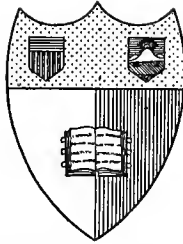


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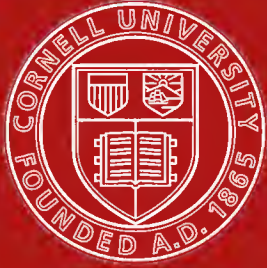
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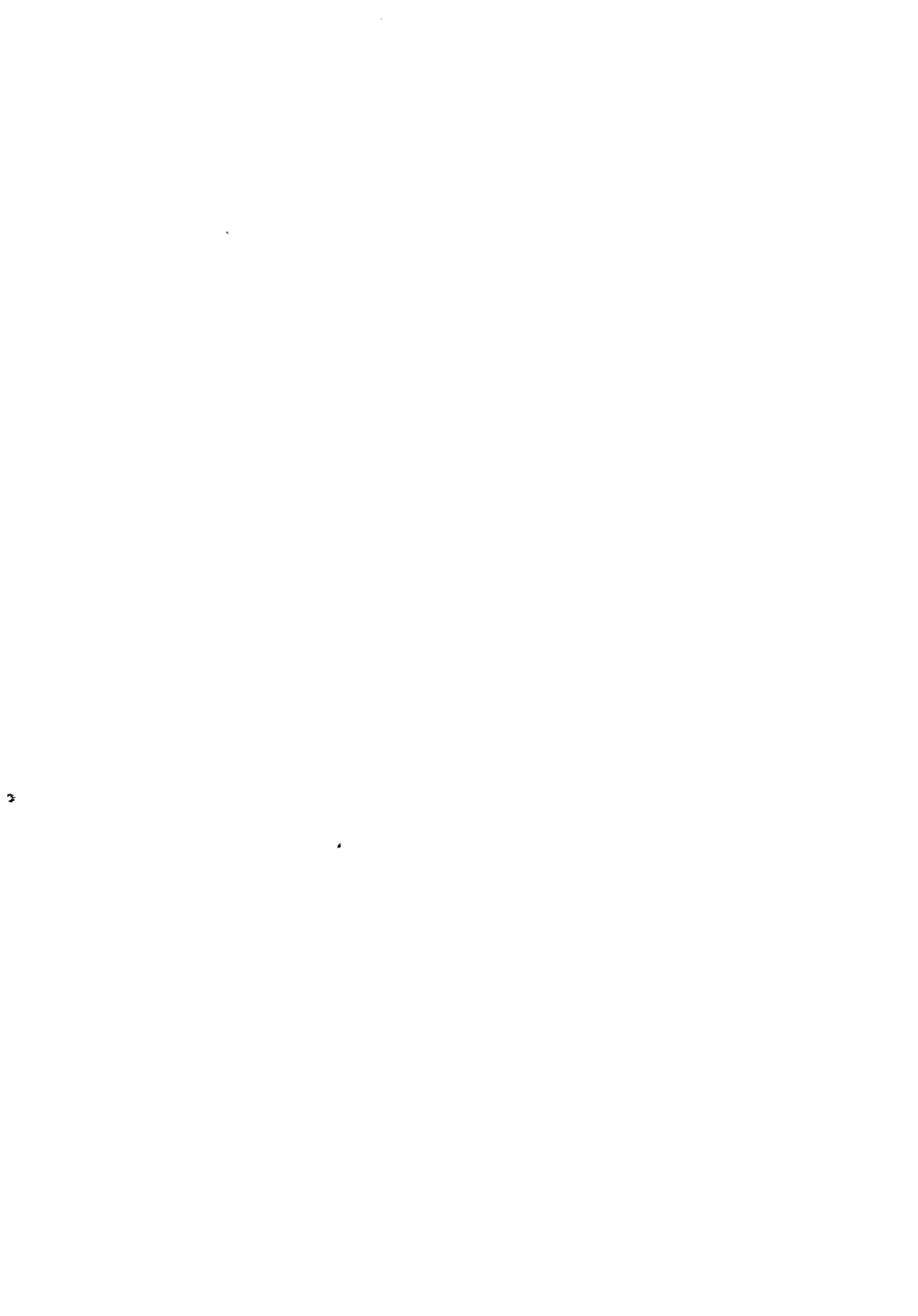


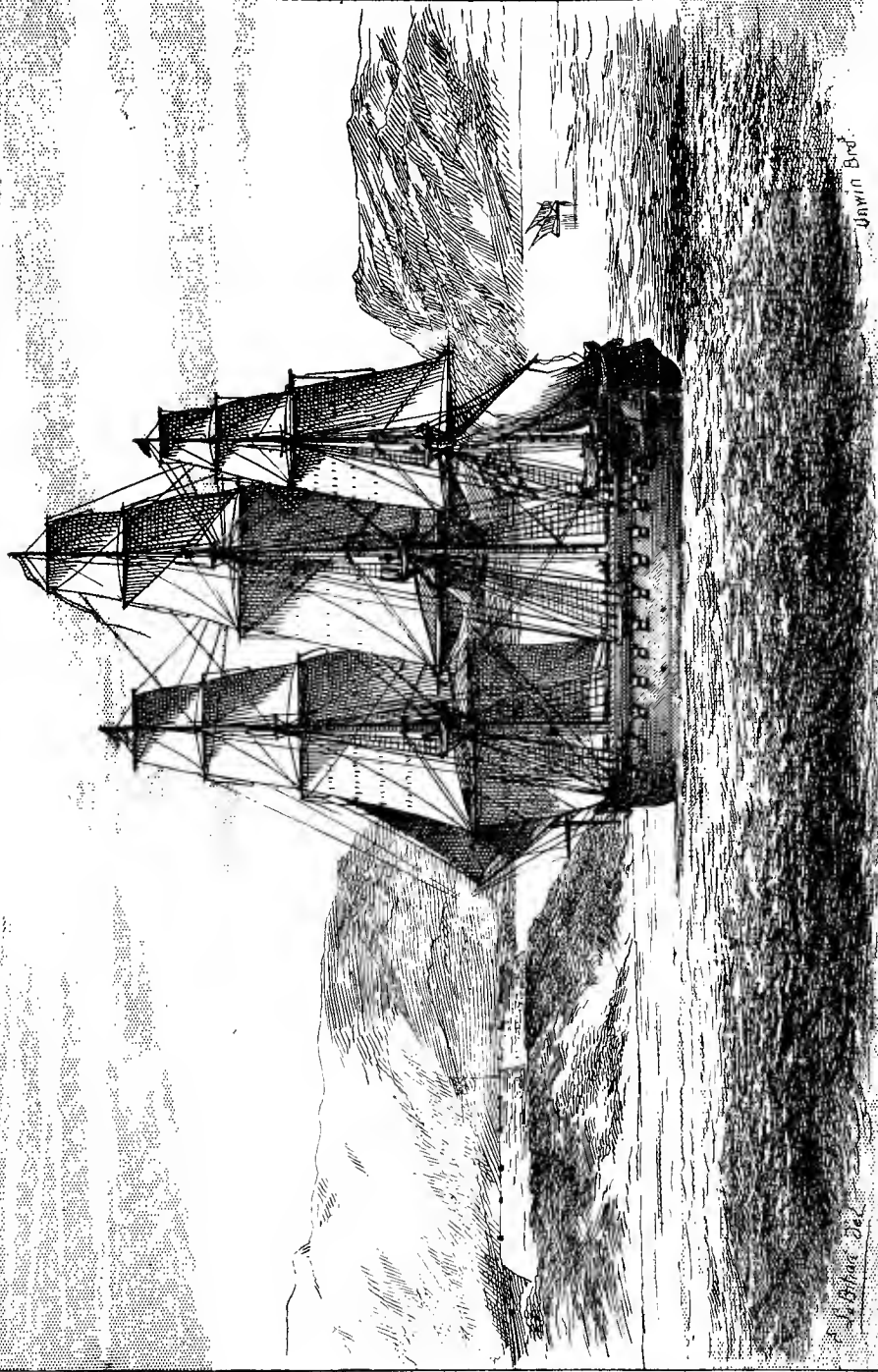
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H.M. CORVETTE "L'AIGLE" OFF CORFU.

J. WAIN BRD.

J. WAIN BRD.

HEARTS OF OAK.

BY

REAR-ADMIRAL H. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM.

“O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

BYRON'S *Corsair*.

LONDON:

W. H. ALLEN AND CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL. S.W.

1889.

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PRINTED BY W. H. ALLEN AND CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE,
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DEDICATED

(BY PERMISSION)

TO

Admiral the Right Hon. Lord Clarence Edward Paget, G.C.B.,

UNDER WHOSE COMMAND

THE AUTHOR SPENT ONE OF THE HAPPIEST PERIODS

OF HIS EARLY LIFE.

P R E F A C E .

FROM 1835 to the present year (1889) I have occasionally contributed (gratis) articles to the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*. These having, from time to time, been favourably noticed by a portion of the Press, I am induced to republish them in book form.

In doing so I am quite aware of their literary defects, in spite of the many corrections they have been subjected to since they were originally composed from diaries and journals, kept at the dates given in the headings. However, I trust a generous public will deal leniently with any faults that may yet be found in them.

The sketches from which the illustrations are produced have been mostly taken by me on the spot; others are from photographs, &c. &c., and for the accuracy of these I can vouch.

I have often felt a regret that the writings of my brother officers so seldom appear in magazine print, as they, of all people, have special opportunities of becoming acquainted with the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the world, and studying the topography, ethnology, zoology, and every other "ology" that may be found in them. Byron's beautiful lines well describe their tracks:—

“ O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our Empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms; no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

True, reports referring to the above, as also to the political and social state of countries visited by our naval commanders, are frequently forwarded in

their journals and other papers to the Admiralty and Foreign Office; but these are, perforce, carefully pigeon-holed, and the British public remain none the wiser.

The title of the book speaks for itself; but perhaps it is as well to add that all my service afloat was spent between the "wooden walls of Old England," and that the present iron construction of Her Majesty's ships was not fully developed when I retired, in 1871.

If in the following pages the author imparts to anyone matters of novel interest, or if a scrap of knowledge is acquired by their perusal, he will feel amply repaid for this his labour of love.



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 E R R A T A .

Page 94, line 19, for "bravos" read "bravoes."

Page 143, line 15, for "waiters" read "waitsters."

HEARTS OF OAK.

CHAPTER I.

A SIX MONTHS' CRUISE AMONGST THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS IN H.M.S. "ACTÆON,"
COMMANDED BY CAPT. THE RIGHT HON. LORD EDWARD RUSSELL. 1836-37.

TO treat of half a century of time, in this advancing age, is to chronicle the most marvellous strides made in science, inventions, and discoveries that the world—of our historical knowledge—has ever known, and no other profession has benefited more by the wonderful changes effected than that which does its business on the great waters. Let me endeavour to recall to my memory the state of His Majesty King William the Fourth's navy of 1836, the year in which I commenced the above record. We then still lived in a Dibdin period, when

Hearts of oak were our ships,
Jolly tars were our men;

the former being wooden sailing-vessels, and the latter never failing to be jolly whenever they were given the opportunity.

The marine steam-engine was yet in its infancy, and used but sparsely to propel the British navy. In the royal service, the steamships might almost have been counted upon one's fingers; and most wretched specimens they were, as compared with those of a later date.

The *Rhadamanthus* and *Salamander* represented the primar type of war-steamer. The former had, indeed, been classed as a frigate, but was soon reduced to the standard of a trooper; and I can vouch for the misery our soldiers experienced on board her, having taken a passage with them across the Bay of Biscay in 1843.

This steamer had the burden of 813 tons (old measurement), with 220 horse-power engines.

She was to be soon eclipsed by the construction of the *Gorgon* and *Cyclops*, vessels of 1,100 tons and upwards, and 320 horse-power; and these were followed

in due course by the *Terrible* and *Retribution*, of, respectively, 1,850 and 1,640 tons displacement, with engines of 800 and 400 horse-power.

The *Terrible* was considered a perfect monster of steam naval architecture, and her paddle-boxes, from their great height and colour, were named the "Blue Mountains."

However, in 1836, H.M.S. *Rhadamanthus* was, *par excellence*, the war-steamer of the day.

All the above were paddle-ships; the screw, as a propeller, being unknown until the year 1850.

The sailing fleet were classed as line-of-battle ships, frigates, corvettes, brigs, and schooners.

The first-named consisted of three- and two-deckers, the former including vessels of 120 and 110 guns, mounted on four decks, and were represented respectively by the *Neptune* and *Nelson*, of 2,800 tons, as also by the *Princess Charlotte* and *Impregnable*, of 2,400 tons.

The *San Josef*, Nelson's capture on February 14th, 1797, from the Spaniards, also a three-decker, was doing duty as flag-ship at Plymouth during this period, whilst the famed *Victory* did the same service at Portsmouth.

The numerous two-deckers may be divided into those mounting 84 guns, with a tonnage of 2,300, whose types were the *Asia* and *Calcutta*, teak-built ships, and the old 74-gun liners of the French war, of which the *Blenheim*, *Implacable*, *Hogue*, and *Egmont*, of 1,800 tons, were specimens.

There were also captures, such as the *Canopus* and *Sans Pareil*, taken from the French.

The frigates were of three or four kinds :—

1st. The *razée*, of 50 guns, or cut-down 74 liners, types of which were the *Warspite*, *Dublin*, and *Vindictive*.

2nd. Those of 46 guns, whose sister ships fought the frigate actions of the late war, and were reproduced in the *Blonde*, *Blanche*, and *Stag*, of 1,100 tons.

3rd. A new class frigate, of 36 guns, had been constructed of about 1,300 tons, and was represented by the *Castor*, and, later, by the *Cambrian* and *Pique* (Symonites).

4th. Then the donkey frigates, of 28 and 26 guns. These included in their number the *Samarang* and *Talbot*, of 490 tons, as also the *Actæon* and *Imogene*, of 600 tons.

Captain Symond's new ships of the above class were building about this time, and one, the *Cleopatra*, was in commission in 1838, her burthen being 800 tons.

Of the corvettes, some were *razéed* frigates, like the *Aigle*, a French capture, mounting 24 guns. The remainder were principally 18-gun vessels, such as the *Scout*, *Orestes*, and *Fly*, of between 400 and 500 tons.

Brig-rigged vessels of 16 guns were represented by the *Zebra*, wrecked under Mount Carmel in 1840, and also the *Victor*, whilst those of 10 guns, better known in the service as coffins, from a habit they had of engulfing their crews, were appropriately given the names of vermin, such as the *Weasel*, *Ferret*, and *Badger*.

Schooners and brigantines may be remembered by old officers as the *Pike*, *Spider*, *Griffon*, &c.

The armament of nearly all the above vessels varied in weight of metal, but included guns throwing 6, 9, 18, 24, and 32-lb. shot.

As might be expected, the *personnel* of the navy was less refined than that of the present day. True, the officers came from the pick of society, but the habits of the better classes fifty years ago differed considerably from what they are now. For instance, the presence of ladies did not then debar gentlemen indulging in an excess of wine or jokes that would barely be considered admissible in this age.

