms; but, as the woman could find them in almost every one's mouth which she looked into, she thought it natural, and, with a number of others, became strongly enlisted in the old woman's favor. A few days since, however, the old woman was at her house, and extracting worms as successfully as ever, when the young daughter of Mrs. ——, who was looking on and closely watching the movements of the old woman, saw the worms concealed under one of her long finger-nails, and in that way conducted into the mouth, from which it was directly after brought out on the chopstick. The belief of Mrs. —— was thus suddenly changed to unbelief; and she sent the old woman out of the house, forbidding her ever again to enter it. She was much provoked at having allowed herself to be so much imposed on. Notwithstanding this, I am told there are a number of others who continue to have firm faith in the ability of the old woman to remove worms from their teeth.

This afternoon the same old Chinawoman, through Mr. W.'s invitation, for my particular edification, made her appearance. She took worms out of the mouths of several Chinese boys, and we could not detect her putting them in. By watching her quite closely, however, she was troubled, and did not succeed readily in finding them, and said there were no more to remove. Relaxing our vigilance, to enable her to proceed, she quickly discovered one in another boy's mouth, showing it to us as it was writhing on the end of her chopstick. We now watched her again, but, after poking about a while, she declared that no more were to be found. She used a long, blunt hair-pin, made of silver, and a common chopstick. She looked into the mouths of each one of us, and immediately decided whether we had any worms there or not. One little boy with sound teeth she said had them; but they had not yet come out. She would give a kind of vacant stare when she pretended to examine, and it made no difference if the mouth was

only in part unclosed: she could see to pronounce on the worms the same. She told me that there were some in my mouth, also that Mrs. W. and Mr. Q. had them, but that Mr. W. had none. Mr. Q.'s teeth I had myself thoroughly examined yesterday and Saturday. Our belief, from her appearance and actions, was, that she had them concealed in her own mouth. There was hardly any motion to her lips, and she held them in a stiff and constrained way when she spoke. She had frequently to put up her hand to her mouth, quite covering it, when there was no call for doing so. Having kept her a considerable time, closely questioning and laughing at her, she commenced choking, and was obliged to go to the window to vomit, probably from the worms getting into her throat. Before this Mr. W. requested her to allow him to look into her mouth, to see if she had worms in her teeth, but could not prevail on her to let him do so. He persisted, and finally offered her cash, which will tempt the Chinese when everything else fails; but she would not consent, and begged that he would let her go about her business. He at last told her that he believed she had the worms in her mouth. She shook her head, and said "No." She said, in her answers to Mr. W.'s questions, that she could not teach any person how to remove them — that she had learned the art when a little girl. Being asked why she could not inform others of the mystery, she said that "every one must live by their trade." The kind of worms the old woman dealt in I have often observed in the cess-pools along the streets, a moving mass of them, but very convenient to be procured. There are few here now who credit her assertions.

Wednesday, August 15th. — Some Chinese boys in the school here have been pawning their clothing, and taken away some money. Investigations are being made by some of the missionary teachers. Mr. Q. went with me into the city to some shops, where I purchased some handsome picture-frames, inlaid with ivory and bamboo.

I have prepared, this P. M., for leaving Ningpoo, and made my last calls at nine in the evening. I was inclined to stop longer at Ningpoo, as there were many things which sickness had prevented me from accomplishing. But, as my boat was hired, and the boatmen waiting for me, with other reasons, I concluded to leave and try to reach Shanghae by Saturday night.

I remained to family worship at Mr. W.'s, and, having had a pleasant conversation till eleven, I bade them adieu, with regrets at leaving so many kind and agreeable friends.

Mr. W. and Dr. McC. saw me safely off from the shore, and Mr. Q. accompanied me to see that everything was right on board the Chinese craft which lay out in the stream. All in order, mosquito-net, mattress, &c., properly arranged, my very good friend returned ashore, and the boat spread its wings to a fine breeze, and shot ahead. It was past midnight when I retired to my snug little quarters within the net. With my pistols, loaded and capped, under my head, and my boy reclining outside, I gave myself up to rest till morning.

Thursday, August 16th. — At daylight we were outside the mouth of the river, and I thought that two hours would take us to Lucong; but, the wind failing, I was disappointed in being detained the whole day.

Almost every day I find myself foiled in something that I wish to accomplish, or interrupted in some cherished plan. Often this is the result of very little things, which is more annoying when they might be avoided, as when the boatmen, in a small breeze and I in a hurry, have no sail on, or when they come to anchor while I wish to be moving. Again, when I wish them to go on vigorously, they are so slow in their movements; and my endeavors to hasten them are unavailing, and entirely disregarded, as long as they can make an excuse of wanting to eat and drink, of "bad wind," &c. However, I succeed in arousing them earlier in the morning than they like, by stamping around among them, banging away at everything that will make a noise, or crying out as if hailing a boat near at hand.

When we came up to Captain G.'s vessel at Lucong, the boatmen did not seem to know what to do. They went around to the other side, and then back again, apparently without any object. I sat and looked on, thinking, if they did not know enough to go alongside, they might continue in their own way till they had learned. Finally one of the men on board the vessel called out to them, and they went alongside. I have been disposed to be charitable in my feelings towards them, but I am now getting a little callous. They always demand more than was agreed on with them, or a larger remuneration than is usual, on the most trivial pretence, as a slight variation, detention, &c.

Took tea on board of Captain Gutzle's vessel. He is a pleasant man, and, on my desire to sleep on deck, he had a hammock swung, and a bed prepared in it. My mosquito-curtain, hanging over this, made it a most comfortable resting-place for the night.

Lucong, Chusan Islands, Friday, August 17th. — I had a fine night's rest, and was up at daylight, with an appetite for a morning meal. In the afternoon, with Captain G., we dined on board Captain Hall's vessel, meeting Mrs. H. and sister. Towards night I went on shore with Captain G., and took a ride with his ponies, — coursing back among the hills and valleys, over a path of flat stones, only wide enough for one horse. The little headstrong animals would gallop at full speed around the curves and windings of the path, and then trot recklessly along on the edge of a ditch or bank, much to my annoyance. In crossing a bridge of a single plank, of less than a foot wide, they would, in spite of all efforts to restrain them, rush on like mad creatures, entering on it at one angle, and passing off at another. Sometimes they leaped, clearing ditch, bridge and all, and I often found myself seated on the back part of the saddle.

During our ride I saw the tree from which varnish is made. We had tea on board of Captain Hall's ship, and all spent the evening in conversation on deck. The Lascars (sailors from Ceylon) are having a national celebration. They have both ships illuminated with lanterns, and are making great preparations to feast during the night, and to fast in the day-time. They presented both the captains (as is customary with them) each with a piece of cooked beef. They fired squibs, crackers and rockets, for a few hours, and Captain H. allowed them a round or two from his guns. At ten P. M. we took our boat, and returned to Captain G.'s vessel.

Saturday, August 18th. — I found myself disappointed to-day in not being able to leave for Shanghae. In the latter part of the day I went out on horseback with Captain G., although not quite recovered from the effects of the ride of yesterday. The captains here raise hogs on shore, which the Chinese, who have pork to sell, don't like. Consequently several of the pigs belonging to them have become sick, and some have died. They inquired of the servant on shore what could be done to prevent their dying. He answered that "the captain must pay some money to the priests to chin-chin Josh, or they would all die." The captains, regarding it as better to pay the priests something and save their pigs, consented; for they know the Chinese will continue to poison them if they do not. And so yesterday, when we went on shore, we found a table set before the pen, and covered with a white cloth, and dishes of food placed on it, as an offering to Josh, to appease his wrath, and to chin-chin his favor towards the pigs. Three cups were placed in a row, with a few dry tea-leaves in them; and

then a row of six cups, with tea made ready to drink; six bowls of rice, greens, and vegetables; six bowls of various kinds of meats, and six of other mixtures, with cakes sufficient to make them quite a feast after Josh had done with it. They say that Josh comes down and eats the spiritual part, and leaves the rest; and so I conclude that six priests are to finish the repast. To-day the boy said that the pigs were much better, and they thought no more of them would die, the captain also being of that same opinion.

Sunday, August 19th. — We have a beautiful sunrise, pleasant weather, good wind, and full tide, our boat ready, and go we must. I had my baggage placed on board, and, taking breakfast hastily, we were off. Captain G.'s boat was the largest and most comfortable one that I had yet seen. I could stand and walk about in the cabin. With a crew of three or four Chinamen, and as many Lascars, John, a Spaniard, and chief officer, and my boy, — in all ten or twelve men, — I thought we were strong enough to make a little resistance against an enemy, if necessary. The boat was well armed, guns loaded and capped, and cutlasses, pistols and spears, covered the walls of the cabin. Captain G. had generously supplied us with a good quantity of food and drink. After we had proceeded a couple of miles, we were startled by the report of a cannon. We stopped and observed that the smoke came from Captain G.'s vessel, and that directly a boat put off. We concluded that this was intended for us, and turned about, meeting the boat, with Captain Hall in it, who brought letters for me to take to Shanghae.

Crossing the "piratical Chapoo bay" of forty miles, we reached Chapoo about three P. M. The city looked pretty as we approached it, mountains rising up on the right, on the base of which were some decent-looking fortifications. I did not wish to stop long, nor to be seen by the Chinese; for lately Chapoo had become worse than ever. The floods had destroyed the crops of rice, and the people had come in from the country by thousands, to get something to prevent them from starving. They had broken open the public granaries and helped themselves to rice, and affairs were in rather a disorderly state. Knowing that I should have to pay an exorbitant price for a boat if they knew it was for a foreigner, and as I could not avoid taking one or two hundred dollars in silver, I thought it best to keep every one in ignorance of my presence. Consequently I remained in the boat out of sight, while my boy went on shore to hire another for Shanghae. I cautioned him, telling him,

"No casion talkee Meriky-man wanchee that boat, you talkee one fashion, you makee hire, massa-que (no matter) who wanchee."

"O!" said he, laughing, "I sarvy that thing too muchy. No casion talkee any man wanchee makey hire that boat — that boatman wanchee more cash."

About three quarters of an hour elapsed, and the boy returned with, "All ready." The price for the boat to Shanghae is less than three dollars, while Mr. P. paid, a few days since, ten dollars for the same trip.

We landed at a large and handsome stone bridge, and, sending the baggage ahead, followed a little distance behind; and, walking about half a mile, through the crowded city, to the canal, took the boat. A crowd began to collect about us, and I hurried the boatmen to push off. By and by a man among the crowd demanded a dollar from me before starting. I did not know who he was, and, considering this one of the many impositions of the Chinese, refused, saying that I would pay no one but the boatmen; but, finding it likely to occasion a delay and trouble, — for there was much talk, and a clamor arising about it, — and being assured by my boy that it was all right, I paid it, and we could then start. A large gathering of Chinese on the banks of the canal gazed after us till we were out of sight. This was about five P. M., and the remainder of the day I spent in taking a survey of our course, looking at the various styles of boats, comparing their advantages one with another — at the houses and inhabitants, trees, crops, gateways, and tombs. The weather was very pleasant, but the evening was dark, and I retired early to my couch, and laid awake till twelve.

On the canal between Chapoo and Shanghae, Monday, August 20th. — I found the boat motionless when I awoke this morning, which was about daylight, and that we had been at anchor since one o'clock at night. After rising and starting up the boatmen, we were again under way. It seemed to me that they would have lain till mid-day, had I not roused them. Time seems of no moment with them. We had to wait at one place in the afternoon five hours for the tide to turn, and I went ashore and bought some water-melons for a few cents apiece. I had to start the boatmen off again, or we might have remained here till to-morrow. With all that I could do I could not get up a sail. We had a good wind yesterday, and came out of Chapoo last night without a sail. Most of the other boats had sails up, and, passing right ahead of us, were soon out of sight. But, for some reason, they said that the sail would not answer with this boat.

The boatmen suffered for this; for when they do not go by sails, they have to scull the boat by their own labor. I gave my boy a lecture for getting a boat that would not sail, and I think he understood the substance, though probably not the words. I presume that the boat is so flat-bottomed she runs off to the leeward if the wind is not fair.

I now found that we were in the broad river of Woosung; but when we came into this from the canal I cannot tell. The canal itself was sufficiently broad for a river, and may be continuous with the river. It is probable that we lost sight of the canal in the night. I was quite rejoiced, towards evening, when we came in sight of the pagoda; for I recognized it, and knew it to be within ten miles of Shanghae.

Yesterday I noticed, all the way through the country, irrigating machines in operation. These were placed along the banks of canals and rivers at short intervals, drawing the water up a long inclined trough, and pouring it, by an almost constant stream, into the land, where it circulated through the adjoining rice-flats. An endless chain of little partitions is made to revolve over a horizontal cog-wheel at the head of the trough, and, dipping into the water at the other end, is drawn through the trough, bringing them full of water to the top. The wheel is worked by a bullock or a cow, driven in a circular path around the machine; or as often by a line of men or women standing and stepping on it, turning it by the weight of their own bodies.

In the part of the country passed through to-day, instead of irrigating machines were sets of fishing apparatus. These stand in the water along both shores of the river, and, with the fishermen tending them, remind me of spiders looking out from their webs, waiting for prey. A long box, somewhat resembling their coffins, and thatched with straw, is raised on long legs, like a saw-horse, ten or twelve feet above the water. This is of a height sufficient to allow the man to sit in at one end and observe what is passing without; and, I presume, is his resting-place at night. In front, a few feet distant, is an upright post, considerably higher than his head, on the top of which is balanced a long and large bamboo lever, like a well-sweep. At the further end of this is suspended the net, ten to twenty feet square, by its four corners, after the manner of an inverted umbrella. At the end nearest to the man is attached a rope hanging within the reach of his hand, which, by pulling, raises the net, or, by relaxing, lets it back into the water. Every few minutes the man pulls the rope and raises

the net; and, finding nothing in it, he lets it gradually back again. Hundreds of times during the day did I watch the fishermen going through this operation, and not once did I observe a fish caught. I observed large fish sometimes jump from the water, and I saw a shoal of porpoises gambolling, by which I knew that there was communication with the sea not far off.

I noticed places on the way where the water had not yet drained from the land which it had flooded. The country, however, looks green and flourishing. Clumps of trees are interspersed here and there as far as can be seen, and houses and small villages are nearly hid in their midst. Hundreds of boats are passing and repassing on the canals and rivers.

Arriving about nine o'clock at Shanghae, I went on shore, calling to see Mr. and Mrs. B. and Dr. H. Having some engagements at Woosung, I concluded to do all under one, and continue on down the river to-night. It was twelve o'clock before my things were all changed to the other boat for Woosung. My boatman wanted to be paid in Chinese cash instead of dollars, and I had to wait an hour to get the change with which to accommodate him. The other boatmen then said that the tide would not admit of our starting till four in the morning, which, I suppose, was what the boatmen wished and had contrived; and I had my bed spread, and retired to rest.

Woosung, Tuesday, 21st. — I was awoke this morning by a sliding kind of motion from one side of the boat to the other. Hastening up, I found we were under way, the wind blowing strongly, and the water rough, causing the violent movement of the boat. I came up to the "Wm. Hews," at Woosung, and met on board a welcome from Captain Roundy. I delivered up to the captain, with many thanks, his boy which he had lent me, paying the boy, and adding a small present for his faithfulness. I should like to have taken him to Hong-Kong with me, and kept him until I left this part of the world, or even taken him to America; but his present master appreciated him quite as much as myself, and was unwilling to spare him. I have not before seen a Chinese servant in whom I felt such confidence. I had no cause to distrust his honesty or devotedness, had no fault to find, and part with him as from a friend.

Friday, 24th. — Yesterday I went ashore, with Captain R. and others, towards night, and took a long walk, for pleasure and the exercise, along the old and neglected fortifications. Many large Chinese

guns were lying scattered about rusting on the ground, and some half-buried in the earth, as if there was no further use for them.

It rains hard every morning lately. This afternoon we dined with Captain Endicott, meeting Dr. Murray and Captain Bush. All the foreigners here live on board of vessels, as at Whampoa.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LETTER TO A SISTER. — ENGAGE PASSAGE BY THE "COQUETTE" FOR HONG-KONG. — WALK ABOUT THE CITY. — GREAT WALL OF CHINA. — LETTER TO A SISTER.

LETTER TO SISTER H.

Shanghae, August 26th.

My dear Sister: I will send you a few leaves from my journal, that you may know how time is passing with me. Yesterday I returned from Woosung with Captains R. and E. in their boat, and am now again enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Baylies. To-day I attended the missionaries' chapel within the walls. On the way I saw a beggar lying dead at the side of the street. All the Chinese, as they came in sight, held their hands to their faces, and hurried by, half-running; and, when far enough passed, dropped them, giving a long expiration. Why they should hold their breath I could see no reason, as there was no odor arising from the body. Afternoon, I heard service at the English Episcopal church. At Mr. G.'s I had a treat, looking over the late American papers, of which I had seen none for some weeks. You in America can hardly conceive the real pleasure there is to be derived from newspapers. Plant yourself eighteen thousand miles away, and you will be able to form an idea of it.

Monday, August 27th. — I have obtained another boy, whose cunning, sinister, foxy face contrasts strongly and disagreeably with the full and open countenance of the last one I had. In making some visits to-day, the chair-bearers had an altercation with each other, which I was afraid would end in a fight, and subject me to disagreeable consequences. They had set me down at a house in a wrong part of the city; and their dispute ran high, with excited words and furious gesticulations, evidently charging each other with the blame. After some delay, they went on, and at last brought me to the right place.

I have been engaged to-day in making various preparations for leaving in a few days. It is my intention to take passage with Captain Prescott, of the "Coquette," for Hong-Kong, the last of the week.

I met Captain Prescott at Mr. G.'s, where I had been to dine, and made arrangements for the voyage.

Dr. L., the surgeon of the English missionary hospital, has called, and I have had an hour of interesting conversation respecting the Chinese patients, the difficulty of treating them, &c.

Thursday, August 30th. — I have made a pleasant call at Rev. Mr. Shunk's, with Mr. and Mrs. B. As I was quite weak and sick, with nausea, Mrs. B. preferring to walk, I took her chair a part of the distance in going, but walked home. I met Rev. Mr. Taylor there. I went on board the "Coquette" before breakfast, and there met Mr. Cunningham, Bishop Boone, Mrs. Syle, and Rev. Mr. Spaulding, who is going to Hong-Kong to take passage for America. He is much pleased that I am going in the same vessel with him, as he is very much out of health. As the captain is to drop down the river to Woosung to-day, he desired me to take a boat early this eve, and meet him on board, saying that if I was not there in season he could not wait long for me.

At evening I had my trunks packed and set out, ready to start at eleven o'clock, but concluded, when the time came, not to go, but to remain here a few days longer, and then go by the way of Amoy, and see another Chinese city. I shall send an apology to Captain P. at Hong-Kong for my non-compliance, though I should much prefer to keep my word.

Friday, August 31st. — This morning I went into the city, and concluded on some purchases at the Chinese shops; but, after travelling about till past ten, I came home without obtaining a single article. I would have taken them, had they not raised the price to me, but thought I would not be imposed on by them.

Saturday, September 1st. — In the afternoon I called at Dr. L.'s hospital, and had a little chat with him, but saw nothing interesting among the patients. I called upon Rev. Mr. Milne, who was very agreeable and polite to me. We had quite a pleasant conversation. Mr. M. afterwards called with me on Rev. Mr. Medhurst, where I became interested in conversation with him and Mrs. M., and my call was prolonged till a late hour of the day. One of the subjects of most interest to me was Java, where they had been missionaries for twelve years, and which country I intend visiting during the year. Afterwards I made several other visits with Mr. and Mrs. B., and at evening called on Dr. Kirk, where I met a gentleman who was at Ningpoo just before me, and who fully believes in the Chinese woman with her worms, he having had them taken from his own mouth while there. I remarked to him that jugglers could take a live rabbit out of his hat, and do many other things equally wonderful.

At ten in the evening, not being able to find my boy, I walked alone up to the Yanking-pang (a little river) to see a Chinese procession, — some religious ceremonies. I arrived at a temple, where I saw a great number of candles burning, lanterns hung around, and a number of Chinamen dressed in scarlet robes, and various fantastic dresses, carrying variegated lanterns on poles, &c. I walked about, looking at the preparations going on, and observing the band and instruments. They

were forming and re-forming, walking and standing about, till I was tired; and, after two hours, I left them to march when they might get ready.

This is the day set apart for worshipping and sacrificing to the departed spirits of their friends, and occurs once a year. On this occasion they burn great quantities of sycee paper (made to represent silver), and make various offerings of food.

Sunday, September 2d. — I attended the missionaries' church in the city, Mr. B. lending me his chair. Rev. Mr. Taylor preached. After the service, taking my boy, I walked about the Tea-gardens. There were many pictures, shows, gambling-tables, and jugglers performing. I stopped and looked at a quack-doctor's stand, and also that of a dentist. Such a collection of pieces of stick, chips, barks, bones, horns, pieces of old skins with the hair on, pieces of leather, rusty iron, and teeth, the bones of monkeys, cats and other animals, and queer charms of snake-skins, &c., covering their tables, indicated what the *materia medica* of the lower class of Chinese was composed of. Beggars, — pitiful looking objects, — in great numbers, stretched out their hands to me as they lay on the ground. At one place I purchased, for a few cash, a paper of Chinese candy, which was hardly anything but hardened sugar.

Dined with Mr. Dallas, an English merchant, where I met an agreeable party of English gentlemen, passing a portion of the evening with them very pleasantly. While there, a Chinese runner came up with the overland mail. He presented an odd appearance coming into the yard, running at full speed. I believe that runners are only employed when there is no vessel to take the mail. At such times, if there is anything important, the different houses can send by Chinese runners from Hong-Kong through to Shanghae by land.

Tuesday, 4th. — At half-past seven I dined with Dr. K. He is a single man, but living in a house large enough for a palace. I there met Messrs. Strong and McKenny, and after dinner we had music. These two gentlemen both played the flute; and, sending for ours, we joined them, and continued in an agreeable quartet till past twelve.

Thursday, 6th. — I dined with Mr. Robertson, the English vice-consul, at five P. M., where I met Mr. D., and had a social time till eight. I then called at the house of Rev. Mr. Louder, knocking at the gate for a considerable time without finding any one. I afterwards learned that he had gone to make a trip to the Chusan Islands, and the next I heard of him was the sad news that he was drowned while bathing at the island Puto, one of that group. Mr. L. was a minister of the English Episcopal church at Shanghae, and was much respected.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

I am told that a large portion of the "Great Wall" of China is now in ruins, and hardly deserves the name of a wall. It is partially fallen and crumbled into a mound-like ridge, covered with grass, plants, and shrubs. It was built along the northern frontier of China, for the purpose of keeping out the Tartars, and was fifteen hundred miles

long, extending over mountains, rivers, and through valleys. It was from thirty to fifty feet high, about fifteen feet broad at the top, and could be travelled on by six horses abreast. It was made of two parallel walls of brick or stone, and filled up between with earth and rubbish of every kind. Towers, for guard-stations, with a passage-way through them, were erected on it every few hundred feet. The wall occupied several years in building, and the labor was forced from the people, who were only allowed their food for their services.

LETTER TO A SISTER-IN-LAW.

Shanghae, China, Sept. 7th.

My dear Sister E. C. B.: It is quite a warm day, and, as the mail closes this afternoon, I have commenced this epistle to you ; but whether I shall have the fortitude to finish in season, or whether I shall be prevented so doing by other circumstances, remains to be seen. Mrs. B., with railroad speed, is writing a number of letters to her friends at home, and I do not know but my own motive-power is thus stimulated into action. Your remark is very true. It is not unfrequent that I am reminded of the uncertainty of life by the numbers of accidents occurring around me. One person is taken away by a sun-stroke ; another is capsized in a boat, and drowned ; another falls overboard at sea, and is lost ; another has a sudden attack of cholera, and another is killed by pirates, &c. At home or abroad we are more or less exposed, and the only way to live is to be ever ready to die.

The Portuguese Governor Amaral, of Macao, has lately been assassinated in the most barbarous manner. He was riding out horseback, in daylight, accompanied by his aid-de-camp. When at some distance from his house, a boy stepped up and presented him with a flower, fastened to the end of a pole. He took the flower, and the Chinese boy began to strike him in the face with the pole. While his attention was thus diverted, six Chinese men sprang upon him, running him through with their spears, and pulling him from his horse. Having but one arm, he could not make much resistance ; and they dissevered his head and remaining hand, and fled, carrying these away with them. I know not what they did with the aid, nor whether or how he escaped.

The body of the governor was discovered shortly after, and conveyed home.

The English governor at Hong-Kong immediately sent over two men-of-war to their assistance at Macao, and the " Plymouth," an American man-of-war, was ordered down, by Commodore Geisinger, from Whampoa. The " Dolphin " being now there, they will, with these, have force sufficient to inflict punishment, or to give protection to the city.

It is said that the Chinese governor " Su," of Canton, had offered a large reward for the head of Gov. Amaral ; and, if true, it is very

probable that the head was in his possession the next day after the occurrence, though nothing is positively known on the subject.

I have not yet had occasion to change my opinion in regard to the character of the Chinese. I believe they are generally a set of rogues, from the prowling thief, up through the ten grades of mandarins, to the emperor himself. There are, however, honorable exceptions, and some who have excellent qualities. I wonder what old Shem would say if he could see himself the father of two hundred millions of such people as these!

I have not decided that a heathen is consequently devoid of all good principle. But it is certain that they are all heathen here, and, if they have any principle, that they have no very good principles. They lie, steal and cheat, whenever they have an opportunity to make anything by it, and when they think they will not be discovered. This they do as if it was their right. They have no moral obligation, nor any obligation to any one, except to the government, and to those who have power sufficient to control them — and to these only at the time.

They appear to consider it an excellent trait of character to have ability to cheat, or in any way to take advantage of foreigners. He that can do this the most adroitly and successfully is the most accomplished. Whenever a foreigner goes to purchase anything, they ask him more than they would a Chinaman, and sometimes three or four times as much; and though you may get an article for one third or half of what they at first ask for it, you can never obtain it so low as the Chinese would the same article.

The shopkeepers pay the "boys" for bringing customers to their shops, unbeknown to the foreigner. My boy has sometimes been to shops the next day and got pay for my having purchased goods there. Sometimes he has stated the price of articles as more than that named by the shopkeeper, and kept the difference in price himself, thus making a profit from both of us. The boy who purchases provisions for a family will get a sum from the shopkeeper for giving him the custom, and then make a percentage on the family as large as he finds that they can be imposed on. The establishment of a single gentleman of my acquaintance here cost him over one hundred and fifty dollars a month for his provisions until he turned away the boy from his services, and then his expenses were only seventy-five dollars a month.

With regards to all, truly,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LETTER TO A SISTER. — TEA SHIPMENT. — CHINESE PROMISES. — CHINESE BOATMEN. — SERVANTS, ETC. — LETTER TO A BROTHER. — DEPARTURE FROM SHANGHAE. — ARRIVAL AT AMOY.

LETTER TO SISTER L.

Shanghae, Sat., Sept. 8th.

My dear Sister: I could easily imagine myself at home and among you all, this evening. How very pleasant it is so to spend an evening occasionally that home is brought near, and I am reminded of you all as if you were really here!

At seven this evening I went out to dine with Mr. Alcock, one of the most agreeable of men. He was formerly a surgeon in the British navy, and, having resigned from ill health, is here as the English consul. I met the several members of his family at his house, also Mr. Fortune, a botanist, — all intelligent and entertaining, and quite unassuming. After tea we had music from the piano by Miss B., and then a duet from her and Mrs. A., and a trio in which I was the third performer. I called after this at Mr. Robinson's, and was quite surprised to find that the hour of eleven had arrived, thinking that I was making a nine o'clock call. It is now past twelve, and I will write no more to-night.

Friday, Sept. 14th. — I have called upon Mr. Carter, at Mr. Griswold's, and found them in the storehouse arranging a cargo of tea for Mr. C.'s vessel, the "Hamburg." The boxes of tea were piled up on both sides, with little streets leading through them. A number of Chinese were busily engaged in their various occupations on the chests, preparing them for shipment. One was labelling, another covering, numbering, varnishing, &c. I asked Mr. G. if there was tea enough in sight to fill the vessel, and he answered, "About one twenty-sixth part."

Sunday, Sept. 16th. — This evening I dined with Mr. Dallas, and there met Mr. Jardine and several pleasant and sociable English gentlemen. After dinner, which was about nine, all repaired to the front part of the house, and enjoyed the cool air by a promenade on the veranda. I am surprised to find the English people in China so affable and sociable. I had believed them cold, pompous, overbearing, morose, and unsociable; and they are nationally more reserved than the Americans; but, so far as my experience goes, there is among them, in *these parts*, no lack of warm, hospitable, generous and kind-hearted feeling.

Tuesday, Sept. 18th. — Went on board several vessels in the harbor to make inquiries and engage a passage to Amoy, there being a number of vessels soon to sail. One captain could not to-day tell me

what would be his accommodations, or the fare. Another would sail in three weeks, and the fare would be a hundred dollars.

Wednesday, Sept. 19th. — Towards evening I took my boy and went to dine with Mr. Parish, an English friend, who lives in the city, within the walls, and is connected with the English consulate. He lives in a Chinese house, with Chinese furniture, Chinese servants, and quite alone. I spent a pleasant evening, and returned at ten. On the way the barefooted coolies carried the chair nearly on a trot, and my boy, not wishing to be left behind, tried to keep up. After half a mile of heat, exertion and perspiration, in his big, clumsy shoes, and long, troublesome frock, he fell behind, evidently in disgust, and returned home about half an hour after us.

Friday, Sept. 21st. — I have never known a Chinaman to keep his appointment. Three days ago I went into the city and purchased a beautiful Japanese cabinet, which was promised to be sent here this morning at half-past eight, but did not come at all. My tailor was also to have been here at nine, and he did not come. I have many times, since being here, had articles made, altered and repaired, and have made many appointments with the Chinese, but they have never punctually fulfilled one of them. They are always one, two, or more days after the time, and are sure to come at hours when I am engaged. I have impressed my desire of punctuality on them, telling them not to promise if they could not perform, but to extend the time. Sometimes they have deferred it for a week; but, in all the different ways that I could manage, I have never had a Chinaman keep his engagement. Only one with whom I have made an appointment came the same day, and he was three hours after the time.

My Japan case has been brought to-day; my tailor also came to-day, but a day after the time. Some others have fulfilled engagements in like manner, which becomes annoying when one expects to leave at a certain time.

Saturday, Sept. 22d. — Walked down to the Bunn to ascertain if the "Alexander Johnson" had gone; and, finding that the vessel had not sailed, I wrote to the captain, engaging my passage to Amoy. The vessel had dropped down the stream, and is to leave Woosung on Monday next.

Sunday, Sept. 23d. — My vessel has not yet gone, and I shall probably go down to Woosung to-night, and go on board there.

I called on Mr. Williams and others, this forenoon, and then walked into the city, within the walls, Mr. Clark accompanying me. We went into the Tea-garden, stopping to see some picture exhibitions, and passing through some of the principal streets, out to the river. Seeing there a large junk, the largest among hundreds in the vicinity, and having never visited one, we took a small boat and went on board. It had lately returned from Siam. The supercargo was on board, and received us very politely, although he could say nothing to us, nor we anything to him. The arrangements within were very rude, and open, like a cradle. The main-mast was twelve feet in circumference where it entered the deck, and, I should judge, was

near a hundred feet high; made of one solid piece of teak-wood, brought from Singapore.

They adopt very few of our improvements, and thus require many more men than we do to man a sailing craft. The crew of this vessel numbered ninety-two, thirty-two of whom are required to manage their broad and clumsy helm.

On leaving the junk I ascertained that I had but nine cash left in my pocket to pay our boatman; and I feared he would think, without a doubt, that I intended to cheat him. As we came to the shore I gave him what cash I had, and told him to go to the house with me and I would pay him in full; but, disbelieving me, he began to work his boat off, to prevent our landing. Mr. C. observed his intention, and sprang ashore. I tried to follow the example, but before I could reach the other end of the boat we were twenty or thirty feet away. Finally, seeing that things were assuming a grave aspect, and not fancying to be at the disposition of a Chinese boatman, I made a desperate leap towards another boat, about ten feet distant, on one side, and, nearly pitching the boatman overboard, barely succeeded in gaining it. Then, jumping and stepping from boat to boat, I reached the shore without difficulty. We made motions to the boatman to follow us home, and assured him that then we would give him more; but he evidently regarded us as trying to humbug him, and, giving a shout of indignation, he pushed off from the shore. A hundred copper cash would have paid him sufficiently well, and from five to fifteen would have been the payment given by a Chinaman for the same service.

The boatmen generally will go to one's house to get their fare. It is probable that misunderstanding is the cause of most of the disagreements between the Chinese and foreigners; and those, perhaps, often begin from as slight causes as the one here mentioned.