The captains of our ships were either very old or very young men. The former had struggled for years before their merits had been recognized, and the latter had been pushed up the promotion ladder through family influence. Many lieutenants remained in the rank until their hair grew white, and it was not at all uncommon to find mates, now sub-lieutenants, of ten and twelve years' standing. Their tempers, consequently, became soured, and they not infrequently found solace in the bottle. Midshipmen had bad examples to copy, and their mess-rooms were scenes of much dissipation. Cadets there were none, but young gentlemen on first entering the service were known as volunteers. Those who had passed through the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth were rated as College Volunteers on the books of the first ship they joined; whilst the boys who found their way into the navy by direct Admiralty appointment were known as 1st and 2nd Class Volunteers, the latter rank being given to the Navigating Branch of the profession.

Our seamen, half a century back, were enlisted in various ways, and their services were not bound down, as now, by continuous conditions. A ship, on being newly commissioned, would probably be detained in England from two to three months before she filled up her complement, and this was generally accomplished through the agency of paid crimps, who knew all the haunts of sailors and the methods of wheedling them into joining.

The merchant service then supplied a good quota of seamen to the Royal Navy, and some foreigners, principally Swedes, were admitted to it.

But it is time to refer more particularly to the ship and her officers that holds the first place in this article. The *Actæon* was built on lines laid down by Professor Inman, a gentleman who for many years occupied the position of Chief Instructor at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth. She was a wall-sided frigate ship, mounting 26 gunnades, or 32-pounder cannonades with gun-muzzles, and her burthen was 600 tons. She had a complement of about 300 of all ranks. No less than seven of her officers are now (March 1886) on the Admirals' List, most of them having obtained the highest positions in it.

The captain, Lord Edward Russell,* is a full Admiral and C.B., and, although an octogenarian, still retains the *bonhomme* and other sterling qualities that made him so popular in command.

The *Actæon's* third lieutenant is now Admiral Sir George Elliot, K.C.B., an officer well known for his abilities as a seaman in the years when he sailed ships

* Since dead (1889).

of his father's build against those of Sir William Symonds, commanded by the latter's son, the present Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Thomas Symonds, G.C.B.

The trial sailings of the *Spartan* and *Eurydice*, *Phæton* and *Arethusa* frigates, in the years 1845-46, will be in the memory of old officers.

Sir George has recently become the author of a work entitled *The Future Battles of the British Navy, and How to Fight Them*.

Arthur Parry Eardley Wilmot,* Vice-Admiral and C.B., was then a mate in the *Actæon*. He was best known in the navy for his able suppression of the slave trade on the West Coast of Africa when commodore there in 1861-63, and for his correspondence with Lord Palmerston on the subject, and also for his published account of a visit he made to the King of Dahomey at Abomey during the above period.

Charles H. May, Vice-Admiral, was a midshipman, and afterwards a mate in the *Actæon*. He was always considered a first-rate officer, and commanded the *Northumberland*, ironclad, before retiring.

Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Charles Gilbert J. B. Elliot, K.C.B., served as a midshipman in the *Actæon*. He commanded H.M.S. *Hazard*, 18, at the capture of St. Jean d'Acree, in 1840, and gained his C.B. in China.

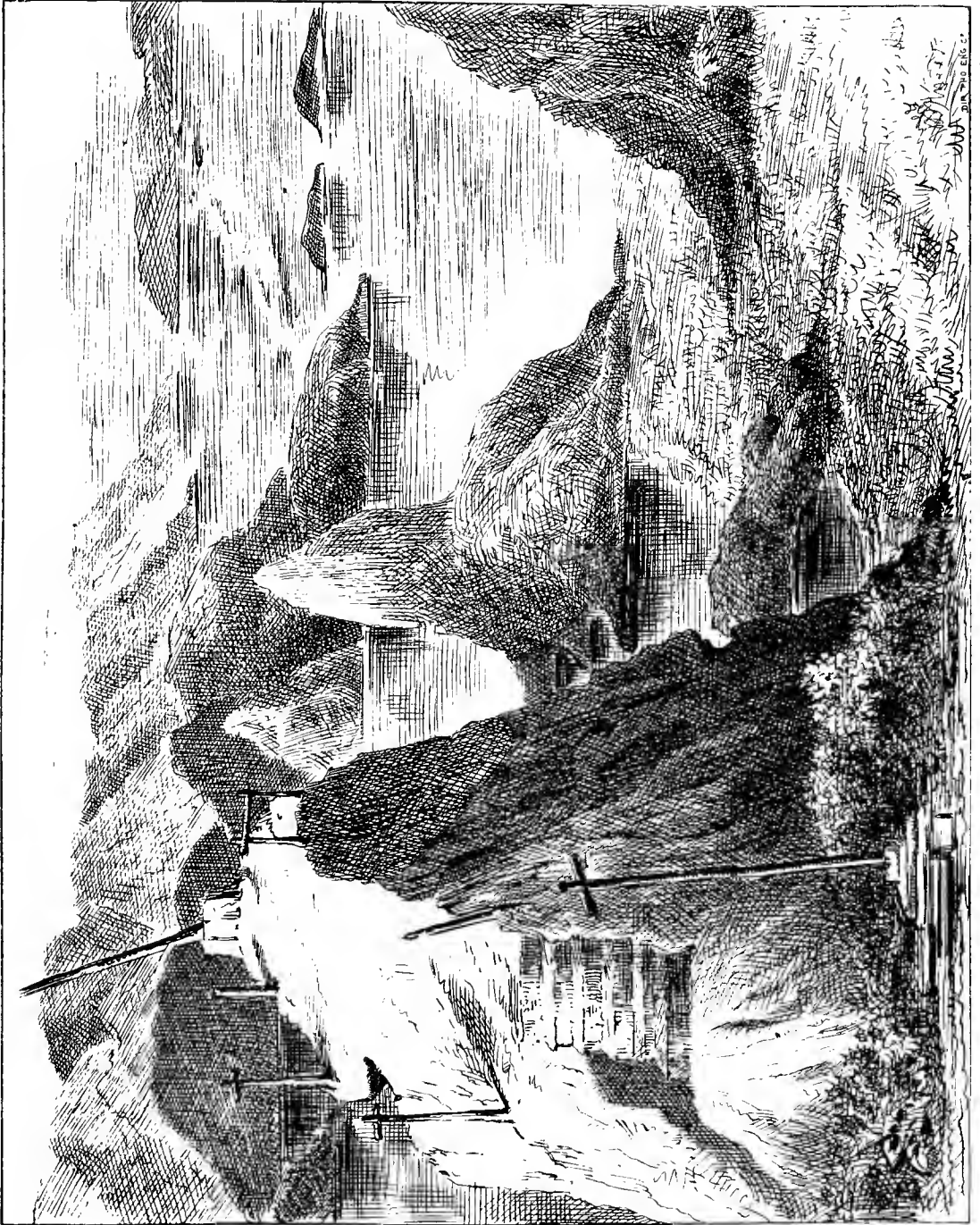
Vice-Admiral Luard, C.B., and myself entered the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth together, in 1833, and joined the *Actæon* from it in February 1835. Luard was made a C.B. for services in Japan, and has been one of the most prominent officers in the navy. He has recently retired from the Presidency of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, where he was acknowledged to be the right man in the right place.

The *Actæon* was, in the first instance, despatched to the south-east coast of America, and, after visiting Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Maceio, and other ports in Brazil, sailed for the Rio de la Plata, where she spent her time between Monte Video and Buenos Ayres.

It was in making a passage between these two places that one of the most remarkable incidents—occurring in my early years—was presented to me. The ship was running at night, with starboard stud-sails set, before a fresh breeze, and, being in shallow water, careful soundings had to be taken; so quartermasters were placed in the chains to heave the lead. One of them—an elderly man named Casey—by some mishap, slipped overboard. The officer of the watch (Lieutenant Elliot), at the cry "A man overboard!" proceeded, with his usual alacrity, to get the sail off the vessel, preparatory to rounding her to, and, his whole attention being given to this operation, he did not perceive a rush that had been made to the jolly-boat hanging at the stern davits. In an evil moment she was lowered, whilst the ship was still speeding through the water, and, as a natural consequence, filled immediately on touching it, the whole of the crew and gear being instantly washed out of her.

There were now some six or seven men struggling for their lives in the turbid river, far astern of the ship; and before it was safe to lower another boat they

* Since dead (1889).



were between one and two miles away. I was then sent in the cutter to search for them.

The stars were shining brightly overhead, but the moon had not risen, so small objects could only be seen a short distance from the boat. She had been pulled for an hour or more over the supposed scene of disaster, but without results, and I was about to give the order for returning to the ship, whose lights were dimly seen far away, when a magnificent meteor shot clean across the sky, almost from one horizon to the other, making the surroundings as clear as day, and even bringing the low pampa coast—some distance off—in good view.

During this interval a small black object was descried bobbing on the surface of the water, and its bearing by the stars having been taken the cutter was steered for it, and we soon picked up a man clinging to an oar but in the last stage of exhaustion. He proved to be a noted bad character, who was always in trouble on board ship. That he should have been saved by the special intervention of a heavenly phenomenon, when all others in the same predicament perished, is a mystery incapable of being solved; but, if I remember rightly, the man's conduct somewhat improved from the date of his wonderful preservation.

The *Actæon* shortly afterwards rounded Cape Horn, on her passage to Valparaiso, and, having been set far to the south, became entangled among the icebergs, and during a stormy night was nearly wrecked upon one. On reaching Valparaiso, the *Actæon* was ordered to prepare for an extensive cruise among the South Sea Islands, which forms the subject of the following journal.

After cheering Commodore Mason's ship, the *Blonde*—46-gun frigate, homeward bound, she having been relieved by H.M.S. *Stag*, 46, flying the broad pennant of Commodore Sullivan—the *Actæon* herself sailed from Valparaiso on August 29th, 1836, and standing to the westward, with a stiff breeze, soon lost sight of the low land, and nothing was to be seen but the snowy peaks of the Andes peering above the clouds. This breeze lasted until the 31st, when it died away, leaving our sails flapping against the masts. The wind, however, shortly sprang up again, when the island of Juan Fernandez was passed, but not sighted, on account of thick weather; but pleasurable recollections of Robinson Crusoe's story excited our minds.

It had been the Captain's intention to call, in the first instance, at Pitcairn's Island, but not getting the S.E. trade wind as soon as expected, the ship was steered for the Marquesa group—lands then rarely visited, and in a deplorable state of cannibalism.

September 19th.—On the southern tropic, and the temperature warming up. The shark and little nautilus begin to appear.

October 1st.—Nothing particular occurs as we run, with a fine trade wind on our quarter, to the westward. Sea-birds of various descriptions fly around, most notable being the boatswain and tropic or frigate bird, by which latter name it is best known to seamen; also boobies, noddies, and other varieties of feathered aquatic.

October 2nd.—Sighted the islands forming the Marquesa group, namely,

Magdalena, St. Pedro, Dominica, and St. Christina. Stood off and on the land all night, and in the morning made sail, and ran between the islands of St. Christina and Dominica. A canoe crossed our bows with six naked savages in her ; they were bound from Dominica to St. Pedro.

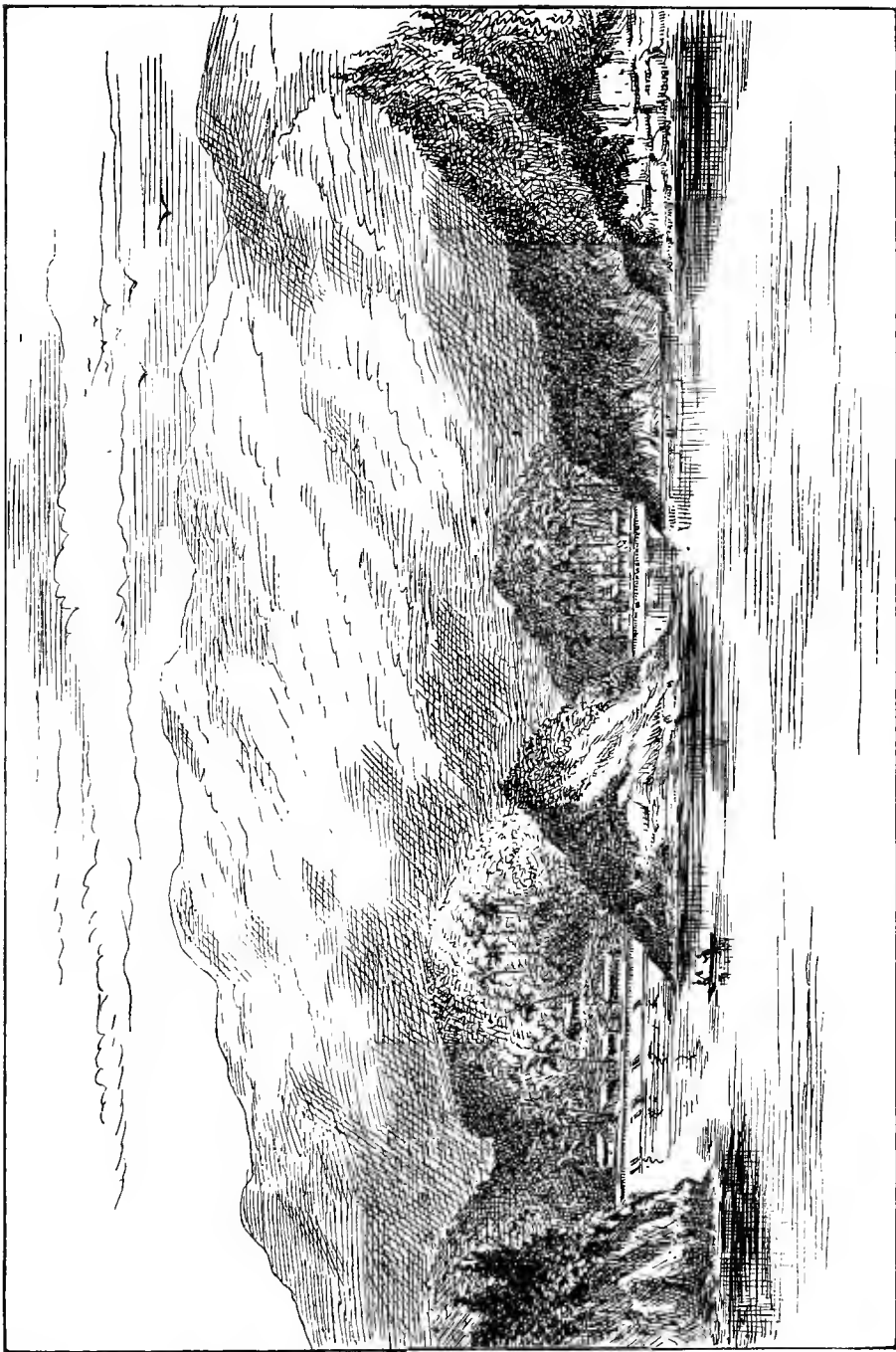
The island of Magdalena appeared but thinly inhabited, and report credits its people with abstaining from the horrors of cannibalism. There are not any residents on St. Pedro, but natives from the other islands go there to catch fish and gather wild fruit.

Dominica is pretty thickly populated, and its men are famed warriors, who devour their slaughtered enemies. Several fires were seen on Magdalena and Dominica during the night ; the distance between the latter and St. Christina is about two and a half miles. Dominica seemed the largest and highest of the Marquesa group, and after rounding its bold headland we stood along the shores of St. Christina, searching for Resolution Bay, our only guide being an old sketch of the place in an edition of *Captain Cook's Voyages*.

As we coasted along, the natives were observed spearing fish from canoes and their women bathing amongst the rocks. In one small nook was seen the late wreck of a vessel, and two men waving a large white sheet towards us. On heaving to, a whale-boat belonging to the wreck, pulled by four of the natives, came alongside, and a white man—evidently an Irishman by his brogue, and who, we subsequently learnt, was a runaway convict from Sydney—mounted the side and proceeded to pilot the ship to her anchorage.

The entrance to Resolution Bay is occupied on either hand by bold rocks, from whence to the extreme limit of the bay might be something under a mile. The mountains in the vicinity of this anchorage rise to about 2,000 feet, and completely shelter it from the trade wind ; but at times severe squalls come down the valleys, and then the lightly-constructed huts suffer considerable damage and are frequently blown down. They are made of nothing more substantial than dried cocoanut-palm leaves and sticks and bamboos lashed together with coir sinnet.

The natives came off to us in numbers, clambering up the ship's side, and shaking hands in token of friendship with everyone they met ; and, to show their pleasure at our arrival, assisted our ship's company to work the *Acteon* into the bay. We witnessed, as we approached the shore, what to us was a novel sight, namely, women swimming off to the ship, holding their only garment in one hand high out of the water. Canoes flocked around, and in a short time our decks were crowded with men, women, and children. The two first were curiously tattooed, but the children, it seems, are exempt from the process until arriving at a certain age when they can endure the torture it entails. The tattooing instrument is made from the wing-bone of a booby bird. This is cut at one end into some half dozen sharp edges, like a saw ; it is then fastened at a right angle to a little hardwood stick, about four or five inches in length. The saw-like edges having been dipped in some blueish vegetable fluid, are applied to the skin to be marked, and the stick being then struck by a piece of springy whalebone, the desired effect is produced.



RESOLUTION BAY.—ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTINA, MARQUESSA GROUP.

Soon after the ship had anchored, the King and Queen, with their family, came on board. The former apologized for appearing in informal costume, the *maro*, or loin-cloth, being the only apparel visible on his royal person. He was tattooed to such an extent that the natural copper-colour of his skin had assumed the dark hue of the negro.

It was the general opinion that these islanders chose their chiefs not only on account of their wealth in land, but also for their size and amount of tattooing about their bodies. The King himself must have weighed about eighteen stone.

The Queen had a wrapper of native cloth around her, but leaving the left breast quite bare. Her arms and legs were the only parts tattooed, and that was done in a most beautiful and elaborate style. Her face and body had been painted yellow with turmeric, called by the natives henna; and this art is practised by nearly all the females, to preserve their naturally fair skin from being darkened by the sun's rays.

The *tapa*, or cloth, is worn by all the women. It is made from the bark of a peculiar tree—a species of mulberry—which is first of all soaked, until it becomes a perfect paste, and is then beaten out to a certain size and thickness with a flat piece of wood. It is then dried, and forms the only covering used by the females, who are more or less inclined to good looks, with very fine eyes and white teeth, which they clean with a piece of sugar-cane applied like our tooth-brush.

The men were well made and averaged about five feet eight inches in height, and a few of the chiefs stood over six feet. Their only covering was the *maro*, a piece of native cloth passed between the thighs and round the hips, leaving a "fall" in front and behind. Their hair is shaved off the temples, and the tuft above is generally confined at the top of the head by a fastening of either white or red cloth.

Those classed as "warriors" have been wounded in battle, and wear a handsome head-dress of feathers. The other ornaments usually worn are ear-rings made from the tusks of hogs—these are fixed to small shells, beautifully carved, and placed in large slits made in the lobe of the ears; also head-adornments of mother-of-pearl shells, and a red berry dried hard in the sun.

Human beards are, in some instances, suspended round the neck and bunches of hair tied to the ankles.

Two English missionaries—Messrs. Stolworthy and Rogerson, the latter with wife and children—reside at Resolution Bay, and are endeavouring to convert the natives. They have succeeded so far as to induce them to discard their idols. The King, moreover, has forbidden, at their instigation, any warlike expeditions, and sets an example to his subjects by going on Sundays to hear these worthy men preach.

The day before our arrival care had been taken to conceal the arms usually kept between decks, as we had heard much of these islanders' pilfering propensities; but we might have spared ourselves the trouble, for articles of equal value were displayed before them without exciting their cupidity, and nothing was missed on our quitting the neighbourhood. This absence of theft may be partially attributed to the fear inspired by all the surroundings of a man-of-war, which they call "King George's ship."

Canoes soon came alongside with articles of all sorts for barter.

Money is not known amongst these natives ; but, savages as they were, they drove hard bargains with their ornaments and weapons in exchange for tobacco, powder, and clothes ; the last of these they seemed very desirous of obtaining. This may be taken as a sign of approaching civilization.

Fruits indigenous to the soil were brought off in large quantities, and conspicuous among them was the bread fruit for which Captain Bligh, in 1789, had been sent into these seas, for the purpose of introducing its plant into our West Indian colonies, but was prevented by the mutiny that drove him from his ship, the *Bounty*, and cast him in an open boat on the boundless waters of the great Pacific Ocean. The bread-fruit is about the size of a cocoa-nut, but has more rotundity, and when well baked is a capital substitute for bread.

Papita, or papoi-apples, sweet potatoes, plantains, bananas, cocoa-nuts, with the cotton plant, also grow upon St. Christina and were offered for barter. There were also shells, and the discarded idols of the natives, which they readily disposed of for a small piece of tobacco.

The Marquesa islands are subject to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The rocks in the vicinity of our anchorage had that cross-like appearance denoting the action of fire at some remote period.

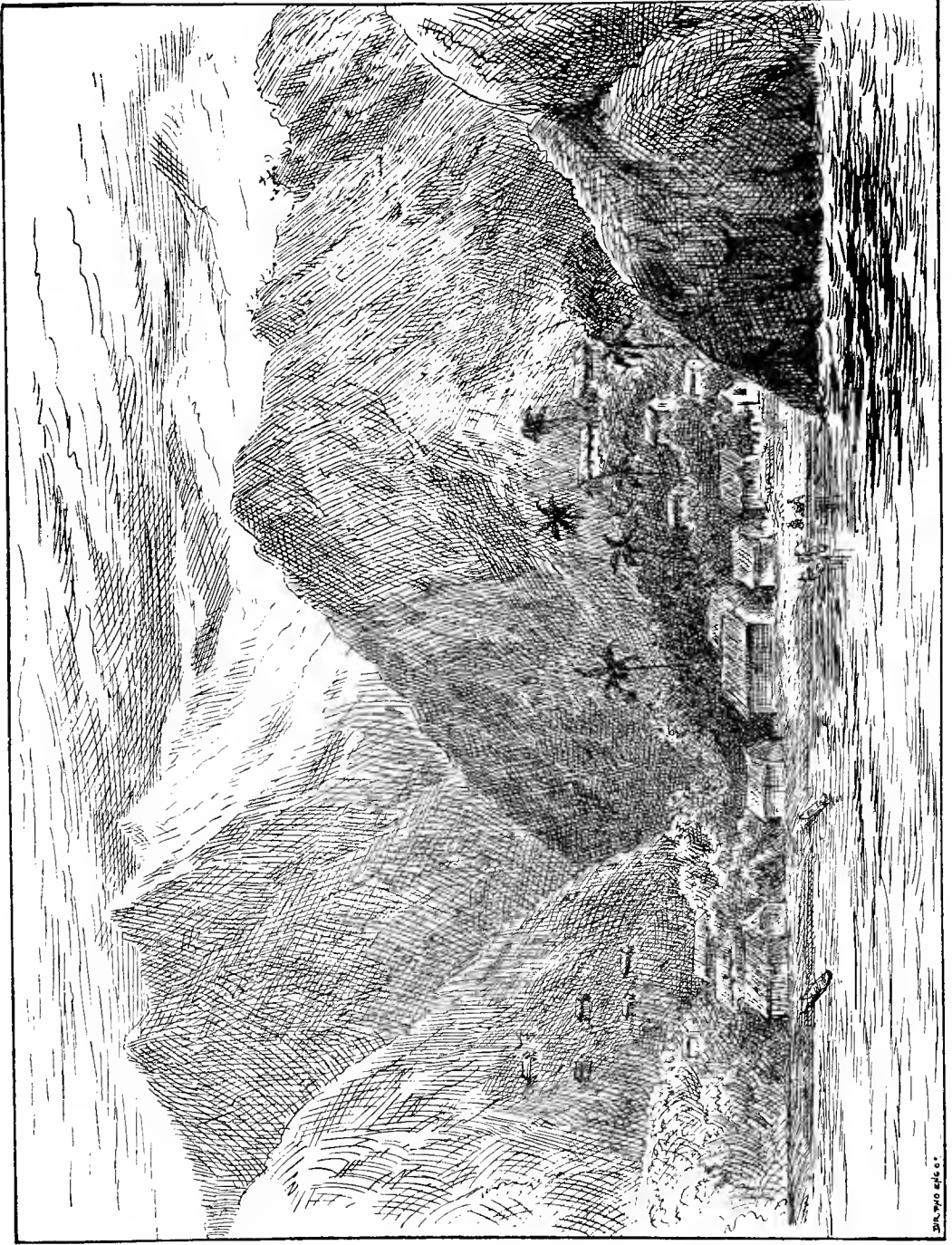
The natives, and also animals, seemed to be more or less afflicted with ophthalmia, attributed by these people—whether rightly or not—to the exhalations arising from the earth after the eruptions.

The King had received many presents from the officers, such as gold bands, caps, and a sword and some handkerchiefs ; and in return for these, canoes full of pigs, fruit, &c., were sent on board from His Majesty and other chiefs who had been similarly decorated.

The blue-jackets caused much merriment by rigging out the women in seamen's clothes.

A few of the natives had been in English whale-ships, and knew a smattering of our language ; and one of them had been taken to London, which he described as a bad place as he was obliged to work hard before he could get anything to eat. These people generally keep the clothes given them by passing vessels for their feast-days, when they appear in motley and grotesque adornments. Sometimes as many as eighty pigs are killed and roasted whole at these rejoicings ; they are then placed in large troughs in the shape of canoes, and eaten without any accompaniments in the way of vegetables.

The common canoe, in size, is small ; I suppose from the fact that no very large trees grow on these islands. They are about sixteen feet in length, and some so narrow that a person can sit upon both gunwales at the same moment. On one side of the canoe are two outriggers, projecting respectively from bow and quarter for about six feet, and connected at their ends by a cross-bar of wood, which give a certain amount of stability to these otherwise cranky craft. Their houses resemble, in form, an Irish shanty, having one side slanting and the other perpendicular. The interior is without partition and paved with rough stones, and having an open drain



THE KING'S VILLAGE, ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTINA.

through it to carry off impurities. Mats made from cocoanut-fibre are spread around to sit and sleep upon, and the mud-plaster walls are hung with their implements of war, fishing, and cooking. In many of the chiefs' houses were to be seen muskets which they had procured from the whale-ships.

The King's house was somewhat different from the rest in having a partition, dividing the interior into two apartments. One of these was the sleeping-place of himself and Queen, and in the other he kept all his treasures under lock and key. The lower jaws of hogs that had been killed on the feast days were placed in due order round the walls of the building.

The royal retinue took up their quarters in an adjacent hut. We were shown the body of a former queen, who had recently died. It was embalmed and bound up in tapa cloth, and placed overhead in a small hut constructed purposely. The spot is strictly tabooed, and the King himself never approached it. One particular chief had charge of the corpse, and he slept in the hut every night, keeping a fire burning, which he fed with fragrant woods that grew upon the island, and thus a pleasant incense floated round the departed one.

October 5th.—The ship as usual was crowded with natives, but they had advanced a good deal in their demands when bartering. Nothing now would be taken in exchange but clothes.

The King held a conference with his chiefs, in the presence of our captain, on the subject of building a chapel for the missionaries. This they promised to do after their return from a grand fishing expedition which was then fitting out. The King was also pleased to say that his island and Great Britain were as one, and that a white man should succeed him. However, this complimentary speech did not prevent his being told that a man-of-war would visit his island more frequently, to encourage those who protected the missionaries and punish any that might injure them.

At this time the gospel was preached in the native language, from a temporary pulpit erected under a large banyan-tree, the audience squatting around and giving approving grunts when their feelings were touched by the judicious eloquence of the discourse.

The chiefs of the people dispose of their dead in a similar manner to that we had seen in the case of the defunct queen. Their *morais*, or tombs, in the form of small huts, lay at a little distance from the village and in a secluded spot. On inspection, they were found to contain skeletons placed on raised platforms, and also the remains of former occupants which lay scattered about the flooring.

Preparatory to the *Actæon's* departure from St. Christina, she saluted the King with the very modest quantum of four guns; this, however, had the desired effect of pleasing royalty immensely, and at the same time of frightening the natives considerably. All seemed to regret our leaving, and shoals of canoes followed in the ship's wake as she stood out of the bay with a fine breeze which soon carried her well out to sea. The usual trade wind was then picked up and a course steered for the island of Nukihiva.

The island of Ponah was sighted just as St. Christina vanished in the distance, and Ronponyah was seen indistinctly on the weather bow. We here passed and

hailed the *Congress of Nantucket*, an American whale-ship cruising for her cargo of oil.

About sunset, the island of Nukihiva, the most northernmost of the Marquesas, appeared upon the horizon, and the following morning we passed to leeward of some rocks lying off it. These were swarming with sea-birds of a species we had never seen before. A fine trade wind from the eastward carried us out of sight of land and across the Equator. Father Neptune paid his usual visit, but was informed that the novices of the *Acteon* had been already initiated in the mysteries of the god's rule when passing through his Atlantic dominions.

October 20th.—Sighted the island of Owhyhee, of the Sandwich group, and lost the trade wind. The volcanic mountain of Mona Roa—calculated to be 4,000 feet higher than the peak of Teneriffe—is the most prominent feature in the landscape.

The island of Woahoo was made out on the 23rd, but, the wind being scant, the ship did not come up with it until the evening. On passing one of its headlands, the remains of an extinct crater, in a very perfect condition, were visible, the sides of this upheaval being strongly marked by tracks of lava.

The harbour of Honolulu was reached after dark, but it was necessary to wait for daylight before venturing between the reefs leading to the anchorage. Numerous English and American whale-ships lay moored inside, and these and other vessels sent their boats to assist our own in towing the ship through the narrow opening in the outer reef which admitted her to the harbour; and here the *Acteon* was moored within a stone's throw of the shore. Crowds of the natives were on the wharves to view the uncommon sight of an English man-of-war taking up her berth so near their town. Numbers came off with milk and fruit for sale, and washerwomen showed their certificates from officers of previous vessels visiting the port. These people seemed to be but indifferently clothed; some few were the possessors of a shirt, but in most instances the *maro*, or loin-cloth, was the only article worn. They are so far civilized as to know the value of a dollar, and cheat when they can.