We walked rapidly home, as I had an engagement to dine with Mr. Walcott. In a few minutes I was dressed, walked down to the ferry, crossed to the other side, walked to the house, a short distance, and there I met several friends with Mr. W. After dining, we seated ourselves in the veranda, a fine cool breeze coming through the building, and, looking out over the river, we enjoyed a delightful view of the pretty scenery around. I strolled in the garden with Mr. Carter, and partook of ripe figs from the trees, which were very nice. They were the first, fresh from the tree, that I had ever tasted or seen. But I like them best when dried. We all returned in Mr. W.'s boat; and, afterwards, I walked into the country with Mr. C., through the rice-fields and among the tombs. There was no church open in the city to-day, but services were held at the house of Dr. Lockhart. Many of the missionaries at this time are sick, and unable to go out.

At the Tea-gardens this morning were some gymnastic performances, by a little girl and her mother, which were very good; but, apparently not getting sufficient pay, they did not continue the exhibition long. The Chinese girl was very supple, bending herself into all sorts of shapes. She was dressed in boy's clothing, and would bend

backwards, touch her head, and, rolling over backwards like a hoop, would come up holding her head between her feet and hands. She performed quite a variety of wonderful feats.

Monday, Sept. 24th. — I did not retire to rest till past three this morning, and rose at six. I took a hasty breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. B., bade them "good-by" for the last time in China, made several calls on friends, and at nine was off with Captain Endicott for Woosung. We arrived on board of his vessel at half-past eleven A. M., and dined at seven P. M.; afterwards, went on board of Captain Roundy's vessel to tea, and, returning, sat and chatted on deck with Captain E. till twelve, enjoying a beautiful moonlight evening.

I think that I disappointed my boy, this morning, when I was completing my packing. A part of my lock all at once disappeared. He was present, and pretended to look for it; but I directly took another lock which I had, and placed it on the trunk. He appeared not pleased at this, and not a little disconcerted. I believe he intended to have had a chance at the trunk while it was unlocked, and I should be away for another lock. He knew that I kept my money there, and some other articles of value; and often, when it was open for a few minutes, he would have some pretext to look after my clothing, or to arrange it a little better; but this I would never allow him to do. I have already missed a number of articles, but I know not who to blame, not knowing when they were taken, nor where they have gone to. The boys are responsible for anything that is missing; and they, probably, have to pay for many things which they do not lose; but, if I do not *know* that they have taken an article, I do not like to charge them with it. At every place I make a change a few articles get out of the way, and are never seen again.

Yours, B. L. B.

LETTER TO A BROTHER.

Yang-tze-kiang River, opposite Woosung, Sept. 25th.

My dear Brother S.: I am now about leaving this part of China, and, if you will excuse my journalizing, I will address this portion of it to you. I sent my boy this morning back to Shanghae by Captain Endicott, as he was going up with his boat, so that my last duties towards him, I believe, are performed. I did not let him know, till this morning, but that I intended to return to Shanghae; and am afraid I did not give him sufficient opportunity to feel the usual interest in my clothes, and other things, and to take out some few mementoes for himself, before my departure. I may, however, find he has anticipated me, and already performed that *duty* for himself, yet, as has been the case before this.

This evening finds me at anchor, near the bar, about thirty miles down the river. One Chinese junk is also at anchor near us. The pilot and Captain B. left us about twelve M., and we came to anchor at five. Captain T. says that he does not like the risk of going over the bar at night, but will wait till morning. Captain R. sent his first officer over, who took me to his vessel. At breakfast we had

some beef-steak, which reminded me of America, though the beef is generally rather poor in China.

The "Alexander Johnson" having passed us, dropping down the stream, Captain R. sent off to know when she would sail. Word came that they only waited for me to go on board, and I hurried off directly. Captain R. put up a few bottles of beer, &c., for me, and sent Mr. Norton with me on board. Six men pulled at the oars, and in an hour we were on board the vessel.

I shall remember, with much pleasure, all the friends at Shanghae and Woosung; for I have received much hospitality and kindness from them.

We have had a fair wind to this place. The bed of the river is so treacherous in its character that a man has to be kept continually at the side of the vessel, every minute casting the lead.

Wednesday, Sept. 26th. — We were under way about nine A. M., and soon after passed Gutzlaff's Island on our right. The Saddle group were also in the same direction; but the current took us into their midst. Having some disagreeable sensations of giddiness and sea-sickness, I lay down and kept still most of the day.

Captain T. is a very pleasant man. He sailed from Glasgow, Scotland, with a cargo, to China; and now he is picking up freight wherever he may find it. He has a cargo of bean-cake to take down the coast. This is made from the refuse of pea-nuts, after the oil has been expressed, into large cheese-like cakes, and is used as feed for cattle.

Friday, Sept. 28th. — This evening I have had a little chat with a Chinaman passenger, by whom the cargo is owned. He is wealthy, and speaks a very few words of English. There are on board a dozen other Chinese passengers. One of them, from Singapore, speaks English very well. He had been to the missionary school there for ten years, when, having a good knowledge of English, he commenced trading for himself. Some of the Chinese learn English in the schools of the missionaries, and afterwards turn it to their own advantage for trading purposes, which in the Chinese character to me seems natural.

Sunday, Sept. 30th. — About noon we could discern the high lands on the west coast of Formosa, about fifty miles to the eastward of us. They towered far above the clouds, which was evidence of their great elevation. They were nearly as high above the clouds as the clouds were above the sea. Several islands appeared on our starboard, their blue tops being just visible above the surface of the water.

Towards evening I had a conversation with the Chinaman from Singapore. Knowing the languages, he is able to be what some term a "go-between" for foreigners and Chinese; and this, in the way of business, is a very lucrative position. He remarked to me,

"S'pose Chinaman speak English, can make plenty money, plenty."

October 1st. — We arrived at Amoy at sundown, after a passage of six days from Shanghae. As we enter the harbor, which lies in several miles from the coast, the country presents a very rough appearance, the high land on each side being covered with rocks, tumbled one on the other in every possible manner.

Several gentlemen among the merchants came on board for their

letters. At evening I went on shore, and called to deliver my letter of introduction to Mr. Tait; but he was out. I met there a gentleman, whom, in conversation, I found to be Dr. Winchester, physician to the English consulate; and I delivered a letter which I had brought to him. He called with me, and introduced me to Dr. Hyslop, an English missionary-physician. Returning, we saw Mr. T., who invited me to stop with him while I remain. Not intending to be in Amoy but a few days, yet as I may wish to prolong the time, and fearing to incommode, I did not like to accept this kindness; but Mr. T. insisting, I was induced to remain. Mr. Bradley, who has just entered on his duties as American consul, is in partnership with Mr. T.; but having gone to Hong-Kong, I did not see him.

This evening, as I took a little walk, I encountered a "sing-song" near by. It was in the middle of a street, quite blocking it up. The actors appeared in high-colored, fantastic dresses, and, for music, made a great medley of noises, and disagreeable squalling sounds. Being alone, and in the night, I did not stop long, nor extend my walk. Truly yours, B. L. B.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VISITS AT AMOY. — SAIL IN THE HARBOR. — VISIT AT THE ENGLISH CONSULATE. — CHINESE ADMIRAL AND PIRATES. — TEMPLES AT AMOY.

Tuesday, *Oct. 2d.* — After breakfast I went on board the vessel and brought my baggage on shore. During the forenoon I went up to the British consulate's, — Mr. Tait lending me his chair, — and visited Dr. W., remaining till two P. M., and taking tiffin. I then hastened to Dr. Hyslop's, to go with him on board the "Dart," to see Capt. Porter. Capt. P. put in here on account of sickness, on his voyage down from Shanghae to Hong-Kong; and now, on his way up, he is here again for the same cause.

Having dined with Dr. and Mrs. H., we embarked on board a large Chinese sail-boat. The "Dart" lies down the harbor at the "islands," a distance of eight or ten miles. The head boatman did not wish to start until he had taken his chow-chow; and, though it was growing dark and the weather looked squally, he commenced on his rice; but Mr. T., who went to see us safely off, poked the old fellow so many times in the side with his cane, hurrying him, at the same time, with "King kin!" (come, be off!) that he was actually obliged to stir about

in self-defence. He put his bowl of rice aside in disgust; and, getting the boat in order, and his men on board, he hoisted his sails, and we were fairly away.

It was nearly dark, but we sped along for the first two or three miles, before a good breeze, very finely. Then the wind began to blow stronger and stronger, and the waves to rise higher and higher. We had three Chinese sailors on board, whose flimsy hearts could be known by the fear written on their faces, and they began to talk in a low voice with each other. Dr. H. caught the words "going back," and told them that we would listen to nothing of that kind, and that they must keep on. They went on, tacking against the wind and a hard sea. The waves continued to rise, and the Chinamen said that we could not go — there was too much wind, too much sea, and too much of everything bad.

The boat was pitching considerably, and sometimes it seemed as if she was almost perpendicular on her stern. The sea occasionally dashed over us, and we had to sit with our legs hanging down in the scuttle-hole of the deck, to avoid being shaken off. Dr. H. asked me if I thought we had better proceed. I answered him that, as Capt. P. was dangerously ill, and as the sea did not break constantly or entirely over us, I thought we had better keep on; and, besides that, we had already made half the distance. Still the old Chinaman persisted in saying that we could not go, we should be drowned, &c. Our boat danced like an eggshell, and the spray at times completely buried it; so that, for a few moments, we would hardly know whether we were in the water or above it. Still we urged him on, and told him that if he did not proceed we would not pay him one cash of money; when he concluded to keep on. With the wind and sea ahead, and the air filled with spray and water, our progress was slow; and he finally said that he cared not for his pay, that it would do no good to a drowned man, and that we must go back. It was true that the boat was twisting and knocking about a good deal, and occasionally was thrown nearly on her side, and the sea did look a little fearful; but, knowing the small amount of courage they possess in times of little or no danger, we urged them on, telling them that we should soon reach the vessel.

At length, when we thought they were making a tack as usual, we found ourselves nearing Amoy again, and there was no persuading them to a different course: they had turned about, and were returning home. We landed, and waited to make the trial again. As soon as

the tide turned in our favor, Mr. T. gave us his large boat, with a number of Chinese sailors, and, after a blustering time, we reached the "Dart" about twelve at night.

The sea was high, and our boat, as we came up, bounded against the vessel's side, somewhat to the alarm of those on board. They at first thought they were being attacked by pirates, and would have soon given us a corresponding reception, as they already had guns in their hands. We found Capt. P. very sick, and remained with him all night.

Wednesday, Oct. 3d. — This morning early Mr. Potter, the first officer, got the vessel under way, and brought her up into the harbor, to a more convenient situation. We came up in her, taking breakfast on board, and then went ashore.

During the forenoon Dr. H. took me to his hospital, which is a free establishment, founded by the London Missionary Society for Chinese patients.

I then went to Dr. W.'s to spend the day, walking with him to a neighboring hill, which is quite high, and the favorite promenade-ground of foreigners. I dined at six P. M., and in the evening enjoyed conversation and music. Although a mile or two to Mr. T.'s, I intended to walk; but the doctor insisted on sending me by his chair and coolies, which certainly was a more comfortable way.

LETTER TO BROTHER J.

Amoy, Thursday, Oct. 4th, 18—.

Dear Brother J.: I am now spending a few days at the English consulate, with Mr. and Mrs. Layton. I went with Mrs. L. and looked over their garden. They have a romantic place, it being formerly the residence of a mandarin. On one side is a rock that overlooks the garden and adjoining fields. We ascended the rock, which is very high and arranged with seats, where a party may resort to sip their tea and to enjoy the cool of a hot summer's evening.

Amoy, Sunday, Oct. 7th. — I took a chair and went up to Mr. Tait's, to attend church with him; but, finding him gone, I told the coolies to take me "alla same piecy house that Mr. T. have makee go chin-chin Josh" (the same church Mr. T. attends). I succeeded in making them understand; and, coming to the house, I went up stairs and found the service half through. Rev. Mr. Young, an English missionary, preached and conducted the singing. The meeting was held in one of the rooms of a missionary house, and the audience numbered about a dozen.

I dined with Mr. T., and afterwards walked with him, Capt. Bing and Mr. Priestman, to the flag-staff on the hill. This place is very

sightly, overlooking the city, harbor, islands, and surrounding country. It contains the telegraphic house, and apparatus for signalizing vessels. Here I met Dr. H., and Dr. and Mrs. W., who had also come up for the walk and to enjoy the fresh breeze. I returned to Mr. T.'s, and, when ready to go home in the evening, the chair-bearers had left, being probably tired of waiting. I, however, procured others, and was conveyed to the consulate.

Monday, Oct. 8th. — You may like to know if foreigners get enough to eat in this part of the world; and so I will tell you what we had on the dinner-table this evening. We had first soup, fish baked, roast goose, boiled mutton, stewed beef, and several kinds of vegetables; then we had puddings, marmalade, cheese and beer, plantains, five kinds of nuts, persimmons, guavas, pumaloes, four kinds of preserves, etc., and the various wines; and lastly we had coffee. It was seven in the evening when we sat down to dinner. Mr. L. and I drank to the Queen, and then to the President of the United States, etc. Afterwards Mr. L. gave the health of my father, to be continued in his old age.

After tea, at ten, I called at Dr. Winchester's, where I met Mr. Jackson, Mr. Tait, and Mr. Backhouse. The doctor, Mr. B. and myself, remained after the others had left, in the veranda, enjoying a quiet chat. When I left, which was past twelve, the moon shone brightly overhead, lighting up the whole interior of the court. Attracted by its silvery appearance, the cool air, and the quiet and death-like stillness, I took a seat on the stone steps, and enjoyed the tranquillity of the place alone. Completely shut out from the street, — for the doors at the bottom of the court were closed, — the buildings seemed like a kind of palace. I am told that it was formerly the residence of the Chinese governor of this province; and everything is laid out, handsomely arranged, befitting his station. Before me, at the head of the court, some fifteen or twenty feet higher than the others, was the large building of Mr. L., the consul, with long stone steps in front; on the left, those of Dr. Winchester and Mr. Morrison, the interpreter; and on the right, the residence of Mr. Backhouse, the vice-consul — the court containing the buildings of the consulate only. A pretty tree, heavily laden with pumaloes, as large as Dutch cheeses, ornaments the background. Mrs. L. displays considerable taste in the arrangement of the house inside. The furniture is handsome, with rich carpets; and the rooms are decorated with English pictures and Chinese curiosities. I have learned to-day that it is feared the "Coquette," Capt. Prescott, is lost.

Friday, Oct. 12th. — I have now returned to Mr. T.'s to make it my home again. Spent the day and evening at Dr. Hyslop's. After dining, we all went out, taking a sail in the harbor. The wind blew quite strong, with considerable sea, alarming Mrs. H., one of the party, much for our safety; but we returned at dark without accident. On returning, I joined Dr. H. with the flute to some music.

Saturday, Oct. 13th. — Dined at Rev. Mr. Young's, and made, I believe, the most of my meal on plum-pudding and plum-cake, which much reminded me of home.

The mandarins were in a state of much alarm to-day, caused by a report that a large fleet of pirates were on the way to attack Amoy. The admiral, with his fleet of war-junks, left this morning to go out after them. I have very little faith that they will do anything towards capturing them. We probably shall hear that they saw them, fired at them from a distance, and turned and ran into the harbor again.

Sunday, Oct. 14th. — Mr. T. called me up this morning at half-past six, to join him in a walk up to the telegraph station, to ascertain what vessel is in sight, one having been telegraphed. We learned that it is the "Widgeon."

After breakfast, Mr. T. went off to the coming vessel and obtained the letters. Mr. Bradley, the American consul, accompanied him back. He had been twenty days in coming up from Hong-Kong, having to beat against a head wind. The passage is often made in three days, and often in less time, with a fair wind. The rigging of the vessel was considerably shattered by the gales she had encountered.

The letters were all turned on to the table, but not one appeared for me. Fourteen days more, and it will be a year since my latest dates from home were received. I was considerably disappointed; but, on examining my journal records, I find that my letter directing packages for me to be sent here could not have reached Hong-Kong in season to expect letters by this vessel.

Mr. Bradley dined with us. He says that the typhoon of the 15th of last month did much damage, and many vessels were lost. The "Coquette" has not yet been heard from, and is supposed to be among the lost. I am very fortunate in not being on board of her, but am very sorry for Captain Prescott. It was to have been his last trip previous to returning to America. There was also on board a missionary, with whom I was acquainted, and who has probably shared the same fate. I had spoken my passage with, and had everything ready in the evening to join him; but, at the moment of leaving, some little remark from Mr. and Mrs. B. induced me to change my mind. I concluded to remain in Shanghae a few days longer, and then go down by the way of Amoy; where I am now, and where I should not have been had I left at that time. On how slight a circumstance there depended the prolongation of my life!

Truly yours, B. L. B.

Mr. T. and I took a little sail after dinner, and went off on board the "Alexander Johnson" in the evening, and came back at nine. We saw that the fleet of war-junks had returned, and was at anchor about half a mile from where they left yesterday morning, apparently not daring to leave the harbor. They say here that if there was any prospect of meeting the pirates the admiral would not venture out, for the pirates oftener capture the war-fleet than the fleet does the pirates. They stand more in fear of the pirates than the pirates do

of them. The "Pilot," an English man-of-war, left, a day or two ago, in pursuit of them, and has not yet returned.

Monday, Oct. 15th. — After breakfast I called, with Rev. Mr. Young, on the Rev. Mr. Doty; and on the way we visited a temple, and took a view from some high rocks in the background. Mr. D. and wife are American missionaries from New York, all very agreeable. Rev. Dr. Cummings has gone home, and Rev. Mr. Poleman was drowned last year; both of them Americans.

I met Mr. Bradley during the day, had a pleasant conversation with him, and called on Dr. Hyslop, who accompanied me with his boy into the city. We visited two large Chinese temples, and also saw the residence of the Taoutai (the governor), and that of the Chinese colonel of the army. There was very little, if anything, worth visiting in the city. We walked around on the walls, looking down on the houses and very dirty streets, and spent the evening at Dr. H.'s.

Tuesday, Oct. 16th. — Rose at half-past six. I dined with Rev. Mr. Y. at three P. M.; and, on my way back, called at Dr. Hyslop's, who, in a boat, took me to visit a famous temple down the harbor. We passed below the Chinese fleet of war-junks, and landed on the beach near Cornwallis rock — watching our opportunity to jump from the boat and run up before the rapidly-following surf. We then crossed the wide and tedious sandy beach, climbed over the fortifications, and made our nearest way across the fields to the temple. It was somewhat dark on arriving, so that we could not see to particularize much.

In front of the temple and other buildings there are four cupola-shaped buildings, which stand in a row. The centre pillar of each of these is supported on the back of a huge tortoise, hewn out of stone; and six pillars, standing in the form of a hexagon, support the outside. They are very prettily and accurately hewn and carved, and make an interesting appearance. The temple itself is a very large building, and extends back to the foot of rocky mountains, which rise in bold and craggy ledges and heaps of boulders behind.

We went inside and saw a few of the large gods, and in the centre of the area an extremely pretty three or four storied pagoda. The roof of this temple was pierced, during the war, by a cannon-ball that was thrown from one of the English ships. It passed through the roof, and fell harmlessly at the feet of their idols; which circumstance — their gods and people escaping unharmed — indicated

to the Chinese a great intervention of Heaven in their behalf. The inside of the roof was curiously formed, — locked in somewhat like the vertebræ in the spinal column of animals. The stone pillars were carved, by cutting away the surfaces and leaving the forms behind, with curious devices of lizards, dragons, etc., clinging on them. It growing dark very soon, the boy lighted a torch, and led us by a back way over a hill, which we ascended by stone steps, to a Chinese village. Here we passed the graves of Chinese who fell during the war with the English, and went down to the beach. The graves are all made in plaster-work, a foot high and a foot apart, in rows or platoons differing in form and style according to the several dynasties of their government. We walked along the beach in search of the boat; but the boatmen had left, and taken it with them. However, we made out to obtain another after a considerable walk, and arrived at the house of Dr. H. at about eight in the evening. After spending a couple of hours there, I returned home, and retired about twelve.

Wednesday, Oct. 17th. — I called on Rev. Mr. Stronach, an English missionary; dined with Mr. Milne, and afterwards walked with Mr. Potter, an English gentleman, to a neighboring hill. Over this eminence immense boulders are scattered in every direction, and one large one lies hanging on the very edge of the precipice, apparently just ready to fall and crush the Chinese dwellings below. In the evening I called on Mr. Bradley, and listened to his interesting conversation till twelve, then concluding to remain with him till the next day, sending my boy home. Mr. B. possesses a great fund of information. Having spent much of his life in travel, and in public office, he has read and observed much; and being naturally communicative, I enjoyed my visit. Mr. B. is busily engaged with Lin, his interpreter, in his consular affairs, and is now corresponding with the mandarins for the purpose of arranging the days for making his official visits. This, in all the form and ceremony of Chinese etiquette, requires considerable writing, interpreting, and preparation beforehand.

Thursday, Oct. 18th. — I arose at seven, and at eight came home to breakfast. Mr. Tait, not being able to imagine where I was, despatched last evening two coolies in search of me, and kept the house open for me all night, my boy having neglected to tell him that I was not coming home, which trouble I was sorry to have caused.

After attending an engagement at Mr. Layton's, I met Mr. T. at the residence of Mr. Backhouse, who was there waiting to accompany

me to the White Stag Temple; but, it being late, we concluded to defer it, and not to go to-day. In the afternoon I called at Captain Milne's, afterwards taking a walk with him and Mr. Potter to Telegraph Hill, where we had a fine view over the city from the tops of the large boulders.

I have been deliberating this day and evening upon going to Hong-Kong to-morrow. Two vessels, which have been expected to leave every day this week, will sail then. There are some reasons for going, and some for remaining a few days longer. My reasons for leaving are that I do not like to trespass longer upon Mr. Tait's kindness, as well as to spend so much time here, although I enjoy it. On the other hand, Mr. Layton has invited me to accompany him on board the "Pilot" when she comes in, to see the pirates which may have been captured. Mr. Bradley also invites me to accompany him in his official visits to the mandarins. There are several places besides which I should yet like to visit about Amoy; and then I entertain some idea of visiting Fou-chow, eighty miles north of this, though Mr. L. advises me not to do so just now, as the pirates are so numerous between here and there.

I learned at Mr. L.'s to-day that the people of Amoy are expecting the pirates here soon to make a descent upon the city; that their emissaries are scattered in various parts over the city, to act in concert with them; and that the more wealthy inhabitants are hourly moving articles of value to places of safety into the country. The "Pilot" is out now for the purpose of breaking up their fleet, if possible.

Gov. Su, at Canton, has made some overtures to the head pirate, Chap-ing-sai, to have him give up his profession; but he demands two hundred thousand dollars and an office of mandarin, which Su as yet has refused to give. The admiral-pirate would take nothing less, and is now engaged in his acts of death and plunder. The Chinese war-junks remain at their anchorage, not yet venturing out. There are two towns in the vicinity of Amoy over which the pirates have the whole control, and the mandarins are too weak, and too much in fear of them, even to send a despatch, or to make any efforts to put them down.

Friday, Oct. 19th. — The "Dart" came in again to-day, to the great surprise and wonder of all. Some thought it was on account of the pirates, and some that Capt. P. again was sick; but she had been wind-bound at the Piscadore Islands, and came to bring in the captain

and wife, and the crew of the "Sarah Trotman," which had been wrecked on those islands. I was fearful that Capt. Porter was quite ill again, or not living; but he was well, and came with Mr. Croit, Mr. Morse, Capt. P. and Mr. C., to dine with Mr. Tait.

It was the intention of Mr. T. and myself to visit the "White Stag Temple;" but, owing to many interruptions, he was unable to accompany me, and we again had to defer it. After dinner, Mr. Macchi, Mr. Bradley and myself, made a visit to the "White Heart Temple," which was not far off, it being a little this side of the telegraph station. On the way we passed a pool into which female infants are thrown, and in which we could yet see them mouldering in the stagnant mud and water.

The temple was pretty, but not very remarkable. The grounds were laid out with considerable taste, and a large banian-tree had a place in one corner of the yard. Curious winding stone steps led up and about in various directions, and there were numerous idols.

A few mornings since, at the breakfast-table, Mr. T. made some amusement by his explanation of a peculiarity in the Chinese mode of cooking. He had helped me to a dish which I had never before seen. While partaking of it with good appetite, he asked me how I liked the "beef scollop."

To this I answered, "Very well."

It seemed to consist of beef-steak cut and pounded up very fine, without potatoes or seasoning, and it had little positive taste of any kind. He said,

"I presume you know how the cook prepares this dish?"

I answered honestly that "I did not know."

He continued, with a plausible air,

"Well, I can tell you. The Chinese cooks have no chopping-knives, and, as a substitute, they chew the meat fine, in their own mouths."

I partook of it afterwards, adding vinegar; but I must say that my appetite for the dish *was* diminished. Still I was determined not to be induced by my imagination to give it up. Mr. B., I noticed, ate and swallowed with some difficulty, and probably I did myself. After a painful suspense of some minutes, Mr. T. observed, by way of climax,

"Gentlemen, don't be afraid of it; I never allow my cooks to use any tobacco whatever!"

We laid down our knives and forks, and Mr. T. enjoyed a good laugh while we gave our plates to the servants to be changed, and passed to

the next dish. After that I did not taste of the beef scollop — at least, for some days.

At dinner one day we had some tripe served up in a new style, according to the Chinese method ; and the looks and odor of it were more disagreeable than our imaginations pictured the scollop, or any other article of food I have yet seen. Some quite amusing remarks were elicited by the presence of this dish.

Saturday, October 20th. — About noon, started, in company with Mr. Tait, Mr. Patten and Mr. Craig, to visit the White Stag Temple. Mr. T., who was well acquainted with the country, led us through the streets of the city, passing the White Heart Temple on our way.

We ascended the mountain by crooked flights of stone steps, passed over, and by corresponding flights of steps descended into a deep valley beyond. When part of the way down, we stopped a few minutes to look at an ancient tomb, built into the hill-side. This tomb occupied a space of twenty or thirty feet square, and was divided into three terraces, each of them one or two feet above the other, and all paved with flat stones. Four figures of their divinities, a little larger than life, and hewn out of stone, stood in front at each corner, and on one side stood the sculptured figure of a horse.

On each side of us, and in every direction, were other tombs and graves ; in fact, hardly a spot of ground could be seen of a few feet square which had not a tomb or grave upon it. Then we came to a town or small city, and passed through its narrow, angular, and crowded streets. It was not remarkable for anything, except for its want of cleanliness, and for what is common to all Chinese places, the constant barking of their cowardly dogs at foreigners. We soon after came to the "White Stag Temple," which proved to be the same pretty temple which Dr. H. and I visited on the 16th.

We remained but a short time, taking a cursory view of the various buildings, the gods, and the general arrangement of the whole. Two women were chin-chinning Josh at the shrine, on which, in front of the gods, the incense, or Josh-sticks, were burning and smoking. The women tried their luck with a bunch of bamboo slips, and the casting on the floor of two pieces of dice-wood. One of the women shook the bunch of slips in a bamboo box, until one gradually worked up and fell out on the ground. This, like all, having a motto engraved on it, the woman carried to the priest, who interpreted it, and gave her a corresponding response, for which she paid a number of copper cash. These responses are small pieces of paper written on, and prepared

and kept on hand by the quantity. If I mistake not, the writing is a note-of-hand running to the departed friend of the bearer, and entitling them, after it is burned at the altar, to a certain sum of money in the next world.

The two pieces of dice-wood are made from a bamboo root, cut about five inches long and split in halves, much resembling the two halves of a kidney-bean. The two parts are placed together and dropped upon the floor: if they fall opposite sides up, they are lucky; but if they come with the same sides up, they are unlucky. One of the women took the two pieces in her hands, advanced to the idol, prostrated herself, knocking her head on the stones several times, and chin-chinning the idol, addressing petitions for its aid and favor, held up her hands with a countenance indicating entire faith in the power of the god, and let fall the two pieces of wood. These rebounded in different directions. With what anxiousness did her eye rapidly glance from one piece to the other! and how pleased did she appear, on seeing one of the pieces with the round side up, and the other with the flat, to find herself lucky!

The other, an older woman, now advanced with her half-sized feet, in a half-hobbling gait, and took her turn. She was not so lucky. She tried them over and over with alternate chin-chinnings; but either the two round sides came up, or the two flat. She went on, finally, with such desperation, that I really pitied her. She continued, however, to pick them up and let them fall as fast as she could, until she was really lucky; and then, with an air of satisfaction at having conquered, she gave the idol a look that seemed to say, "Well, you see I did succeed, notwithstanding;" and then she left the temple. After they had gone we all tried our fortunes, much to the amazement of the priests. Some of us were lucky, and some unlucky: I was among the unlucky ones, but, persevering, became lucky.

We did not visit the rear part of the grounds, which I should like to have done, though it is similar to other temples; for the party was in a hurry to proceed. The priests were all civil and very polite; the expectation of little presents from us, perhaps, made them more so.

We then proceeded through another village beyond, and turned into the valley, between mountains the tops and sides of which were covered with stone boulders, some of them of immense size, rounded in various shapes, and thrown into various positions. This part of the country was probably, at no very distant period, washed by the sea, as every appearance seemed to indicate.

I here began to think that Mr. T. was taking us on a longer trip than we had anticipated ; and though his feet went lightly and nimbly over the ground, I was painfully conscious that mine were moving with some embarrassment. However, I followed on at a pretty rapid pace — winding and turning here and there, as the path directed, up hill and down. We left the valley, ascending the rocky heights, and climbing from peak to peak, till we had made the circuit of the range. In the midst of the tops of these mountains is a large hollow of land composed of sand, gravel and rocks, though a part of it is cultivated. Near the centre of this we stopped at a small cottage, which was called Mrs. ——'s Folly, so called from her building a house in so elevated and retired a position, and where it could be seldom visited by herself or others. The house was closed, and I was told that she had yet never occupied it. The wind blew very strong, as I think it always does in this vicinity, and while on the peaks we were obliged to take some care not to be blown by a sudden gust over a precipice.

Having travelled over the top, we commenced the descent on the side opposite that which we came up, directing our course towards home. The path was narrow and steep. My shoes were filled with gravel, my feet were sore, and I was nearly jagged out; and I think, from the long sighs that frequently escaped my companions, that their condition did not differ much from mine. Mr. T., however, went on as if he had freshly started, laughing occasionally from one corner of his mouth, as he glanced at our unsteady steps. Immense boulder-rocks were piled up on both sides of us, from a size that I could lift in my arms, to that of one weighing thousands of tons. They were all oval-shaped, like an egg or paving-stone, and tumbled one upon another, in varied confusion.

The mountain, in its whole extent to Amoy, is nearly of the same general character. In the side towards the city there are several small ravines, in which are recesses and glen-like places filled with the time-worn and blackened boulder-rocks ; and in these recesses, the wildest and most romantic-looking places being selected, wealthy Chinamen sometimes have a small temple or Josh-house built for their own particular benefit. These small temples are familiarly called "Josh-houses," though there is no such name in the Chinese language.

In one of these wild-looking places the Hiqua (a mandarin) has a Josh-house, which he visits as inclination leads him. It is located in the midst of these boulders, and is so contrived that several of them

form some part of the building or the grounds. Flights of steps are cut into them, twisting about in the oddest ways, — now leading up, and then down, and then between them, — and little bridges are thrown over, connecting them with the path. As you pass between the boulders, they are often several times your height; and when you are above them, or on the little bridge, you can look among them and down into deep and dark chasms, and hear the water rippling and trickling through at the bottom. A pretty banian-tree is growing within the grounds, and many other trees and shrubs are interspersed around, wherever there is a place to take root on the rocky and barren soil.

Entering the buildings of the Hiqua's Josh-house, we glanced at the idols, and then passed up stairs and stood upon a veranda that overhung the ravine below, and commanded a very pretty view beyond, although so wild and full of barrenness. I never saw such a singular assemblage of rocks as was here presented. The mountains were literally white with them; and they were scattered in large heaps in the hollows. One immense boulder, shaped like an egg, had the small end broken off and left raised, like the open lid of a coffee-pot, the two parts being still in contact, like a hinge.

We reached home at four P. M. After dining and resting, I went to the English consulate with Mr. T., and called at Dr. W.'s.