The missionaries on the island have done little but quarrel among themselves and struggle for the governing power, which has now quite fallen into American hands. Our arrival was a check to their proceedings, which had been detrimental to English settlers. The King Hamehameha was requested to sign a fresh treaty respecting the latter, but was like the donkey between two bundles of hay—the missionaries on one hand threatening him with their hostility, and on the other our Captain and the Consul pointing to the *force majeure* of the *Acteon's* guns. These last seemed the more convincing argument of the two, for the terms of the treaty were soon signed and the young King then paid a visit in state to the ship.

He appeared in a handsome uniform that had been presented to him by our King (William IV.), and was received on board with manned yards and a royal salute of twenty-one guns. He paid us a visit the following day to witness firing at a target from the big guns.

Whilst on board, the King made up a party of officers to view the Pearl river, some fourteen miles away, and the following morning a double canoe and other boats came alongside the ship, having brought off the Consul and some native chiefs to join

the expedition. The King was prevented making one of the party by the illness of his sister, who had been regent before he came of age.

Six of us took our seats on a platform lashed to the large arched knees which joined the two canoes. Mats had been lain thereon to add to our comfort, and fourteen stout natives in each canoe handled the paddles with wonderful dexterity in the rough sea we found running outside the reefs. The steersmen, one in each canoe, were old hands, who proved adepts in the art of guiding their curious craft—with paddle alone—through the turbulent waves which threatened every moment to wash us off our perch as they rushed with a roar under the platform.

A sail was also set to a favouring breeze, and we must have flown through the water at the rate of twelve to fifteen knots an hour, which soon brought us to the river's mouth. Ascending the stream a short distance, a landing was effected and the canoes were hauled up on the river bank. Refreshments were served out to the crews, consisting of cooked star-fish and *poi*—a sort of paste made from the taro root. This was pronounced very palatable by some of the officers who tasted it.

A hut had been prepared for the party, and this was neatly fitted up with mats inside. A sort of verandah ran round its exterior, formed of palm leaves and grass, and the whole was enclosed by a formidable hedge of prickly pear (*cactus*), the fruit of which we found—when carefully deprived by the natives of its prickly properties—to be very good eating.

Dinner was announced as ready soon after our arrival, and we set to work with open knives upon a young pig cooked in the native manner. There was also some capital fish called *ava*, besides fowls and plenty of taro root.

The King had provided sixteen horses for our amusement, and on these some of the party mounted for a visit to an old Englishman's house about eight miles distant, while others took their guns and went shooting the beautifully-feathered occupants of the wooded ravines near us.

Our rest at night was much broken by perpetual combats with mosquitoes. These little wretches attacked in such numbers that their humming resembled a swarming of bees, and we youngsters of tender skin had eventually to flee the hut altogether.

Our Consul (Mr. Charlton) having volunteered to take us a long ride, we formed a strong party for the occasion, and set off after breakfast in fine spirits. Following a narrow path through long coarse grass, it brought us to the base of some hills; ascending these, a scene of great beauty burst upon our view. Rich deep valleys ran down to the sea from the summit of the range on which we were, and the variety of foliage clothing their slopes was most remarkable. The hoary leaf of the candle-nut tree was intermixed with the darker fronds of the sandal-wood, and here and there could be seen trees carrying a full blossom of a bright crimson colour. These, with many other species unknown to us, were compactly pressed together between the steep sides of the gorges which generally terminated the valleys, and had the appearance of such solidity as to induce us to remark that the distance between the two banks might almost be traversed along their bowery surface.

After riding about twelve miles, a halt was called at a hut from which a view

could be obtained of nearly all one side of the island. A flat country reached inland from the beach for some three miles, a good deal of which was marshy ground, and here that succulent vegetable the taro root was largely planted. Hills then rose until they approached the proportions of mountains.

Among their recesses a herd of wild asses, it was said, had their home. These animals are of a jet black colour, and of such swiftness that it is very difficult to find a horse that can ride them down. Rabbits bred on the island for a time, but eventually they died off. Sheep, horses, and horned cattle come in ships from the coast of California, and the latter make excellent beef.

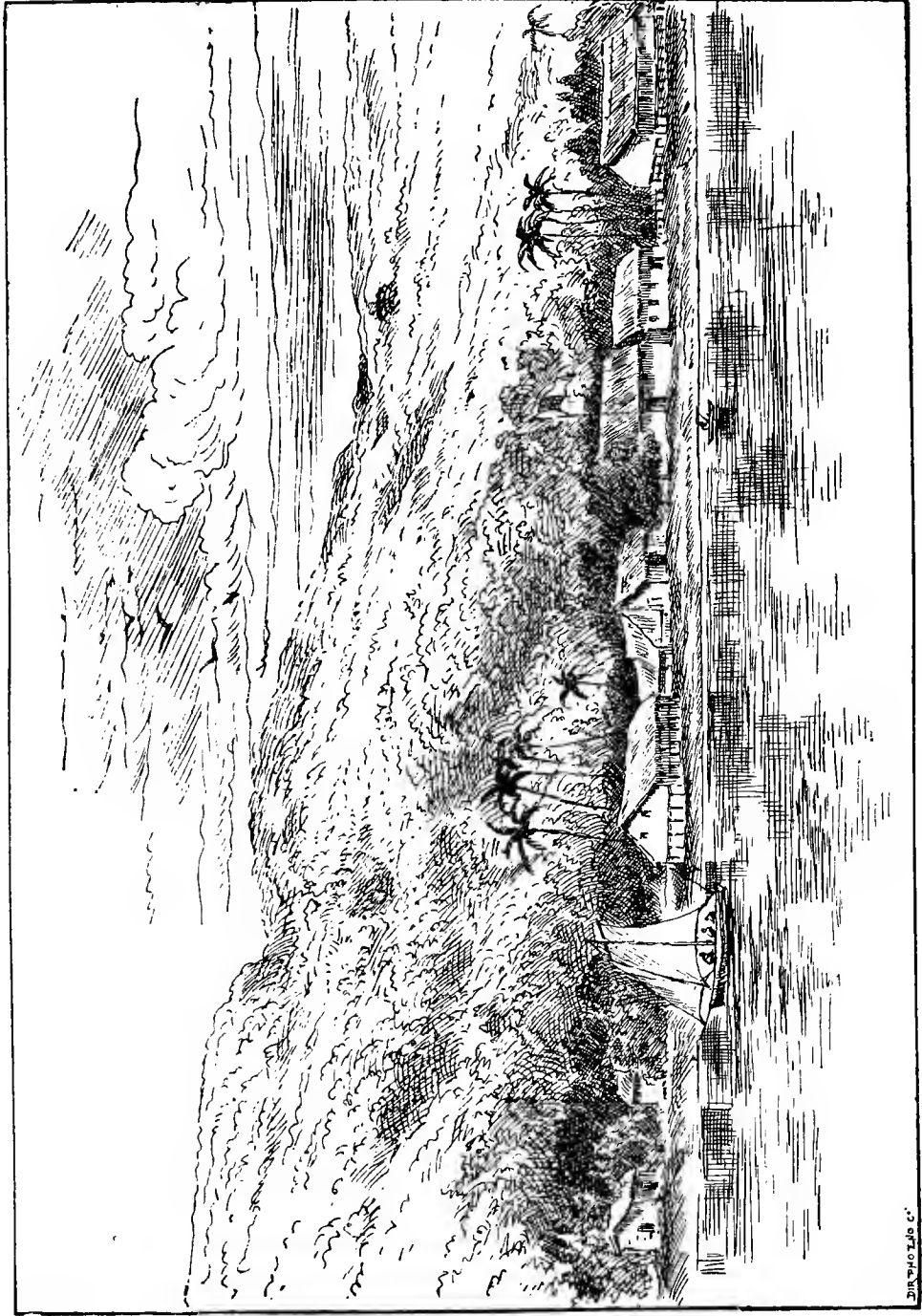
We returned late to our hut, and the following morning were much astonished when viewing the preparations for our breakfast. The first thing that attracted attention was a native chasing a pig, which he soon caught and killed by choking it in a very brutal manner. He then picked up a pearl shell, and, having burnt the bristles with a torch, proceeded to scrape the animal's skin clean, cutting it open with the same rude instrument, and cleansing the inside with water. He then prepared the oven by digging a hole in the ground, at the bottom of which he placed large rounded stones; these were heated by a fire made from candle-nuts and sticks being laid on them. A taro leaf was then spread over their surface, and the pig stretched thereon, to be immediately covered up with a quantity of these same leaves, so as not to permit any heat to escape. By the above process all solids are cooked by the islanders, liquids being boiled gipsy fashion.

After breakfast we prepared to ride back to Honolulu, which was distant about fifteen miles. The state of the road, however, was such that the capital was not reached until late in the afternoon, when we dined at a merchant's house, and afterwards went to a ball given by our Consul where beauty was, to all appearances, at a discount.

Amateur theatricals on board the ship was our return entertainment to the English and American residents; and then the day came for our departure from the island. The King and some of the chiefs, with our old friends the Consul and merchants, accompanied us outside the reefs, where the *Actæon* was manœuvred about for the amusement of royalty, and all seemed really sorry when the time came to say adieu.

We now steered a course for Otaheite or Tahiti, one of the Society group of islands. A fine N.E. trade wind carried the ship across the Equator, in longitude 155° 52' W. On December 8th land was seen right ahead, which proved to be Flint Island, discovered by Captain Cook. It is long and low and uninhabited, except by thousands of sea-birds and, I have no doubt, plenty of turtle. The Society group was made out on the 12th December. All these islands are inhabited. On the 15th Otaheite was sighted, but in consequence of a foul wind blowing, we could not close with it that day, and, indeed, the *Actæon* had hard work to reach the harbour of Papeite by the 17th.

On inquiring of the native pilot—who had adopted the very British name of John Mitchell—why the inhabitants showed themselves so unusually undemonstrative on our arrival, we were somewhat surprised to be told that they were



PAPIETE HARBOUR, ISLAND OF OTAHEITE, IN 1836. ©

DR. PHOENIX C.

keeping the Sabbath. With us it was Saturday; but the missionaries who first christianized the people had found their way to these islands from the West, while we had approached them from the East, and thus lost a day according to the reckoning brought by those pioneers of civilization.

However, the following morning, being our Sunday, the natives flocked off in great numbers. Quite a hundred canoes lay alongside the ship, laden with pigs, fowls, sweet potatoes, and fruits of many kinds; also some fine specimens of marine shells were offered for sale. All were bartered for dollars, flannel, handkerchiefs, old shirts, trousers, knives, and tobacco.

This island is beautiful in the extreme, the higher mountains are bare and rocky, but the deep valleys which run down from them are full of verdure, and the lower grounds produce a forest from which much wild fruit is obtained. Delightful crystal streams meander through these woods, making them a cool and pleasant retreat from the mid-day sun.

The hills around Papeite resemble very much those of the island of Madeira, insomuch that they are conical and irregular in their outlines. Birds abound of the most exquisite plumage, notable amongst them being a parroquet about the size of a sparrow, with a back, head, and tail of the charming sapphirine blue colour, set off by a white throat and breast and red legs and beak. Wild goats and hogs are plentiful, the former affording excellent sport to a good shot with the rifle. A dozen fine pine-apples can be purchased for a knife value one shilling.

Tattooing the person is not carried to such an extent as at the Marquesas, but the patterns are very elaborate, while clothing seemed to be more in use among the natives. The women have long gowns made from the tapa cloth, which tie round the neck and reach down to the ankles, and their heads are adorned with wreaths of flowers or bright feathers that set off to advantage their pleasant features. The men have a peculiar custom of shaving the hair off the back part and crown of their heads, which—though unsightly—keeps them cool and clean.

The Queen of these islands (Pomairé) came on board under a salute of seventeen guns. She was accompanied by her husband—a good-looking young man, and of superior breeding to the other chiefs. The Queen was handsomely dressed in a silk gown of many colours, also a bonnet decked with flowers and feathers, and she had donned shoes and stockings for this special occasion. Her prince consort wore a scarlet coat with epaulet, with much gold lace attached to it; and on his head a cocked hat—a great deal too big for him—with an enormous plume of white tail-feathers surmounting it. His limbs were encased in trousers too short for their length, and his bare ankles and feet contrasted strangely with the otherwise costly attire. The suite were gaudily got up in various costumes, chiefly presents from ships of war.

After partaking of an excellent dinner, the royal party were amused by our musicians. The fiddler, drummer, fifer, and bugler played up tunes well known to the fore-castle, and many other popular airs to which the natives' tongues kept a ready accompaniment. They went away much pleased, and as a return compliment presented our men with plenty of pigs for their Christmas dinners. The Queen also

sent on board two immense hogs of ten score each, besides quantities of cocoa-nuts, bananas, oranges, bread fruit, and pine-apples for the ship's company.

The next day—after Christmas—a party was formed to ride to Point Venus, thirteen miles from Papeite. We first entered a thick wood, consisting principally of fruit trees of various kinds. This continued for about six miles, when we arrived at the missionary's chapel in Matavia Bay, which is neatly built and whitewashed outside. The beach was then followed for some distance, when we were brought to a halt by an amazing steep hill, over which it was necessary to climb.

Dismounting, we managed with much difficulty to drive the horses up the ascent, and having at length attained the summit continued along the brow of the cliff until we arrived at the spot where the natives had—in years gone by—attacked Wallis, one of the early navigators in these seas. The land here sloped down to the little bay where his ship, the *Dolphin*, had been anchored.

After reaching the beach, we entered a dense forest teeming with life; the parroquets chirped and fluttered above our heads, while now and again a wild hog would dash through the bush with loud grunts. The hum of insects seemed everywhere. Soon our path led to some open pasture land where stood the missionary's house, to which we were bound. Numbers of boys and girls sported before its doors, who, directly they saw our party galloping up, gave loud screams, and hid themselves either in the bush or house. We found the sketches of Matavia Bay taken in the times of Wallis and Cook to be very correct.

A hearty welcome was given us by the good old missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. The former is a Scotchman, and the latter a Welsh woman. They had been living here for thirty years, having only left the island twice during that period, when they went to New South Wales for the benefit of their health. Their house was of the English build, but roofed after the native fashion with dried plantain leaves. We gave them the news of the outer world over a cup of good tea, which is always to be found in these parts. Mr. Wilson had a small printing-press sent out to him from England. With this he put in type an Otaheitan translation of the Scriptures; a work that must have cost much labour, but which proved of immense benefit to the natives, who seemed readily to accept the Bible precepts, but did not at all times put them into practice. An inspection of the school children followed, and afterwards leave was taken of this interesting and self-denying couple.

Our horses' heads were put in the direction of Papeite, and escorted by a bevy of boys—who climbed the tall palms to procure us cocoa-nuts—we retraced our path leading to the forest. It was dark when we entered it, and our guides had much difficulty in finding the narrow track that was to lead us to the Queen's country house, where we had been invited to spend the evening.

On arriving at the royal abode, we observed Her Majesty seated upon a railing with a dozen dusky maidens of honour squatted on the grass around her. She was clad in a loose white gown of tapa cloth, but had neither covering to head or foot. This struck us as rather a strong contrast to the rich dress she had worn on the official visit to the *Actæon*.

After a few minutes' conversation, tea was announced as ready, and we all—with

the exception of the Queen—went inside the long, low hut appropriated to our use, and there found—to our surprise—about thirty cups and saucers laid on a table, the cloth of which was composed of the large leaves of the banana plant. With the tea came excellent pancakes; these were eaten in company with some of the prettiest young ladies in Otaheite.