Sunday, October 21st. — I attended church at the chapel of the missionaries at eleven A. M. Rev. Mr. Stronach, missionary from England, preached. After dining with Mr. T., I crossed the channel to Colonsu, — taking a sail on the water, and a walk on the island. The same kind of boulders, and the same barren appearance of the land, were seen here, as on the Amoy side. To cool ourselves, we ascended to the top of an enormous boulder, and from that elevated seat we enjoyed a refreshing breeze, and a view of this and the surrounding islands. We could discern, towering up from the centre of an island to the west, called "Pagoda Island," one single pagoda; and to the south the high land in the distant horizon faintly disclosed another pagoda, enveloped in the blue haze. In the east, and about ten miles distant, are the six islands, extending across the entrance of the harbor, and the black, rocky shore of Amoy bay, and at the north a range of barren hills. In the valleys below and around us are several small villages, composed of low buildings huddled together, — mostly of one story, and inhabited generally by fishermen.

Mr. T. was very expert in ascending the rocks; and much more than I was, for he had first to climb up himself, and then to pull me

up by the arm after him. And the descent was nearly as bad; for we had to slide down the boulder and jump off, landing upon a solid rock below.

Monday, October 22d. — This was the day appointed for the official visit to the mandarins, as had been arranged between them and Mr. Bradley, the American consul. By some misunderstanding of the hour, when I came to Mr. B.'s house they had all left. I hastened to overtake and join them on the way, and met them in quite a train of chairs returning from their visit to the Taoutai. I passed them in the narrow street, though there was scarcely room to do so, expecting the coolies would then turn around; instead of which, they continued on. Fearing that I should lose the party, I called out several times to the coolies to turn about. They made some signs which I could not understand, and hurried on faster. Not understanding that they were going to the end or crossings of the street, where there was more room to turn, I scolded and threatened, and at last jumped out of the chair and caught the forward cooly by his long queue, and stopped them. With blusterings, signs and motions, I made them turn round on the spot. This they accomplished by backing into a Chinaman's store, and, after considerable tipping, turning and twisting, we headed the other way. Taking my seat inside again, we soon overtook the train, when I ascertained that we were on the way to the Hihong's. The party consisted of Mr. Bradley, Rev. Mr. Doty, Lin, the Chinese interpreter, Mr. D.'s linguist, myself, and several servants.

We soon came to the house, and, leaving our chairs in the street, entered. When inside of the outer door, we seemed to be in the hall itself; for the hall was a continuation of the passage-way — a kind of open space leading from the front to the rear. The Hihong was waiting, and at once advanced to meet us. Lin introduced Mr. B. as the consul from the United States of America for Amoy, Mr. D. as an American missionary, and myself as an American doctor. The Hihong shook each of us by the hand, — taking ours in both of his, intending probably to make use of our custom, but evidently forgetting that it is one hand, and not two, that we shake.

After a few words explanatory of the visit by Mr. B., he motioned to each of us singly to sit down. He did not ask Lin, the interpreter, to be seated, till he learned the relation he sustained to Mr. B., when by signs he made the same demonstration to him.

Some conversation now took place, through the interpreter, between

the two officials. After this the Hihong arose, and, addressing each of us singly, requested us to be seated at the table. This was covered with cakes, fruits, and sweetmeats. The chairs were placed in two rows, one on each side of the table, and facing each other. The Hihong placed us at the table as he chose, but I could not see that he wished to make any distinction. He was exceedingly polite, helping each of us to a piece of cake with his own fingers. The tea was brought on in cups with lids to them, each having a little metallic plate, instead of saucer, to hold the cup.

While sitting at the table Lin interpreted for the Hihong and Mr. B., but, speaking indistinctly and in a low voice, I could only occasionally make out what was said. The conversation was mostly on their official relations, and afterwards respecting themselves and families. Mr. B. asked the Hihong how old he was. The Hihong, receiving this as a compliment, leaned far over the table towards Mr. B., with a face full of pleasure, and forcible tips to his head, answered that he was fifty-two. He then asked Mr. B. his age. This answered, Mr. B. asked how many children he had, and the Hihong replied, in the same gratified manner, that he had "six children." Various other questions of a similar nature were asked and answered, quite the reverse of our ideas of etiquette.

The Hihong is the governor of customs. He was rather a good-looking man for a Chinaman, with a large frame, large head, chocolate-colored complexion, black, cunning eyes, and a dark, heavy mustache. His features were rounded and full, his face and head were smoothly shaved, and a long braided tail hung down his back. His neck was short, thick, and inclined, and throws his head considerably forward, which, when he walks, seems to be about half a foot or more in advance of his body; and, not least, what a Chinaman is always desirous of being, he was fat and plump, though few comparatively are so.

His dress was a long, dark-blue silk frock, worn over another frock, of a lighter color. The frock had, on its front and back, patches eight or twelve inches square, of gilt embroidered figuring. A necklace of large beads was suspended from his neck, hanging low down in front. Upon his head was a low, peculiar-shaped hat, with a long peacock-feather sticking out behind, and a red glass knob in the crown; and he wore long, white leggins, and large and thick shoes, which were apparently made new for the occasion, and had each a resemblance to a tailor's goose.

The two officials having a sufficiently long and amicable conversation, Mr. B. setting the example, we arose to depart. We were now ready to take leave in any way that might be indicated by our host. I hoped it would be anything but shaking our hands. To me it is anything but agreeable to shake hands with a Chinaman. I can shake hands with a pump-handle, if it needs be; but I would almost as willingly submit my hand to the clasp of an eagle's claws, as to the long nails and bony fingers of Chinamen generally. His Chinese highness, however, observed his own custom — shaking his own hands at us with much politeness and affability, which we returned with ours in the same way, and which the principals continued doing until out of each other's sight.

On coming to the street we found quite a crowd of people collected from curiosity, and looking through the gratings of the door to see what was going on at the mandarin's house; but they all dispersed quietly as we left.

We next took up our line of march to the Hiquan's, which was at some distance in the suburbs, and near the country. This mandarin lived in a palace, compared with the residence of the last. His grounds were extensive, and the buildings large and numerous.

We entered a long and wide court-yard, through which we passed, and then, turning a right angle to the left, we were shown into the presence of his honor the Hiquan. He looked very much like the last functionary; enough, I should suppose, to have been his brother. He received us very courteously. The ceremonies at the table were similar to those before, without any particular difference. I believe that this mandarin is a judge, and successor to one of whom the English consul told me, who kept a Chinaman hung up by his arms three days in his house, and only liberated him on the interposition of the consul.

The Chinaman had called on Mr. Layton to obtain redress for some grievance, and the English consul sent him, with his card, to the mandarin. The Chinese official demanded thirty dollars of his countryman, who could not pay it, and the mandarin suspended him by his arms, day and night, till Mr. L. heard of it and interfered. By the perseverance of Mr. L. the mandarin was turned out of his office, and the next night took poison and died in his bed.

From this place we went to the residence of the Chambóo, a mandarin, who is a general or colonel, or some high officer in the Chinese army, and lives inside the city wall. We were here received as we

were by the other officials; but while here a little misunderstanding arose respecting Lin, the interpreter. The Chamböo, seeming to doubt Lin's right of rank to sit at the table with him, made a show of feeling, with some cutting remarks, expressive of his wounded pride and rage at the intrusion. Lin, considering himself disgraced, became also in a rage, and was about to leave; but the difficulty was adjusted by a little explanation from Mr. B., which restored Lin to the good graces of the mandarin. The term "mandarin" is not a Chinese word, but has been introduced from some of the foreign languages, and refers to ten ranks of officers under the government.

LETTER TO SISTER L. F.

Amoy, Tuesday, Oct. 23d.

My dear Sister L. F: At ten, this A. M., I went to the house of Rev. Mr. Doty, to be present at the reception of the Taoutai (that is, the governor), who returns the visit made yesterday by the American consul, Mr. Bradley. Mr. B. was there, waiting, and equipped in his dark-blue coat with brass buttons, &c.

A few minutes past the hour, we heard the reports of cannon. "Ah," said Mr. D., "he has started; three salutes are always given on the mandarins' leaving their own dwelling." Soon after, three cards (that is, three slips of red paper, three inches wide and six long, with the name of the Taoutai upon them) were handed in, one for Mr. B., one for Mr. D., and one for myself. As the cards are taken by servants and precede the train of the mandarin only a few moments in advance, we passed down the stairs to receive the Taoutai at the door. Here, thinking that two persons were enough to receive one, I was about making my retreat to the room again, to await there; but I was informed that I must remain, as it would be deemed an insult to the mandarin if any one of us who made the visit yesterday was not at the door to receive him.

Waiting a few minutes below, we heard the loud, tumultuous noises of the heralds who go before, carrying their badges, and, with wailing sounds, cry, "Clear the street!" "clear the street!" and thus signalize the approach of the "man of consequence." Soon after, a long train of servants, bearing various insignia, appeared before the door; and then the Taoutai himself, carried by four bearers, was set down. He stepped out of his sedan, and entered the door with an air of considerable importance; but was very graceful, polite, and dignified. In the salutation he evidently determined to have it right this time, for he shook his own hands first and afterwards ours, taking one of our hands in both of his. After several compliments with Mr. B., as to which should go first, he walked ahead, and we following, and a portion of his servants brought up the rear, and deposited themselves in various places, standing behind him and about the room. One of them stood by him constantly, looking over his shoulder, and watching his long pipe, which the Taoutai kept in constant operation. As

the pipe required replenishing often, his business was to receive it and hand it to another servant to replenish and take charge of until again wanted.

The Taoutai appeared much pleased with Mrs. D., who was "well favored," so to speak; nor did he seem to consider it a disgrace for her to be seen, as the presence of ladies is generally regarded by the Chinese; but smiled, and often looked at her, gesticulated, and made complimentary remarks to her through the interpretation of Lin. Upon her presenting the cup of tea with her own hands, he rose from his chair to receive it, bowed several times, as if highly flattered by the attention, gave several grunts signifying his approbation, and sat down again. He remained an hour, talking and laughing, smoking and partaking of refreshment. He could not talk without an interpreter, but his laughing did not require the aid of any one, and he left in high spirits, apparently much pleased with his visit.

Returning home, I dined at Mr. Jackson's, and then took a horseback ride with Mr. Smith, — they having two horses for their own convenience. We passed through the city, Mr. S. setting his horse off at a gallop from the first, and much to my fear that he would run over the Chinese in the crowded streets. I was not aware, before leaving, that we were obliged to turn such short corners, pass through such narrow streets, up flights of stone steps, and ascend such steep places on the hill, or I might not have attempted the excursion. I was quite surprised when I observed the horse of Mr. S., in advance of me, passing up the steps; for I did not know that horses could ascend such. I felt, at first, some hesitation at proceeding in this manner, but there was no time for reflection; and, after an hour, I could ride nearly as comfortably up or down the steps as on level ground. These little ponies are very sure-footed, especially when they have no iron on their hoofs. However, as it became very dark, we thought it best to lead our horses down the flag-staff hill; for we had gone up some places where it seemed impossible to come down without going headlong over our horses' necks. By walking we succeeded very well, with the exception of slipping down myself a few times.

While trotting through the crowded streets, I was amused to see a strange dog join that of Mr. S., running ahead, barking and yelping. He completely cleared the way, causing the Chinamen to open a passage right and left; and often, in their hurry, to tumble over each other. This dog jumped on any person in his way, and the Chinese, in their hurry to escape, would whirl round, pitch backwards over a stone step or upon some Chinawoman's cake and fruit stand, overturning it, and scattering the things over the stones. The poor Chinese, startled by the clattering of the horse so soon after the dogs, and not being able in the glare of lights to see as quickly as they could hear, would throw up their arms in all directions, half frightened out of their wits; and, staggering backwards, fall into the open doors of shops behind, and perhaps upon some one sitting inside.

I was also not a little alarmed, for I was fearful that some one would be run over, and get us into difficulty with the people; but, as I did not like to be left behind, and frequently could only see the tail

of my friend's horse whirling the corner of the street ahead, I felt obliged to keep in sight.

There are gates at intervals along the streets, which are closed at about ten in the evening, after which the only way to pass them is by crawling through a small and narrow aperture left at the lower part. These apertures are hardly large enough to admit the body, and, in some cases, require a more or less desperate squeeze in the process. After taking tea with Mr. S., on my way home to Mr. T.'s I had all the gates to encounter, and had to humble myself accordingly.

Wednesday, Oct. 24th. — It would seem that the gate-keepers did not intend to allow those out at this hour of the night to get through before it could be known whether they were thieves or good men.

At four, this P. M., I accompanied Mr. Bradley to Mr. Doty's, where the other three mandarins were to return the visits. Near the hour appointed the reports of the guns were heard, and soon after the howling Chinese voices in the van of the train. The red cards now came in with the mandarins' names on them ; but to which mandarin each belonged was more than I could tell. Each card had two or three groups of crooked marks, more like the drawings of some Chinese insects than anything else, and are all alike to me ; but I shall have the names put on in English, and keep them as a curiosity.

In a few minutes the street was full of sedan-chairs, servants with badges and banners, and a throng of street-loafers generally. The train drew up to the door, the sedans were put down, and the three mandarins, stepping out, shook hands with us. After this it seemed somewhat doubtful whether they would enter the house at all, as they stood bowing and flourishing to each other, each desiring the other to go in first ; though it was perfectly well understood to whom the right of precedence was at last to be yielded. Finally one of them really made a step forward and entered the door. The two others then had the same process to go through with each other, but made their evolutions rather faster, and got through rather sooner. At length all three were under way ; and, with their dozen servants and ourselves, there was a considerable procession marching up the stairs.

After the same ceremonials had been performed as to which should be first seated, their boys handed the pipes, lighted them, and the three mandarins commenced smoking. They could only take one, two or three puffs before the pipe must be replenished. This was done by one servant taking the pipe and passing it to another, who removed the bowl, blew out the ashes, refilled it with fresh tobacco, and returned it through the first servant to the mandarin. The servant then applied the fire, and the smoking was resumed.

While they were eating they used their pipes several times. They all three — the Hiquan (judge), the Hihong (governor of the custom-house), and the Chambóo (the general in the army) — sat up to the table, drank tea, and partook of the cakes and sweetmeats. The Hiquan appears to enjoy himself very well, and is much more lively than the other. His rank is, I think, higher than the governor's, and

the judge also ranks before the governor; but the official position of the governor is superior to either. The Taoutai who came yesterday is the governor. The admiral is now away.

The mandarins examined some daguerreotype likenesses of Mr. Doty's family, which they had never seen before; but expressed very little surprise, and evinced little or no knowledge of the art. These men all appear to be very well disposed, good-natured, lively and social; but their national character has always proved deceitful.

They remained for an hour looking at the various things about the room, and seemed to enjoy their visit very well. They made many inquiries about America; and, though they could but see that our art and science were far in advance of theirs, still in their own minds they seemed not to admit it; and though they professed to meet as equals, their countenances indicated a feeling of superiority, so firmly does prejudice seem to have rooted itself in them.

Truly yours, B. L. B.

CHAPTER XL.

TRIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL. — RAMBLE UPON THE HILL. — VISIT TO THE SIX ISLANDS. — EQUIPMENT OF THE RECEIVING-SHIPS. — SAIL FOR FOU-CHOW. — STOP AT CHIN-CHEW. — CONTINUANCE OF THE PASSAGE.

Thursday, *Oct. 25th.* — Mr. McRay and I dined together alone, Mr. Tait being absent. After this, Mr. Clark, who was wrecked in the "Sarah Trotman," accompanied us to the island Colonsu. Crossing the channel, we walked and climbed the high rocks as far as we could get, taking various views of the island. At dark we reached our boat to return, and the prospect looked as dark as the evening. The wind blew hard ahead, but we thought we would try to cross, and set out. The tide was strong, and the spray and water occasionally dashed over us. We made about one third of the way across, and still seemed to go through the water, but not to get ahead. The boatman pulled and tugged for about an hour, without effecting anything except to go astern, and we rendered our assistance; but this, if anything, only increased the difficulty. We were finally carried back to the island and nearly thrown on to the rocks, but finally got back to the place from whence we started. Our clothes were wet, and we were chilly; and to keep ourselves warm we spent an hour or two in walking, when, the

wind having much subsided, we started again, and reached home in safety to tea, about nine in the evening.

Friday, Oct. 26th. — While I was out to-day, one of the chair coolies ran against a box by the side of the way, and knocked the chair-handles from his shoulders, letting me down with considerable of a crash on to the hard pavement. He was, however, the most frightened, and directly started on again.

In the evening I made some calls; and, returning from Dr. Hyslop's at the late hour of twelve, I had again to encounter the gates with their small apertures. I found the house closed at Mr. Tait's, and, not desiring to disturb him, knocked only once, and was about returning to Dr. H.'s, when I heard footsteps; waiting a little, Mr. T. came and gave me admittance. The merchants are sometimes obliged to keep the keys of the house themselves, or their Chinese servants would be coming in and going out during the whole night.

Saturday, Oct. 27th. — I was out early this morning, determined, after seeing Capt. Milne, and receiving his permission, to go on board of his ship at the Islands, and wait a vessel up from Hong-Kong for Fou-chow. Four vessels have been expected for over a week; but the high winds have prevented their arrival, if not taken by pirates, which Capt. M. somewhat fears.

Towards evening I walked alone on the hill, but found nothing new in my rambles. A little Chinese girl followed, at some distance, from curiosity, I suppose, to look at me. If I turned my head towards her, she would whirl and run back like a wild deer; but when I was walking on, I could hear her laughing and talking with her acquaintances a few rods behind. As I stopped to observe an old man mending shoes on the side of the street, a crowd gradually collected, and among them I noticed the same little girl exhibiting her courage by showing those around that she dared to run across about two rods in front of me, and daring some of the others to do it. Desiring to remove their timidity, I took out a few cash and offered to her. She did not dare approach near enough to take them, but manifested a wish that some other person would get and hand them to her, or that I would throw them on the ground to her. A Chinaman present tried to persuade her to go and take them. At last I pretended to be as much in fear of her as she was of me, holding them out to her and at the same time shrinking behind one of the bystanders. By degrees she approached nearer and nearer, and again ran back; then, seeing my

apparent fear, she stepped up quite boldly and took the cash from my hand. After this, numbers of others were quite anxious to approach me.

Seeing what appeared to be very nice, white, hard-looking skeins of twine, in bunches, on a stand by the way, and having long wished to obtain such an article, I bought three skeins, paying two cash for each. This seemed remarkably cheap, and I thought of purchasing a quantity; but, in making a trial of its strength, it broke like cotton shreds. I then examined it more closely, and found it to be something very different from twine; and, making motions that I wished it for tying parcels, the man signified that it was chow-chow [something to eat]. I then perceived that it was made from rice, and something like vermicelli.

With Doctor and Mrs. Hyslop, and Miss Stronach, I took a sail around the island of Colonsu, a distance of about four miles. Having a delightful breeze, and a beautiful moonlight evening, we enjoyed it much. Dr. H. amused me with his pleasantry while out, joking Miss S. and Mrs. H. upon their fear of upsetting, etc. Returning a little after dark, we had dinner, which we enjoyed with capital appetites. After this, with our flutes and the aid of the piano, we made a little music, and at nine P. M. I went home, determined not to give Mr. T. cause this time for charging me with disturbing him at unseasonable hours.

LETTER TO BROTHER J.

Six Islands, Amoy, Oct. 28.

My dear Brother J.: I am now, through the kindness of Capt. Milne, on board the "Pathfinder," waiting for an opportunity to go up to Fou-chow. With Mr. Bradley and Mr. McRay I walked this morning to see the house which is to be Mr. B.'s residence, and then through some of the streets, visiting a number of shops around home. I took leave of Mr. T., who I think ought to be glad to part with me, having given up his own room to me, and taken another for himself. I called at Mr. Priestman's, and then came down with Capt. Milne in his boat to the "Pathfinder" at the Islands. There are two other receiving ships here; the "Royalist," Capt. Browning, and the "Lord Amherst," Capt. Fish.

The Six Islands lie at the entrance of the harbor here, and serve as a breakwater, so that it is comparatively smooth inside. They are little else than large masses of rocks. One of them has a Josh-house on it, and a short, sandy beach; and on its rough and rocky peak is a signal-station for vessels coming in. We went on shore at night, and walked up to this flag station. The beach is of soft sand, and covered with shells to the high-water mark; but they are of an ordinary

kind Horses, hogs, cows, etc., are kept on this island for the use of the ship. The surf runs so, that to prevent being wet we had to be carried from and to the boat. The Chinese boatmen took us on their backs, astride of their shoulders, — we sitting on their necks, — and thus carried us through the surf to the dry land; and in like manner they place us in the boat again.

October 29th. — I have again been on shore with Captain Milne, and walked on the island. There is an old fortification, which had one side blown out by the English during the war. On the island next to this are another fortification and three look-out places, appearing to the eye here like three narrow-shaped hay-stacks.

The weather has changed very much since I came here. The monsoon from the north-east blows very strong. The thermometer has fallen to 62°, nearly twenty degrees; so that, instead of sleeping with no covering at all, a thick woollen blanket is necessary.

The "Pathfinder" is a fine vessel for a receiving-ship. Three large cabins extend the whole length of the ship, with several small state-rooms, which make it seem like a fine house on shore, instead of a ship on the water. They keep it in very nice order, and all things in readiness for an attack from the pirates. Several guns are kept on deck, constantly loaded with grape-shot and cannon-balls, and even primed and pointing out of the port-holes. There is also a rack of muskets, swords and hatchets; and the muskets are kept loaded. In each of the tops, some forty feet from the deck, are stands of muskets and ammunition; so that, should they be driven to the rigging during a conflict, the firing may be directed from thence to the deck. Around the outside of the vessel is a rope net-work, to prevent the ship's being boarded in a sudden attack, and to keep out robbers at night.

Looking into the room of Mr. Bradshaw, the first officer, I thought him well provided with weapons; for fastened on the wall were several pairs of loaded pistols, a loaded double-barrelled gun, several hatchets, a sword, &c.

A year and a half ago, near here, the pirates attacked two receiving-ships, which had large cargoes of opium and specie on board, murdering the crew and officers. Only one man — a lascar — escaped, and he is now on board of the "Pathfinder."

Sunday, November 4th. — I attempted to read last night in my hammock, but the swinging motion occasioned sickness, and I was obliged to give it up. The "Denia" came in this morning, seven days from Hong-Kong, and I went on board, but found no letters.

Monday, November 5th. — I saw Captain Barcham this morning, and engaged my passage with him in the "Denia." He said he did not care to take passengers, and did n't make anything by them; but if I wanted to go, he would take me, out of accommodation. The distance is fifty or sixty miles, and price of passage fifty dollars.

At half-past ten A. M. the "Denia" sailed, and, with a good breeze, we passed up the coast. I was up occasionally on deck; but, on account of the blustering state of the weather, and the motion of the vessel, I had to keep, the most of the time, in a horizontal position

below. At evening I vomited for the first time, from sea-sickness, since leaving America.

Chin-chew Harbor, Tuesday, 6th. — I rose at seven. I slept none last night, being annoyed by numberless little ants crawling over me, which, with my sickness and the rolling and pitching of the vessel, was quite enough to prevent sleep.

We had a quick passage up, arriving at the Chin-chew station at about twelve, — two hours over one day. In entering the harbor the vessel ground over a sunken rock, but did no harm. The country along the coast presents a very barren and gravelly appearance, is very mountainous, and produces no green vegetation; but is all of a dry brown color.

There are two receiving-ships lying here in Chin-chew harbor, — one the "Louisa," Captain King, and the other commanded by Captain Miller. Receiving-ships are established at each of the ports all the way between Canton and Shanghae, and, I believe, for some distance below and above these places. They are owned by the mercantile firms at Canton, and constitute the business places of those houses at the different ports. With the amount of opium and silver which they often have at a time, it would not be safe to have an establishment on shore; and the vessels themselves are sometimes surprised and captured, of which a number of melancholy instances testify. As soon as we came near the anchoring-place, Captains Miller and King came on board and received their letters and papers. Towards night we all dined on board the "Louisa," with Captain King, after which we went ashore for exercise and recreation. There Captain K. furnished me with a horse, and, the other three captains mounting theirs, we started off at a gallop, rode along the beach for several miles, and returned in single file by a narrow path, twisting and winding, up and down, through an uncultivated waste.

Captain K. invited me to stay on board with him, while I remained here; which politeness I was, of course, happy to accept, being entirely dependent on hospitality in these parts. As Captain B. does not go any further, I must remain at Chin-chew till an opportunity occurs for going on to Fou-chow-foo.

Wednesday, November 7th. — After breakfast, with Captains K. and B. I went on shore for the purpose of gunning. After a long ramble over a marsh, and through the fields, we returned *satisfied.* Captain K. shot one bird, the only one that was killed. We all dined with Captain Miller, after which we went ashore for a ride. We rode up the beach and into the country, which presented quite a sterile appearance. The houses and people looked very poor. When on our way out we had to pass a dry creek, which on our return the tide had filled with water; but our horses got through, with something of a wetting. The captains have a small yard, in which they raise live-stock for their own use. We looked in, and saw quite a variety; — hogs, sheep, goats, geese, ducks, chickens, pigeons, and monkeys. They here find it very difficult to obtain food for their horses, there being no hay in the vicinity. At present the feed of all kinds is so

scarce that they are obliged to feed the stock — monkeys and all — with boiled rice.

I went back with Captain M. to his ship, and, as the wind was high, and the sea rough, I concluded to remain through the night.

Thursday, November 8th. — I returned on board of Captain King's vessel, to remain. I was prepared to go up in the "Gazelle," a little schooner which goes up to Fou-chow occasionally with stores for the receiving-ships. But it was supposed I had concluded otherwise, and the only sleeping place for my accommodation was occupied with goods.

While riding with Captains M. and K., this afternoon, my horse had a fall. I have thought about it many times since, and I cannot imagine how it could have happened. The horse was walking leisurely with the others, a little distance in advance; and, having just passed a Chinese village, I turned my head around to look back at a troop of boys who were hallooing after us, and the next moment I found myself sprawling on the hard ground, a number of feet before the horse, which also was rising to his feet again. The Chinese boys acted as if they were looking for such an occurrence. There might have been a cord stretched across the path; but I perceived nothing of the kind.

Friday, November 9th. — The "Denia," in getting off this morning for Hong-Kong, run foul of, and carried away the jib-boom from, Captain King's vessel. One of the men was severely hurt. On examining his arm, I found it not broken, but severely bruised.

Saturday, November 10th. — Captain King has exercised the crew of his vessel in firing the muskets and cannon. The men fired the muskets at a glass bottle thrown into the water, and the cannon at a buoy anchored a few hundred yards off.

News came by land from Hong-Kong that fifty piratical junks had been lately taken by the English vessels of war.

Monday, November 12th. — This afternoon I went ashore, and took a ride on horseback. The weather begins to be cold. Chinese merchants, in their long blue frocks, are on board every day, busy in making their purchases. Yours, &c., B. L. B.

LETTER TO A SISTER.

Chin-chew, China, Nov. 14th.

My dear Sister E.: I have read nearly all this day. The weather is very cold; it pinches me up, and I have no thick clothing here. A Chinese tailor is employed for me on blue coarse cotton cloth, the only material that can be obtained here; but these men are so dilatory I fear the clothing which was promised yesterday will not be completed before I shall be obliged to leave. I expected to have been in Hong-Kong by July, where all my clothing is.

The "Zephyr," Captain Brown, arrived this afternoon, and leaves again to-morrow. Captain B. and the rest of us went on shore and took a horseback ride after dinner.

Thursday, 15th. — Weather very cold. Captains K., B., and my-

self, breakfasted with Captain M. on board of his vessel. The wind blows too hard for us to leave for Fou-chow to-day, so that we shall remain till to-morrow forenoon. When on shore, after dinner, I saw some Chinamen ploughing. One of them held the plough by a single handle, and two other Chinamen were the oxen to draw it.

Friday, 16*th*. — We all took breakfast on board the "Zephyr" this morning, and at eleven A. M., although the weather was unpropitious, we stood out of the harbor for Fou-chow. Captains Miller and King accompanied us a few miles, returning in their sail-boat.

The wind blows quite hard this afternoon, and, the sea being pretty high, the "Zephyr" dances about considerably, — too much so for my comfort. We passed a few red, rusty-looking villages, along the barren shore, which we kept in sight till evening. The night promises to be dark and stormy.

Saturday, 17*th*. — We came to anchor in Tinghae Bay about eleven this forenoon, finding that we were making very little headway against the wind and tide. Several junks (of pirates, they may be) are also here at anchor. The hills and country look as sterile as can be imagined.

The last night was wild and fearful. I went on deck after dark, and it was with great difficulty that I could hold up and keep on my feet. I was quite dizzy when below, which would most probably have been followed by sickness, and I remained on deck most of the time. It was blowing a gale from the north-east, and very cold. The stars were all hid behind the dark clouds, the moon was upon the other side of the globe, and all around was so dark that neither shore nor sky could be discerned. The scenery of the ocean was different from anything seen before. All the light observable was the phosphorescent flash from the seas as they lashed one upon the other. Wherever a sea broke, the surface was beautifully illuminated. The water was as if actually on fire. Sometimes it was a long, narrow strip, like a river, undulating, and running to a great distance; then a broad, irregular shape, separating into a variety of forms and figures. On every side patches of the fiery sea were frantically dancing and leaping, pursuing each other, with here and there a dash, and the vanishing flash, while the sides of the vessel and the wake behind were one continued stream of fire, as if ploughing through a bed of buried embers.

I did not once sleep during the night, so many thundering sounds were there constantly assailing my ears, — such as tramping on deck, pulling of ropes, flapping of sails, screeching of teakle-blocks, and the cries of the crew; the dashing of the waves, the sea breaking over the decks, the howling of winds through the rigging; then the vessel's rolling and pitching, the cracking of timbers and squeaking of joints, and the tremblings from end to end, as a heavy sea struck her.

I felt a little anxiety when I reflected on our situation; but this morning all was safe, except that a few hens were drowned, and some planks were carried away from both bows of the vessel.

Tinghae Bay, *Sunday*, *November* 18*th*. — The weather does not permit of our moving out to-day, and so we must be content to remain, however much we may dislike it. There are comparatively few houses

to be seen on shore, and these are built on the side of the hill, one above another. The country looks very desolate.

There are some fifteen or twenty junks here at anchor; and yesterday Captain Brown fired off the large cannon, scattering the canister-shot over the water, for the double purpose of keeping the guns in order, and to let the Chinamen know that he had guns on board.

Monday, 19*th*. — This morning, the weather permitting, we were under way at four o'clock. Several of the junks left at the same time, evidently that to pirates they might appear to be under our protection. In two or three hours we had distanced them so much that they were almost out of sight astern. This forenoon we passed two very suspicious-looking junks, having many men on their decks. One appeared to avoid us by keeping as far away from us as possible. The captain, who was well acquainted with such vessels, at once pronounced them "West coasters" (pirates). They would not dare to attack a foreign vessel, unless they could bring some twelve or twenty junks to bear against it.

We beat up along the coast among innumerable islands, which, with the hills on the main land, produced a very picturesque appearance, though mostly covered with a barren soil.

At one place there was a pagoda nine stories high, and on several of the high hills a kind of square tower, or fort. Some of the islands were masses of large rocks tumbled into heaps of pyramidical shape; some of them were single solid rocks, like large mounds; some were covered with a species of red clay, and on others the rocks were in such position that one could easily imagine them the ruins of ancient castles. Some of the islands near the main land had deep bays and inlets.

At dusk we came to anchor at Pienau, at the entrance of some straits, where were three or four scattering junks. One of these looked so suspicious that the captain armed a boat, and sent the mate on board to ascertain if she was a pirate. He took with him twelve of the best men, with loaded muskets, pistols, and cutlasses. He returned, and reported that she was a trading junk from Shanghae.

About ten o'clock this eve, one of these junks, at anchor a considerable distance off, pulled up her anchor, and made directly for our vessel; but she merely cast some burning Josh-paper into the sea, and came to anchor close by us. What her object was we could not tell.

We passed among rocks during the day, which were just discernible at low water, disclosing the dangers in navigating these waters.

Yours, &c.,

B. L. B.

CHAPTER XLI.

PASSAGE TO FOU-CHOW CONTINUED. — ARRIVE AT MINN RIVER STATION. — SPORTING ON SHORE. — BOAT TRIP UP THE RIVER. — DISAGREEABLE POSITION ON LANDING AT FOUCHOW. — WALK IN THE CITY. — FOU-CHOW BRIDGE.

Tuesday, *November 20th.* — We weighed anchor this morning at about five o'clock, to make a passage, by the aid of a Chinese pilot, through the straits. Soon after, I perceived a queer motion to the vessel, and, upon going on deck, discovered that he had run us aground. Whether he did it with the intention of making us a wreck, that he might profit by the spoils, we could not know; but all the time the junks lay a little way off, watching us.