The moon had risen high in the heavens before we quitted this pleasant society and took a formal adieu of Her Majesty. The distance to Papeite was now about five miles, and the track lay through a dense wood intersected by deep rivulets. The thick foliage overhead excluded the lunar rays, and darkness was everywhere; so that in wading the many streams we all got a good wetting, and were not sorry to reach the ship and turn into our hammocks.

Many of the huts that we entered during our stay among these delightful islanders were composed merely of bamboo, and the roof was the only part of them closed in. A few sticks of the above useful plant were placed in the ground to form the sides of the dwelling, and at such a distance from each other as to insure the exclusion of the pig, which is not domesticated as in our own Emerald Island. At one end of the hut are spread mats to sleep on, the remainder of the interior being left in its natural earthy state. The natives were much better clothed than those of the two last groups of islands we had visited, and they seemed, generally, a much more industrious race of beings.

Sailing from this interesting land on the 27th of December, 1836, we passed several low islets, and on the 3rd of January, 1837, came in sight of three coral islands, which were not placed on any of the charts, and therefore named by us “Actæon group.” One of these we called “Melbourne Island,” after the Prime Minister; a second “Minto Isle,” in honour of the First Lord of the Admiralty; and the third “Bedford,” after His Grace the Duke of Bedford, father of our gallant Captain.

The 10th of January found the *Arcton* in a gale of wind and under treble-reefed topsails and reefed courses, an unusual event in these low Pacific latitudes. The ship had fetched about twenty miles to leeward of Pitcairns Island, and she had now to beat up that distance against the storm. This was accomplished by the evening of the 11th, when she was hove-to off Bounty Bay, the only accessible part of the island which presents otherwise precipitous cliffs to the sea of about five miles in circumference. Here Christian and his fellow mutineers of H.M.S. *Bounty*, having taken Otaheitan wives, hid themselves and their criminal quarrels from the outer world. Mutual slaughter had reduced their number to one person, when Captain Byron by chance stumbled upon the island whilst cruising with his frigate in the South Pacific, many years after its above occupation. The sole survivor of the nine mutineers who landed and burnt the *Bounty*, in Bounty Bay, was old John Adams.

This really good man had long since repented of his crime and made all the amends in his power, rearing the mutineers' half-caste progeny with the fear and knowledge of God by imparting to them the truths contained in the Holy Bible, a copy of which he had brought ashore from the wreck. A free pardon was granted to John Adams by the British Government, and he died at Pitcairns in 1835, two years before our arrival there.

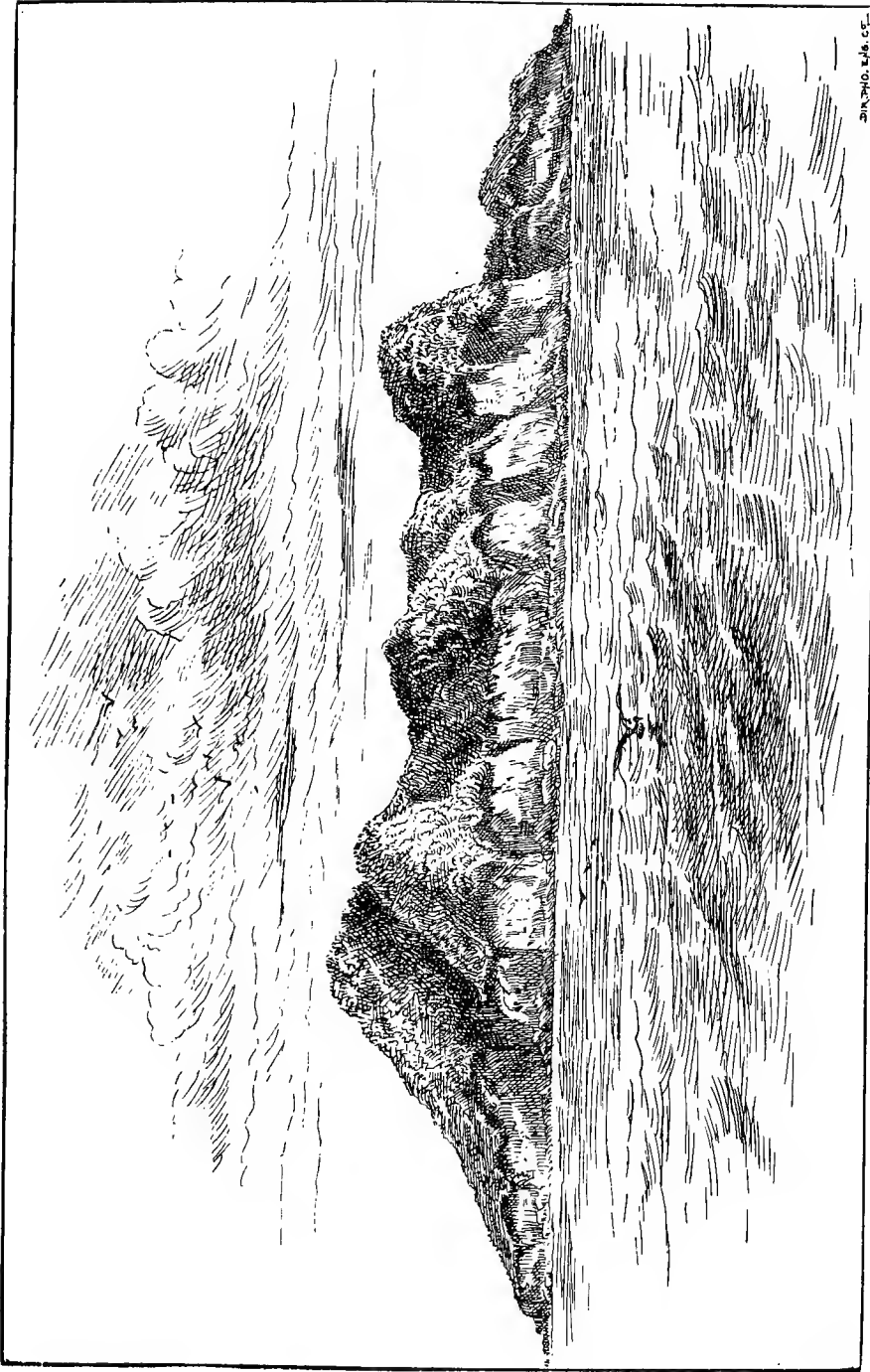
It is not safe to approach the island near enough to cast anchor, as at times such heavy rollers set in that would probably cause the vessel to drive, and risk being lost upon the rocky shore, against which the waves beat furiously; therefore a ship stands off and on the land whilst in communication with it.

Three canoes were seen to push off from the little strip of sandy beach forming Bounty Bay, and paddle with great swiftness towards us. The *Actæon* was hove-to to wait their arrival alongside, when Edward, Arthur, John, and Mathew Quintal, also George Adams and Charles Christian, all sons or grandsons of the original mutineers, came on board. Edward Quintal was considered the strongest man on the island, having been known to haul up, without assistance, a thirty-foot boat on to the bare shore. He was above the middle stature, and very stoutly made, with the form of an athlete. All were fine men, more or less. They asked many questions about former friends who had visited them, and then gave an account of the state of affairs on the island, which was deplorable enough.

It seems an individual was landed from an American whale-ship, on a certain day, who declared himself to be an emissary from the English Government, styling himself Lord Hill, and empowered by King William to rule the inhabitants. Our Captain had become aware of the unwarrantable acts of this person during our stay at the Sandwich Islands, from one John Buffet, who had been flogged and driven from his post as teacher at Pitcairns, doubtless because he saw through the imposture that was being practised upon these simple people. We had him now on board, *en route* to rejoin his family, who were still on the island, as also to give evidence at the coming inquiry into the conduct of the rascal who had usurped authority and carried it out with such tyranny that, with the exception of two or three, the population turned from him with horror. His life had been once threatened by Mathew Quintal, who pointed a loaded musket at him, and only waited for his brother to give the word to fire; but the teaching of old John Adams restrained them from the crime, and they agreed to be patient under their sufferings until the blessed hour that an English man-of-war should heave in sight. We were that long-wished-for vessel.

A meeting was soon called, and the impostor exposed. He had dropped his assumed title and governorship on our first appearance off the island, but still styled himself Captain Hill and Teacher to the people. This post was now given to a Mr. Nobbs, who had been obliged to flee from the treatment of this scoundrel, but had returned to Pitcairns by the direction of Commodore Mason, then Naval Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific Station. Hill was directed to quit the island by the first opportunity that offered, and the natives promised him good treatment until that time arrived. Thus this unpleasant business was settled, and a good shake-hand all round among the different families clenched the matter.

The people's gratitude to our Captain and officers was unbounded, and in their own scriptural language they would say, "What I have give I unto thee." Quantities of every kind of produce the island afforded were brought down to the beach as intended presents; but we could not accept without recompense what had been acquired by hard toil, so let them take the value of their offerings out in cloth, duck,



PITCAIRN ISLAND.—INHABITED BY THE DESCENDANTS OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE "BOUNTY."

and clothes. Our Government presents which we had on board, such as spades, pickaxes, shovels, &c. &c., were also distributed among the ninety-seven souls who made up the population of the island.

As midshipman in charge of the jolly-boat, I had the honour of conveying our Captain to the meeting held on shore the morning after our arrival off the island. The long swell of the Pacific bore us gently on towards the bold cliffs, but as we neared the landing-place the view became grimly grand. The heaving swell changed into immense rollers; these rushed with railway speed and then broke into a towering mass of foam against the barrier of rocks which partly shelter Bounty Bay, and, after sweeping on with redoubled violence, expended themselves in a heavy surf upon the beach. We laid on our oars outside the rocks until someone came to pilot the boat on shore. At length Edward Quintal ventured his canoe through the surf and beckoned us towards him. A native standing on a high rock on the shore gave the signal when it was a good time to pull in by waving his hat. This our boys replied to with a will, and the jolly-boat was soon mounted on the crest of a tremendous roller and borne—like a shot from a gun—on to the beach, where the inhabitants, ready to receive us, ran her up high and dry the moment she touched the shore. They gave the Captain a hearty welcome, familiarly shaking hands with him. Mr. Nobbs accompanied Lord Edward to the village, and on the way was met by Captain Hill, who had the effrontery to request his lordship to visit his house.

The man himself may be described as tall, with a bald head, long nose, and high frontal, wearing green spectacles and hobbling along with the aid of a large stick. Such was the exterior of this intruder, and one who had caused so much disturbance among these otherwise happy people.

The houses or huts of these Anglo-Tahitian islanders are neatly built of wood, and roofed with the leaf of the banana plant. The interior of their dwellings quite corresponds with the outward appearance of them, having a plank flooring throughout, with wooden bed-places, stools, tables, chests, and sometimes chests of drawers—nearly all the handiwork of John Buffet—ranged round the sides of the one long room. The beds are made up of native *tapa*, scrupulously clean and white, and answering the purpose of our bed, blanket, and sheets all combined.

Most of the women on the island inclined to good looks, and some, doubtless, were very pretty. They work as hard as the men, digging yams and potatoes in the higher grounds, and fishing with them in the proper season. They can run with great speed, and have been known to swim round their little home.

The children are very fair when first born, but soon get dark by exposure to the sun, which burns fiercely here in summer months, though its heat is always tempered by the trade wind, which blows incessantly during that period.

Pitcairn can boast of a fine specimen of the banyan tree. It now occupies the space of about two acres, and, if allowed to extend itself, would cover many more. Its stem and bark resembled a good deal that of the beech tree, and the branches which protrude therefrom have the peculiarity of sending shoots down to the earth; these take root there, and form other trees, *ad infinitum*. The foliage is so thick and

rich in colour that at a distance it assumes the appearance of a hill covered with moss.

Goats run wild about the island, and are caught by driving them into natural caverns found in the cliffs. It was in one of these that Christian, the mate, kept weapons and provisions, in the event of a ship-of-war discovering the mutineers' refuge. It was only accessible to the natives, and its approach could be defended by rolling down rocks and stones on any daring enough to attempt the escalade.

Evidences of former habitation are constantly picked up by the present islanders, in the shape of stone axes and other small utensils. They have also discovered one or two *morais*, or burying-places, in which were found skeletons of these aborigines.

The children are educated with as much care as in a village school at home. They are taught every day of the week except Saturday afternoon and Sunday ; but when a ship arrives off the island, it is a holiday for all hands till she quits. They have church service once on Wednesdays and twice on Sundays, and family prayers are read every morning and evening. Grace is never omitted before sitting down to meals.

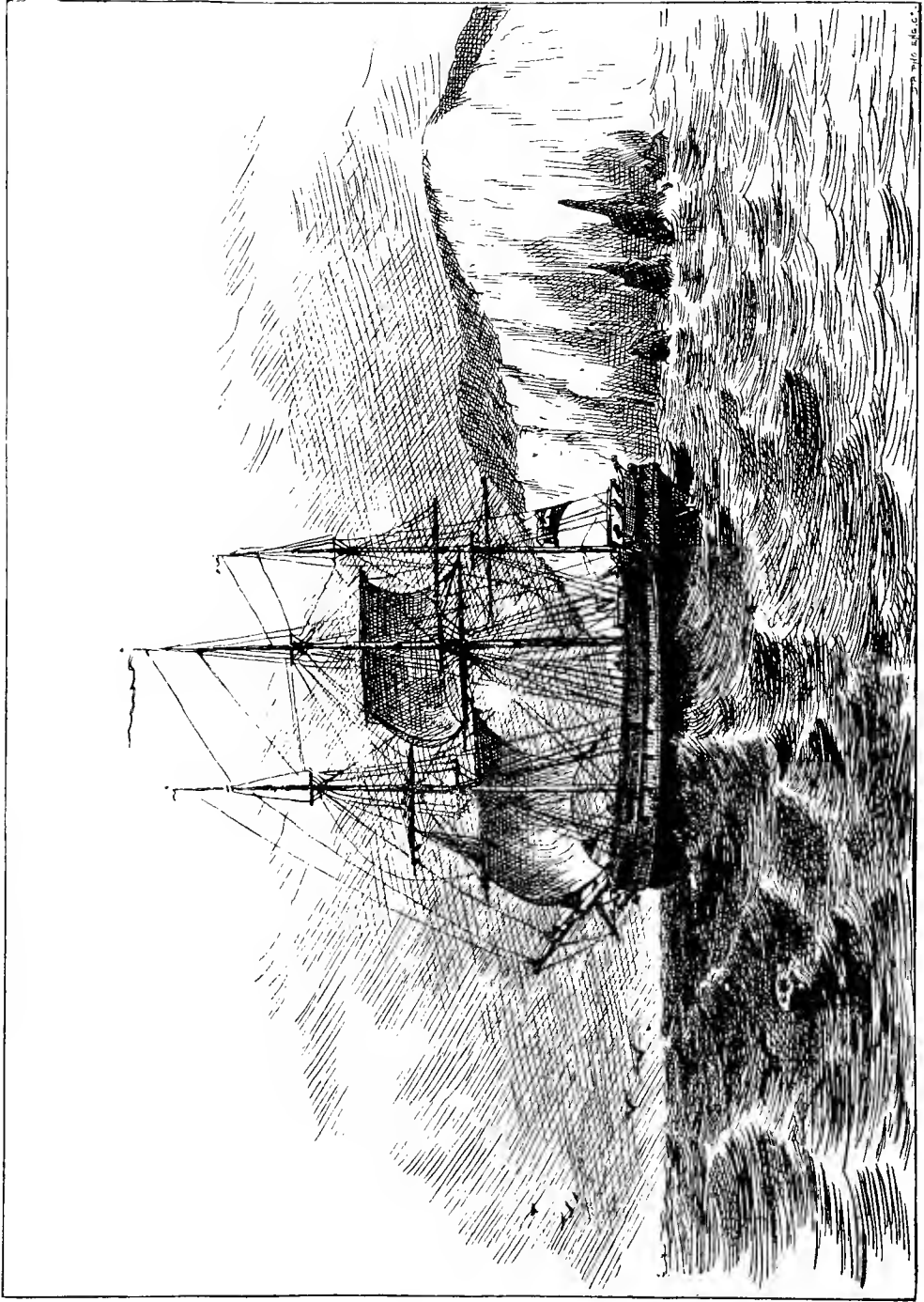
On returning on board, late in the evening, we had some difficulty in getting through the surf and rollers, and had then a long pull off to the ship, which was at a distance from the island. Our place of embarkation was strewn with the remains of the *Bounty*, such as her guns, ballast, and a good deal of the copper from her bottom.