The vessel went up and down, striking on the bottom, while the captain manœuvred to get her off. A small anchor was carried out in the boat some distance, and dropped astern. Attaching the rope to the windlass, and winding it up with handspikes, it drew the vessel astern. She was at last clear, and the captain ran her back to the anchorage, there to wait till the weather should be more favorable. Captain Brown determined not to attempt to go through the straits again, but to go outside. Could we get through the straits, we should pass inside of the islands under cover of the land, thus avoiding a high sea and the force of the strong north-east winds; but now, by the other way, we must go out to sea, and encounter the bad weather.

The old pilot was put ashore on the first island to shift for himself, — a proceeding which he did not much relish, but to which he was obliged to submit. The first officer wanted to tie him up in the rigging, and give him a dozen or two; but he was suffered to go free, with the loss of the greater portion of his fee, for false pilotage.

Some junks which had left came back, and anchored near us, with the expectation, it would seem, that we should go to pieces; in which case they would easily have made us their victims, and reaped a rich harvest from the wreck. It is not improbable that the old pilot was in league with them, and, if he had succeeded in his plans, would have come in for a large share of the spoils.

Mr. Morris, the mate, went on shore to buy provisions and water. He tried to obtain a bullock, but they asked sixteen dollars, — four times the sum paid for one at Chin-chew. He said that the old pilot

had pawned his blanket for the purpose of obtaining something to eat. The old man was treated rather severely; but the captain was much incensed at his pretending to pilot the vessel up, and hazarding a valuable cargo, when he was incompetent. We got under way in the afternoon, leaving the infested spot, and anchored ten miles below, under "Observatory Island," ready for an early start on the morrow; but the awful, jarring, earthquake-like sensations of a vessel striking, I shall not forget.

Wednesday, 21*st*. — We were off early this morning, with heavy sea, and the wind blowing hard. I was nearly sea-sick all day, but kept about. Poor old "Blazes," one of the captain's two dogs, has been washed overboard. No one saw him when he went; but the sea was sweeping over the deck all the forenoon, and he is gone.

We have beat up against a head wind, passing a few miles beyond "Turnabout Island." Although sailing fast, we gain very little, having both wind and tide to buffet. The coast, as usual, continues hilly, barren, and rocky.

Minn River, *Thursday*, *November* 22*d*. — Here I am at the opium-station, at the entrance of the Minn river, upon which the city of Fou-chow is situated. We arrived this forenoon, seven days from Amoy, but the delay by stopping at Chin-chew made in all eighteen days.

We have fine weather, and it was very comfortable coming into the river after so much rough weather. The entrance is very pretty, with broad, smooth water, and high hills, with a little appearance of verdure upon them, which is the first I have seen between Amoy and this.

We dined on board of Captain Heley's vessel, where I met Captain Crawford, and also Mr. Druit, of the "Gazelle." Mr. D. arrived yesterday, he having been two weeks on the passage. After dinner, we all went on shore for a walk. To guard against surprise, one man followed behind, with loaded musket, pistols, hatchets, &c. We wound around on the sides of the hills, which are terraced off for cultivation almost to their very tops, and planted with sweet-potatoes. These hills, with their terraces, and the few small, scattering pines, look very pretty from the vessel; and from the hills the view of the river below is beautiful.

While on shore, we met a group of Chinamen, one of whom addressed Captain C. in order to intercede for his friend. This man's friend, with several others, had attacked a Chinaman on the river, some few weeks ago, and robbed him of eight dollars that belonged to Captain C., who had not been able to arrest him till a few days since,

when he took him on board of his own vessel, and put him in irons. This friend of the robber had now come to pay the money, and solicit his liberation. Captain C. received the money, but refused at present to let the man go, determining to make an example of him ; for the river is badly infested with pirates.

We spent the evening with Captain Heley on board his vessel.

Friday, 23*d*. — Taking a cup of chocolate, we formed a little party of Captains Brown and Heley, Mr. Druit and myself, and set off in two boats up the river to shoot ducks and geese, which are at times very plenty. As the sun arose, the scenery on the river was very picturesque. We saw a few flocks of ducks and curlews ; but all the game we killed Captain H. shot, which was one curlew, they being shy at our approach.

Returning at nine in the forenoon, we went ashore again at twelve M. to shoot pheasants ; but we travelled a long way over the hills, among the tombs, and graves, and small pines, without seeing any pheasants, or game of any kind.

As we stood upon a hill, with our guns on our shoulders, looking at the river scenery, a Chinaman appeared, hallooing to us, and seeming in much trepidation about something. As he approached, he continued to call out, placing his hands on his breast, bowing and chin-chinning. He seemed to be fearful that we might shoot him. Finding that we should not harm him, he came up, and led off a favorite bullock, which he was afraid we were going to kill.

The view from these heights was very pretty. The hill was all terraced to the plain below, where the ground was regularly laid out into rice-fields. In our walks we saw a number of large snake-skins which had been lately shed, but none of the animals which had lived in them. Passing through a little grove of bamboo after pheasants, I shot obscurely at one which flew down from a tree. Hastening up, I found, instead of a pheasant, that I had mortally wounded a white hen. Seeing afterwards that we were near a village, I thought it best to find the owner and recompense him, whoever he might be, as the neglect of this caution on my part might be the means of creating fresh prejudices towards foreigners, when it should be discovered. Accordingly men, women and children, were called out, and it was explained to them what I had done. One wrinkled-faced old woman sputtered about a good deal, and claimed the hen. I paid her twenty-five cents, which she received, and then held up two of her bony fingers, signifying that she wanted twice that sum. I had already paid her twice

the worth of the hen; and when those around saw that I was acquainted with the current price, they waved their hands to her, intimating that it was sufficient, and the old woman took the hen under her arm, making signs of much satisfaction. The whole party of Chinese then moved off, laughing, talking, and bestowing upon us their signs of approbation, like so many children.

Saturday, Nov. 24th.—I arose at four to go on board of the "Zephyr," and see Captain Brown off for Hong-Kong; but, as he was already dropping down, I sent him the forty dollars for my passage up from Chin-chew, and went to my rest again.

I saw the Chinaman prisoner and robber, who was sitting on deck in irons. He was an ugly-looking fellow, and some of his friends were on board endeavoring to obtain his release; but the captain is not yet ready to let him go.

At two P. M. I went on board a Chinese smuggling boat, to go up the river thirty miles, to Fou-chow. The view along the river was very fine. Chinese boats were sailing to and fro. On both sides were mountains of every form and shape, presenting terraces, temples, forts, pagodas, and tombs. There were men at work in the fields, and quarrying stone from the steep mountain-bank; clusters of rusty red houses, surrounded by and interspersed among green foliage, and villages scattered about the mountain base.

It being quite cold in the evening, I found Captain C.'s cloak, which he, more considerate than myself, had loaned me, to be of great service. Towards dark, the Chinamen on board, who numbered over twenty, fixed their rough guns and matchlocks into the sides of the boat, and lighted their matches. I could see no reason for this movement, and in my endeavors to ascertain we could not understand a word with each other; but I presumed it was not the sight of pirates, but the anticipation of their sudden appearance. We arrived at the city about eight in the evening, with no interference.

LETTER TO SISTER M.

Fou-chow, Nov. 25th.

My dear Sister: When I left Captain Crawford yesterday, he gave the necessary directions, to one of the Chinamen on board, how to proceed with me when we should arrive at Fou-chow; which was, to conduct me to one of the missionaries, who were the only foreigners living there, except an English consul, who lived at a considerable distance within the city.

In the evening, as we came in among the hundreds of junks and thousands of boats, and heard the jargon of the multitude of Chinese

voices, I knew that the masses of houses which I could observe, piled in, one upon the other, and standing out in all directions, must be Fou-chow. I wished to ask the question, but no one could understand me. If I simply said. "Fou-chow?" to them, and pointed to the city, they would only laugh or look stupid; or, if they were a little brighter than usual, they would say a long string of something which I could not understand. I thought it a crazy-looking place, but still I wished to know if it was Fou-chow. If it was, where were we to land? or had we got to go up three or four miles further? in what direction did the missionary live? and who was to show me the way? I waited patiently to watch the progress of things; and, by and by, one of the Chinamen commenced talking to me. I could not understand a word, but answered "yes" to everything; and, as the boat made preparations for stopping, he made signs, pointing to my baggage. I could not see who the Chinaman was in the dark, and was suspicious of his intentions; but my baggage was placed on board of a sampan which came alongside, and a woman held out her hand to assist me into it. I hesitated at first, till I should know where I was going, or till I might ascertain if they knew where I wished to go. But, not being able to make myself understood, and knowing that I must make a push in some direction, I took the hand of the woman, and stepped over the side into the boat. I made signs to those around, and they to me; but neither, I suppose, understood the other. I saw my trunks all safe, and had my revolver in my pocket, to frighten them, should they attempt to take any advantage of me. My trunks being landed, I knew not what course to take. I could not leave my baggage alone to wander about in this strange place in search of the missionaries, and stood reflecting for a few minutes, when I observed one of the Chinamen who came in the boat very officious about my baggage, and taking it up to carry it off. I stopped him, not knowing where he intended to take it, and not wishing to go, bag and baggage, to a stranger's house, before knowing whether I could there be accommodated. I, therefore, gave him my card, motioning him to take that to the house first.

He took it and went, I having little faith that he would understand the meaning of it. Returning shortly with another man, and taking my baggage, I allowed them to go on, and followed, knowing that they could not make my position much worse.

We passed through one dark street and turned into an alley, which led into a little open square, among some Chinese houses; the men, striking a light, carried it inside of a house, where the owner was not at home. I asked the servants whose house this was. They made some incomprehensible signs, and I found that I could get no information.

I considered it very strange that the servants to a foreigner should understand no words of English, and began to think that Chinese lived here. I, however, soon discovered, by the appearance of the furniture, that the dwelling belonged to some foreigner, and concluded that the owner must be one of the missionaries, and was out, on a visit, or for a walk.

The servant placed my bed in an adjoining room, and was proceeding to make it up on an empty bedstead, when I stopped him, not wishing to take possession in that way. I expected every minute to see the owner come in, and did not wish that he should think he was turned entirely out of the house.

I seated myself, waiting for the owner to return. Captain C. had assured me that we should be at Fou-chow long before dark, so that I did not anticipate such a predicament.

I waited till I thought it eleven or twelve o'clock at night. The servant had brought me four oranges to eat, and water to drink, for which I paid him. I was hungry, and ate one of the oranges, which was very sour, and was quite sufficient. The dog here was in raptures to see me, jumping about, turning somersets, and making the room resound with the knocks of his short tail on the floor. One light had gone out, the other was nearly gone, and I was chilled with cold; and yet no one came. I found that I must make a shift soon, or be left alone in the darkness. I accordingly wrote on a card,

"To the owner of this house. — Dear Sir: I am a stranger here, and have taken possession of a room which the servant has shown me into, for the night. Please excuse. Yours, respectfully,
"*Fou-chow, November 25th.* B. L. Ball."

I left this note upon the table for the gentleman to see when he should come home, and sat a little longer reading a paper which I had in my pocket. I felt particularly lonely, cold and shivering, for it was decidedly a cold night, and no fire. The dog sat looking anxiously into my face, as if he had not eaten the whole day; and, at every ruffle of my paper, he made the room ring with the violent thumpings of his short tail. I stepped out to get the poor animal something to eat, if I could get nothing for myself. There were few lights left in the streets, and, after groping in intricate alley-ways, I thought it prudent to return without anything. My light was in its last glimmerings, and no person had come to claim an ownership. I began seriously to think of retiring to bed, but did not wish to before ascertaining whether my host was a foreigner or a Chinaman. The furniture was very meagre for an occupied house, and half of it was Chinese. There were no books or papers to indicate the residence of a missionary; but then the dog evidently, as he was not afraid of me, had some knowledge of foreigners; I could come to no decision. The servants had gone to their rest in a room outside, and everything around was still, like death, except the frequent lonesome drummings of the dog's short tail.

I went into the room, fastened the door, and made up a bed as well as I could; for there were no sheets nor blankets, and only a bed, mattress, and pillows. However, with the aid of Captain C.'s cloak, and my large mosquito-net, I fixed a tolerable covering.

Putting my revolver under my pillow, I arranged myself upon my bed just as the candle was expiring, and tried to compose myself to sleep; but, expecting every moment to hear the entering of the owner

of the house, being chilled with cold, and hearing the thumping of the dog's short tail every time I moved or coughed, sleep was removed far from me. I got up and fixed some pieces of cloth on the floor for the dog to lie on, after which the animal could not disturb me by the knocking of his tail, and I slept some, though confusedly.

Sunday, Nov. 25th. — The morning came, and a knock at the door, with voices outside, awoke me. Presuming that the owner had come, I went to the door, and there saw a Chinaman with a note for me, which proved to be from one of the missionaries, asking me to follow the man, and to breakfast with him at his house.

Soon after, a gentleman appeared, introducing himself as Mr. McClay, an American. He had received my card, and had written the note. I explained to him my dilemma, when he told me that the house I had occupied was Capt. Crawford's, which he kept, in order to have rooms to come to when he visited the city, which he was in the habit of doing occasionally. So I got out of my difficulty more easily, and much more satisfactorily, than I expected. I went with Mr. McClay to his house, which stands on a hill in the suburbs, overlooking the city on one side, and the surrounding country on the other. I breakfasted with him at nine, and remained till three P. M., when I accompanied him to the missionary meeting at the house of Rev. Mr. Baldwin.

After dining, we took a short walk around to a pretty hill, which is covered with tombs, graves, and a few pine clumps. At the distance of five or six miles on one side of this, and ten on the other, the view is walled in by high mountains. Below us, commencing at the foot of the hill, and extending to the north, lies the city, which the Fou-chow river divides into two unequal parts. The population is estimated at about a million, or about that of Canton.

Truly yours, B. L. B.

Wednesday, Nov. 28th. — Yesterday we made several calls at the houses of the missionaries, and at two P. M. dined at Rev. Mr. Baldwin's. His veranda has a view overlooking the river and an extensive boat population. The missionary fare reminds me much of that in America, — plain and simple, but good, and with very little of the Chinese mixtures in it.

This morning, at nine A. M., I set out, with Rev. Mr. McClay and Rev. Mr. Richards, to walk around the city, and to call on Mr. Jackson, the English consul. We crossed two bridges built entirely of hewn stone, one of which is called the "Great Fou-chow Bridge," or, in Chinese, "the bridge of ten thousand ages."

Passing through a crowded street in the suburbs, where we were continually jostled by the multitude, we came, at the distance of three miles, to the city gate, which is protected by four towers. Entering

the gateway, which I should say was fifty feet thick, and built of solid stone, we came into a square space which seemed formed as a place of defence to the gate. Passing through this, we came to another gate of similar dimensions, which admitted us into the city.

Ascending the walls, which were about fifteen feet thick, we passed through one of the towers where several Chinamen were twisting a kind of twine. These towers contain a large space inside, in which guns are kept for the defence of the city; but in the mean time the rooms are occupied as lofts for twisting thread or twine. Stopping a few moments to allow them to examine the cloth of our coats, we passed along around on the wall. It was very warm, and we quenched our thirst with as many oranges as we could eat, paying for them one fifth of a cent a piece. My shoes were so broken that I could hardly keep them on my feet, which added much to my discomfort. But I can get no others short of Hong-Kong, and must wear them. Descending the wall and passing a short distance through streets, we ascended a hill, and, entering by some open buildings which were formerly attached to a temple, came to the consulate.

Mr. Jackson's family consists of himself, wife, and two daughters. They received us very cordially, and made themselves very agreeable. They had visited Boston, and spoke of that city with much interest, and of the kindness they had received from Mr. Winchester and family, and others there. We had a pleasant conversation of an hour.

The buildings, all being upon a hill, command a fine prospect over the city and surrounding country. The hill formerly was the seat of a large pagan temple, of which some portion of the buildings still remain. We remained there to tiffin, Mr. J. inviting me to come and spend a few days with them, when we resumed our walk, concluding not to make the whole circuit of the city, the weather was so hot.

We passed along near the wall, looking into the shops. They offered us tea at one shop, and the pipe to smoke. The inmates were very curious in their inquiries about me, — my name; how old I was; when I came; where I came from; what I was going to do; how many brothers I had; how old my father was, etc.; but, what seems queer, they never ask about my sisters, and seldom about my mother. This inquisitiveness is very irksome, until a person knows that it is Chinese custom, and not impertinence.

The shops were more numerous and more extensive than I have generally found before. On stopping for a few minutes at one, a crowd would collect around us, and nearly block up the street. As we walked

along the streets they would stop and look after us, as we should do if an elephant was being led through our streets. Children would run along ahead, telling their friends, and gaze at us, standing along our way. They are not so fearful of foreigners here as in some other cities. The beggars are very importunate, following us in such numbers and so closely that we had to turn and drive them off. One of the party told them that if they came to his house he would give them something to eat. They did not regard this, but, trotting along, would follow for miles, touching our elbows, running before us, and getting constantly in our way. Their plan was to annoy us in these various ways till we gave them cash to get rid of them, which they then take to the temples and gambling-houses, and gamble away. The missionaries, on account of the trouble it caused, do not now, as formerly, give them anything in the streets. Every day, more or less, the beggars come and receive something at their houses. My shoes chafing my feet, compelled me to take a chair home. The people seem pretty well-disposed, few using any insult towards us, though many were very coarse in their manners.

The bridges over the river are about twelve feet wide; and nearly one half of one side is taken up with stands for selling confectionery, toys, clothing, etc., so that, with the multitude crossing back and forth, coolies with their burthen, merchandise, chairs, boards, planks, poles, etc., it makes a crowded mass to get through.

I was home at three P. M., and took tea at seven with Rev. Mr. Peet, spending the evening with him, and there meeting Capt. Crawford, who came up last night. Capt. C. was amused at my adventures in his house. I told him that, had I known it was his house, I should have had a much more comfortable night.

Thursday, Nov. 29th. — Rev. Mr. White called this morning, and invited me to take a sail with him up the river. We went in his covered boat, with three Chinamen at the oars, passing leisurely along, and a little beyond the upper bridge. Mr. W. had his gun with him, and occasionally we had a shot at the wild fowl with which the river abounds. There were to be seen many ducks, herons, white paddy-birds, large birds of the crane species, cormorants and buzzards, though we could not get very near them.

We had a fine opportunity to view the far-famed "Fou-chow Bridge," which is built entirely of stone, and has stood the freshets of some hundreds of years. It has twenty-nine arches or spans, though I believe some enthusiastic writer has given it one hundred. Some of

the stone slabs or sleepers must be of great weight, measuring from forty-five to sixty feet in length, three feet in width, and two and a half thick. Spanning from pier to pier, it seems almost remarkable that they should resist their own weight. One has been broken and fallen into the water, and another has been lately replaced, it being raised into its proper position by making use of the rise and fall of the tide. The stone slab was floated up the river crosswise upon a junk to near the bridge. Temporary piers were built under each end of the stone, and when the tide fell it rested on them. The junk being lowered a number of feet by the same cause, the middle of the stone underneath was blocked up from the deck. When the tide rose, the vessel, blocking and slab, were lifted, and at the height of the tide the blocking was added to at each end on the piers holding it; and then again at the middle when the tide was down. In this way, after it was high enough, the boat was floated into the opening, and fastened with the slab poised above its intended bed, when, as the tide receded, the slab lowered itself into its place. The bridge, with another layer crosswise, was near six feet thick of stone. There are also low stone railings on the sides. The tide in the river is very strong. Even at this distance, — about thirty miles from the sea, — the boatmen had to make two attempts before we could get through the bridge, the water running like a sluice-way underneath, and carrying us down the stream.

We went several miles up the river, occasionally landing, and took short walks along the shore. Pretty groves of olive-trees, the guava and pumalo, attracted our attention. The river is very wide, and constantly widening from the banks washing in. It seems now almost like a long, irregular lake. Quantities of timber and rafts are fastened all along the shore. Mr. W. shot a cormorant and a paddy-bird, and I shot a buzzard. Arrived home at two P. M.

CHAPTER XLII.

LETTER TO A SISTER. — CHINESE CULPRIT. — RIDE AND WALK ON THE CITY WALLS. — CHINESE TROOPS. — TARGET-SHOOTING. — HOT SPRINGS. — THEATRE. — AUDIENCE. — RETREAT. — CHINESE LADIES.

LETTER TO SISTER L.

Fou-chow, China, Nov. 29th.

My dear Sister: To-day Mr. McClay and I dined with Rev. Mr. Peet and his family, meeting there the other missionaries. There were Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin; Mr. White, from New York, who entirely adopts the Chinese costume, and passes very well for a real Chinese; Mr. and Mrs. Peet, from Vermont; Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, from New Hampshire. Mr. McClay is from Concord, Pa. The missionaries here are all cheerful, adopting mirth and pleasantry at their meals, and in hours of recreation; and in conversation are quite entertaining. They have family worship morning and evening.

Friday, Nov. 30th. — Mr. J., the English consul, sent his sedan-chair down for me, and I went up to his house to make a short visit. At the dinner-table I had a long and very agreeable conversation with Mr. and Mrs. J., and, in the evening, passed up into the sitting-room, which is in a separate building, and reached by a flight of steps outside. These buildings were formerly a Chinese temple; but they have been converted into a residence, and this is now the most commanding seat in the city.

As I came up to-day I saw a Chinese prisoner sitting on the side of the street, chained, and with a large square board about his neck. He was placed there to serve as an example to others, for some offence he had committed. He looked so demure, and so ridiculous, that I could not help laughing, though he seemed to think it no laughing matter. The board, called the canque, was very thick and heavy, and made in two halves, to shut closely about his neck, and confined by a padlock.

Saturday, Dec. 1st. — I walked about the grounds, and upon the hill adjoining the place, where I had a fine view of all parts of the city. Towards night, with Mr. J., I took a horseback ride upon the city wall. He had two fine horses, and we rode to the north a distance of about three miles, passing through five or six towers.

It seems singular to speak of riding horseback upon the wall; but it is a very good place for such exercise, and, I believe, the only place where Mr. J. can ride. The top of the wall is fashioned like a wide trench, both of the sides being walled up with parapets several feet high. The towers are built in the walls, and rise above them, with a passage through, and gates. Some of them have cannon planted within — large, rusty, clumsy-looking things. One of the towers has a gate, which is let down or drawn up, commanding the communica-

tion of a canal beneath, which is arched over with stone, supporting the tower above, and is a great thoroughfare, where boats pass in or out of the city under the wall.

It was dark on returning, and I rode in fear of breaking my neck, as we had to pass up and down steep places, and several long flights of stone steps; but the ponies were sure-footed, and acquainted with the ground. Some of the gates were closed, and the boy, who followed on foot, attended to their being opened, which was readily done by the Chinese keepers. Some of the towers had no lights in them, and in one the guns lay scattered about, and I feared my horse would fall over them, or come in contact with the posts; for I could see nothing but darkness.

Sunday, Dec. 2d. — I took an early walk at sunrise, with the two young Misses J., about in the garden. How much I enjoyed this hour in their intelligent company, the ramble to the rocky pinnacle of the hill, the culling of flowers, the botanizing of them, and the accents of their happy voices in conversing, laughing, and prattling! We went in to breakfast at ten A. M. The consul reads prayers every Sunday in the drawing-room, which I attended; and then read the Scriptures an hour — my usual custom on the Sabbath. At the close of the day I took a horseback ride on the walls.

During the evening, hearing a great noise without, Mr. J. and myself ascended to the terrace on the top of the house to ascertain its cause. We found it to proceed from one of the towers on the wall, in which there was a quarrel among a party of Chinese men and women. Their only weapons were words, though most discordant ones. We remained upon the terrace, promenading, talking on Chinese affairs, enjoying a view of the dimly-lighted city, and listening to the conglomeration of ejaculated Chinese voices, till near twelve o'clock.

Monday, Dec. 3d. — To-day I concluded that I would make the circuit of the city, and visit the hot sulphur springs at its other side. Taking a chair and guide, I set out about eleven o'clock, and was carried upon the wall three miles, — as far as the hill over which the wall runs, and upon which it forms an angle occasionally, — getting out several times and stepping up into the embrasures, to take a look at the villages without. The country, being diversified with hills and valleys, irregular-shaped fields, canals, bridges, and large trees, with rows of gateways, looked pretty, and very picturesque. I passed the execution ground; a square piece of turfed ground outside of the wall, with one building on it, but nothing whatever to give it a distinguishing character.

In descending a long flight of steps, having sent the chair back, I gave my old Chinaman guide a run. They being steep and smooth, he, thinking I could not stand as well in my shoes as he in his great clumsy ones, took my hand to assist me. Pretending that I could not hold back, I gradually started into a run down, and drew the old fellow after me, much, as he thought, at the risk of his neck; he pulling back, with long exclamations, all the way down the flight. I had a good laugh; and he, perceiving the trick, had to laugh also, though considerably frightened.

At one place the soldiers were practising with their bows and arrows, — for the Tartar troops seldom, if ever, use guns, the Chinese troops only using the matchlocks — guns much like ours; but, instead of a flint, a lighted tow match is snapped on the priming. I took a seat upon the stone railing of the wall, to observe them. The place was an open, oblong space, below the walls and within the city. They had a target, of the size and shape of a man, with a circular spot painted on the breast, placed in the ground at the distance of perhaps forty or fifty paces. A mandarin sat in a chair on one side, in all the pomposity with which he could inflate himself, giving his important supervision to the affair. He reminded me of a strutting turkey-gobbler, with its head drawn into its feathers. The soldiers were dressed in short frocks, with thick skull-caps, clumsy, heavy shoes, and black leggins. They advanced in squads and fired, each six arrows, which they carried in a bundle on their backs. When any one took his turn, having fixed the arrow across the bow, he stepped forward with a spring of his legs, made a flourish with his bow in both hands, as if to clear the air of cobwebs, turned mechanically half around, with his left side in front, raised the bow with another flourish, until the arrow was at the height of his eye, and pulled the string, when the arrow flew into the neighborhood of the target. He then drew the other arrows from his quiver, and fired the six, one after the other; then another bowman, flourishing forward, took his place. The arrows generally went over the head of the target beyond, or fell on the ground a few feet short of it, failing in the height of the aim or the force applied to the bow. When an arrow did happen to hit the mark and stuck in the target, an air of vain satisfaction was visible in all his actions; and he would turn his face towards the place I sat, with an "Ar-r-r-r-h," and an expression of countenance which seemed to say, "Ah, that is the way we will serve the foreign devils!" I remained about half an hour, till they were through, seeing only four or five arrows take effect, and then resumed my way upon the wall.

Coming near the springs, we descended the wall, passing out the north gate, with a host of boys, and some men, following in our rear. They were rather noisy, and somewhat boisterous, and a few sticks and small stones were thrown; but they effected nothing of a serious nature, and a little way outside of the walls they fell off, one by one. At last we came to the springs, which are seven or eight in number, each one being four or five feet in diameter, and curbed by a wall. The water was so hot that I could not bear my hand in it. Some of the springs were enclosed under a kind of shed, and numbers of the Chinamen were bathing there, several of whom had eruptions on the skin, and some were affected with leprosy. In one of these pools, which was perhaps four feet wide, seven or eight men, covered with sores, were crowded in, leaving hardly room for another to stand in it. This spring was very strongly impregnated with sulphur. I could find no suitable place in which to take a bath myself. The baths seemed to be fully occupied, and as fast as one left another took his place, without any visible change of the water.

Again ascending the wall, we continued on stopping occasionally to

rest and to take a look of the country. A number of miles distant may be seen high mountains, which probably are the chemical laboratories of these hot springs.

On our way home, on the side of the city opposite to that which we had come, I observed, from the wall, a large temple on a hill, a short distance within the city, and took a stroll up to visit it. There were a great number of idols and priests about, and some people were worshipping. But, not liking the appearance and actions of the people of this part of the city, we returned to the wall again.

At another place I discovered, at a short distance from us, a crowd of people at what appeared a temple of some kind. I descended from the wall slowly, and soon discovered that the building was open in front, that it was a sing-song, or theatre, and that it was full of people: the square in front was also crowded full. My Chinaman followed me quietly until he perceived that I was advancing towards the theatre, when he endeavored to stop me. I explained to him, as well as I could, that I did not intend to go in among them, but merely to get where I could observe them a little. Only one way led to it; and I kept along beside a high plastered wall, to avoid, as much as possible, being seen by the people at the theatre. I was soon able to see the actors upon the stage, dressed in all their bright and gaudy colors and golden dresses; and, on the left side, the Chinese ladies in their beautiful green and blue embroidered silks. But I could not see as distinctly as I wished, and thought I would venture a little nearer, though my guide strongly protested. I knew that I could remain where I was but a few moments without being discovered; and that, if I went nearer, there would be no wall to screen me, and we should be discovered at once. It would, however, be after I had secured a nearer view; and, if it was necessary, I could retreat then as well as now. My guide drew his hand across his throat, pointing to them and then to me, to make me understand how they would serve me; and went through various evolutions to induce me to return. But I wished for a nearer view, and walked along up the hill towards them. In a few minutes one of the actors on the stage discovered me, and, for a moment, stopped and looked at me; then a man, one of the audience inside, saw me and looked; and then two or three of the actors and several of the audience outside, seeing them staring at something, turned and looked also. I continued to advance, and saw all eyes, both inside of the theatre and out, turned full upon me. The actors had evidently all forgotten their parts, and had come to a stand. The ladies looked the picture of consternation, and remained motionless as statuary, altogether presenting quite a natural tableau.

This lasted only a few moments, when, the first feeling of surprise being over, the mass seemed to be in commotion; and yet no one moved. Two or three Chinamen, the tallest of the crowd outside, were vehemently motioning me away with their hands. Those seated inside had risen, and one of them, who, I presume, was a mandarin, also motioned at me with *his* hand, as if with authority, and with great importance. I kept an eye on them, and thought it would look better to pass by and continue on my way than to turn back. I moved

a little to one side and went on a few steps, to see if there was an opening through beyond them. A passage extended a little distance upon the opposite side of the hill, and then seemed to be closed. Not wishing to be caught in a box of that kind, I retraced my steps, so that, if disposed, they should not cut me off; for, with an open way, I would risk my feet in a chase against their heavy shoes. I expected, however, that after they had seen me a few minutes their surprise would be over, and they would become quiet; but the longer I remained the more excited they became.

The crowd outside soon began to move towards me with a threatening aspect, and some of them came near, and stood staring at me. I thought it best to beat a retreat, but not a flying one, and came off the ground in good order, — turning my back and walking slowly away, escorted by a small company of Chinese who followed behind. When they increased their speed to come up with me, I increased mine also; so that I kept them at about the same distance from me, though some of the boys ran along by my side, crying out, and now and then advancing forward to peep into my face. The majority of those who started in the escort were left scattered along the way. Some went a little distance and then turned back, and others stood and looked until I was out of sight; and when I was upon the wall again, I could see them on the hill in front of the theatre gazing over at me. Entering one of the towers which continue at intervals all the way along the wall, I saw, near its centre, a party of well-dressed, small-footed ladies. Knowing their horror of foreigners, my first thought was how to avoid them. I could not go back and descend into the street below, for there I should encounter the gang from the theatre. There was no time for consideration; and I concluded that I would prefer to take my chance with the ladies than with the men, although I might get into some difficulty by disturbing them. I walked briskly forward in a line directly behind them, so that they should not see me, prepared for a great scream, and turned one side to go past. Their heads were uncovered, and, as I came up, I saw distinctly several very pretty, small-featured, doll-like faces. Their hands rested on each other's shoulders for support, and they tottled along on their small feet, like so many infants learning to walk. Their dresses were of several different kinds of silk, and I think each one was dressed in three different colors — bright green, blue, and purple. The outside frock was of one color, the skirt of another, and the trousers of another, each overlapping the other, contrasting richly. All the dresses were prettily figured with embroidery, and some very beautifully so. I kept along at an angle a little outside, watching the Chinamen behind, and observing what I could; and I had a good look at them, for I knew it could make the matter no worse, so long as they did not see me. Soon one turned her head towards me, probably from hearing footsteps different from the Chinese. I was careful to turn my head, at the same moment, towards the opposite side, as if I did not see them; but a scream of "Fanqui loo" (foreign devils), or something similar, followed, which was caught up by the others as soon as their heads could turn to see me. I expected them to fall to the ground in their fright,

but they caught hold of each other confusedly, and, huddling together and screaming, they hobbled, as fast as their small feet and stiffened ankles would admit, into a corner of the tower, and buried their faces in each other's dresses. They did not make half so much ado as I had expected; but they made enough. Their screams attracted the attention of the Chinese; though I thought, by the glimpse I had of the men, that they seemed to be rather amused about it than otherwise. I passed on out of the door of the tower, and left them still huddled up in the corner, with their faces covered, and did not remain to see the result. Poor creatures! I am sorry, but I presume I was the cause of broken rest to them that night. I hurried on; the Chinamen behind followed some distance past the tower, and the boys threw small stones and sticks at me; but I kept out of their way, increasing my pace whenever I saw the distance between us being diminished. They found, after a while, that they could not overtake me in their clumsy shoes; and, giving up the chase, they turned and went back. I arrived home at four in the afternoon, pretty tired, and, dining, spent the evening in a long and interesting conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

Tuesday, Dec. 4th. — Arose at seven, and took a stroll over the garden and upon the hill with the dogs, giving them a chase among the rocks. Taking a chair, I returned to Mr. McClay's. Mrs. J. and the two daughters were going to Nan Ti, a place on the other side of the river, where the missionaries reside; and we all went in company. The train of the three chairs, with the consular servants following, attracted considerable attention from the Chinese, and as we passed along many ran to get a peep at us. They were the most curious to see the foreign ladies; and did not seem to perceive any impropriety in running along beside their chairs, holding on with one hand, and putting their heads round in front to get a good view of their faces.