The following morning we prepared again to land, but this time in canoes, as the Captain did not wish the ship's boats risked in the heavy surf. Seating ourselves singly in these rickety little craft, we were paddled quickly, by the natives, towards the shore ; but a heavy roller catching them up, capsized one canoe and swamped the rest, and the whole party was thrown up on the beach, drenched from head to foot. However, the kindly women took care of us youngsters, and soon had our clothes drying on the heated rocks, and, when again on our persons, accompanied us to the village, where we visited John Buffet in his house, being introduced to his wife, and also to the widow of Christian, a very old Otaheitian woman, who remembered Captain Cook in his three visits to her native islands.

A pleasant day was spent among these truly good people, and we were then placed in canoes to have a repetition of the ducking we had experienced in the morning. The Captain returned on board in the evening, accompanied by all the canoes that could be mustered for the occasion, and these were laden with presents of many kinds.

The *Actæon* was hove-to until sunset, when the parting came. The son of old John Adams was the last to quit the ship, and as he stood for a moment in the gangway, expressed his feelings thus : " I cannot shake hands with all, but I give you my heart." He then slipped into his canoe, and was soon lost in the darkness.

Having made sail to a fine northerly wind, we rapidly ran into the latitude of Valparaiso, and made the island of Juan Fernandez. Strong gales prevailed for the next two days. The great Chilian seaport was reached on February 3rd, 1837.



"HOME AT LAST!"—THE "ACTEON" RUNNING PAST THE NEEDLES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

On February 10th the *Acteon* sailed again for Callao, in Peru, and, during the passage, picked up a whale-boat with four emaciated men in it, who had been discharged at sea by the master of an American whaling ship. This wretch had given them a worn-out boat with the false information that they were close in with the coast, whereas, at the time, it was distant about six hundred miles. The poor fellows had experienced two gales, which they rode out, made fast to a raft of the boat's oars and mast lashed together, so as to form a breakwater. In spite of this precaution, the huge waves broke over the boat and destroyed all their provisions, so that we found the unfortunates in the last stage of exhaustion. One of these died soon after being received on board, and the three others slowly recovered.

The *Acteon* anchored in Callao Bay on February 22nd, 1837. Lima could be seen, six miles distant, crouched at the base of hills which are offshoots from the great Cordillera mountains. Callao itself is a filthy town, and will probably, some day, share the fate of its predecessor, which was destroyed by a tidal wave sweeping completely over it, and leaving no traces on the shore of its existence. Vessels, I believe, now float where the old town once stood.

The climate of Peru can hardly be called healthy, as the dews at night descend like small rain, whilst the powerful sun, operating during the day on this mass of moisture causes perpetual fogs to accumulate about the coasts.

The three castles at Callao—built on the strip of sand forming the harbour—are noted for their strength. They are powerful circular batteries of solid stone construction, surrounded by deep ditches, and have never been taken by a seaward attack, and never from the land side, except by treachery on the part of their defenders.

The island of San Lorenzo lies athwart the entrance to the bay, making an effectual break to the long swell of the Pacific Ocean. Here the seal and brown pelican afford good sport to the rifle-shot, whilst the mainland produces birds of many kinds, from the soaring condor to the fitting humming-bird.

During the *Acteon's* stay at Callao, news was received from Panama of an insult offered by the Government there to our Consul and tearing down, by a mob, of his flag. Immediate preparations were made on our part for avenging this outrage, but before the ship could be got ready for sea information arrived that the affair had been arranged by apologies and indemnification.

The *Acteon*, having shipped freight to the amount of £2,000,000 sterling, sailed for England in the beginning of 1838.



CHAPTER II.

THE SULPHUR WAR OF APRIL, 1840.

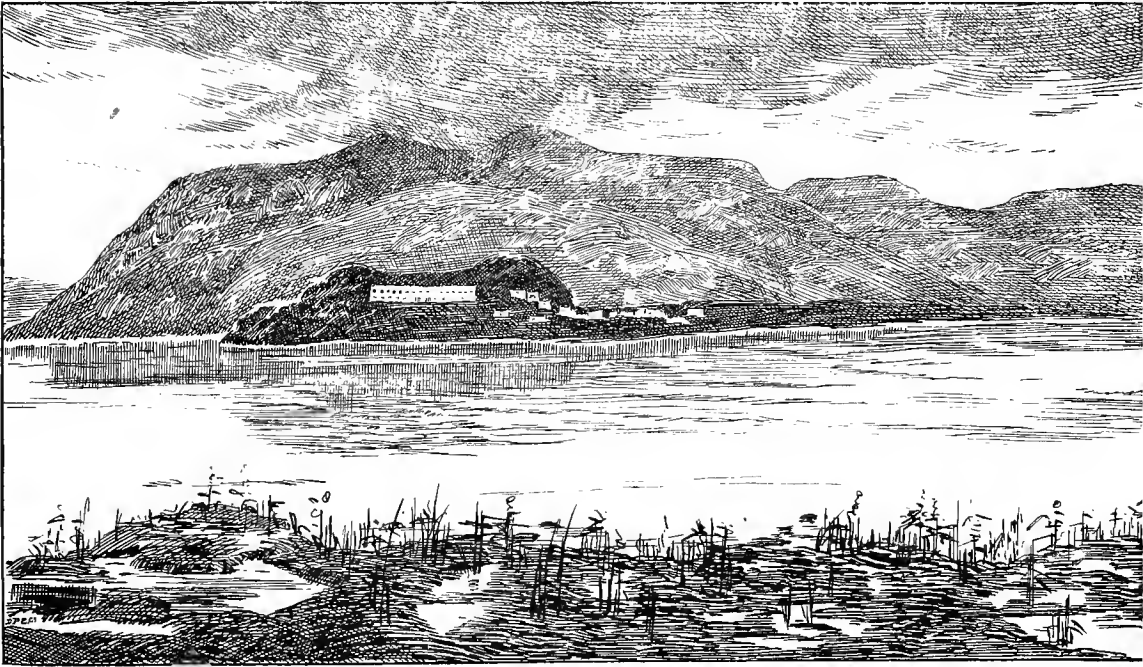
FEW Englishmen, outside of their diplomatic and naval services, are likely to remember Lord Palmerston's coercion of the King of the Two Sicilies, at the above period, in consequence of His Majesty abrogating suddenly, and without just cause, an old-standing treaty respecting the exportation of sulphur from his volcanic dominions. No blood was shed in this somewhat ludicrous affair, solely on account of the passive resistance shown by King Francis (Bomba I.) and his Government to the high-handed acts of our ships-of-war. These took the form of blockading Neapolitan ports, and capturing their merchant vessels wherever met with on the high seas.

H.M.S. *Talbot* was ordered on the latter duty from her station at Corfu, and proceeded to cruise off Cape Santa Maria, in the "Heel of Italy." To avoid being reported on the coast, and also to deceive unwary vessels, she sailed chiefly under Austrian and Neapolitan colours, only hoisting the English flag when a capture was being made. Another device from the scheming head of her clever Captain (the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Henry Codrington, K.C.B.) was to make use of the only two long guns in his ship's armament to the best advantage, for the purpose of bringing vessels to at their farthest possible range. To obtain this the nine-pounders usually mounted in the fore-castle were taken out of their carriages and placed in a pair of slings, so fitted that when the guns were hoisted by tackles above the hammock-nettings their muzzles had an elevation of about thirty-five degrees. They were then loaded with a distant charge and round shot, and pointed, by means of guy-ropes, in the direction of any vessel ahead or to windward that had not shown her colours, or that it was thought necessary to bring to for closer examination. When the guns were fired, their recoil was easily controlled by hand tackles. The surprise shown by some of the foreign ships at having a shot dropped close to them, from a vessel two or three miles distant, was evident by their letting fly tacks and sheets and bearing up in confusion, like a wounded bird with feathers dishevelled by the sportsman's fire. Through this method many Neapolitan coasting vessels, called "trabaculos," were captured, and sent with the brigs and schooners—also taken—to Corfu, there to have their rudders unshipped and sails sent ashore, pending the settlement of the dispute.

As a prize crew could not be spared for every capture, it was the practice to wait

for the whole day's "bag," and then start them off under convoy of one of their smartest craft with an armed party of our blue-jackets and marines on board her. Perhaps a steersman was supplied to the other vessels to insure their following the convoy, but in time this precaution was dispensed with, as a warning shot from a musket occasionally was found sufficient to keep order in the sailing of the prizes.

I well remember being sent, as midshipman, in charge of the jolly-boat with its crew of six unarmed boys, to take possession of a trabacculo, whilst the ship went away in chase of a brig on the far horizon. I found her Neapolitan captain in a great state of tribulation, and alternately weeping and praying before a little image of his patron saint hung up in the sleeping-cabin. On informing him of my errand



THE ISLAND OF CORFU.

he wrung his hands despairingly, and then cursed his King and Government in no measured terms for bringing this trouble upon his head. I pacified the poor fellow to the best of my ability by assuring him that his detention would, in all probability, be for a short period. I then returned on deck to examine the number and quality of his crew. I found them to be twenty in all, with anything but prepossessing features, and armed with the long sheathed knife used by foreign seamen.

They had assembled themselves in the fore-part of the vessel, and were in earnest conversation, whilst my boys were enjoying a "siesta" on the main hatches in the warm rays of the Italian sun, with an apparent feeling of security which I cannot say I quite shared when the *Talbot* became lost to view in the far distance, as she chased one sail after another when they hove in sight from her mast-head. I

was supposed to be wearing side-arms ; but they in reality consisted of only half the blade of my very slender sword, which had snapped in the middle on the first trial of strength it had been put to by some of my larking comrades ; and as I watched the shortening day—from my post of observation on the taffrail—I thought how ridiculous I should look if called upon to draw and defend myself and unarmed boys from any attempt to recapture the trabacculo.

While thus cogitating I was roused by a stir amongst the Italian crew, and soon their excitement became intense. With their eyes directed aft they gesticulated furiously, and then, to my horror, came rushing along the deck towards me. I fully expected to see my boys pitched overboard *en route*, and made up my mind that the hour of trial had come. Grasping firmly the hilt of my mutilated weapon, I put on a bold front, determined not to draw the wretched stump from its sheath until the last moment. In the best Italian I could muster, I shouted for them to go back ; but with pointed fingers they still came on, and then suddenly turned to the little quarter-boat hanging at the davit and commenced getting her clear for lowering. Of their intentions at this moment I could only have but one idea, which was that they had made up their minds to quit the trabacculo, now nearly becalmed as the wind went down with the setting sun. Stepping a few paces forward, I ordered them to stay their proceedings. Then every throat instantly roared out, "The turtle! the turtle!" and there, sure enough, close on the quarter, lay a huge "hawkbill" slumbering gently on the heaving waters.

To say that my mind was anything but relieved by this explanation would not be adhering to fact ; and I readily gave permission for the capture of the marine delicacy, which was accomplished in the most masterly style by the well-known process of "turning the turtle." The food thus provided was most acceptable, as we had brought none with us, and the frigate was nowhere to be seen as darkness closed around ; so the turtle was slaughtered there and then, and I was soon enjoying with my captive captain and our respective crews, an aldermanic feast, which was shortly disturbed by night-signals from the *Talbot*. To these we replied by hoisting lights to show our position, and were soon again on board the old ship.

I met my trabacculo acquaintance afterwards at Corfu ; but on that occasion the padrone's face beamed with smiles, instead of being watered with tears. The little man made a frantic effort to embrace me ; but, having no wish to come in such close contact, I offered my hand, which he placed to his lips, amidst many expressions of joy that our great minister Palmerston had brought King Bomba to his senses, and that he and his trabacculo were once more free.

I have elsewhere said that this war was a somewhat ludicrous affair. The funny part of it was this : that whilst we in the *Talbot* were arresting Neapolitan trade to the best of our power, the remainder of our squadron—blockading Naples—were enjoying the hospitality of that port, and giving return entertainments on board to both our countrymen and natives. The fact was, King Bomba and his Government stood alone in this matter. The country at large was to a man against their policy.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNAL OF H.M.S. "TALBOT" IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1840, DURING
OPERATIONS ON THE COAST OF SYRIA.

MEHMET ALI, Albanian by birth, and *protégé* of Mahmoud III., Sultan of Turkey, was in the early part of the present century elevated by his powerful patron to the Pashalick of Egypt, a country at that time forming a more integral portion of the Padishah's dominions than it does at the present day.

The new pasha gave early proofs of his capacity for governing, and, moreover, correctly estimated the wants of his rude subjects, which he set about immediately to supply.

Education, army reform, river navigation, irrigation, land communications (including the concession to Lieutenant Waghorn, R.N., for his overland route to India), revision of taxation, and many other economies needful to the well-being of the province, attracted his attention.

Mehemet, although purely Mohammedan in religion and instincts, possessed advanced ideas, and developed strong progressive tendencies. As time wore on, these assumed an aggressiveness which was deplorable; but an infinity of good had in the meanwhile arisen from them. European inventions of many kinds were introduced into Egypt. Her army was remodelled on a Western basis. Elementary schools started into life. Foreign engineering talent was freely used in the construction of the dams, canals, sluices, &c., necessary for the improvement of navigation and irrigation; and the wretched tracts through the Nile Oasis became, under its ægis, fairly good roads.

Later on, the pasha gave his attention to an extension of his dominion. Lower Egypt was in the first instance brought firmly under his rule, and he then sent a conquering army into the Soudan, whose brave natives he utilised as soldiers, and they became his mainstay on services of peril. Like all reformers, however, Mehemet Ali met with much opposition from obstructionists. These in Egypt were represented by the fanatical or old Mussulman party, whose hatred of interference with their ancient customs by the detested *giaour* was wrought to the highest pitch through the

pasha's innovations. Their views were in consonance with those of a soldiery known as Mamelukes. These, like the Prætorian Guards of old Rome, and the Janissaries of Constantinople, had acquired undue influence over the policy of the viceroy, and fettered his actions considerably.