Truly yours, B. L. B.

Thursday, Dec. 6th. — After dining we went, with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, and Rev. Mr. Baldwin, to look at the ruins of a fire which we were called up to see at four o'clock this morning. It had broken out just across the river, and was burning furiously. It illumined the city and country for many miles around. Fortunately there was no wind, the flames and smoke rising perpendicularly upward, in one immense column. The confused voices of the Chinese could be distinctly heard with the crackling timbers and crashing of falling tiles. The fire ceased only when it had burnt itself out. The Chinese have no means of quelling a fire but by pulling down the buildings. Some of the Portuguese from the lorchas went to the spot, and assisted very much with their axes. We found numerous beggars on the ground, pulling over the rubbish for nails and old iron.

This morning, at daylight, some of the Chinese living near us have

been very busy bringing away trash for fire-wood, and there is now nothing left on the ground of any value. At fires, the Chinese custom allows any one to carry away, without molestation, whatever can be found among the ruins.

Friday, Dec. 7th. — This morning early, Rev. Mr. Collins, Rev. Mr. McClay, and myself, started off and made a visit to the monastery. This is called the "Chusan Monastery," and is one of the most interesting objects of its kind. But, as I have spoken of others, I shall say very little about this.

A covered boat took us to a point six miles below, upon the opposite side of the river; we landed and walked across the rice-fields, passing through two villages. We then ascended the mountain by a flight of winding stone steps. Along the way we saw Chinese women and boys were raking the sides of the hills, among the small pines, to gather grass, leaves, &c., for fire-wood; and others were carrying large bundles of it on their backs, down to their houses in the village below. We arrived at the monastery about ten, noticing by the way many pretty birds, and one pheasant, in its bright plumage.

This monastery is of the Buddhist order, and is much like the one at Ningpoo. It is situated in a gap, sheltered by the hills, and almost enveloped by trees; but in front, looking through the branches, it commands a view of the river below, extensive and pretty.

* * * * * * *

We came next to a large pen, where were kept a number of fowls, geese, ducks, hens, and cocks; and, in another adjoining, there were some hogs. These are sent here by individuals, who, believing they perceive something remarkable about the animals, and superstitiously thinking to do some great service to their Josh, pay the monks for keeping them in the temple. One goose was very large in size; another had a broken wing, which grew hovering over its body; another had a peculiar jerking motion of one leg in walking; one duck was very long, and dragged the hinder part of its body upon the ground; one cock had feathers growing upon its legs down to the feet; one of the hogs had double fore-feet, and others had other peculiarities.

The bell of the monastery appears to be kept constantly tolling, striking about once a minute. I went in and saw an old monk ringing it; he was standing under the bell, holding a book in one hand, with the other hold of the rope, which was fastened to the tongue. He was gazing intently into his book of Chinese characters, mumbling

and chanting away by himself as if the fate of the Chinese nation was depending upon what he was doing, and now and then giving a convulsive pull at the bell-rope. Other monks were sitting stupidly about on low stools, looking vacantly into empty space.

We hastened away, and followed a crooked path, up hill and down, to a spring, which is situated in a wild, romantic place, among the rocks and trees. Chinese characters were cut into the high rocks all about us. We visited a pretty grove back of the buildings, where were a number of large tombs rising up, one above the other, on the slope of the hill. And then we crossed over the hill back to our path, descended the long flights of steps, and arrived home at four P. M.

CHAPTER XLII.

LEAVE FOU-CHOW. — ESCAPE OF MISSIONARIES FROM PIRATES. — ON BOARD THE "DENIA" FOR HONG-KONG. — CALL AT CHIN-CHEW. — AMOY AND NAMOO. — ARRIVE AT HONG-KONG.

SATURDAY, *Dec. 8th.* — Learning of the arrival of the "Denia," Captain Barcham, at the Minn station, and that this will be my only opportunity for some weeks, I have concluded to go down to Hong-Kong in her, and hastened my professional and other engagements, dining with Rev. Mr. Cummings. "Old Long-Legs" (a Chinaman, who goes under this name because of his long legs) runs a kind of express-boat, and is to take me down in his boat.

In the evening I called, on my way to the boat, at Rev. Mr. Peet's, where I met Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who had just returned from a visit to the north. I made their acquaintance, as single people, while staying at Ningpoo, and was quite surprised to see them here a married couple. They came down in a Portuguese lorcha. I had just time to hear a few particulars of their narrow escape from pirates. Since I left them at Ningpoo they had occasion to visit Shanghae, and to cross that Chapoo bay so infested with pirates, and which I had crossed a short time before. They hired a Chinese boat at Ningpoo, and started. During the first part of the passage Mr. J. was quite sick, and was lying down. Mrs. J. being up, and happening to understand their dialect, overheard the boatmen arranging for

their destruction. Mr. Johnson was to be killed and thrown overboard at night, &c. &c. &c. She immediately communicated the intelligence to her husband. They contrived to make an excuse, and to land as soon as possible at a city on the way. There they made known the facts to a mandarin, and procured his assistance in prosecuting their journey. The pirates were not delivered up to justice, the mandarin fearing the revenge of their pirate friends. Had the pirates succeeded in their designs, their journey would have included both their marriage and their death ; they having been married but a little before, and this being their wedding trip.

Bidding adieu to all my pleasant acquaintances in Fou-chow-foo, Rev. Mr. McClay saw me safely down to the boat; and under the direction of " Old Long-Legs " the lights of Fou-chow soon disappeared from my sight.

On board ship " Denia," coast of China, Sunday, December 9th. — Arrived here, at the Minn River station, before light this morning. I did not sleep any on the way, though I made many efforts to do so : and, notwithstanding my new fur robe, a la Chinese, in which I was enveloped, I was quite cold. The boat was small, and I was obliged to curl down on my mattress, under the steering-oar, with no room for my head or feet, and scarcely any for my body ; and " Old Long-Legs," I fear, was crowded from his usual resting-place ; for he occupied a place in the open air, between the rowers. I had a cover above me, though open before and behind, and was but little wet by the drizzling rain that came down in the night.

The " Denia " got under way at daylight; but, the weather being rainy and thick, she was obliged to return, to wait till to-morrow morning.

Monday, December 10th. — We were off again at daylight. Captains C. and H. came on board, and, taking breakfast, went a little way out with us, returning in their boat. As we got outside, the sea became rough, and we had a disagreeable day. At night we came to anchor under the Lamoietts — a mountainous part of the coast, if not two islands that appear to make a part of the main land. We saw a fleet of pirates lying at anchor in a bay near the mouth of the Minn river. One junk outside, Captain B. said, was reconnoitring ; but they know the " Denia," and other coasting-vessels, so well that they would not make an attack without some advantage to start with.

Captain B. has given orders to have a strict watch kept to-night. We are now at anchor near the Lamoietts (islands) not far from

where the Chinese pilot ran us aground, when going up, some weeks since.

Tuesday, December 11th. — At four this morning we left our anchorage, and in six hours arrived again at the opium station of Chin-chew, being less than a day from Fou-chow.

In the afternoon Captains King and Miller came on board the "Denia" and stopped to dinner; after which we went ashore, and took a horseback ride. I spent the eve with Captain K., and at an early hour came back to the "Denia." It blows very hard this eve, and I am very glad to be inside the harbor.

Wednesday, December 12th. — Breakfasted with Captain M., and got off at eleven A. M. on our way down the coast. Arrived at the opium station at the islands, off Amoy, at five P. M., in six hours. Anchored, and went up to Amoy, with Captain Barcham, in Captain Priestman's boat. Took tea at Rev. Mr. Doty's, there meeting Mr. Morrison from the consulate. Remained at Mr. D.'s over night.

Friday, December 14th. — Under way before light this morning. Passed Chapel Island — a large rocky mass, with a hole through from one side to the other. Had light winds all the forenoon; could not reach Nammo to-day, and at night came to anchor in a deep bay, with islands all around us.

It is pretty dark, and a few lights may be seen in different places, glimmering along the shore. Many of the islands seem to be only bare rocks. The captain, this eve, before retiring, says,

"Is it your watch, Mr. Watson?"

"Yes, sir," answered the mate.

"Well, keep a good look-out, keep half the men on deck, — guns all ready. If any boat comes along, let her have it. Let me know, at twelve o'clock, what the weather is. If she drives, call me."

Saturday, December 15th. — We hoisted the anchor and sailed at five; and reached Nammo, the opium station, at eleven A. M. The "Emma" was coming in, — eighteen days from Hong-Kong. We left at three P. M., and dashed along, under shortened sail, at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

Sunday, December 16th. — Arrived in Hong-Kong about ten this forenoon, in less than two days and a half from Amoy. I called at Mr. Drinker's, and found there, from all sources, between thirty and forty letters; and was much rejoiced at receiving so much news from home, and all so good.

LETTER TO SISTER H.

Hong-Kong, Tuesday, December 18th.

My dear Sister H.: The "Heber," Captain J. Patterson, from California, arrived yesterday. He, as you know, was formerly from Northboro, and we had a pleasant conversation together. I have been busy, most of the day, in my room, overhauling boxes and trunks, and attending to various things. All are at the theatre this evening but Mr. M. and myself, and we have been enjoying a pleasant chat, all to ourselves.

Wednesday, December 19th. — I should have gone to Canton to-day, had there been any opportunity. I intend to go there and to Macao, and then to take up my departure for America.

Thursday, December 20th. — Took the steamboat at twelve for Canton. As we were going out of the harbor, the steamer bringing the overland mail was just coming in. Much interest, of course, was manifested by the passengers, all expecting news from home, and they wished the steamboat to turn back; but we kept on. The fare to Canton, including one meal, is eleven dollars and fifty cents. At ten in the evening we got aground within three miles of Canton, and, there being so many junks in the river, the captain thought best to come to anchor. Some of the passengers took sampans and went on, and others remained on board till morning. As there were some cushioned seats to lie upon, I preferred to remain.

Friday, December 21st. — Early this morning we found ourselves on the way again; and, after all our anchoring last night, ran into a Chinese country craft, and sunk her. She was laden to the water's edge with wood, &c., and went down before we had passed her. We were going very slow, and the bell was continually rung. I could not see or hear what became of the crew on board. A great many boats gathered round the scene, catching at planks, sticks, pieces of board and wood, and all the floating articles, without looking after their fellow-beings who were drowning. A queer set of people! I asked the captain if the steamboat company was liable for accident to the Chinese boats. He said, "They pay for the boat — that 's all." So I suppose there is nothing said of the lives of the Chinese who are lost.

A great noise is wafted off to us, as if there was a row among the Chinese on shore. Anchored in front of the factories. What a clamor and cackling there is among the boat-girls, as they strive with each other to be first with their boats at the steamer! They crowd around the steps, pulling, pushing and screaming, laughing, scolding, crying, hallooing, swearing, crowding and jamming, scowling and scratching, and only not actually fighting. It is a Babel of confusion in miniature.

I went to Acowo's hotel; found living there Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, a former acquaintance in America; and afterwards made calls on a few friends.

Saturday, December 22d. — Everything seems so new, and yet so natural, that I wish to be going about all the time and looking. I

made a visit with Dr. P. to his Chinese hospital, and afterwards to one of his patients, — Mr. B., who had both his legs shot through by the Chinese pirates, both bones being shattered by the balls. He is getting along remarkably well.

Sunday, December 25th. — Christmas day. Christmas dinner with Dr. H., meeting there Dr. B. and family, and Rev. Mr. F. I remain at Dr. H.'s over to-night, to be ready for an excursion up the river early to-morrow morning. While I came down this morning to Dr. H.'s from the factories, which is about a mile, my new boy being unacquainted with the streets, I thought, as we arrived opposite the gate of the walls, it would be a good opportunity to make an attempt to enter within the city; and put the resolve into execution, the result of which was, that I was hustled out, as I had expected. I knew well that it was prohibited to foreigners; that I should, of course, be at my own risk; but the project had occurred to me several times in passing, and I was determined to go in some way or other, or at least to make the trial. Desiring not in any way to implicate the boy, as he might in consequence lose his head, my first object was to get him out of sight, so that he should not know which way I had gone, and then, if I met with any difficulty, it might, perhaps, appear to the Chinese authorities that the boy did not know the way, and that I had got in by mistake. So, instead of passing by as usual, the boy, walking ahead, took the left, and I turned directly round, and mingled in with the throng of Chinese who were entering by one of the principal thoroughfares. Those in the streets did not pay much attention to me until I was under the arch of the gate; when I perceived, from the stir among them, that they were taking notice of it. I had let my boy get so far ahead as not to have an opportunity to speak to me, to tell me that I was wrong; and I knew he could not get to me, for the crowd, even if he should ascertain where I had gone. Once inside, I paid no regard to the people around me, but pushed along quietly, as if in a hurry. The gate-keepers called out to me, but I appeared not to hear them, and crowded by one after the other, as fast as I was able. The streets began to be pretty closely filled, and I found it difficult to get along. Still I kept on, as if not understanding anything, and as if wholly absorbed within myself. Some of the Chinese tried to stop me by putting their hands before me; but I contrived to get by. I heard the frequent calls of, "Fan-qui-loa! fan-qui-loa! wilo, wilo, fan-qui-loa! (Foreign Devil! Foreign Devil! Clear out, clear out, Foreign Devil!") as I continued to crowd through them. I felt the hands of the gate-keepers patting my shoulders, and heard their voices very near. Still I would understand nothing, — merely turning my head and graciously bowing, and then pushing ahead, leaving them amazed behind. The people seemed to pour in from the side streets, and, those already in stopping, it began to be hard work. The hands came oftener on my shoulders, and with more pressure; and the voices were more frequent, and more positive. The narrow streets could not remain long free, they being soon thronged by any excitement, and it was next to impossible to continue to elude my pursuers. I turned my head often, and bowed as politely as I could, and with all due defer-

ence, till at length the streets became so solidly blocked with people, and the demands of the gate-keepers so imperative, that I could not proceed further without using more force than I thought proper to exert under the circumstances. I also found a Chinaman on each side of me, whom, from their authoritative manner, I knew must be the gate-keepers. There was considerable confusion around; yet I could see that the city was similar beyond to what it was between me and the gate; and I allowed myself, from necessity, to be turned around by the two Chinamen. As I looked at them with much surprise, I think they believed that I had got in by mistake. They pulled me along, not very roughly, but crying out, incessantly, "Wilo! Wilo!" In returning I had time to observe the city, but found nothing different from that part of it outside the walls. I should say, however, that things appeared to be a little more close and tidy, and the streets somewhat cleaner and drier. The stores I should think were not so numerous, as the buildings seemed to have more the character of dwelling-houses. I was conducted safely outside the gates again, without any accident further than the loss of my handkerchief, which was adroitly taken from my pocket during the melée, and the chagrin, if it may be so called, of being forcibly ejected from the city. But my curiosity was gratified, at least to a certain extent.

Wednesday, December 26th. — Dr. B. called for us early this morning, and, after partaking of a light breakfast, we stepped into the boat and pushed off, directing our course up the stream. The river at this hour was crowded with boats, and it was with some trouble that we could get along for a mile, and that quite slowly. Above the factories it was very easy, as the moving boats were comparatively few. We passed through the gate, which is formed by two hills, one on each side of the river; went up twenty-five miles, and landed at a village called Golden Hill. Here, on a small eminence, was an old monastery, ancient and interesting. We entered, and saw the priests and idols, but nothing much different from any other temple. The people showed no signs of hostility towards us, but were generally rough and uncouth in their manners. Some made coarse remarks about us, but, as I did not understand Chinese, ignorance was, perhaps, pleasanter. We distributed some religious tracts, which the monks and other Chinese received with eagerness, though the monks smiled sinisterly. We touched at several villages on our return, and arrived home at dark. In the evening, after tea at Dr. H.'s, I walked up to the factories in company with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who pass through the streets in this part without any fear.

Saturday, December 29th. — To-day we made a pleasant excursion into the country, a distance of eight miles, and visited the monastery at the "White Cloud Mountains." Our party consisted of Dr. H., Dr. B., Miss B., Dr. Bowring, Mr. Meadows, Mr. French, and myself. At six o'clock we left, passing out to the open country, and pursued a winding course along the edge of a valley to the hills. We had for the party one chair, which answered to carry the tracts for distribution, our food, and for any one to ride who should desire. We distributed tracts to the people, which seemed to open the way for our

proceeding without molestation. We arrived at the hills about ten, and ascended by a long flight of stone steps to the top. After resting, we visited the apartments devoted to the Chinese idols, sacred animals, &c., had a view from the heights beyond the monastery, and, returning, took our lunch seated upon a tomb within a grove of pine-trees. Descending, we passed through the leper village, crossed the Chinese military parade-ground, and returned by the opposite gate, making the circuit of the city. The people were civil through the whole route, and ready to receive the tracts.

I have heard the population of the city of Canton so variously estimated, from one million and a half to two and a half, that I will here give it from the Chinese official document of 1847.

Within the city walls, 365,400 ; outside the walls, 164,800,	530,400
Water population, or those living in boats upon the river,	193,200
	723,400

This does not include the transient people, or the imperial army, which, with the increase up to the present time, must be considerable more. Then the population of Canton is between seven and eight hundred thousand, and not a million. Yours, truly, B. L. B.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LETTER TO A SISTER-IN-LAW. — VISIT TO THE SECOND BAR PAGODA. — SINGULAR ROCKS, OR PALISADOES. — CURIOUS BASIN. — ROW OF CAVES. — CRUMBLING PAGODA. — ANCIENT WALL. — LETTER TO A BROTHER. — EXECUTION GROUND AT CANTON. — STATISTICS OF EXECUTIONS FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. — DESCRIPTIONS OF THE FACTORIES. — THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHINESE. — LETTERS ON THE MANUFACTURE AND PREPARATION OF TEA.

LETTER TO A SISTER.

Canton, China, January 1st, 1850.

My dear Sister E. C. B. : This day, in company with Dr. B., Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, and Rev. Mr. Bonney, I made a boat excursion down the river, twenty to twenty-five miles, to what is called the second bar pagoda, — a place some three or four miles inland, on the right bank of the river.

I went down last evening to Dr. B.'s house, and spent the night, — his house being some two miles below the factories ; and this morning, at light, we had our coffee, and, stepping into the sampan, were on our way. When near Whampoa, ten miles below, we passed in sight of Mr. Everett's monument, which is plainly seen upon the hill-side of a pretty green island. Afterwards, at the town, we called for the two other gentlemen who were to accompany us ; and had a pleasant sail down the river, landing about ten o'clock. We left our boat, and proceeded on the bank of a creek, through a flat of rice-fields,

towards the high land. We passed through two or three hamlets, and found the people well disposed. Our only arms for defence were our umbrellas, and missionary tracts, which we distributed, as we passed along, to those at work in the fields or those at home in their houses.

Following a grove of banana-trees for half a mile, the unripe fruit still hanging among the huge leaves, we came to the base of the heights, where we had a fine view before us.

A whole line of rocks, not unlike those on the Hudson river, and upwards of a hundred feet high, extended along in a circular form, until lost to the sight. And in the background was the pagoda and a deserted wall, upon an eminence about two miles off, and very much higher than the rocks before us.

The fissures in the rocks were nearly perpendicular, and the seams ran horizontally, so that those portions carried away gave the remaining masses a regular jointed appearance. At first they seemed to me more like the ruins of an old castle ; Dr. B. thought that they now remained just as they had been formed, and changed only by the action of natural causes and the lapse of time. But Mr. Bridgeman and I thought them to be an artificial work, which had been quarried at some former time ; while Mr. Bonney, I believe, was undecided in his opinion. We instanced, in support of our theory, the regular mathematical cuts and divisions in the rocks ; the marks of the chisel on them ; the various apartments uniting with each other ; single columns of stone standing alone ; square vats dug out of the solid rock at the base, and full of water, probably for the use of the workmen ; and we accounted for the absence of fragments on the ground on the probability that they were all carried away and used in building their dikes, and the walls for their cities, &c. But I will not trouble you with these items ; neither party could convince the other of wrong conclusions. If it is the work of nature, it is a place of great interest ; but if artificial, it is of comparatively little interest.

At short intervals the country presented new appearances. Sometimes it was all rock for several hundred feet ; then for a corresponding distance there would be earth, grass, shrubs, and then a hill-side, steep, and jagged, with rocky edges. In one place there was a perfectly smooth surface, from fifty to a hundred feet wide, its whole height being plane like the side of a house, except that it inclined from the top, inwardly. And at a little distance there was an appearance as if cornices and buttresses had been hewn, and left standing out from the solid rock, and blocks cut into other forms, without any apparent design. We asked some laborers near the spot what the place was. They said, " People carried away stone from there two hundred years ago." But we could learn nothing satisfactory from such a class of persons.

Our time being limited, we hurried on, climbed the hill, and, after a walk of half a mile, over the high land, came to a great hollow, — a large basin formed in the ground, though at one side it had a natural opening leading out into the low flats. This was quite a novelty. The basin would probably contain two or three acres ; and near the centre was a small pond, walled in with stone, and filled with water

of a red color, which flowed in a small stream from it through a small town outside. The stone about here is all of the red sand-stone kind, which may account for the color of the water.

On the opposite side of the basin is a row of caves or chambers, in the form of a semi-circle, opening out of the side of a hill, and resembling a row of sheds at a country meeting-house, though much larger. Dr. B. contends that they are all natural excavations. But I could not call them so, hardly more than I could the pagoda on the brow of the hill.

It is true that where there exists any peculiar formation of the ground the Chinese will add and subtract, combining nature and art, until they make the place a curiosity. In this case, doubtless the remarkable formation of the grounds, and the ledge of sand-stone encircling the inside of the hollow, suggested to the Chinese the idea of the excavations. The more that particular places naturally differ from the general appearance of nature, the more importance do the Chinese seem to attach to them as localities for sacred purposes, — for the sites for temples, tombs, &c. A great majority of their temples are erected in such places ; and often much of nature is worked in with art, — their work being so planned that a large stone boulder shall make some part of the building ; or steps cut out of the solid rock, the flight of stairs leading to it ; or a zigzag path, winding around over a natural bridge, perhaps passing near or under an old crooked, gnarled-up tree, is made to form the way to the grounds. They hew down the side of a rock for an inscription-post, and many other things of a like character.

Here each of the rooms opens out of the solid rock, forming nearly a square within : it is arched in front outside, though the ceiling within is not arched. Pillars from the natural rock have been left, sufficient to support the immense weight overhead. These stand in a circular line, in front, forming in part the divisions to the rooms, as well as the support of the arches. The ceiling is about twenty-five feet high, and the rooms about fifteen or twenty feet deep and wide. The apartments generally communicate, and often with hardly any division between them. Some of the rooms at the end of the circle were very low, and bear some appearance of having been washed out by the sea at some former time. They extend back for some distance, narrowing in height until they end in a single fissure at the extremity, with large pillars of solid rock here and there, as if supporting the mass above. Some places were so low that one must stoop to walk beneath them ; at others, one could pass completely through underneath the hill, and come out at the other side. The rooms and pillars of this part appear to have been worked upon, but never finished.

The design of these rooms I cannot imagine. The only one in use is that which a few priests occupy for a Josh-house, containing all the necessary appendages, idols, incense, &c., to a temple of worship. The other rooms were all empty, and apparently unused. The Josh-house probably is for the use of the village near by.

At the extreme end of this circle and in front is a square well, or cistern, sunk deep into the solid rock, and partially filled with water.

As I went up to examine it, my friend, fearful that I should fall in, begged me not to go near it. I wished to see what signs or marks of implements there might be on it, but, at his very earnest entreaties, I desisted. He said that it made him giddy to look near it, and he considered it a most dangerous place to approach. This well, I am confident, must be artificial, and supplied by rains.

Leaving this place, we crossed over the hill into a deep valley, and ascended the other mountain, upon the top of which stood the pagoda. This is nearly two hundred feet high, but not as handsome as several of the other pagodas on the river, and is beginning to crumble to pieces. It is like two hollow cones, one within the other, with a narrow passage and steps winding between these two walls, nearly to the top.

We all started to go up, when Mr. Bonney, concluding it to be dangerous, remained below. We however went about half way, when, seeing the decaying nature of the walls, and that, in some places overhead, the bricks had fallen out, and others just ready to drop, Dr. B. turned back. Mr. Bridgeman and I passed on about thirty feet further, examining above, below, and around, to see if it was safe, when he concluded to retreat also. I then went on alone, wishing to get a view from the top. I proceeded slowly and carefully, and reached the terminus of the steps, and there I found the skeleton of a Chinaman lying on the floor, curled up, just as he lay apparently when he died. He probably went up there to die, like many others, in accordance with some superstitious belief.

We left the pagoda, and within a hundred yards came to a high circular wall, eight or ten feet thick, and enclosing a few acres of ground. From the heaps of earth inside, and its appearance generally, we concluded that it had been inhabited, though all now was covered with green turf. Perhaps this was a place of retreat for those who made the excavations in the rocks, and also for those who built the pagoda. No doubt they are connected in some way. I intended to have noticed if the stone composing the wall was of the same kind as that of the sheds, or excavations, but, in the heat and fatigue, it was forgotten. We arrived home safely, at eight in the evening, fatigued, but much pleased, with the excursion.

Yours, &c. B. L. B.

LETTER TO BROTHER S.

Canton, China, Jan. 2d.

My dear Brother: Dr. B. accompanied me this morning, before breakfast, to the execution ground, which is in this quarter of the city, and there we met Dr. Bowring, and a young German prince, who, on account of the present troubles there, is now in the British navy. They had come, like ourselves, out of curiosity, to see the execution ground of the Chinese. It is a narrow strip of ground, about fifteen or twenty feet wide, and, perhaps, two hundred feet long; very unlike that at Fou-chow, which is a square plot of some two acres, outside the city, and covered with green turf. A row of dirty-looking houses on one side open upon it; and, on the opposite side, is a

high brick wall, separating it from the other buildings. A street crosses at each end, which, at the time of an execution, are both barricaded, to keep out the rabble.

I looked to discover evidences of its having been used as the execution ground; but at first saw none. A little further on, in a kind of pen made of wooden rails against the wall, were about thirty heads, with the long tails, or braids of hair, still attached to them, thrown together promiscuously, like heads of calves in a slaughter-house. On each head was attached a wooden label, giving the name of its proprietor, and that of the prison in which he had been confined. Some of the heads looked as if just severed from their bodies; others were beginning to decay; and others were quite advanced in a state of decomposition. It was a very disgusting sight.

On a little dry ground, a few feet from this, were several dark-looking spots, the blood-stains of seven unfortunate creatures, executed only two or three days since.

As a curiosity, I picked up one of the detached labels lying on the ground; but the doctor persuaded me not to take it away, the Chinese being very superstitious on these points. They might think, perhaps, that the soul of the man to whom the label belonged was also being carried away by the Fanqui.

The number of criminals put to death in the whole of China must be very great. In only one city, Canton, for instance, but which includes all from the two provinces called the two Cantons, with a population estimated at thirty-one millions, there were executed, during thirteen years prior to 1847, four thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven persons.

From that number, there were beheaded by the cutlass, . .	4751
There were strangled 113 men and 10 women, ...	123
Cut to pieces (one form of which, as some say, is by slicing alive from the feet), 12 men and 11 women, ...	23
Making in all, ...	4897

This would average 372 for each year, more than one a day.

The whole number of females was 21, of whom 12 were strangled at the cross, and 11 cut to pieces.

The above statement is said to be taken from the executioner's books.

The account for 1848 is lost.

The number executed in 1849 was 725, among whom there was only one woman.

The whole number for 1850 was 444, of which there was one woman decapitated.

In 1851, including three women cut up, there were in all 871 executions.

The whole number for 1852 was 906, of which one woman and three men were cut to pieces, and one man strangled.

For 1853, including four men cut to pieces, there were 1427 punishments by death.

By this we perceive that the number of executions increases each year, which, no doubt, is owing to the political state of the country since the commencement of the rebellion; for the present dynasty does not hesitate to execute its political offenders. If this is a fair criterion by which to reckon the other provinces, it would give, in the whole of China, for 1853, between fifteen and twenty thousand persons executed.

Friday, Jan. 4th. — Took a boat and went up to breakfast with Dr. Hobson. Dr. H. is a missionary-physician, of the London mission, and has a hospital here. I was present at the religious service there, the discourse being in the Chinese language, to a Chinese audience, by a converted Chinaman, named Leang Afa. After this the doctor examined and prescribed for quite a crowd of patients, each one coming in his or her turn. Each interview, where there are so many, must, of course, be short. I remained to tiffin, and returned to the factories early in the afternoon.

I might as well, in this connection, attempt to give you an idea of what the factories are. They are not cotton-mills, as some have supposed, but they constitute the homes of the foreigners in Canton. They are a collection of buildings like a small city; and are called factories, from their being the place of *factors*, or commercial agents, of English or American houses, who do business here. The factories are composed of several blocks of buildings, standing a little way back upon the banks of Pearl river (river of Canton), with two squares in front for gardens, and enclosed by a wall from the Chinese part. As you come to anchor in the river, the view that strikes one is a front line of two blocks of buildings, from two to three stories high, facing the river; and before them two pretty gardens, displaying their green foliage; and from the left extends another line, at right angles down to the water; upon the right is simply a wall, with a creek beyond. The gardens are in form slightly oblong, containing from one to two acres each. They are tastefully laid out into hard gravel and chunam walks, with patches of trees, shrubbery, plants, flowers, and green sward, and constitute what are called English and American gardens.

The factories, mostly of stone, with slate or tile roofs, appear more like the dwelling-houses in our cities than they do like mercantile buildings; but they answer the purposes of both. In their lower part are the offices and places for business; in their upper stories are the dwellings, with fine verandas, enclosed by green blinds; which, in cold weather, are closed, and in warm thrown open; while in their rear are the stores for merchandise. There is a continuation of the same kind of buildings, extending back from those in front, for an eighth or tenth of a mile, to a wall which separates this from the Chinese part. Opening through each of the front buildings is an arched passage-way, leading also back to the division wall; and these passage-ways with their buildings constitute what are called the Hongs.

The English part is better laid out than the American, having a large, open street passing through the centre, back to the Chinese

division, a passage-way on each side, and sundry cross streets intersecting. The English and American factories front their respective gardens. The English now have a chapel in their garden, which is quite an ornament to the grounds of both.

The following is the Lord's prayer, translated into Chinese of the court dialect. It begins at the right, after the manner of writing by the Chinese, the lines reading downward, and the columns towards the left; as kindly furnished me by a friend, and used by the missionaries in their schools.

ching — deliver
go — us
chuh — out of
gŏ, — evil
e — for
kwŏ — kingdom
keuen — power
yung, — glory
keae — all
urh — thou
so — which
yew, — possession
yuen } to
keih }
she — age } forever.
she,— age }
koo — sincerely
so — what
yuen } we desire
yay. }

so — what
seu — needed
che — of
leang, — food
kin } to-day
jih }
seih — give
go, — us
go — we
meen — forgive
jin — men's
foo, — debts
kew — beg
meen — forgive
go — our
foo, — debts
pe — lead
wuh — not
go — us
she, — (into) temptation

woo — Our
foo — father
tsae — in
teen, — heaven
yuen — desire
urh — thy
ming — name
shing, — holy
urh — thy
kwŏ — kingdom
lin } come
kih, }
urh — thy
che — will
tih } done
shing, }
tsae — in
te — earth
jo — as
teen, — heaven

Any one who would like to count ten in Chinese, by saying, with the broad sound to *a*, yat, yee, sam, sz, ng, lok, tsat, pát, kow, sháp, will already have accomplished it.

The Chinese characters for writing seem to have been originally simple drawings of the objects they wished to represent, and afterwards modified to suit circumstances and convenience.

For instance, to give the idea of rain, a character was formed to represent rain by a kind of dome for the sky, inside of which little dots like rain extended down in two rows.

To write "sun," they made a circle, with a dot in the centre.

For "morning," they made the character for sun above a line.

To give an idea of "Above" was by a dot above a line.

"Below" was by a dot below a line.

"Brightness," by characters of the sun and moon together.

"Mountain," by a peak and two valleys.

"Forest," by drawings representing two trees, each with two curves upon an upright line, one upward and one downward.

"Obstructed," by the characters of two gate-posts, with that for tree in the passage-way.

To convey the idea of a man striking another was by four charac-

ters, for man, head, nail and man, grouped into one hieroglyphic; literally, a man striking the head of a nail.

Saturday, Jan. 5th. — I walked through the execution ground before breakfast, and dropped my handkerchief there, which I picked up again; and when I got home I found that it contained one of the labels before referred to, which will be kept as a curiosity. While walking in the American garden this evening, I was quite surprised to meet Mr. Pierce, whom I formerly knew in America, and where I supposed him to be at the present time.

Sunday, Jan. 6th. — Rev. Mr. Bridgeman accompanied me to Dr. B.'s to hear Chinese preaching; not that I understand it, but from curiosity. At one P. M. we dined, and at two Rev. Mr. Bridgeman preached a sermon in Chinese, with which, of course, I was much *edified*, but not much instructed. The audience were all of Dr. B.'s school, and they sang Chinese words to the tunes of Hebron, Mear, etc. Their unmusical voices grated rather harshly on my ear. Dr. B. preached also, I think, two discourses during the day. In the evening I attended the religious meeting at the house of Dr. Parker. Dr. P. preached, and the sacrament was observed, in which Dr. P. passed around the bread and wine to the communicants.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

Saturday, Jan. 13th. — I have heard of an accident to Mr. Gray, of the firm of Dirom, Gray & Co., of Hong-Kong, while practising for the races there to come off soon. His horse had leaped all the hurdles but the last, when the horse's feet caught, throwing him down, and Mr. G. was stunned and severely injured. He lived but a few hours afterwards.

I have come to the conclusion that the Chinese carpenters do not understand *carpentering* after the fashion of American carpenters. Acowo's hotel is a Chinese building, and they have fitted the joints of the windows, leaving a space of nearly an inch at one end unclosed. This, with other openings about the doors, makes the cold rather severe in my room this evening.

Capt. P. stays at the hotel to-night. We dined together, and had a long chat in my room this evening. He leaves to-morrow, and takes letters and some packages for me to America. There is a fire in the room, yet I am shivering; but the fireplace is simply a square hole in the chimney, with a flue of the same size over it. I just sent my boy to bring up a furnace; and I have it now filled with charcoal, and burning outside of the fireplace upon the hearth. This makes it a little more comfortable, though considerable gas escapes into the room, but which again is neutralized from the natural air-holes of the windows; but the cold weather is not of long duration here.

There are now a goodly number of Boston people here and several

who are acquainted in N. I met Mr. Comstock on the garden walks to-night. He is from Providence, and was formerly at Rev. Mr. A.'s school. My boy this evening says to me:

"I have got one good friend; he have catchee too muchy sick. I chin-chin you (that I may go) I go see. He make a die."

"Yes," said I; "what is the matter with him? What thing he have make a sick?"

"I no sarvy; he have catchee sick long time before. I kum back morning-time. Spose you likee I chin-chin you too muchy, I go make a see."

"Yes," said I; "go make a see he."

Wednesday, Jan. 16th. — The beggars from other parts congregate in our street every night, looking pitiful enough, as the Parsees give them boiled rice. The thermometer is at 45°, and they must suffer from the cold. One was knocking his head on the stones as I passed. One woman, barefooted and bareheaded, in rags, was sitting in the water of the street, moaning; and by her side an infant, crying, as it lay exposed to the sleet and rain then falling. Others were crouching and shivering in all sorts of positions, making one's heart sick to look at them. A beggar was found dead near Dr. B.'s house, the other day. They often go there of themselves to die, and are brought there to die by their friends, thinking they will be buried by him, and they shall thus save the expense.

Mr. Burdett, Mr. Blake, and Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, called in the evening.

My dear Brother J.: On a memorandum which you gave me I see that you wish me to write you upon the article of tea. This I have attempted to do several times, but something or other always prevented. Once, that insect tribe to which I have before referred attacked me with such ferocity that I was obliged to give it up.

One night I battled with them for an hour; but they were not to be prevailed upon by threats, nor intimidated by the great destruction I made among their companions. I was making a deadly sweep at one ravenous character, when my hand came in contact with the lamp, extinguishing the light, turning the oil over my paper, and I was fairly forced to seek refuge within the mosquito-curtain of my bed. They are not at all *backward* in *coming forward* to-night, yet they are very *forward* in *coming backward*. Their renewed efforts of intimacy keep me in a state of irritability of mind and torment of body. To see them undergoing the severest tortures would not enlist my sympathies in their behalf. To endure them with any Christian state of mind must be done in one of four ways; namely, by keeping up a perpetual motion of the body, by continually smoking

tobacco, by a constant evaporation of spirits of camphor around you, or by going off to bed. And of these remedies I never know which to adopt, but generally put in practice a little from the three first, and in the end always wind up with the last. But what is annoying as anything is the fact that you can be annoyed by such insignificant beings.

I hardly know where to begin, to comply with your request to write upon "tea." The subject is almost as endless as is the number who drink it; but I will try with what comes into my mind first.

You must know that the Chinese rarely drink anything but tea, and that they are drinking the whole day long. They continually keep it on hand, ready to be drank at any moment. You go into their houses, and if they wish to be in the least polite, they will at once offer you a cup of hot tea. The merchant, the school-teacher, and all, from rich to poor, have it within their reach. The poor man, if he cannot afford good tea, will drink poor tea; but tea he must have, good or bad, even if he is obliged to steep it over several times. The following will show you how very general is the use of tea among the Chinese. A number of Chinese boys went to the top of the house to fly their kites. I happened to go up, also, to look over the city, and noticed while there that the boys had brought their tea-pot along. Each one, as he became thirsty, would repair to the tea-pot and take a draught from the spout. It is difficult to induce one to take any cold water. They say, "The body is warm, and the water is cold. How can do so fashion? no can! Spose takee that cold water inside, that inside be all same fightee: how can? no can!"

Very likely you suppose that here in China we must always have the best of tea. It is not so. You find good tea here as rarely as in America, yet I have drank better tea here than at home; but generally it seems to me that the tea we get to drink here is poorer. The mandarins and the wealthy Chinese will always have nice tea, if it is to be had at all. The tea-merchants of the foreigners also generally can command the nicest tea for use in their houses.

The Chinese never use milk or sugar, — nothing but the hot water and the extract from the leaves. They cannot understand how we can drink such a compound.

I suppose you are aware that a great deal of tea is manufactured by the Chinese from the old leaves — from the leaves that have been before used, also from damaged tea-leaves. For instance, the tea manufacturers will collect the refuse grounds, re-dried from shops and places where much tea is drank, and take it to their own establishments. Here each leaf is separately cut into two or three pieces, so that it approximates to the size of the green tea-leaves, when it is fired over again; the fine rich color, from turmeric, gypsum and sulphate of copper, or Prussian blue, given it, and it is put up in boxes for the market. Finally, it is sent out to the world as genuine green tea. How they effect their sales for it I do not know, as it would be impossible to palm it off upon the foreign merchants here; perhaps, sometimes, they call it a lower quality of green tea, and get it off in that way. But certain it is that considerable quantities are manufactured and

sold, and it may be that you there at home drink a portion of it. The Chinese do not drink it, for they do not drink green tea. The damaged tea is that which has been wet and moulded in the passage down the canals, or otherwise injured; this, also, (as I said) in passing through the manufactory, is turned to green tea.

Great care and watchfulness on the part of foreign merchants, it would seem, are necessary to insure that the tea they are receiving is of a good quality, and to guard against the deceptions of the Chinese. There are so many opportunities, as the tea passes through various hands, and so many ways of cheating and deceiving, that the merchant must constantly be on the alert, or he will discover, after the tea has reached its destined market, that his cargo was made up of quite a variety; as, for instance, the introduction of boxes of spurious tea that has been adulterated with an inferior quality, or — what is a curious kind of adulteration for tea — with stones, bricks, old ropes, and various kinds of rubbish. So, you see, for your nice cups of tea at home, one of the greatest luxuries of drinks, you are indebted to the care and persevering watchfulness of the merchants here; for, without that care, etc., you would have instead old tea, coarse tea, sour tea, mouldy tea, spurious tea, adulterated tea, and tea of stone, brick, and ropes.

I will tell you, as near as I recollect, the process by which the tea is procured here. In the first place, it grows far back in the country, and in patches or plantations, according to the wealth of the owner. At the proper time it is gathered by women and children, who get about two cents a day for their labor. It is then taken to the manufacturer's and dried. From the manufacturer's, being brought up by another man, it is taken, in large baskets, by coolies, and collected at some central place favorable to transportation; and it may happen that it is carried by the coolies for twenty or more miles. It is then received on board of canal-boats, and transported to its various markets, as at Canton, Shanghae, etc. It is then bought again, by another manufacturer, properly dried, colored, flavored or scented, and packed in boxes suitable for the European market. Often it happens in the long passage by canals, owing to the rainy weather and the great distance, that the tea is much damaged — it may have been six weeks or more on the way. It is then, as I said before, manufactured into spurious green tea.

After the tea has been properly prepared here, there is a class of Chinese merchants, called tea-brokers, who take samples of the different kinds and of the many qualities to the foreign merchant, to effect a sale between him and the manufacturer. Now comes another class of the foreign merchants, called the tea-tasters, who must act a very important and responsible part. Their duty is to examine, taste the samples, and determine upon their quality and its value. And this is not a very simple thing, as the Chinese understand how to multiply the varieties by mixing, etc., which must very much increase the trouble and difficulty to the tea-taster, and one would suppose almost to confusion when it is known that the same samples of tea, from the same manufacturer, are liable to be presented several times

over to the tea-taster. For instance, one broker goes to a manufacturer, obtaining samples and the prices of all his varieties; from him to another manufacturer, obtaining his samples; and to the next, and so on in the same way. Thus you will see that the tea-taster will find arranged before him from sixty to a hundred samples of tea, and from his delicate perception in taste will, perhaps, find that there are not one quarter of the varieties or qualities that there are samples.

Then, after this part has been accomplished, and the tea-taster has decided upon the quality and price to be paid, the tea is taken in boxes to the go-downs, or storehouses; the tea-taster is again called upon to exercise his powers. He must determine if there has been any other tea introduced than that agreed upon, if any adulterations have been made. He cannot, of course, examine every box, but he must examine sufficiently to satisfy himself that there has been no deception; and when there are several cargoes, and several varieties in each cargo, it is not a small work for the tea-taster.

After this, there is the shipment and the transhipment; much care must be taken to prevent any of the tea from being changed, the boxes being broken into, the tea abstracted, and other articles substituted. The Chinese are very adroit at such things. Many a box of tea and bale of silk, during their shipment, have been served in that manner. This may give you a little idea of the trouble, labor and vexation, of the merchant, in procuring you good tea.

There are two infants screaming in the rooms adjoining, one on each side of me, and both at the top of their voices; and you know how the distressed cries of a child disturb me; so that I may not write as I intended, or what I intended.

It is pretty difficult to ascertain anything by the Chinese about the culture or manufacture of tea. They seem to think that it is against their interest to allow foreigners to know anything of their arts; therefore they use all means to prevent them from obtaining any information. You ask them questions, and it is one chance in fifty if they do not tell you a lie in every answer they give; and, if they cannot tell the lie, they will purposely mislead you in some way. As long as they do not consider lying to be a vice, you may easily judge of the extent to which they may be capable of lying. I believe they consider it a talent, or a fine accomplishment, to be able to tell a lie that cannot be detected — the only disgrace in it being the detection. You ask one of them about teas, and he tells you this and that, but you do not know if he is telling the truth or not. You ask another, in order to ascertain if the statement is correct, and you get an answer different from his; and the third man, perhaps, gives a different explanation from the other two. So you may go on, and get information from them; and when you come to observe for yourself, you will find that you must dispossess yourself of some things, and adopt others. I would not say that they always lie, but I do believe they lie oftener than they tell the truth. Yet I would not undertake to pronounce upon the Chinese character from the few that I meet with, and a mere acquaintance of a few years.

Whenever a Chinaman tells me anything that I have not before

known about, I do not take it into full belief until it is confirmed in some other way. You will think this, perhaps, rather a severe comment upon the Chinese; but I did not adopt the opinion until I had seen the fact verified many times. It is just the reverse with the Europeans. I always believe them until something appears which is inconsistent with the belief; it is only then that I change my opinion; so that I think there is no prejudice in it.

But you will say, I know, that you do not confine yourself to your subject; well, I admit it, and will endeavor to keep from running off the track for the future.

I saw a notice in a paper that a trial of raising tea was about to be made in America. I think they will there fail. There is so much difference in the price of labor. Probably it would grow and flourish as well there as in China, say not further north than New York, though it would no doubt do well in Massachusetts. It is raised as far north as Japan, the same latitude of Connecticut and Massachusetts. But to cultivate tea in America with the expectation of a remuneration for expenses is, I think, out of the question, until the population shall have so increased that labor can be had for from one to ten cents a day.

The tea-plant is a pretty shrub, growing from two to six feet high, though, if not molested, I think it attains to the height of even thirty feet. The height to which I have seen it growing in the island of Chusan, and back in the country from Ningpoo, the latitude of thirty degrees north, in which the greater part grows, is two and three feet, and in Java four and six. But it is cropped down every season, for the reason that from the new sprouts a greater quantity of leaves are produced. One shrub, I think, will yield, upon an average, from five to ten ounces. It is planted both in rows, like hedges, and in hills, like corn. The blossoms look and smell like the apple-blossoms, though the odor is quite light. The view of a large field, where you see thousands of these little hedges, stretching along for a mile parallel with each other, is very interesting. But small farmers also cultivate patches of tea, selling the produce to the dealers.

There is hardly any person among the Chinese, from the beggar to the rich man, who will not have tea to drink, in some shape or other. The rich, of course, have the best. The poor man will buy the large, coarse leaves, and will even steep them over the second or third time. The beggar will drink tea made from the stems and the refuse leaves thrown away from the manufactories. I have tasted, from curiosity, some sickening infusions of tea, in the shops and places where the people could not afford good tea.

The quality of all teas depends upon the time when the leaves are gathered, and the manner and success of preparing. To produce the best qualities, the leaves must be gathered early in the season, properly and thoroughly dried, and securely packed. The young leaves have the strongest and richest flavor, and according as they are gathered sooner or later will be the quality of the tea; and if they are not well dried, so that no moisture is left in them, and so put up that no air comes to them, the quality will be affected, if not spoiled.

There are not, in reality, so many species of tea as we should, from

the number of their names, infer. I am told that the plant is the same through all China; therefore it can only differ slightly, by the variety of location, by the soil and climate, or some analogous cause. The leaves do not differ from each other more than those of the rose-tree do. The kinds are two, the green and the black, and arise from the different periods of gathering; that is, early or later in the season. And the varieties are many, and arise mostly from the differences in manufacturing or preparing — a few varieties only from mixing and scenting.

Under these two heads, or kinds, may be arranged all the other varieties. In America we are apt to suppose that Hyson, Green, Black and Souchong are so many distinct species. The following are the principal varieties of the two kinds:

Green Teas.	*Black Teas.*
Hyson, or Young Hyson.	Souchong.
Hyson Skin, or Old Hyson.	Powchong.
Chulan, or Imperial.	Pecco.
Gunpowder.	Orange Pecco.
Twankey.	Congou.
	Oolung.
	Ningyong.
	Bohea.

Then there are some other unimportant varieties, and only known by name, as "Lotus Kernel," "Princess' Eye-Brows," "Carnation Hair," "Sparrow's Tongue," "Dragon's Whiskers," &c. The names have been collected mostly by Mr. Williams, and seem to be given without regard to system, something as our apples and pears are named at home.

Hyson tea is so called from the Chinese word "Hyson," which signifies "before the rains." Being gathered before the rains, in the early part of the season, and while the leaves are very small, it is called *Young Hyson*, or young tea gathered "before the rains." *Old Hyson*, or Hyson Skin, is merely that which is left, after selecting the smallest and best leaves for Young Hyson. This, therefore, from the skin or refuse, is called *Old Hyson*, or *Hyson Skin*.

Chulan tea is green tea scented with chulan flowers. It is called, also, *Imperial tea*.

Twankey is green tea, but comes from a particular location, — I believe from the banks of a river of that name.

Gunpowder tea is also a green tea, and is so named because the form of the tea, after it is prepared, resembles the kernels of gunpowder.

Of the *Black* teas, *Souchong* comes first, as being a principal variety of black tea; then *Powchong*, then *Pecco*. *Congou* and *Orange Pecco* is Pecco scented with orange-flower.

Pecco is so called from the Chinese word pecco, which signifies white down. At a particular stage of the growth a white down forms on the leaves, when the leaves are immediately gathered; the

down indicating the proper time for gathering. If the leaves are not gathered at that particular time, the white down falls off, and the leaves must go for one of the other varieties of black tea.

Oolung is a black tea, flavored like green tea. How it is flavored I do not know; it may be given by a peculiar firing, or it may be scented after it is dried. It is likely that the Souchong, scented, would make the Oolung. A very little will make a difference, and it will then become a new variety.

Ningyong is a black tea, so called from the place where it grows. It is considered one of the finest varieties. It may have a flavor, differing from the others, which gives it sometimes the preference; but the difference is very slight.

Bohea, a black tea, is so called by the Chinese because it is raised on two hills, called Bohea hills. The difference between this and other black teas is from its being gathered very late in the season, that is, after the rains. The leaves are large and coarse, and it is, therefore, the poorest quality of tea. I have understood that spurious green tea has been manufactured from these leaves, by cutting them to about the size of green tea-leaves, drying and coloring them.

The time for gathering the tea-leaves depends upon the particular kind of tea to be manufactured. The season is between March and August, and includes four periods. That for the green teas is in March, April, or May; and that for the black teas in the months of June, July and August, immediately following.

Mandarin tea I had almost forgotten. This is a kind rarely seen, and I think I have heard that it is forbidden to be made. It has a green color, and is twisted up, something like small skeins of silk twist. I sent home a sample of it. I had an opportunity to try some of it at Mr. Bush's. It was nice, but not more so than that kind I sent you in the little canisters. It is very expensive, four or five dollars a pound, and is called Mandarin because the mandarins usually or often drink it. Mr. Williams has spoken of a kind of tea that costs from ten to a hundred dollars a pound. That is from a supposed particular virtue in the place or soil in which it grows.

In some parts of China they make tea cakes. These are made by pressing the leaves very hard, while green, into the form of a brick, and then drying them. This is for the convenience of persons who are travelling. B. L. B.

Friday, Jan. 25th. — Took a sampan and went down to Whampoa, and, being still at Acowo's hotel, I left my boy in charge of my things until I should return. I met Mr. Burdett at Mr. Hunt's, in Whampoa, and went with him on board the "Oriental," which sails to-morrow. He very kindly takes letters and some packages to our family. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, from the Sandwich Islands, &c., are passengers. For the want of a hotel I was obliged to accept of Mr. Hunt's hospitalities on board of the "Hygeia," and he made me most comfortable and welcome. The only foreign building on shore is the

bowling-alley; — all others are the narrow, dirty-looking Chinese buildings.

Sunday, January 27th. — There is no church here yet. Rev. Mr. Loomis preaches, occasionally, on board some of the ships. Last evening I went with Mr. L. to see the seamen's Bethel, which he is building. It is about one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and eighteen broad. It is very much like an oblong building, one story high, built on the hull of a ship, cut down to within a foot or two of the water's edge. Its roof is somewhat oval, but nearly flat. It has a large room for a chapel, the whole breadth and two thirds its length; and several other good-sized rooms, for a sleeping-room, study, and one or two spare rooms. Its cost is estimated at about four thousand dollars, the money being raised by subscription among the foreigners residing in China. It is to be moored in the stream, where sailors can come to church in their boats, entering by doors on either side, and have free preaching, paying nothing for pew hire. Mr. L., I believe, acts for the "American Seamen's Friend Society."

Intimating my intention of going over to "French Island," to see the foreigners' cemetery there, Mr. L. very politely offered to accompany me. It was late, but I was afraid I should not have another opportunity. It is a very pretty island; and there, upon the slope of a large hill, I had a view of the foreigners' cemetery of Canton. It being nearly dark, we made a hurried stay. I should think there were from seventy to one hundred monuments marking the graves of those who have left their bones thus far from their native homes, to moulder in this foreign land. The monument erected to Mr. Everett, that to Rev. Mr. Clopton, and the graves of the six young Englishmen, Messrs. Small, Bellamy, Balkwill, Brown, Rutter, and McCarte, who were murdered by the Chinese in 1847, impressed me more than any others. The graves of the Englishmen were ranged along, side by side, and enclosed by a low, plastered wall. On each grave was a horizontal slab, on which was inscribed, "Here lie the remains of ———, &c., who was inhumanly murdered by the Chinese at Hwang-chu-kee, &c." — the name differing on each slab. The monument of Rev. Mr. Clopton, also, was a horizontal slab; and his epitaph, "Rev. Samuel Clopton died July, 1847, aged 51, &c.,"— the remainder I have forgotten. Mr. Everett's monument, very well designed, had this inscription on it: "Alexander H. Everett, first resident minister of the United States of America to China. He was born in Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, 19th of April, 1789; graduated at the University of Cambridge, U. S. A., 1806, — filled

various high offices at home and abroad, — attained distinction as a statesman, and man of letters, — and died respected and beloved, under the hospitable roof of the Rev. Dr. Parker, of Canton, on the 28th day of June, 1847, in the 58th year of his age."

I cannot forbear mentioning this very striking coincidence: Mrs. Everett and Mrs. Clopton, as I am informed, came out with their husbands together in the same ship, buried them both within a month of each other, and returned home together in the same vessel.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LETTER TO A BROTHER. — DUTCH FOLLY. — EXCURSION TO GOLDEN HILL. — VISIT TO CHINAMAN'S FAMILY. — CHINESE SQUEEZE-PIGEON. — MEDICINE AMONG THE CHINESE. — TREATING A PATIENT. — A PROCESSION. — NEW YEAR'S. — CRUELTY TO BEGGARS. — CHINESE CRIES.

LETTER TO BROTHER A.

Canton, China, January 29th.

My dear Brother: I suppose that you are having nice cold weather at home, while we here rarely require a fire, though sometimes the cold is very searching, and as an occasional thing it is very uncomfortable without it. A few days since, every one was complaining of the severity of the weather, — that they could not keep warm, in doors or out, and the thermometer was only down to forty-five degrees, the freezing point being thirty-two, as you know. There were three or four days of that kind of weather, and I felt it as severely as any one. With a good fire in my room I could not keep warm, and two thicknesses of flannel would not make me comfortable. Mr. Agabeg, from Calcutta, told me that he increased his to six thicknesses, and not till then was he really comfortable. The Chinese sometimes get on as many as ten thicknesses of clothes. One gentleman told me he saw one with twelve; but, as they make no use of fires to warm themselves, they have more need of garments. They seldom use fires except for cooking, wood being so expensive.

It ought not to be very cold here: Canton is in the latitude of the West India Islands. In Manilla I did not exchange white linen for any thicker clothes during the three winter months; and it was pretty warm at that. At Shanghae water freezes in the winter. The warmest place I have found on this side of the globe was in the China Sea, in the region of Singapore, where the thermometer was above one hundred and twenty degrees in the cabin, — though the heat of Hong-Kong nearly prostrated me in the month of August.

I believe that I have before written that I returned in December

last from a tour to all the ports that are open to foreigners in China; and now I leave for Macao this week. I thought of leaving sooner, but friends strongly advised me not to trust myself in a fast boat at this season of the year, — it being a time (near the Chinese new year) when the Chinese commit a greater number of robberies and murders, — and consequently I thought it best to wait for some other opportunity. Their new year corresponds with the 12th of our February; and they think it of great account to be able then to pay their debts and entertain their friends; nor do they seem to think that it makes any difference *how* they obtain the means for doing this.

The usual salutation of the Chinese, answering to our "how do you do," is, "have you eaten rice?" and is to me amusing, as I hear it occasionally addressed to my friends by them.

A few days since I accompanied Dr. B. and Dr. H. on an excursion twenty-five miles up the river, to a place called "Golden Hill;" and I will give you a short sketch of it.

We left Dr. H.'s in the morning, a little before light, in a sampan (covered boat), and passed "Dutch Folly," — a Chinese fort, so called because the Dutch were detected in the use of a stratagem to gain possession, many years since; but I may as well relate the story. They had permission from the Chinese to keep a hospital on shore for the sick of their vessels; and one day, when transporting barrels of provisions to the place, one of the heads fell out, and revealed a gun inside. A Chinaman, seeing it, cried out,

"Hai yah! how can sick man eat gun?"

And they stopped the further landing of *provisions*. Well, we squeezed through thousands of Chinese boats, being several times completely jammed in on every side, so that, in any direction, there was nothing to be seen but boats. We were so closely encompassed that no oars could be used, and the boatmen had to pull along with their hands by the boats on each side. At light we were some four or six miles past the factories, and opposite the place where the six Englishmen were so cruelly murdered, — so that the Chinese had no opportunity to circulate the news that a party of "foreigners" had gone up the river, and we passed mostly unobserved.

About ten miles up the river, we passed through the "Gates" or Gateposts. These are thought much of by the Chinese; but they are nothing more than two abrupt, rocky sides of hills, directly facing each other, with the Canton river flowing between.

The river here is about a quarter of a mile wide. The banks are lower, though not unlike the Connecticut. The country, with its villages, plantain-trees, bamboo-groves, and green rice-fields, looks very pretty; the land in general is low, but at the distance of ten or fifteen miles it rises into hills and mountains. Hundreds of boats are constantly passing and repassing. Some of the boatmen rest on their oars to take a gaze at us; and in so doing they ornament their big mouths with an idiotic grin.

Passing a village where a custom-house officer resided, the boatmen requested us to take off our hats, so that we should not be recognized by the officers; which we did, and were not observed. They expressed

some fear in the morning about taking us up, intimating that their boats might be destroyed if we were attacked. One of them said the boat was all his property; which my companions said they would pay for, if lost, and they concluded to take the risk.

We made no stop until we came to Golden Hill, so called from a supposition that it contains gold. Having landed, we held out some tracts, translated into the Chinese, towards the people who began to gather near us, and distributed to them a considerable number. We advanced slowly to the hill, on which stood an old monastery. A whole troop of boys and men followed, staring, laughing, and hallooing. Coolies carrying burdens in the fields, and some a long distance off, seeing from our dress that we were foreigners, came running to us from different directions. All seemed quite eager to obtain a book, though it seemed to me that some were more attracted by the yellow cover than by anything else.

By degrees we entered the monastery, which was full of idols, and contains a few priests. They received us, at first, with some little hesitation and alarm, but soon only regarded us with curiosity. We stopped but a short time, looking in at the numerous apartments from the various terraces of the building, and crossed the river to the opposite side. Here was another village, where we distributed more tracts; and then, crossing the fields to two high hills which we ascended, we had a fine view of the fertile country around. We then descended and turned towards home; and while we walked on the banks of the river, or rather the dike which was built to dam out the water, the people, all the way along, would run to us for the little books, and nearly all appeared able to read and understand them. Now and then, one, from some cause, did not dare to take them.

We stopped at several villages on the way down, and met with no ill-treatment, though we were careful to avoid a crowd, and not to stop directly in front of the towns, but to land a little on one side, and enter gradually, and less unobserved.

Near the "gates" is an entire island of solid coal. The surface presents one dense black mass. The mandarins will not allow it to be worked. Full of superstition, they say it will "injure or conflict with the wind and water." Perhaps they think that inundations and typhoons would take place oftener.

Regards to Mrs. B. and all the family. My remembrance to all inquiring friends. Yours, truly, B. L. B.

LETTER TO SISTER L.

Canton, China, Feb. 1st.

My dear Sister: I have been with Dr. and Mrs. Kenny to visit a Chinese lady, who thought she wished to consult me. We called on her at her son's residence, and found her to be an old lady with the "little feet." The little foot, you know, is a sign that they are well to do in the world, are not obliged to work for their existence, and belong to the class called "ladies." The son is a tea-merchant of good standing, and lives in a decent house; though

the front part, like that of all others, is open and exposed to the weather.

The old lady received us very graciously, bowing, shaking each of our hands with both her own, and laughing continually. I laughed with her until I could see no prospect of an end, fearing that she might regard me as not favorably inclined unless I continued the farce; and then stopped, tired out. She kept on laughing and talking with Mrs. K., who, on my asking her afterwards respecting the interview, said they did not understand a word each other had said.

Tea was immediately placed on the table, and we had to "take tea;" but not in the manner of taking tea at home. "Tea," here, is tea only, without milk or sugar, and nothing eaten with it. The tea-table is without a cloth or covering, and the cups are about half the size of ours, with covers to them; though they use cups of various sizes, from this to those so small that in drinking from one you would hardly know whether you had taken any tea or not. The tea here was very nice, and of a flavor not known in America, and is made in the cups with covers, as I before described at Ningpoo.

We sat at table about fifteen minutes, and then took seats at the outside of the room; whereupon pipes and tobacco were offered us, which we declined.

You must know that it is not the usual custom of the Chinese to admit ladies to the table with themselves, it being generally considered a gross piece of impropriety. The females are regarded in too degraded a light to be allowed privileges equal to the males; but when they mingle with foreigners, as in this case, there are some who venture to observe our customs.

The old lady, having a seat by Mrs. K., went on with her bowing, laughing and talking, almost without cessation, while we remained. Having given the advice desired, which amounted to scarce anything, we took our leave. She bowed, shook her hands, and laughed us to the door; and then the son took us, and bowed us down stairs. He shook our hands several times, and continued to bow at every turn until we reached the street-door. Finally, we shook our own hands respectively, and then departed.

Wednesday, Feb. 6th. — The Chinese are making great preparation for their New Year's day, which takes place, according to their mode of dividing time, on the twelfth of this month. They are washing the streets and alleys, and making everything clean; it is the only time in the whole year, I believe, when they so thoroughly clean themselves.

I went into a jeweller's store to get something done, but the man said he could not do it; his workmen had all gone home to spend New Year. Very little business can be done with them for fifteen days before or after this anniversary. I stepped into a curiosity-shop a minute. The man says:

"Sposy you wanchee buy any cuyous thing — Cheena New Year can sell moor chip lity."

"Well," said I; "how much that?"

"That! that! O, that very chip jus now! That I thinkee can do leben dollar tree quart."

"Eleven dollars, three quarters! No wanchee!" said I.

I had seen the same before for about three or four dollars. At length, a little at a time, he came down to five dollars, saying,

"Can do fife dollar; spose you likey, can makee loose pigeon litty; by 'm by you take care my," — meaning that it would be a losing business, but that I should give him my custom for the future.

I told him, "No wanchee." When he said, "How much pricy can do?"

But I left him, and went on my way. In the evening I went down into the street to see the beggars, who choose certain times to appear in public that they may more effectually awaken the sympathies of passers-by. But it was a disgusting sight. It was cold and rainy; yet from fifty to a hundred of these miserable creatures were out, in tattered rags. The old and young, male and female, the blind, the crippled and diseased, and those of every sort of condition, were here. But the subject of beggars requires a separate sheet.

I turned to buy some oranges at a stand near by, having been quite unwell for a week; but the man, because I was a foreigner, asked me so much that I distributed my string of cash among the beggars, telling him that when he would sell without cheating I would patronize him. I do not suppose he understood what I said, though he did my manner.

I intended to have left Macao before this; but illness and the want of conveyance detained me. A day or two since, there being no steamer, I asked my boy to look around and get me a passage in a Chinese fast boat to Macao; and to-day he came to me and said:

"Misser Dokker: I have go makee look that fas bote! That fas bote no good ting; more better you catchee stim bote. Jus now have got plenty tief mann! Cheena new year have got too muchy bad mann! My one friend have go that fas bote; he have all a munny five huntry dollar; have go Hong-Kong, tief man catchee he. He no have got one cash" (his friend has not got one cent of his money left).

This, I believe, is the first time a Chinaman ever warned me of danger.

I am now staying, for the last few days of my continuance in Canton, at a friend's, having left Acowo's hotel last evening. And why have you changed your residence, you will say, just as you are leaving Canton? I can tell you in a few words. Acowo, my landlord, wished to play off on me a little of the Chinese "squeeze-pigeon," which I did not like to accept. That is, he wished to oblige me to pay him a month's board, whether I continued with him or not, if I only remained one day of the month. I had been expecting daily, for the last fortnight, to leave; and to-morrow is the end of one month's time with him, for which I had engaged to pay fifty dollars for a room and simple board, which, with extras, in all amount to sixty or seventy

dollars. Acowo, knowing that there was no steamer, and from my boy that I should not leave in the fast boat, and that there was no other communication which I could avail myself of, said to me yesterday that he must charge me a month's board if I staid to-morrow.