As is well known to history, both Sultan Mahmoud and Mehemet relieved themselves from their mutual encumbrances by the shortest and sharpest method. The Hippodrome at Stamboul and Citadel at Cairo were the respective scenes of the two massacres. During the intervening years, between 1830 and 1840, a divergence of views and interests brought about hostilities between the viceroy and his imperial benefactor. The pasha, with his now well-organised army, strengthened by reinforcements, recruited in Albania, and commanded by his son, Ibrahim Bey, invaded Syria, capturing its strongholds and defeating the Turkish levies sent to oppose its progress. In 1838-39 Constantinople itself seemed in danger from the advance of these ever victorious troops.

The European powers now began to rouse themselves from the lethargy with which they had hitherto regarded the conflict, and Russia put an army on the frontiers of Asia Minor in readiness to bar the way to the Turkish capital.

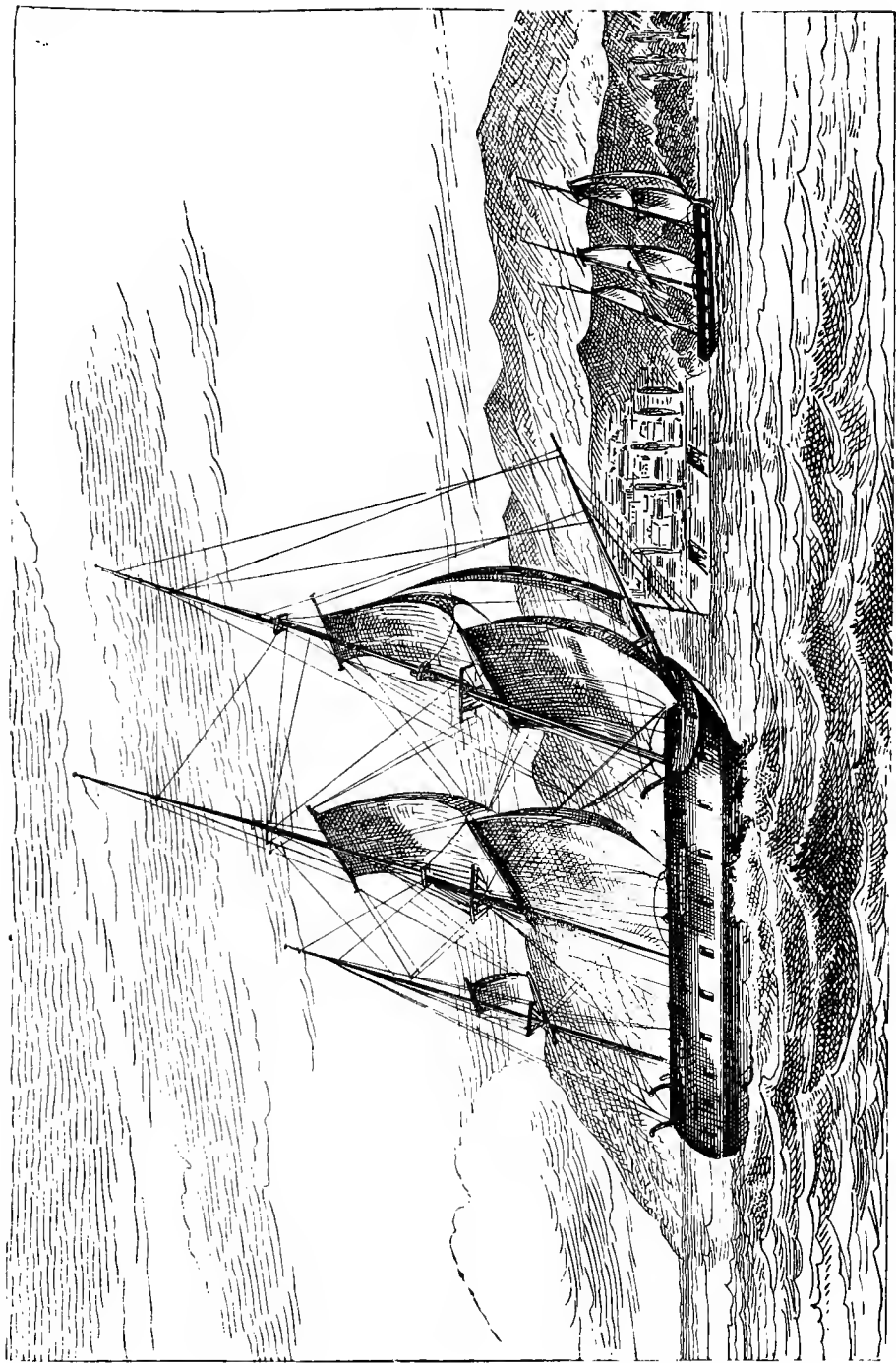
In 1839 Mahmoud III. died, and was succeeded by his son, Abdul Medjed, a weakly and effeminate youth, reared in the seclusion of the harem. Mehemet Ali took immediate advantage of this change; redoubled his intrigues at the Sublime Porte, and succeeded so far as to gain over the Capitan Pasha of the Turkish fleet. This traitor (Achmet), on the pretence of attacking the seaports on the Syrian coast, carried his ships to Alexandria, where they were securely harboured under the guns of the forts.

The following three sentences are extracts from Allen's *Battles of the British Navy* :—

“ This retention of the Sultan's fleet determined four allied Powers to reduce the pasha to subjection. It was generally believed that France was busily at work through the pasha, and encouraging him in his resistance; and it is surmised that the smallest reverse met with by the Allies would have drawn down upon us the French force in the Mediterranean—in a word, our success averted a war with France.

“ The four Powers concerned in the subjugation of Mehemet Ali were Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England; but the brunt of the work fell upon England.”

The British Mediterranean fleet was at this time commanded by the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B. and G.C.M.G., a veteran of the old war, but still retaining all his faculties unimpaired. The *Princess Charlotte*, a three-decker of 104 guns, flew the admiral's red flag at the main. The remaining thirteen line-of-battle ships under his orders were two-deckers of various tonnage and armament. Of frigates he possessed six, three of which only mounted from twenty-six to twenty-eight guns, and were known by the not very enviable title of donkey frigates. H.M.S. *Talbot* came under the above category. She was a hideous vessel of 490 tons burden, but concealed by her upper ugliness a rare form of bottom, which accounted for the success she gained in her sailing match with Symonds's new corvette, *Dido*, in 1838.



A TRIAL SAILING-MATCH BETWEEN THE 28-GUN DONKEY FRIGATE "TALBOT," AND SIR WILLIAM SYMONI'S NEW 20-GUN CORVETTE "DIDO,"
IN AUGUST 1838.

The course was a beat against the wind from Smyrna to Youla Bay, a distance of twenty miles, the *Talbot* winning by four miles, to the surprise of our squadron lying at the latter anchorage.

The *Talbot* was commanded by Captain Henry J. Codrington (the late admiral of the fleet, Sir Henry J. Codrington, K.C.B.), and in 1839 was stationed at Constantinople in attendance on our ambassador, Lord Ponsonby. I was then a midshipman on board her, and in 1840 was eligible for examination in seamanship to qualify as a lieutenant. The captains before whom it was necessary the examination should take place, were now engaged in the Syrian operations, so advantage was taken of the arrival of H.M.S. *Phoenix* at Constantinople, with despatches, to send me to that steam sloop for conveyance to the seat of war. The *Phoenix* was commanded by an able and popular officer, a son of the commander-in-chief, and is now Admiral Robert Stopford. This vessel might have been considered ubiquitous, for she was here, there, and everywhere, in the shortest possible time her utmost speed would permit, and did good service in reconnoitring the enemy's defences at St. Jean d'Acre, and drawing the fire of their batteries to ascertain the exact position, number, and weight of metal of the guns mounted in them.

My examination took place on board the *Hastings*, 72 guns, Captain John Laurence, C.B., in D'Jouni Bay, near Beyrout, and where Commodore Napier, second in command of the fleet, had been landed with a force of marines and Turkish troops. The commodore, on the morning of my interrogations, had quitted his encampment and was advancing with his little army to attack the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha, who held a strong position on one of the spurs of the Lebanon. This position included a convent, which was occupied by 2,000 of the enemy.

The examination was shorn of some of its terrors through the distraction of my passing-captains, who took a lively interest in the movements of their brother officer, Charlie Napier, as he was *then* familiarly known to them, and who afterwards became Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B. It was conducted much in this wise :

Passing-Captain at cabin table, Q. "Now, Mr. I., your ship is close-hauled on the starboard tack with all plain sail set——"

P.C. with telescope at port-hole (loq.). "The commodore is halting the troops."

P.C. at cabin table, Q. "If a shift of wind takes your ship aback——"

P.C. at port-hole (loq.). "The Turks are opening out as skirmishers."

P.C. at cabin table, Q. "What is the first thing to do——"

P.C. at port-hole (loq.). "The enemy has commenced firing."

P.C. at table (finishing his question). "before bracing round?"

P.C. at port-hole (loq.). "The Turkish line lags."

Candidate, "Haul up the mainsail."

P.C. at port-hole (loq.). "Something stirs them, for they move on quickly again."

Now, this something that stirred them was Charlie's energetic proceedings. Riding backwards and forwards along the line of skirmishers, he drove the Nizams on with exhortations and threats. Napier's exertions were crowned with complete success. The Egyptians, cowed by his bold approach, hung out a flag of truce and laid down their arms.

On October 21st, 1840, H.M.S. *Talbot* anchored off Beyrout, and I rejoined her with the rank of mate, soon to be altered to sub-lieutenant.

I now quote extracts taken from *Talbot's* log and my own journal of events from the above date :—

October 24th.—Weighed from Beyrout in company with the Turkish Admiral's ship and *Phœnix*, bound for St. Jean d'Acre. Walker Bey was the Admiral. He had originally been lent—when a commander in our service—to the Turkish fleet as an adviser and instructor ; but when that fleet sailed away to Alexandria he remained in the Sultan's service, and was promoted to admiral's rank and given command of the few ships the Turks still possessed.

1 P.M.—Off Sidon. Observed H.M.S. *Thunderer* running to the southward. It was a mate of the *Cyclops*, Mr. Arthur Cumming (the present Admiral Sir Arthur Cumming, K.C.B.), who assisted materially in the capture of this town, by leading Turkish troops along a causeway exposed to a murderous fire from the forts, to a successful attack upon its sea-gate.

October 25th.—At daylight saw Acre about ten miles distant, and H.M. ships *Revenge*, *Thunderer*, *Pique*, with steamers *Gorgon* and *Phœnix*, bearing down for us. At 8 A.M. all captains of vessels went on board *Revenge*, and when they had returned to their ships the Turkish Admiral and *Gorgon* stood in for the fortress with a flag of truce flying. This the Egyptians rejected.

At 3 P.M. bore up with *Pique* in company, and anchored off the town of Kiafa, and about five miles from Acre.

October 26th.—Weighed and stood in for Acre to sound and reconnoitre. When about two miles distant saw the enemy at quarters in the forts. Stood out.

At 2 P.M. stood in for the town again, and anchored in nineteen fathoms about two miles from its walls ; sounded between these and the ship in the boats without being fired on.

At sunset the Turkish Admiral's ship stood close in and was not molested.

At 10 P.M. sent boats away with muffled oars to sound round the mole and within musket shot of the ramparts.

The result of these surveys was taken to the Admiral at Beyrout, and *Talbot* was ordered back on October 30th to complete them.

On this day troops were embarked on board the steamers ready for conveyance to Acre.

November 1st.—At daylight found ourselves about twelve miles from Acre, but becalmed. Observed four steamers off that town, and at 9 A.M. they commenced throwing shot and shell into it, the enemy's forts returning the fire. At 4 P.M. came to an anchor in seven fathoms about two miles from Acre. Slung the long nine-pounders and hoisted them up clear of hammock nettings, and fired at the town with an elevation of 30°, every shot taking effect.

At 10 P.M. sent the boats away to sound under the walls and lay down buoys to mark the passages between the shoals.

November 2nd.—8.30 A.M. steamers commenced shelling the town again. Forts returning the fire but with no effect.

The Turkish Admiral's ship and two Austrian frigates hove in sight.

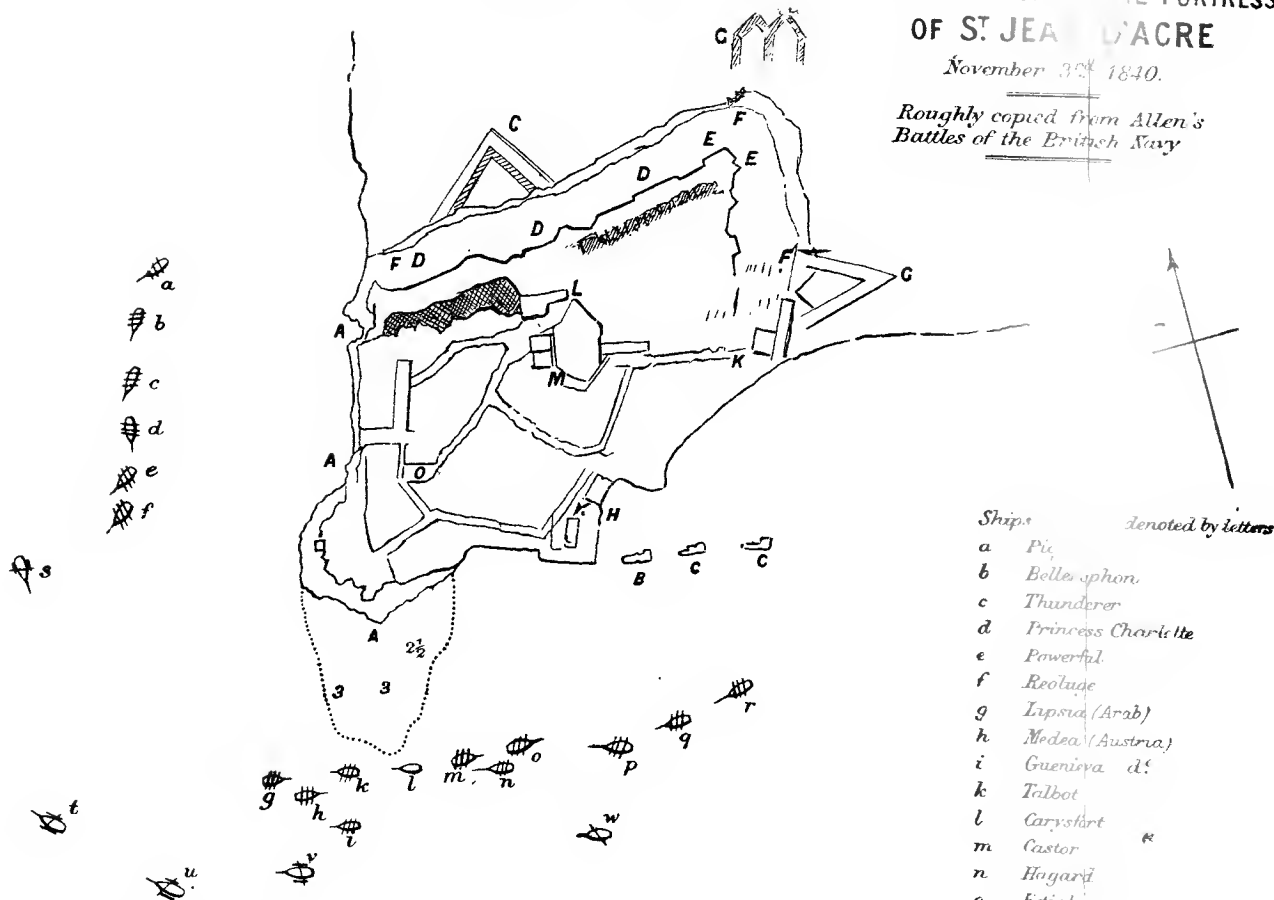
At 2 P.M. *Talbot* weighed and shifted berth more to the northward, to make

Scale
100 500 1000 Yds.