I asked him why.

"O," he said, "*Cheena custom!*"

"Very well," said I; "if that is China custom, I shall leave; and that will be *America custom.*"

Feeling sure that I could not leave, and should be obliged to remain, he said,

"As you likee; you can go that fas bote, spose, you likee."

I spoke with him several times afterwards, asking him if he intended to carry out his China custom with me.

"O, yes," he said; "that very good custom. How can changee that?"

I determined in my own mind that I would leave him, even if I had to hire a Chinese sampan to take my things on board, and sleep there at night; but, making inquiries among some Chinese acquaintances, I found several rooms where I could put my things, and also a place to sleep; and, if I liked, they said I could eat with them. I asked how much they should charge for all that, and they said four or five dollars a month.

During the day Dr. B. called, to whom I related the imposition which Acowo wished to practise; and he at once invited me to his house. Having ascertained that it would not incommode him, I accepted of his kindness, and at once packed up, much to the surprise of Acowo, who did not apparently believe that I would or could vacate his premises until he saw the coolies carrying off my things.

The word "pigeon" is the nearest the Chinese can get to pronouncing the word "business," articulating *p* for *b* and *g* for *s* — thus it it has its origin and use. Yours, &c., B. L. B.

LETTER TO BROTHER S.

Canton, Feb. 7th.

Dear Brother: When a Chinese physician examines a patient, he feels the pulse on both sides of the wrist for the ulnar and radial arteries, and then of both hands; and again they make out three different places for feeling the pulse of each artery, — one next to the hand, one two or three inches up the arm, and the other between the two; and each is considered very important in making the diagnosis. The pulse, in fact, is with them the index of every disease.

They believe the gall to be the seat of bravery; and the galls of ferocious animals are sought after to be eaten by those who wish for great courage or fierceness in battle; and that the liver is the seat of the soul.

Bleeding is seldom done except by leeches or cupping. They sometimes amputate fingers, open abscesses, extract teeth, &c.; but fractures and dislocations are left to take care of themselves.

They divide the system of medicine into nine branches, or heads, — those affecting the pulse strongly or feebly; female and cutaneous diseases; those of the eyes, mouth and bones; and those arising from

cold. The principal medicines used are rhubarb, deers' horns, myrrh, gentian, camphor, monkeys' and bears' paws, different kinds of bones; but the most popular, therefore effective, of all, is ginseng.

The Chinese believe in the superstitions of charms, divination, absurd and ridiculous notions in regard to medicine and medical agents. A Chinese woman came to Dr. ——, bringing some medicine from a Chinese doctor, which she wished him to take into his mouth, and spit it out again into a cup for her to take afterwards. She had been so firmly persuaded by the Chinese doctor that it would cure her, that she was very unwilling to leave without its being done, even after being repeatedly assured to the contrary.

The system of medicine in China seems to be about on a par with the pagan religion; and, I think, hardly worth the following out further than what is contained in the following brief accounts:

The treatment of Father Ripas, when he was thrown from his horse in some part of China, will show pretty well the Chinese method of procedure. In the Chinese Repository, after mentioning that he was carried fainting into the house, and that a surgeon visited him, the account is given in Father Ripas' own words. "He (the Chinese doctor) made me sit up in bed, placing near me a large basin of water, in which he put a thick piece of ice, to reduce it to the freezing point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, while he continued, for a good while, to pour the water on my neck with a cup. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia mater was so great and insufferable that it seemed to me unequalled; but he said that it would stanch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case; for, in a short time, my sight became clear, and my mind resumed its powers. He next bound my head with a band drawn tight by two men who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate parts vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This, he said, was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced; and it is true that after the second operation my head felt more free. A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air, supported by two persons; and, while thus walking, he unexpectedly threw a basin of cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall, it may be easily imagined what were my sufferings under this affliction; but I was consoled by the information that, if any rib had been dislocated, the sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position. The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit upon the ground, and, assisted by two men, held a cloth upon my mouth and nose, until I was almost suffocated. 'This,' said the Chinese Æsculapius, 'by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force back any rib that may have been broken.' The wound upon my head not being very deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons; that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep till ten o'clock at night, at which time I should eat a little thin rice soup. He

assured me that these walks in the open air while fasting would prevent the blood from settling upon the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies, though barbarous and excruciating, cured me so competely that in seven days I was able to resume my journey."

When a person has received a flesh-wound, or his arm or head gashed with some sharp instrument, the Chinese surgeon, instead of bringing the edges of the opening together, forces them still further apart by filling them in with soft clay, or a compound of herbs beaten in a mortar, and binding up the part. Thus the wound must occupy a long time in healing, and leave an unsightly scar. I have noticed, it seems to me, almost every third or fourth man of the Chinese with more or less of these broad, ugly-looking scars. But the better informed are beginning to adopt our system of medicine, especially surgery, though with rather superstitious views in regard to it. One old Chinaman, for whose little son and only heir Dr. P. had performed an operation, was so overcome by the successful result that he fell on his knees, and clasped the doctor around the legs, and reverentially kissed his feet. This the doctor would not permit, and bade him rise and pay his devotions to the Supreme Being in heaven.

The following is

"A DIVINE PRESCRIPTION FOR AVOIDING THE EPIDEMIC, AND PRESERVING LIFE.

"Lately in this city there has been an epidemic raging. Instant death follows its attacks, and its victims are daily increasing. In the fifth month, on the 23d day, as I was returning home from my uncle's house, on the road I was suddenly seized with a violent pain in my bowels. I walked on hastily, but, when half a mile distant from my house, I became giddy, and fell to the ground, unconscious of man or thing. Fortunately, a neighbor, Yang Kweitang, saw me, and called to some people who were assembled in the field weeding the cotton to carry me home. He then took some of the 'Sleeping Dragon Powder,' and blew it up my nose; and, after using acupuncture and friction to my whole body for the space of time in which you could drink a cup of tea, I gradually revived, but felt the pain in my bowels to be very great, and the tendons of my four limbs were contracted. Vomiting and purging both took place, and, becoming giddy, I again fainted away. Suddenly I saw two messengers enter from without. They said, with a loud voice, 'Your years are completed; we have received the orders of the ruler of the shades especially to come and apprehend you.' They had hardly finished speaking, when I suddenly saw an old man come from the interior of the house. He was dressed in priest's garments, and seemed about sixty years old. He said to them, 'You must not act so hurriedly. Although Sun Kinfang is amongst those attacked by the plague, still, remembering that he has commonly abstained from slaughtering animals, and spared life very carefully for five years, I think that this virtue will free him from danger. You can take these words as a reply.' When the two messengers heard this, they were pleased, and went away.

"The old man then addressed me, saying, 'Your years are, by right, come to a close; but, remembering that you have set your mind

towards doing good, though there are several things undone, I now indulgently let you return to life. If you again, with fixed purpose of mind, act virtuously, and do not commit crimes, your life will certainly be lengthened. Besides, at present the plague has not widely spread; but, in the middle of the eighth month, there will be epilepsies and cramp in the bowels, — two fatal kinds of disease. This is all in consequence of Sungkiang and Taitsung departments having, for several years, committed the great crime of killing live animals, and Shanghae and Tsingpu having done so in a still greater degree; therefore the terrible anger of Heaven has been provoked to send down this extraordinary calamity. Now, if they can turn their minds towards the reforming of their offences, abstain from slaughtering animals, spare life, and fast for a month, likewise paste upon their doors a charm for expelling evil spirits and guarding the house, these calamities can be avoided.'

"When he had ceased speaking, he gave me a blow, and I instantly revived. Suddenly I heard great lamentations amongst the neighbors, and, having ordered my brother Kinchaw to go out and make inquiries respecting it, he informed me that Yang Kueitang had been afflicted with the disease, and was already dead. When I heard this, my fright was insupportable, and I communicated to my brother all that had taken place regarding the old man. My brother said, 'This must be the god who presides over the kitchen, and disposes of life.' I then wrote down the affair, that it might everywhere be spread abroad. Whoever sees this ought either to transcribe it, and give it a wide circulation, or minutely relate it to others; and thus not only avoid personal danger, but also escape the charge of ingratitude for the exceeding benevolence of the Disposer of life, who, with a compassionate heart, rescues the world.

"If all persons who see this do not believe and receive it, and fast when calamities come upon them, and if they do not desire to spare life, and eat simple food, it is to be feared that, like stopping up a leak when the vessel is already in the heart of the river, it will be, by and by, too late.

(Signed) "Sun Kinfang."

Here follow the names of about thirty persons who have subscribed to print off ten thousand copies of the above.

The above account was, in the form of a handbill, recently circulated in Shanghae, evidently of Buddhist origin, of which a translation has been sent us. — *Shanghae Mail.*

Canton, Sunday, Feb. 10th. — Walked to the meeting at the chapel, and afterwards read the sermon preached by Mr. Stanton on the death of Mr. Gray. On the way home from an evening meeting we passed several Chinamen, who were leading, by his long braid of hair, a culprit who had been caught stealing.

Lately a Chinese criminal was sentenced to death by the slow process of being kept awake, night and day, until death should take place. The sentence was carried into execution at an open place not far from

the factories. A police of executioners was kept around the man, with bamboos in their hands, to prick and beat him whenever he inclined to sleep. Food and drink were freely allowed him, and on the eleventh day (I think it was), after three days of much agony, death took place.

Monday, 11*th*. — Went up in a boat this forenoon to see the Chinese fair. It was held along the sides of one of the narrow streets, a short distance from the river. Mr. Agabeg and friend pushed with me through the crowd, and we saw all. There was nothing great about it, except great prices, which were several times more than they usually ask. There is much noise this evening caused by crackers, guns, rockets, and the voices of the people, it being the last evening of the year.

Tuesday, *February* 12*th*. — This is New Year's day here in China, and a great holiday with the Chinese. Having some time since arranged for this day, we made a trip around the city of Canton. Our company was composed of Dr. D. B., Miss M. B., Mr. and Mrs. Dr. H., Dr. Bowring, Mr. Meadows, and myself. Mr. Walker and a friend also joined us. We left in two parties, to meet at the outside of the city, which, perhaps, was better than to all go together, as so many might tend more to excite the jealousy of the Chinese along the route. We had a very pleasant walk, meeting with no molestation, nor with any incidents particularly worth mentioning. The Chinese all seemed so happy, hurrying along to make their New Year's calls on each other, and displaying themselves in their best dresses, that they scarcely gave us a passing notice. On every side the people were firing long trains of crackers, and various detonating mixtures, with reports like cannon, sometimes much to our discomfort; for I was in constant fear that they would put my eyes out. The streets were filled with the smoke of burnt powder, and the pavements so cushioned by the red and yellow paper shreds that our feet made hardly any noise in walking on them. Flags and banners were waving from the junks; colored Chinese prayer-bills, like our theatrical bills, were hung up over the doorways, and at the sterns of the boats. Fathers were walking out with lighter and quicker steps than usual, carrying their infants and small children in their arms, or leading them by the hand. Their little ones were so dressed in bright, showy colors, with so much vermilion and gypsum on their faces, that several times I took them for painted dolls; and many were entering the temples to pay their devotion in their best dresses to the idols.

The eclipse of the sun to-day they regard as a very unfavorable omen, happening as it does on their New Year's day.

While on the country side of the city we saw a cruel sight, characteristic of the Chinese, and illustrative of the misery of their beggars. In a hole about five feet in diameter, and just outside the city walls, lay two Chinese beggars. They had been brought out of the city, a short time before, by coolies, in obedience to the authorities, and thrown into this hole to die. There they lay, with the basket in which they were carried, the ropes, stick and all, tumbled in together. They were bare-headed and bare-footed, with sacking for clothing,

and crouched up as they had fallen from the basket, gasping and grinding their teeth in the agonies of death. We stopped and looked at them, but only for a few moments, as our so doing attracted the attention of the passing Chinese. One of the beggars, hearing our voices, drew his hand slowly up and pointed significantly to his mouth, as if to say, Give me food and drink. It seemed hard to pass and leave them unassisted: it seems hard to pass any animal, dying of thirst and hunger, without stopping to relieve it. I felt in my pocket for an orange I had placed there, generally having one or two with me; but it was gone, probably taken by my boy. I looked to find some one selling them; but no one had food or drink to sell of any kind, and I was obliged to leave them. The Chinese passed them with the least imaginable concern or feeling. They would give a glance simply, indicating that they were too used to such sights to be affected, or sometimes merely put a handkerchief to their own nose. But this is their way. So soon as a beggar becomes too reduced by sickness or poverty to help himself, he is taken up by the authorities, sent out here, and thrown down behind the walls to die. When dead, the authorities, I believe, bury him. So long as a beggar can move from place to place, he is not interfered with.

Yet I have been told of the report that the beggars in some places of China have a beggars' society; that it is regularly organized, with a president and other officers, and has stated times for meetings; and that they have a general treasury for their collections, from which all again receive according to some system, and that the presidents are able to retire every ten or twelve years.

At Hong-Kong a Chinese dwarf, not more than two feet high, and nearly as broad as he was long, came around the hotel, begging. He was twenty-nine years old, showed that he was well fed, and wore clothes equal to the best of shopkeepers. Causing a rabble to collect around the door, Mr. W. endeavored to induce them to leave; but he felt his importance so much that he was not to be hurried or driven. At length he became quite impudent, and Mr. W. whisked him twice with a rattan; whereupon the dwarf turned around, and, drawing himself up, poured out a tornado of abusive language, and vindicated himself by saying that he *was not* a "miserable beggar," and, as a proof, pulled out a string of copper cash and held it up in defiance. Then, replacing it, with an air of independence, as if he had gained his cause, he seated himself upon the curb-stone, where he remained until ready to go.

Friday, 13*th*. — Every morning, as I pass down to breakfast, I have an opportunity to see the gambling establishments in full operation. These are long, shed-like buildings, made of bamboo, and covered with matting. The gamesters, hundreds of them in number, commence at light in the morning, and keep it up till eleven at night, seemingly perfectly fascinated. As they bestow their glances on me when I pass, they exhibit a disagreeable set of faces; and there is something so evil, so reckless, so abandoned, and so villanous, in their looks, that I am glad to get past them.

I go up to the factories every day, either by boat or through the

streets. I have ventured once without a guide, though it is two miles there; and I lost my way once, though I succeeded in coming out right, at last.

Wednesday, 13*th*. — I hardly slept at all, there was so much noise in the streets during the night, by the closing festivities of the new year. At times, last evening, there was so much noise that we could not understand what was said in the room. This morning I went, without the aid of a guide, from my lodgings to the house of my friend, to breakfast. Along the streets the cry was often addressed to me, as I passed, "seen-shong" (teacher), from the supposition that I was one of the missionaries. I went up to the factories on professional business. In several streets the paper remains of their crackers were piled up in heaps like hay-cocks. I returned to Dr. H.'s, mistaking and getting into several Hongs before I found the right one, and from there came down in the boat with Mrs. B.

This evening there is a constant jargon of noises, enough to make a nervous person crazy. I thought they had terminated the new year last night; but I hope this will be the last of it. The house is on the river, and we have the tumult both from the shore and boat people. The air is a hurricane of different sounds — crackers, rockets, guns, the promiscuous crying out of boys and women, drums rattling, gongs beating, dogs barking and yelping, musical instruments squeaking, and pedlers crying different articles, vegetables and various kinds of chow-chow to be sold. A stranger would think the Chinese actually crazy.

Of all the uncouth sounds made by human beings, it seems to me none can beat the Chinese as they go about the streets selling their wares. I never heard any cries so dreadfully disagreeable, especially as they strike the ear here, in Canton, early in the morning, or in the evening. I would not undertake to describe them; but only those who have heard them can bear testimony to them. The hotel in Canton is in the midst of the Chinese buildings, and every evening, often till eleven, the pedlers are crying their various food mixtures about the city. Many times with friends have I sat and commented upon them, and all have united in saying that they have heard nothing to compare with them. One I recollect was *Ponn-chee-marrh;* one, terribly drawling, *Kee-cher-ree-err-r-rh;* one, *Kee Charrh*, like a chained wheel grating down hill. One was an explosive sound of *Ou-u-u-wah!* One was a disconsolate squall of *Fou-lah!* Another bellows, as if he had burst out crying, *Burr-werr-err!* Another will pass along, crying out, in short, loud, and quick syllables, as if addressing some one, *Mye-kur-lee*. One, as if imitating the voice of a young cow, with a mournful, lamenting dying-away on the last syllable, *Burr-gur-r-r*. Now and then will be heard a blast as if in the utmost distress, varying up and down with a running semitone, and you turn involuntarily to see if any one has been stabbed. One of the most disagreeable cries is from those carrying around live ducks, in cages, to sell; another, in selling a kind of white bean curd.

The man who lives next door to Dr. B.'s does not allow himself to be seen out of his own house. He is a mandarin, and nominally in

prison for debt to the government. I have seen his children, several sons and two daughters, who are very good-looking. He has three wives — quite moderate for a Chinaman.

Thursday, 14*th*. — Took a trip in the steamboat "Spark" down to Whampoa, making the long route, by the Macao passage, — that is, by passing around on the opposite side of the long island in the river, — and did not arrive till near two P. M. All were Parsees (Persians) on board, except myself; but, as I was acquainted with one of them who spoke English, it was not very disagreeable, though one among such names as Pestongee, Nowrojee, Pochaujee, Dadabhoy Hosunjee, Thawerbhoy Allam, Nuzmooden Shojaully, Surruffully Chadabhoy, was as much as I wished to have on mind at once. I stopped at Mr. Hunt's, he having invited me to live with him while at Whampoa.

Friday, 15*th*. — Called on Dr. Smith, and Rev. Mr. Loomis; after which we took a boat and visited the United States ships of war "St. Mary's," "Plymouth," and the "Dolphin." Met on board Commodore Geisenger, Mr. Davis (the United States commissioner), Mr. Forbes (the American consul), and others. Went on board the Bethel, and found it nearly ready to receive the chaplain. Mr. L., I suppose, will be the first to occupy the pulpit, though his mission is ended with the completion of the building.

In the afternoon I returned in a boat alone to Canton, arriving about eight in the evening. It is a disagreeable trip alone and after dark. On the way I met with and joined Rev. Mr. Loomis, and a small party visiting a pagoda, a few miles above Whampoa. This, I think, is the prettiest pagoda I have yet seen; but it is so similar to others that I will not attempt to describe it.

Yours, &c., B. L. B.

CHAPTER XLV.

A SUNDAY IN CHINA. — LOST IN THE STREETS. — A CHINESE RABBLE. — CHINESE SYSTEM OF NAMES. — TRIP UP THE RIVER. — GATES. — PEN PAGODA. — SUGAR MANUFACTORY. — MOB. — MISSILES THROWN. — LANDING. — DISHONESTY OF BOATMEN. — OF SERVANTS. — COUNTERFEITS, ETC.

LETTER TO MOTHER.

Canton, China, Feb. 17th.

My dear Mother: I cannot realize that Sunday here is the Sabbath day of America. It seems more an imitation of it than the day itself. At the same time I should not know how to remedy it. This is a heathen country: the people have lived thus for ages: their ancestors have lived thus before them, and flourished, and the people of the present day flourish in like manner. One day to them is like every other day; and they are not easily to be changed

from their national customs. I will, however, inform you how I have occupied this Sabbath.

At present I occupy lodgings in the now vacant house of Rev. Mr. Roberts (he being absent at this time), and take my food with Dr. B., at Puc-ti-mu, about a quarter of a mile distant. I rose this morning at six, and on my way to breakfast, at eight, passed the gambling establishment, which is only one of a great number; and some three or four hundred persons were crowding around the benches, nearly all of whom were completely absorbed in their games, the same as on any day of the week. A few of them only, seeing me, gave the usual appellation of "Fanqui loo!" "Fanqui loo!" and laughed as I repeated the words after them. After breakfast there was family worship; then I read, &c., until ten; then walked alone up to the factories and extracted a tooth for Mr. J., and went into church at eleven A. M. Rev. Mr. Cleeland preached a very good sermon, though the service, being Episcopal, was rather long, being nearly two hours.

After church I took a short walk through the streets — the Chinese as busy as ever, though only servants were to be seen in the foreigners' grounds; and at one P. M. I set out alone to find my way home. Although the distance is two miles, and through narrow, intricate streets, I thought I could easily accomplish it, for I knew the name of the place, and that the house was on the bank of the river. I went on very well for a while; but, after making a number of turns, and going quite a distance without seeing anything that I could recognize, I concluded I had gone astray, or gone too far. However, I continued on till I reflected that so many people would not collect about me in a street usually taken by Dr. B. and family; I therefore went back a short distance, turning in various directions, but could recognize nothing to guide me. The boys, seeing my dilemma, grew more impudent, apparently endeavoring to increase my perplexity, and nearly blocking up the streets I wished to pass. I knew the direction of the river, and made a push for it down a narrow lane, followed by a crowd of boys, men, and dogs. The boys shouted, the dogs barked constantly, and the men looked on and laughed. I could have been easily vexed with them, if that would have done any good, — such a ragged, dirty, worthless set, comprising, as they did, the very dregs of laziness and poverty, — but I thought it the best policy to keep cool.

Gaining the river, I could not discover Mr. Roberts' high house, nor anything by which to recognize the place. All was a wilderness of boats, junks, masts, and old houses, with the Chinese gang in the rear. I now tried to arrange with an old woman to take me in her boat to Puc-ti-mu. She halted, and commenced a jabbering. After a time I found that she was fearful I would not pay her, and I showed her the money to pay her as soon as she should start. Still she kept jabbering, till I saw that the difficulty was in the price: she wanted two dollars, and to be paid beforehand, when the usual price to a Chinaman would have been about ten cash — the value of one of our cents. All this time the crowd was increasing, and they filled the air with their confused noises, like so many demons. I thought it best to withdraw from them as soon as possible; for I knew the excitability

of the Chinese, and how little it would take to turn into a mob such set of vagabond men and boys. But I was determined that the boat-woman, and especially such an ugly-looking and ill-behaving one, should not impose on me to that extent. She evidently thought I would pay her anything to get away from the place; and, as the landing behind me was so blocked up with people, that I should at last have to take her boat; but she found herself mistaken.

I concluded to walk down the river half a mile further, and, if I did not find the place, to return to the factories. I made my way through the crowd, walking briskly, and endeavoring to appear as if I knew where I was, and where I was going. As they pressed too closely, or became insolent and boisterous, I would turn and motion them away, when they would fall back a few steps, as if afraid of me; but I could not convince them that their presence was not at all required; they would return to escort me, the moment my back was towards them. I could not walk on the edge of the river; for the buildings extended to and over the water; and, when I wished to see it, I had to take a narrow lane leading to it, and then regain the street, and continue the course of the river. The crowd continued to volunteer their attentions till I reached the execution ground, when I knew where I was; and, quickening my step, they all dispersed. I was very glad to reach the house, and find a resting-place from such tormentors. I do not think they meant me any harm, nor do I think they intended any good. They are actuated more by curiosity, and governed more by impulse, than by reason or principle. They are of this class a frivolous, effeminate, weak, and superstitious race.

Having dined at half-past two, I read for the remainder of the day, partly from the book which you always taught us to read on Sunday, as you know, and partly from religious papers, magazines, &c. I also read over some letters from home: though a year old, still they were interesting, in the absence of later dates.

There is an open square at the side of the house, and this afternoon the mandarins were very busy passing through, with their long trains of servants. My attention was several times attracted towards them, to see what they were doing. I found they were making calls on a brother mandarin, who received them on board of his revenue boat. It appeared ludicrous enough to see them stand and so many times bow and motion to each other as to which should go first; and this, too, when it was well understood to whom precedence was finally to be yielded. They were richly dressed in their silk robes, and, with their numerous servants in uniform, they made considerable show.

We had tea at half-past six, after which I went with the family to the factories to Dr. Parker's meeting. Dr. B. had preached all day to his Chinese audience, and did not go. We were all at home again at nine, and, after reading till tea, the boy took the lantern, and lighted me through the streets up to my room. At this hour the streets are very little frequented, except by the watchmen, though I believe the gamblers remain up till about twelve. After retiring, I read till near midnight. And this has been the experience of one Sunday in Canton; the others are very much like it.

Affectionately, your son, B. L. B.

The custom of naming children here does not appear to be in accordance with any regular system. The Chinese, in speaking of their children, say the "first" child, — son or daughter, as the case may be, — the "second," "third," &c. There is a notorious pirate whose name is Shap-ing-sai, the meaning of which is, "fifteenth child." The name of my Chinese landlord in Canton is A-cow-o, signifying "ninth child," and applies to females as well as males. A-cow-o also signifies dog, and would as soon be given, I am told, with that signification, as with the other; for many Chinese believe that bestowing names significant of happiness, prosperity, or good of any kind, will have unfavorable influences on the children's lives, property, &c., afterwards. My friend asked his boat-woman, whose name is A-kow-o, whether her name meant dog, or ninth child. She said she did not know, but supposed it meant dog.

An individual may have several names. The first as a child, which the Chinese call the "milk name." Afterwards there is added the "school name," then the "marriage name," then the "official name," &c.

There is a little work, translated by the daughter of a missionary, entitled "The Hundred Family Surnames." These were the original names of the Chinese, from which, as I understand, all others are derived. I believe, however, by additions since made there are five hundred, which is not a very large number to be the source of two or three hundred millions of others. I will subjoin a few of them.

Seaou, Mr. Small.
Woo, Mr. Vociferate.
Han, Mr. Low-wall.
Wan, Mr. Long-garment.
Tung, Mr. Pass-through.
Tang, Mr. Hold-up-the-head.
Tseen, Mr. Money.
Shuuy, Mr. Water.
Kin, Mr. Gold.
Ma, Mr. House.
Lung, Mr. Husband.
Tavu, Mr. Beautiful.
Chow, Mr. Circle.
Paou, Mr. Violent.
Kan, Mr. Sweet.
Hing, Mr. Hope.
Wan, Mr. Ten-thousand.
Tung, Mr. Child.

Monday, February 18th. — At an early hour this morning I took a boat to Dr. B.'s, calling him up before light. We drank our coffee, and at half-past four, with our two boats, were off for the trip of a hundred miles up the river. We called at the factories, added a little more to our stores, and proceeded on, with no definite place in view.

The first stop we made was at the coal mountain, or island, which

I have before spoken of, that the mandarins will not have worked. We walked nearly its whole extent, the boats keeping along the shore. We passed on our right a very long dike, formed of stone, piles, and trees. At the "gates," so called, we landed, and visited on both sides the two hills which constitute the "gates," one of which we ascended to the summit, and had a pretty view from it. We distributed tracts at every place where we stopped. A few boys followed, but they were quite civil, and seemed pleased to receive them.

Two miles further, we stopped at a pagoda, situated on a point of land, and called "pen pagoda," from its similarity to a Chinese writing-pen. Near by, some men were ploughing, with one bullock attached to the plough.

A few miles onward, leaving two or three villages on our left, we stopped at a military station, called in Chinese "trusty ground." The garrison consisted of only three or four men, who were soldiers on guard. They were very civil towards us.

We passed more villages on our left. The river divided, and we took the left branch. After a few miles, we stopped where there were five or six buildings, and a sugar manufactory. A number of men were at work trimming the stalks of a large pile containing several cords of sugar-cane. The proprietor was very polite, asking us into the mill, and offering us sugar and syrup, as much as we liked. Two bullocks were grinding the cane, and showed their fear of us by jumping and snorting each time they passed us.

We continued by several places, on each bank of the river, where we had called on a former excursion; and stopped at several villages, distributing tracts, the people being well-disposed.

Towns of considerable size were situated at a little distance from the river, and in each there was a high, tower-like building, designed for a refuge to the inhabitants in times of freshet. At one of these towns soldiers were out on parade, and they made a great stir and noise in firing their matchlocks. We gave out a few tracts, and proceeded along the river's banks.

We made our way comfortably and peaceably till the latter part of the day, when things began to assume a different aspect. We landed at several places, not directly in front of the towns, but a little on one side, so that we might not have to face the whole population at once, and to avoid surprising them too much by our sudden appearance. At one place they gathered about so rapidly, and in such numbers, and appeared to be so disrespectful, that we thought it best to move on.

We then came to a village which stretched along the river for quite a distance, and there a party of boys followed on the bank, hooting and shouting, and increasing in numbers as they passed on. They seemed to wish us to stop, but we paid no attention to them, and continued up the river. After a while they began to throw pieces of bricks and earthenware, which struck in the water near us, using noisy exclamations. The further we went the more numerous and tumultuous they became, and the thicker fell their missiles; but, as we had already gone two or three miles along this town, we thought we should soon get past it, and Dr. B. encouraged the boatmen to pull hard. The banks became more thickly settled, until they appeared to be covered with one long city. Still we thought that every angle of the river we could see ahead would mark the termination of the settlements; but in this we were disappointed. The further we went the further the city extended, till there seemed to be no end to it; and the narrowing of the river made our position more disagreeable, as it brought us within the reach of the showers of stones and brickbats. Things really began to look a little serious. Gongs sounded along the shore, the mob swelled in numbers, and, while it was before composed of boys, now men intermingled with them. The shouts became more tumultuous. Missiles of various kinds splashed in the water in all directions around us, some hitting the boat, and some the boatmen; and we sat in the back of the boat, expecting every moment that the stones would break through its thin bamboo covering.

I looked at Dr. B., as much as to say, "What is best to be done?" but he sat very thoughtfully, and seemed to be revolving the subject in his mind. The boatmen were so frightened as to be hardly conscious of what they were doing; which was not so much to be wondered at, as they had not the protection of a covering above them. The old woman at the steering-oar contrived, after a stone had struck her arm, to slide something over her head, which effectually shielded her from above, though she was still exposed sideways; and she tugged away at the oar as if for her life, all the time pouring out volumes of maledictions on somebody or something, I knew not whom.

The sun had set, and the collection on the banks had increased, and became so clamorous and threatening, that we decided to come to an understanding with them. The boat was turned towards the shore, and the people paused, neither throwing anything nor shouting as we advanced, but standing motionless in a crowd, and gazing fixedly upon us. As soon as the boat touched at a litte jetty of flat stones, my

friend stepped forward with a bunch of tracts in his hand, and spoke to them in their language. At first they seemed to listen in fear and suspense, but soon gave attention, and manifested eager curiosity. It was explained that we visited them to distribute tracts and medicine, without pay, and not as thieves and robbers to do them harm, &c. &c. He then held out a tract, which was hesitatingly taken by the nearest one. In a few moments they became so eager that they could not be served fast enough, and I joined in the distribution. They crowded so from behind that both of us could not sufficiently supply them to keep the boat free, and the boatmen began to assist; and all of us together were unable to supply the outstretched hands, those forward being pushed into the water and standing around us. There soon began to be demands for medicine, which, being already prepared for several of the prevailing affections, was dealt out nearly as rapidly as the tracts. And many, no doubt, sought the medicine to keep, in anticipation of its need; for there was no time to make examinations, and, if the disease was not visible, their word had to be taken for it.

It began to be dark, and, the throng increasing, our boat was nearly overwhelmed. Those supplied could not get away as fast as those behind were crowding up; and, fearing some unpleasant consequences, we thought it best to leave as soon as practicable. The boatmen were told to be in readiness, and, at the first opportunity, the boat was pushed off. On their perceiving this, a number of them rushed into the water, and we gained but a few paces before there were many hands holding the boat. These, one by one, released their hold to receive the tracts presented them; and by degrees our boat gained a position beyond their depth, and we were out of their reach. A division of the channel of the river at this place enabled us to turn down the other branch, which was further from the city than the route by which we came. A few Chinese ran along the bank on the opposite side, crying out, and keeping nearly abreast of us; and our boatmen pulled hard, especially when they saw another boat pursuing us. This, being much smaller than ours, overtook us, and came alongside; but, the demand of two or three Chinamen for tracts and medicine only being agreeably complied with, they left us.

It having become too dark to be distinguished, we thought to turn about and pursue our original plan up the river; but the boatmen refused, and the more we expostulated with them, the more vigorously they pulled in the direction of Canton. We concluded, therefore, to let them have their own way for the night, hoping that in the morn-

ing they would get over their fears, although it would probably be easier to pass the city in the evening unobserved than by daylight; and, that accomplished, we believed we should be able to go on without much further molestation.

The boatmen continued their course down the river to a city, where they mingled in with a multitude of other boats. We could see nothing but lights, dark masses of buildings, boats, and masts. Our boat was kept dark, so that we should not be observed; the slides in the sides were drawn; the front was enclosed with blankets, which the men had taken the precaution to provide themselves with, both for their safety and ours; the lantern was lighted, and we partook of our simple dinner. The boatmen remained so that no one should come on board; and, after we had extinguished the light and retired, it was amusing to listen to them as they replied to the inquiries of other boatmen respecting this boat; where it was from, where going, why it was enclosed, what was within, &c.; and the evasive answers and lies of our boatmen. However, we were only listeners, and felt no responsibility for what they said, or any particular desire to make ourselves conspicuous in contradicting them. We could only laugh to hear, back and forth, the answers and replies elicited by the various questions. Our boatmen told them that within were two *sick* Chinamen going to Canton, and other things equally absurd.

Tuesday, Feb. 19th. — Early this morning we conferred together about prosecuting our journey further into the country. I was ready, if my friend thought proper. This being settled affirmatively, the boatmen were told to proceed. But they had not recovered from their fright of yesterday, and strongly objected. We endeavored to persuade them, and combatted their excuses, some of which seemed very foolish; but as fast as one excuse was met, others were brought forward. It was in vain that we offered to double their pay, to find their food, to buy and pay them for their boat, which they were afraid would be destroyed; and we were obliged to yield to them, and descend the river to Canton, having accomplished, perhaps, forty miles of the hundred we attempted.

Continuing our course homeward, we came to a branch of the river flowing in from an opposite direction, which we proposed to the boatmen to ascend; but they opposed everything we could offer. Finally, they consented to take us up to the first village, a distance of about two miles. Stopping there, and finding no obstacles, they were induced to go to the next, a few miles above; and then they

were prevailed on to go further, till we had made about twelve miles, when they refused to proceed. Coaxing nor threats would change their determination, and we told them we would row the boat ourselves, supposing that they would be ashamed and relent, rather than to have us row them. They made no objection to this, and we took the oars and pulled away up the river. After some miles, finding our hands blistered, and no disposition on their part to change, we reluctantly allowed them to take the oars and turn about; and we were again on our way home, where we arrived safely, calling on our way at the country seat of Powtinqua, formerly the wealthy tea-merchant.

We arrived home in the latter part of the afternoon; after which I took a walk to the execution grounds, to see if there were any signs of executions there to-day. I found that one had taken place just before. I went to the ground, and saw five bodies and five heads lying near each other, just as the executioner had left them, after the blow of the cutlass.

Thursday, Feb. 21st. — I passed through the execution ground as I went to breakfast this morning, to see if the bodies executed yesterday still remained there, and found them being tumbled into coffins of rough boards. The heads were thrown into the heap of forty or fifty heads in the little pen.

This morning, at half-past nine, I attended the funeral of Mrs. Whilden. She died on the night of the 19th instant. Commissioner Davis, the consul, and others, were present. Rev. Dr. Parker officiated. Mr. and Mrs. W. were missionaries, and have been out about a year. She has left three young children. The body is carried to French Island, Whampoa.

Yesterday news came that the Emperor of China was dead; but there seems to be much doubt whether it is the emperor himself, his mother, wife, son, or even his aunt; they seem only to know that it is one of the royal family.

It is now cold weather again, requiring a good fire to be comfortable. Yesterday Dr. B. paid his head boatman all that was due him, and discharged him from his service, for having refused to make restitution of the dollar stolen from me; but the boatman denied having taken it, and swore and made so much noise that it was thought best to pay him, in order to keep the peace. When we made our last trip up the river, we slept one night on board the boat. In the morning, an hour or two after sunrise, I had washed, and was

wiping my face with a towel, when, my body being bent over to prevent the water dripping from my face to my clothes, a silver dollar dropped out of my vest pocket. I continued wiping, intending to pick it up when I should get through; meanwhile, I saw the boatman's bare foot come from behind me, place itself upon the dollar, and then slowly drag itself and the dollar away; and then I saw his hand lower itself and pick it up. Concluding that he wished to joke with me a little, and make me think I had lost it, I said nothing about it. In the afternoon I was mentioning it to Dr. B., and stating my supposition that the boatman was keeping it for a joke, when he said, "O no, he will not joke about it!" and he asked the man to give the money up. The boatman denied that he had seen it. We did not say much about it until we arrived home, when Dr. B. asked him again, telling him that I wanted it, that it belonged to me, &c. The man again stoutly denied it. I then explained the whole process; how he had done with his foot, that I was looking all the time, and that he was the only one in the front part of the boat. He again denied it; and, in return, accused us of having taken two dollars out of his drawer during the night; and he also went through with all the particulars, how we had done it, &c. When we came on board he borrowed fifteen cents to buy rice for his breakfast, so that it is not very plausible that he had two dollars to be lost. Dr. B. told him that he should have nothing more to do with him unless he gave up the money; and he refused and denied it again, and wanted us to go into the temple near by, and settle it before the gods, with the dice-blocks, on the principle of throwing up a cent, to condemn or to clear by the heads or tails which came up. However, the boatman held on to the dollar, running the risk of losing Dr. B.'s patronage, and he let him go.

Dr. B. related several similar instances of their dishonesty; one, a cooly, stole oil directly before his eyes, and when accused, flatly denied it.

Once here in China I had some money to deposit. The gentleman at the head of the house said, "Hand it to the comprador when it is ready, and he will take charge of it." Knowing from experience that the Chinese were up to every species of deception, I determined this time that there should be nothing by which they could take any advantage. Therefore, in my room alone, I counted out the money, three hundred dollars, into groups of a hundred dollars each. These three groups I divided into rows counting ten each way. I

counted over three times the piles of ten each, the rows each way, and the three groups of a hundred each. Perfectly satisfied of the correctness of what I had taken pains to put beyond a doubt, I called the comprador, and said to him, "Here are three hundred dollars for you." "Very well," he said; "you have makee counter?" "Yes," said I, "I have makee counter." He took up the hem of his frock, and began scraping the money off into it. I remonstrated, and endeavored that he should put it back and count it. "O," he said, "he would count it in the office." I followed him around to the office, when he poured the money upon the table. He counted it, and there was thirty-two dollars short. I could not but admit it to be so here, though it was hard to persuade myself that there was thirty-two dollars short in my room; but there was no appeal from this, and I allowed it to be so. The comprador seemed so sincere and consistent that I could not have had it in my heart to distrust him, had I not before seen some *similar dissimulations*.

A whaler came into Hong-Kong one evening, and Chinese boats, as usual, went alongside; and, before they had left, they left on board over two hundred counterfeit dollars. They had various articles to sell, for which they asked exorbitant prices. When an offer was made by the sailors for anything, the Chinamen wished to look at the money; and, taking it into their hands, whirling it over, contrived to change it for their spurious money, and handed it back, saying that they did not want that money. The sailor, knowing his money to be good, would go and get other money, perhaps borrowing some of his shipmates; which, on handing over, would be served in the same way. The next day, much to their surprise, they discovered the deception; but too late to be remedied.

Many instances which have come under my observation could be adduced of the many ways of purloining by the servants, as taking money out of my secretary from within two locks, — changing the money, by taking out good dollars and replacing with those of short weight, or with those in which lead had been mingled, &c. I have taken pains to note down the amounts and kinds, in my drawers, from day to day; and by seeing the changes occurring, could then be assured that it was not myself who was always mistaken, as I was disposed to believe formerly. And I have occasionally found wanting sums from one dollar up to twenty, and quite frequently small sums from a few cents upwards.

A Chinaman told me that there was a company of Chinese within

the walls manufacturing spurious money, copper dollars silvered, and that the men were so secret it was very difficult to detect them ; and that the agents of the company were scattered about in different places. There are many dollars here in circulation with holes cut into or through them, and an equal quantity of lead supplied. One course of some of the Chinese is to bore silver out of the rims of the Spanish or Mexican dollars and fill up with lead. The money is generally more or less hacked and mutilated. The practice of every Chinaman stamping the piece with his mark, as it passes through his hands, flattens and cuts it so that it soon crumbles, and must be weighed to ascertain its value. Frequently the shroffs, whose business it is to examine the money, may be seen at the doorways of the houses of the foreigners, with heaps, by the bushel, of broken dollars, around which several are sitting and assorting the coin.

A large boat, or junk, took fire this evening, illuminating the river beautifully. We could see, in all directions, the small boats pulling towards it for plunder, not to aid in saving the vessel or property.

Spent a pleasant evening in conversation at Dr. B.'s, with the family, and with Lysung, a converted Chinese, who has received his education in America, and now is a missionary teacher in Dr. B.'s school.

In returning from our trip up the river, the other day, I noticed a Chinaman of the laboring class going to market ; and his wife followed behind, carrying a child on her back, and two large baskets of vegetables in her arms. She had as much as she could manage to get along with her load, while he, erect and empty-handed, marched off with a free and bounding step.

As I looked out this morning, I noticed quite an assemblage forming in the square, in front of the temple, with much parade and ceremony. There were several mandarins, with their servants in uniform, who were forming a procession to visit another of a higher grade, and to take some presents to him. There were four sedan-chairs, very tastefully ornamented and gilded ; in one of which there were two live geese, in another two hats, and in another a roast pig, presents to the one to be visited. There were two men with red canopies, eight men with red placard-boards, and two with bunches of crackers on the ends of sticks, which were fired when the procession started. They were dressed in uniform, a red frock and cap, except six or eight boys, pretended musicians, who were attired in handsome gowns, something like dressing-robes, and brought up the rear. They all appeared like a troop of boys, and looked very fancifully.

In this square I once had the opportunity of seeing a Chinese theatre and performance. We were in the house of a friend, which made one corner of the square, and could see very distinctly by looking through the shades of the windows; but this a few moments only at a time, as the eyes of the suspicious Chinese were often raised towards the house. As I remember now, the building of the theatre was a light frame-work of bamboo poles, lashed together with rattan, with the roof and three sides enclosed by strips of matting, and afforded ample room for a stage, dress-room, band, &c. Upon one side, disconnected, was an enclosure like a shed, covered with matting, which would be called the boxes. Here were seated the ladies, the principal part of the audience being the men standing in a close body in the open square before the theatre. The partition excluded all view between the two, though it admitted sufficient to the stage, which was elevated ten or fifteen feet above the ground. The play was of the harlequin order, by male actors only, some of whom, in ladies' dresses, represented females when required. Considerable obscenity occasionally appeared; but, from the bursts of applause, we should say that the play was highly commended. The ladies in the boxes were decked out in rich silks, each with the frock, skirt and bloomers, in different colors; and with large heads of shining black hair, ornamented with flowers. Jewelry glistened from their ears, hands, and arms. There were among them several handsome faces, but all wanting in intellect, in soul, in something besides life, to distinguish them from large dolls finely dressed and painted. They evidently make no secret of painting, neither are they at all particular as to the thickness of the coat laid on. The contrast between these three different places, the boxes full of bright colors, with the monotonous sea of bald heads and yellow skins of the men, was very marked; and, with the fantastic robes of the actors, conspired to present a scene lively, novel, and interesting. The theatre remains here but a few days, when it is taken down and put in operation in another part of the city, where the performance is renewed, and thus changed to other localities in the city.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LETTER TO A SISTER. — ARRIVAL AT MACAO. — ASPECT BY EVENING. — MR. SMITH'S HOTEL. — MALICIOUS BOATMEN. — THE PRAYA GRANDE. — VIEW FROM THE HOTEL. — PUBLIC SQUARE. — VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL, CEMETERY, MR. MARQUE'S GARDEN, AND BARRIER.

LETTER TO SISTER L. F.

Macao, February 28th.

My dear Sister: I am now located at Mr. Smith's hotel, in Macao. The building is very large, but I can see no one about except a Chinese servant. I asked him where all the people of the hotel were, and he answered,

"No have got n' other man."

And under the circumstances I feel quite lonely, landed as I am in a strange place in the evening, and alone. It is dark, cold and cheerless, with no fires, and no living thing to speak to. I am also disappointed in having recently missed the "Plymouth," on its expedition to Cochin-China.

I arrived this evening by the steamer from Canton, a distance of sixty miles, in a little more than eight hours. There are four steamers running here, but none have the speed of our steamers in America. The passage-money is eight dollars, two dollars for the dinner, twenty-five cents to get aboard, twenty-five to get ashore, and twenty-five for a cooly to carry the baggage to the hotel: making for the fare about eleven dollars. To go to Hong-Kong, where you require tiffin, it is a dollar and a half more.

Macao looked very beautiful as we approached; the shore forming a crescent, — a row of white buildings running in parallel circle with it, and a hill at each extremity rising up like a pyramid, and crowned with large white structures. This, with the beautiful phosphorescent state of the water, like molten silver of the luminous green, blue and white, mixed in various shades of color, displaying such lights and flashes, as the heavy swell broke upon the sea-wall, and the moon shedding its silvery light over the whole, gave Macao the prettiest appearance of any city I have seen yet. You would be amused to see the boat-girls, as they come off after passengers. There were three girls to each boat; the sea was rather rough, and they came with such impetuosity, each one striving to be first, that I thought, if they did not dash their boats to pieces against the steamer, they would against each other. As it was, one boat, in the strife, took fire. Every boat has its Josh or idol, with incense-sticks, and sacrificial paper; and this took fire, and blazed away, but was put out by them directly.

After the confusion was over, I took a boat and came ashore. The moment I landed, a Chinaman hurried up, and said,

"Wanche cooly, manderle?" (mandarin.)

"Yes," said I.

In a moment several of them had hold of my baggage, and carried it to the hotel, only a few rods distant. For this he wanted pay for all. I saw that there were eight men, three only being necessary for four pieces of baggage; and had noticed four or five of them walk alongside of it, pretending to assist by holding or putting their hands on it; and I would not be imposed upon. I told him to come to-morrow, and I would see the landlord, and if he said that was right, or more, I would pay it. He grumbled away that, "the landlord no sarva cooly pigeon," and insisted upon being paid there; but I said "no," and left him, and they went away.

March 1st. — In making the acquaintance of Mr. Smith to-day, I was surprised when he told me that he was a native of Calcutta, and had been in China twenty years. He has a large landed property, but it is now of little value, he says, owing to the great decline of property since Hong-Kong was established, and the business diverted from Macao. He lives six or seven doors from here, and carries on ship-chandlery business underneath his hotel. His family consists of a wife and four children, — two daughters, of nine and eleven years, and two sons, of six and seven. Mrs. S. is a Macao woman; that is, a Portuguese. At dinner, upon sitting down to the table one of the girls asked a blessing, and upon rising the other returned thanks. I returned to tea in the evening, and afterwards listened to singing and music on the piano. I met there Mr. and Mrs. L. and others from five different nations, — French, English, Portuguese, East Indian, and American. I believe that I have visited all the cities at the ports open to foreigners here, and now I think I shall rest content as regards *China*. Other places, in other countries, I will not answer for at present; I cannot say how far my restless disposition may carry me. If you recollect, you first set the example, and you must be silent if I follow.

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It is wonderful to see how early training, the kindness and teachings of parents, are so impressed upon the mind, as to appear so often in after years, and under circumstances so various. I think we have nothing to complain of, as regards parents of that stamp. And if we ourselves are remiss in our duties, we certainly cannot charge it to any remissness on their part. These early impressions are so firmly fixed upon my own mind, that time, distance, sickness, or any circumstance, cannot remove them. They have been with me by night and by day, in my dreams and in wakefulness, at sea and on land. They have been with me while I lay upon the sick bed, or was in the pursuit of pleasure at the volcano's top; in the Christian place of worship, and in the temple of idols; while attending the service of a holy Being, and while listening to the chanting monks before their senseless images.

The boat-girl was the first caller I had this morning. She wished for her pay. I had inquired the regular price, and paid her double that sum; but she demurred even then, as they generally do. I have

sometimes paid them several times more than their usual fee, to see if there was such a thing as satisfying them; and then they have held out their hands, saying Cumshaw (give me present). The coolies — eight great, lazy, dirty, villanous-looking fellows — next called for their pay. I gave my boy the money, and told him to pay them, at the same time asking him if that was enough; he said "Yes," but wished me to pay them myself, as the men did not like him. I then took the money, but the head cooly refused it, and I laid on the table before them exactly double their usual pay. He claimed pay for the eight; but I told him three coolies always carried the baggage. I was busy writing, and he asked the boy for the money, took it, and then demanded more. I said "No!" whereupon he raised his arm to throw it at me. As I sprang up towards him, he lowered his hand, dashed it upon the table, spattering the ink over my paper, &c., and quickly retreated out of the room. I knew enough of the Chinese character to be convinced that, with all his show of fury and rage, he would return again, if it was only for five cash, when he should find that I was not to be imposed on. He remained about the house, waiting outside till he could get an opportunity to see me; and when he did, he concluded to take the sum offered, with the addition of a few cash which I gave him as a present. How he settled with the others, I do not know; — they all went off together. Yesterday, while I was walking on the Praya Grande towards the country, the same cooly followed me from a distance. My boy said, "That cooly man, number one, bad man! Every man he likey makee squeeze pigeon, alla same."

But, with all, I have never seen a Chinaman intoxicated. I have seen them, under the influence of liquor, highly excited; but never drunk, though I have heard of their being so. They drink what they call wine (Samchu), an alcohol distilled from rice. On some occasions, dining with Chinese acquaintances, I have tasted it, and found it much like reduced alcohol. It is poured out hot into little cups, from a small porcelain tea-pot, and drank as wine.

I can see none of the small feet about here. And I had forgotten to mention, while at Ningpoo, that I had the opportunity of examining one of the small feet. The woman at first strongly objected; but, through the persuasion of my friend, she at last consented; at the same time she said she did not know why I wanted to see her foot, for, according to their ideas, it is only *pretty* when bandaged and inserted into its little shoe, and surrounded with embroidery of different colored silks. She reluctantly unbound the bandages, and exposed a deformity which one would hardly suppose had ever been a foot. It was a withered, ill-shapen, bloodless, tumor-like mass of flesh. One sees a point for the great toe, without the other toes; a high, disproportioned instep, with a fissure underneath. The foot is doubled upon itself, the sole touching the heel, leaving a fold like a loop between them. The four smaller toes are turned underneath, so that their backs form a portion of the foot walked upon. Should the woman now attempt to bear any weight upon the foot, the fold will open and the foot spread out, becoming so flabby as to afford no support in standing; and she is completely crippled until the bandages are renewed, and the parts drawn

to their places in a solid mass. The odor is offensive, notwithstanding that the bandages are frequently changed. It sometimes happens to the child, when the bandages are first applied, -- which is, I think, from the age of three to eight, — that, being too tight, the circulation has been stopped, and, after much suffering for two or three weeks, gangrene ensued, the feet separated, and came off at the ankles. I had made in Ningpoo a wooden carving of the small foot, which I shall send home. It is formed exact from the living foot, with all the bandages and dressings upon it.

With regards to all, yours,

B. L. B.

LETTER TO A SISTER.

Macao, China, March 2d.

My dear Sister H. : The rooms in the hotel where I stop are large, airy, and comfortable. A fine veranda encircles the house on two sides, where may be enjoyed the fresh breeze. We have a view of the harbor in front ; and on the other side is a large pile of disagreeable-looking buildings, with the top of a pretty hill rising up behind.

Macao is to the people in China something like our Nahant to the inhabitants of Boston and vicinity. The principal merchants keep houses here, in addition to those they have at Canton or Hong-Kong ; and they come here as often as they choose, to enjoy a little quiet, or catch a breath of fresh air in the hot weather.

The population comprises about fifteen thousand Portuguese ; but how they live, since business has been transferred to Hong-Kong, is a mystery. Many of them probably suffer. The morning after my arrival, several females, of forty or fifty years of age, looking very respectable, and as though they had seen prosperous times, made their appearance beneath my window, begging.

Directly beneath the veranda, in front of the hotel, is the Praya Grande, — a pretty street, thirty or forty feet wide, and stretching round, upon the edge of the water, on either side, in the shape of a crescent. A line of houses fronts the harbor, like those fronting Boston Common. The harbor looks like a beautiful lake, there being no outlet visible, on account of the islands in the distance. There is a harbor on the other side of the city, called the inner harbor, extending from this side around the point.

There are no vessels here at anchor ; nor boats, except the small ones belonging to the boat-women, which they live in, anchored a little way from the shore.

At each extremity of the Praya Grande is a formidable-looking group of buildings, consisting of churches, dwelling-houses and fortifications, rising up and crowning the summit of the hill. Near the centre of the Praya Grande, on the sea-wall, and in front of the governor's house, is a small battery of five or six guns. It is the one that the English took last summer, in liberating a British subject, who had infringed upon the Portuguese laws, by keeping his head covered at one of the Catholic ceremonies ; persisting in doing this after he had received

several warnings, and for which he was taken to prison by the police. The next day, an English man-of-war landed a party of marines, made an onset, disarmed the guard, shot one man, and forcibly released the prisoner. They contended, in their defence, that Macao did not belong to the Portuguese, — that they were on China ground, &c., — as if Macao was not allowed an acknowledged government. The general opinion in China about the affair is, that the man behaved foolishly in getting himself into prison, and that the English behaved foolishly in getting the man out.

From the veranda, on the other side, we have a view of a public square, or rather of a public *triangle*. On its front is the Praya Grande, with a row of stone seats. A few paces beyond is a fortification, where sentinels may be seen keeping guard; and on the opposite side from us are the disagreeable-looking buildings spoken of before. They are separated by high brick walls, plastered on the outside, and painted yellow. They are gloomy-looking; and I have just ascertained that they are monasteries. Just behind them rises up a pretty hill, the top of which is covered with small green pines.

As I now sit at my window, and look down into the little triangular square before me, I see a platoon of soldiers marching up to the barracks; and behind them a parcel of China boys straggling, with the soldiers' mattresses. There goes a Chinese cooly on a half-run, stooping under the weight of two large buckets of water. Here, at the corner nearest, are some goats, with their kids feeding around them. A dozen dogs are gravely seated near by, apparently holding a council; and, judging from size and color, various races of them are there represented. Yonder are three boat-girls, on the stone seats, and talking busily. How disgustingly their hair is dressed! — what a mass of false hair is platted on behind over that ugly frame-work! Their dress is very simple, but not particularly clean: blue pants and blue frocks reach nearly to the knee, and they have naked feet and bare heads. All the Chinese within sight, just now, are bare-footed and bare-headed. There stands a Chinaman, over the way, with his mouth wide open, looking up at me. He sees me using my pencil, but cannot imagine what I am doing; astonishment and curiosity are plainly depicted in his countenance. There are some pedlers; one of them has sweetmeats; another, pea-nuts; the other, vegetables. The pea-nut man has sold a cash worth (or one twelfth of a cent's value), and he seems pleased to have traded even to that extent. The nuts are all laid out into cash bunches, and cannot be a very profitable business. What horrid voices they have, as they cry their goods! Another pedler is just entering the square with some Chinese soup, the nature of which I do not know, but the odor would not recommend it to foreigners. One would think, from his voice, that his throat was full of files and saws, and that he had practised his cries to imitate those of the peacock and guinea-hen. There now is a new arrival; two countrymen have made their appearance on the right, and stand with their heads thrown back, and mouths wide open, looking up at my wonderful self. Their pure greenness, idiotic stare, and doubly-bronzed complexion, indicate them to be fresh from the country. Their

hair is braided into long tails, and that of one touches the ground. They are looking up at me with great earnestness, — there being no other foreigner in sight, — and judging probably for themselves whether I am a real Fanqui-loo, or flesh and blood like themselves. They seem quite doubtful about it, for they shrink back with fear when I look at them. Ah! I hear music somewhere. Yes, a company of soldiers are coming down the flight of steps from the fort, preceded by a band of music. It is not *quite equal* to a Boston band, but it is enlivening to hear this evening. They are marching across the square to go to the governor's house, where they will relieve guard. The rear portion has separated, and will march to another part of the city for a similar purpose. They occupy the position both of soldiers and police. On the Praya Grande are several Chinese boys playing with cash, a species of gambling. They commence young, and, I believe, are addicted to it nearly to the last hour of their lives. Here is a barber, a very important man; he carries the stool to sit upon, and shaves without soap, the person to be shaved taking a seat in the street, or anywhere he may happen to be. Several females are passing out of those disagreeable, yellow-looking buildings, wearing long shawls, that answer both for hoods and cloaks. All the Chinese within sight are very shabbily dressed, and very dirty. But they are of the lowest class.

The other morning I breakfasted with Mr. L., and in the alley leading to his house he pointed out to me the bullets lodged in the door which he had fired at Chinese robbers, who were in the night endeavoring to break in. The French consul at Canton lately came near being murdered by his own servant, a Chinese cooly. As the consul was seated, reading a newspaper, in his room, the cooly came behind him and struck him upon the head with a cleaver. The cooly waiting, and seeing that the blow was not fatal, became alarmed, dropped his weapon, and, running down the stairs, mingled in the throng of Chinese, and thus escaped. His object probably was plunder, for there had been no difficulty between them. The consul was much injured, but is recovering. The cooly has not yet been apprehended, and most likely will run clear, and be taken care of by his Chinese friends.

You have probably heard of Governor Amaral's death here. He was engaged to be married to a lady in Lisbon. The day was appointed, and the ceremonies to take place by proxy. Four days before that time arrived he was murdered. She, of course, being twelve or fifteen thousand miles distant, could not have known of his death, and must have been married to a man who had been dead four days. When she hears of his death she must realize the singularity of her position.

My regards to all, &c. Yours, &c., B. L. B.

LETTER TO A SISTER-IN-LAW.

Macao, China, March 3d.

My dear Sister E. This morning, according to previous arrangement, I breakfasted with the French gentleman, Monsieur L.

Breakfast being over, notwithstanding the rain, I sallied out to take a view of the cathedral, which stands conspicuously in the midst of other buildings, crowning the hill near by. As the Portuguese are all Roman Catholics, this, of course, is a Roman Catholic church. It is very handsome, and, I am told, cost forty-six thousand dollars. The Catholics are the most zealous of professed Christians, and have the most splendid churches. We went immediately inside, where a row of candles were burning all around the walls. At the further end was the altar, glittering with images. Above these were suspended on the walls paintings of Christ on the cross, of the Virgin Mary, and of some of the saints. The bishop, a large, fat man, sat in a little recess, with a show of pomp, covered with sparkling robes. The priests were chanting and going through their forms of worship, which reminded me much of the ceremonies in several monasteries of the Chinese which I have visited.

There were no seats, and the floor of the church was filled with females on their knees, their long shawls thrown over their heads, and their appearance generally reminding me of nuns, convents, confessionals, veils, and lady superiors. When they arose to go out, an opportunity presented of seeing their faces, which were anything but attractive. There were the black, brown, red, yellow and white, and all the intermediate shades, with very few comely-looking ones among them ; though in Macao, notwithstanding, there are many good-looking and some handsome ladies.

I told my friend, who is a Catholic, that I did not like their looks at all, and that it seemed as if the most unfeminine-looking faces of the whole city were collected here ; and he did not dissent from my opinion.

Leaving the church, we went to the Catholic cemetery, on a neighboring eminence in the midst of the city, which we ascended by a long flight of stone steps. As I looked up I thought we were about to enter another church ; but it proved to be only the front and sides of a former church, fashioned into a cemetery. We entered by an iron gate, which was opened by the sexton. What had been the body of the church was now laid out with gravel-walks and rows of trees. In the sides were rows of shelves, for the coffins, six tiers high, and sealed up from the air with plaster. In the floor formerly under the galleries were sealed vaults ; and at the further end were the vaults of three bishops, whose bodies there repose. The slabs covering them were full of inscriptions.

We passed from this into an open space, which was the cemetery for the poor. Adjoining was a private enclosure, belonging to the family of a wealthy merchant. This seemed to close up another communication between the two cemeteries. Here is a handsome monument, on which the family name is inscribed. The two entrances are closed by large iron gates. The whole space is paved with solid hewn granite blocks, and beneath is the vault.

From this place we extended our walk to the Protestant cemetery. A dead-house is connected with it, and a Chinaman is constantly in charge. The ground is low, containing, I should say, half an acre.

There are a number of monuments, but the graves are mostly marked with granite slabs, placed horizontally, with sides and end-pieces for supports. One of the first that attracted my attention was the monument of Dr. Brooks, surgeon of the United States navy. He was from Philadelphia, and attached to the "Plymouth." I was very well acquainted with him, having lived at the same house, and taken pleasant excursions in his company. There was one larger monument than this, but none so chaste and well proportioned. It was erected by the officers of the United States navy of the China squadron. It is about four feet square, but in height a little more, with a globular-shaped piece, rising pyramidically upon the top. It stands on a base about five feet square, and fifteen inches thick, all of granite. I think a fine taste was displayed in its selection. Among the names of others I noticed that of the Rev. Mr. Spear (missionary) and wife; Mr. Bacon, of Barnstable; Mr. Waldron and Capt. Bridges, from Salem.

Our walk next took us to the garden of Mr. Marques, a wealthy Portuguese gentleman, situated on a considerable eminence, at the other side of the city. It was quite extensive, and filled with walks, shade and fruit trees, flowers, arbors, retreats, &c. There are several small eminences in the grounds, from one of which is a view of the inner harbor, where ships of any size may anchor. On this eminence is a kind of tower, with a terrace on the top, surrounded by a granite railing, with seats, where may be enjoyed the cool sea-breezes. Upon another hill were lodged several immense rock boulders, forming a romantic spot, which, in its wild state, was the favorite retreat of a Portuguese poet of the fifteenth century. The boulders are now fitted up, by bricks and plaster, into a kind of grotto, in which stands the bust of Camino, the poet. Upon the walls are various inscriptions, and on the top of all is built a place of resort for a hot summer evening.

Macao is a peninsula, much like Boston, and has a narrow neck, uniting it to the rest of China. Towards this we directed our steps, to go a little way into the country. We walked leisurely along, enjoying the fresh air, viewing the hills, vales, people, houses, &c., with nothing to disturb us, excepting once, when a number of large blue buffaloes came chasing after us, puffing and blowing, till within a few rods of us, when, like their Chinese masters, they stopped and stared at us. After a few minutes they came on galloping again, stopping at intervals, until their keeper came and took charge of them. We were very glad of this, for we expected to have to give battle to them before they would leave us.

On the neck is the "Barrier," stretching entirely across, separating the Chinese from the Portuguese, and forms the frontier line between the two nations. In the centre is a gateway, called the Barrier Gate. The barrier is a wall about four feet thick, fifteen feet high, and built of brick, earthen ware, stones, and mortar. A few rods before reaching it there is a stone post marking the place where Governor Amaral was murdered by the Chinese last summer. Inside of the Chinese part are the ruins of houses which the Portuguese soldiers destroyed; and about half a mile beyond, upon a hill, is the

Chinese fort, which was also taken at the same time, in revenge for the murder of the governor. We returned by the road the making of which, because it had disturbed the burial-places of their dead, incensed the Chinese to take the life of the Portuguese governor.

A road was necessary, and their burial-places covered every spot of ground six feet square, so that there was no place where a road would not interfere with them. However, the feelings of the Chinese people should have been regarded, and their minds pacified, by a proper reïnterment of the remains taken up.

I ought to remark, in justice to the Chinese, that some of my acquaintances in China have expressed to me their unbelief that the Chinese intend to apply the term "foreign devil" to foreigners; that Fanqui means simply foreign spirit, and would require the addition of another word to make it either devil or bad spirit, or good spirit even, though, among foreigners, the general acceptation is foreign devil. Dr. B., of Canton, once took a child to task for calling him foreign devil. The little fellow looked him earnestly in the face, and asked, "What may I call you, then?" This Dr. B. thinks to be the condition of nine tenths of the Chinese people — that they know of no words by which to address them as foreigners but the Fan-qui, foreign spirit.

The other day, while dining out with a friend, I could not but remonstrate with him (out of place as it might be) for giving his child half a glass at a time of sherry wine. The child was a pretty boy of four years old, with a large and finely-formed head, which was rolling from side to side under the effects of the stimulus, at the same time he was talking and laughing, in frequent half-idiotic bursts. The child drank it readily, as its stomach was already fevered by former draughts; and the parent, whose love got the better of his reason, looked on with gratification. A father who will give a child spirituous drinks has only himself to reproach if that child should *live* even to become a drunkard and a criminal. But I must close.

Truly yours, B. L. B.

P. S. *March 12th.* — It rains here almost incessantly at this season of the year, which makes my stay in Macao not a very agreeable one. There are very few but Portuguese in Macao during the cool season. This afternoon I have heard of a vessel bound for Java, and this evening I have been aboard with Monsieur Lafon, to ascertain about her. She is a Dutch vessel, the "Macao," commanded by Capt. De Groot, and is going to Batavia in the morning. It seems a rather sudden move for me, at so short a notice, to think of leaving China. But, taking all things into consideration, — the changing of the monsoon next month, &c., — I have concluded to leave with the vessel. It is now past eleven at night, and I have many arrangements to make, letters to write, bills to settle, trunks to pack, &c. &c.; and I have just been out to my landlord's to settle with him, but, finding the house dark, returned, accomplishing nothing, and withal I am to be on board to-morrow morning at daylight. I may not be able to effect it; but, if this letter closes with this date, you may take it for granted that I have completed my tour in China, and sailed for Java.

B. L. B.

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