PLAN OF ATTACK ON THE FORTRESS OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE

November 30th 1840.

*Roughly copied from Allen's
Battles of the British Navy*



- AAA Stone wall about 25 feet in height
- B.C.C Ancient Mole and ancient forts
- D.D.D Batteries on land side attempted by the French in 1799.
- E.E Works besieged by Ibrahim Pacha in 1831 & 1832.
- FFF Covered way
- CCC Unfinished outworks
- H Gate of Customs
- KK Khans
- L Citadel
- M Mosque
- O Palace

The deep parts inside the wall E.E show the damage occasioned by the explosion of Magazine

Ships denoted by letters

- a Pic
- b Bellesophon
- c Thunderer
- d Princess Charlotte
- e Powerful
- f Reoluge
- g Lipsia (Arab)
- h Modca (Austria)
- i Gueneya d'
- k Talbot
- l Caryshart
- m Castor
- n Hogard
- o Edinbrough
- p Benbow
- q Wasp
- r Turkish Admiral
- s Gorgon St. Vessel
- t Phoenix d' d'
- u Stromboli d' d'
- v Vesavius d' d'
- w A Cutter

room for the British fleet which was seen to the northward with squared yards and crowded canvas making for the anchorage.

It was a glorious sight thus to view England's might bearing down on the doomed fortress.

At 6 P.M. the fleet anchored.

Employed ourselves preparing for action. Got cabin bulkheads down, put ratlines on the backstays, snaked the stays, slung the topmasts with chain, got shot up on main deck, took down round houses, laid wet swabs along the decks and sent all supernumerary articles below.

November 3rd.—Still preparing for action, bent hawser for spring and got stream anchor ready for letting go.

Steamers lashed themselves alongside line-of-battle ships ready to tow them into position.

Admiral Sir Robert Stopford quitted the *Princess Charlotte* and hoisted his flag on board the *Phoenix*, and then stood in to shell the batteries.

Lowered the *Talbot's* boats and dropped them astern—a mistake we discovered when too late to remedy it; the consequence was they were riddled by shot, whereas had they been secured on the off side of the ship to the forts no harm could have come to them.

At 9.30 A.M. weighed and stood off shore on larboard tack.

At 10.30 tacked, and at 12 A.M. hove to to allow the *Powerful*, 84, Commodore Napier's ship, to lead in.

At 1.50 P.M. bore up for Acre, the *Castor* frigate leading the ships told off for engaging the south face of the batteries. She took up her berth in masterly style and commenced the action forthwith.

The soldiers in the forts having hoisted two Egyptian ensigns, one at the citadel and the other at a sandbag battery near the extremity of their works, returned the fire with interest, killing four of the *Castor's* men and wounding others.

At 2.27 P.M. the *Talbot* anchored in four and three-quarter fathoms ahead of the *Castor* and 500 yards from the heavy point battery.

Raised the sights of our thirty-two pounder carronades one and three-quarter degrees, and, after heaving on the spring, opened fire on the forts.

The shot from the enemy passed over the hull of the ship, but damaged the rigging and sails (which had been left loose) considerably.

About the middle of the action, however, a shot entered the port abreast of main hatchway and took off the left arm of No. 1 at the gun there. Immediately afterwards a bar-shot cut the chain-ganger of the sheet-cable, which was stopped up to the fore channels, and, breaking up itself and the cable-link, entered the second port on main-deck in *débris*. One piece struck Lieutenant Le Mesurier's watch as it lay in his trousers' fob, smashing the works and injuring the lieutenant's stomach; the officer fell and was carried below.

Another fragment cut the leather from the upper part of one of Mr. Haswell's shoes, bruising his toes considerably (Mr. Haswell was then a mate and is now a vice-admiral). A third hit of iron scored a man's forehead.

The fire from the forts gradually slackened, and about 4 P.M. only one gun in a sandbag battery opposed to us continued to fire.

All our carronades were therefore trained for it, and the battery was soon silenced.

At 4.25 P.M. an awful explosion took place on the land-side of the town, which we afterwards ascertained buried nearly 2,000 Egyptian soldiers in the ruins it created, and was caused by one of our steamers' shells entering a magazine.

Thereon ensued a panic amongst the enemy, and every gun was deserted—excepting one on the northern walls, whose brave artillerymen kept in position to the last.

At 4.50 the Admiral made the signal "Cease firing," but it was unnoticed by the *Revenge* and *Powerful*, these two ships continuing the action. Most of their shot and shell passed over the northern ramparts and took the direction of Walker Bey's flag-ship, whose masts showed over the southern walls.

At 5 P.M. the *Revenge* weighed and cast to starboard, firing as she did so; her crew made some random shots which passed between the ships on the south face, and, it was said, one projectile struck the *Hazard* and another the *Castor*. The captains of these vessels put off at once in their galleys to stop further damage being done.

In the meanwhile the *Talbot's* crew were employed knotting and splicing the standing and running rigging, which, with the sails, had been much cut up. The latter hung in strips from the yards.

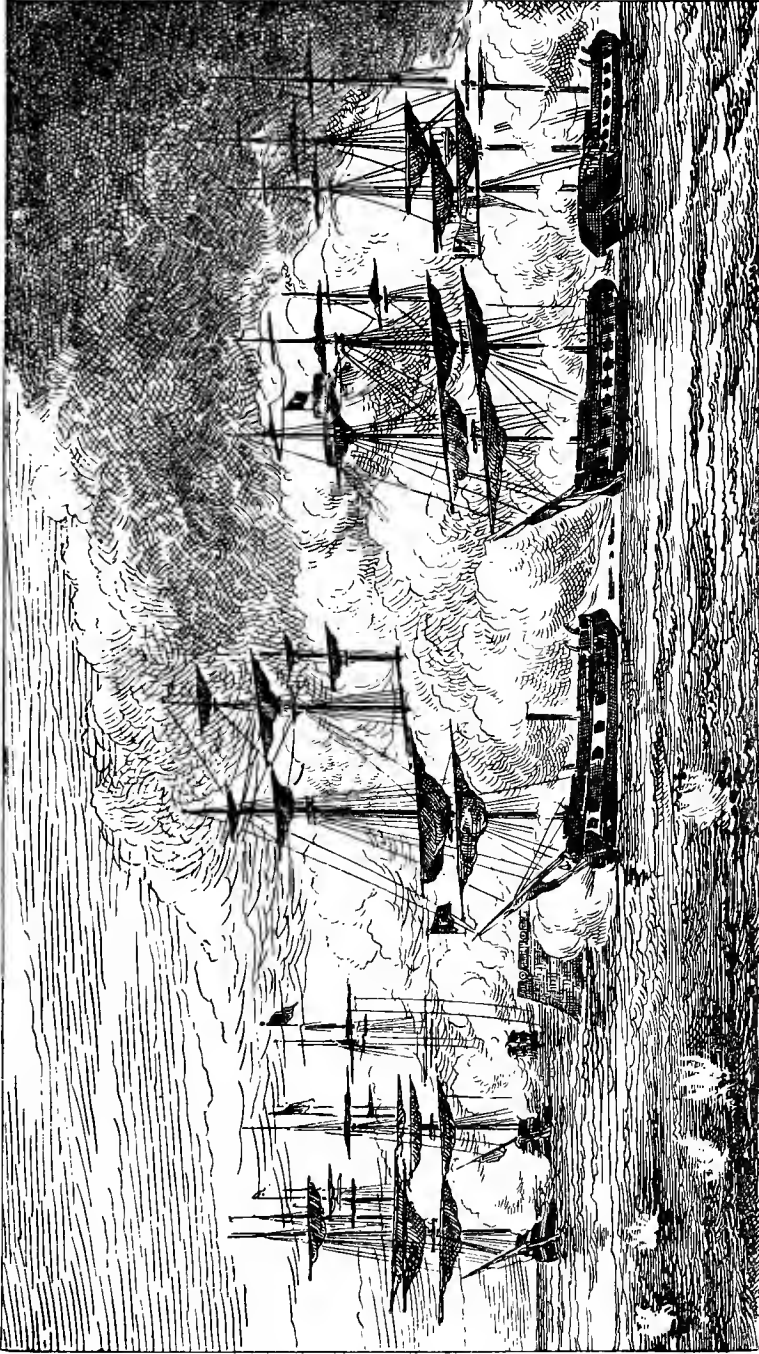
Twenty shot had struck the hull, four bar-shot entering the Captain's quarter gallery, and the rest, generally speaking, were found sticking in the ship's side. This had also been much torn up by the bursting of shells against it.

After dark we weighed the small bower anchor and shifted the *Talbot* farther in towards the walls, ready to breach them, if found necessary, and a storming party was told off ready for the morning.

There was a great firing of musketry in the town all through the night, which proceeded from the Egyptian troops attacking and plundering the inhabitants before evacuating the place.

Ships in the action:—

Princess Charlotte, 104 guns, flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief, whose Captain was Arthur Fanshawe. *Powerful*, 84, with broad pennant of Commodore Charles Napier, C.B.; *Bellerophon*, 80, Captain Charles J. Austin; *Revenge*, 76, Captain Hon. W. Waldegrave; *Thunderer*, 84, Captain Maurice F. Berkeley; *Edinburgh*, 74, Captain W. W. Henderson, K.H.; *Benbow*, 72, Captain Houston Stewart; *Castor*, 38, Captain Edward Collier; *Pique*, 36, Captain Edward Boxer; *Carysfort*, 26, Captain H. Byam Martin; *Talbot*, 28, Captain Henry J. Codrington; *Hazard*, 18, Commander Hon. C. J. B. Elliot; *Wasp*, 14 (Brig), Commander George Mansell; *Gorgon*, 10 (Paddle steamer), Captain William Henderson; *Phoenix*, 6 (Paddle steamer), Commander Robert Stopford; *Vesuvius*, 6 (Paddle steamer), Commander Thomas Henderson; *Stromboli*, 6 (Paddle steamer), Commander Williams. Also Turkish flag-ship of 74 guns, Admiral Walker Bey; and two



H.M.S. *Revenge*, *Powerful*, *Princess Charlotte*,

Talbot,

Carysfort,

and

Cuscor,

BOMBARDING THE FORTRESS OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE, MOUNTING 300 GUNS.

The *Talbot* was opposed by a sandbag battery at the extreme seaward point of the enemy's works, distant 500 yards, and mounted with the enemy's heaviest guns.

Austrian frigates of 40 guns, one of these bore the flag of Rear-Admiral Bandiera.

There was also an Austrian corvette, but she did not share in the action.

November 4th.—At daylight landed the Turkish troops and English and Austrian marines, who found the town evacuated by the enemy. The Turkish flag was hoisted over the citadel.

Shifted *Talbot's* main-top gallant mast and studding-boom on foreyard, both of which had been shot through.

I landed with a party of seamen to pick up shot.

The fortress mounted 300 guns in all, 150 of which pointed seaward; a few of these were of heavy calibre, but the rest mostly 24-pounders.

The enemy had an immense collection of chain and bar-shot to every gun, their intention being to destroy our spars and rigging, and thus prevent the ships getting away from their clutches. Happily the tables were turned upon them. Powder in cartridges, and also loose, lay all about the ramparts; this—as it afterwards proved—was a source of great danger. Three or four of their guns had been captured by our shot, and two had their muzzles knocked off, and one gun had burst.

Several of the embrasures had been totally blocked up by the falling in of the walls. As for the town, it was a mass of ruins.

The *Talbot* fired away in the action 1,356 shot, viz. 886 of 32-lb., 360 of 18-lb., 110 of 9-lb.

The scene of the magazine explosion covered a space of about half a mile in circumference, and all around lay dead men, camels, horses and donkeys, and among them several wounded soldiers. Seeing a group of our marines in consultation around one poor fellow—who lay with half his skull gone and the brain palpitating in the seething sun—I went to order the men to convey the sufferer to the hospital, and was just in time to prevent them carrying out the decision they had come to, which seemed to be, that he had better be put out of his misery at once, and with this good intention a young marine had raised a large block of stone wherewith to effectually quiet the throbbing brain. To seize the arm of the soldier was the work of a moment, and he was thus saved from committing a premeditated murder from the most humane motives. This Egyptian was taken to the doctors, but was quite beyond their aid.

Two thousand of the enemy had marched out during the night and were seen with grounded arms outside the land-gate of the fortress. These were made prisoners by the marines.

The Governor, Mahmoud Pasha, escaped with about 1,000 men, but was much harassed in his retreat by the mountaineers, both Maronites and Druses.

A brig and two trabaculos, that had been at anchor inside the mole during the action, were sunk by chance shot striking them. They were to have been employed as fire-ships against the fleet, but *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose*.

At 5 P.M. died of his wounds, Lieutenant Le Mesurier, universally regretted.

November 5th.—Our men employed cleaning the ship outside and filling up shot

holes. Sent a party ashore to collect the loose powder lying about and convey it to the magazines.

Turks clearing the town of the dead by pitching the bodies over the walls and then launching them out to sea, to save the trouble of burial. The consequence was that, for some little time, the ships remaining off Acre became the victims of this laziness; but, as might have been foreseen, it eventually recoiled upon its authors; for when the first strong breeze set into the bay this now putrid floating abomination was thrown upon the sands between the fortress and Mount Carmel, and fatigue parties had to be sent out to inter these dreadful objects wherever found.

However, fatal mischief had been done, a raging fever epidemic ensued. It carried off several hundred Turkish soldiers and sixty of our splendid marines, who were garrisoning the town.

Boats of the squadron were employed all day embarking prisoners for conveyance to Constantinople. At 3 P.M. interred the body of Lieutenant Le Mesurier ashore with military honours.

Whilst in charge of boats waiting the return of the funeral *cortège*, I witnessed a somewhat droll but ghastly scene, enacted partly by a bluejacket boat-keeper who had asked my permission to examine the land walls of the city.

He had got close under them without perceiving the preparations going on over his head to launch the body of a defunct Egyptian through an embrasure; and his surprise was great when the corpse, alighting on its feet, sprang up wildly, with arms jerked into motion, immediately in front of him, and then nearly knocked the astonished seaman over as it fell heavily to the ground.

There was something so uncanny in these proceedings that Jack did not care to pursue his investigations, and returned to the boats forthwith.

November 6th.—The Turkish flag-ship sailed for Constantinople with 1,000 prisoners, and H.M.S. *Phoenix* with Admiral's dispatches for England.

The Commander-in-Chief's memorandum, congratulating the squadron on their victory, was read on the quarter-deck of each ship.

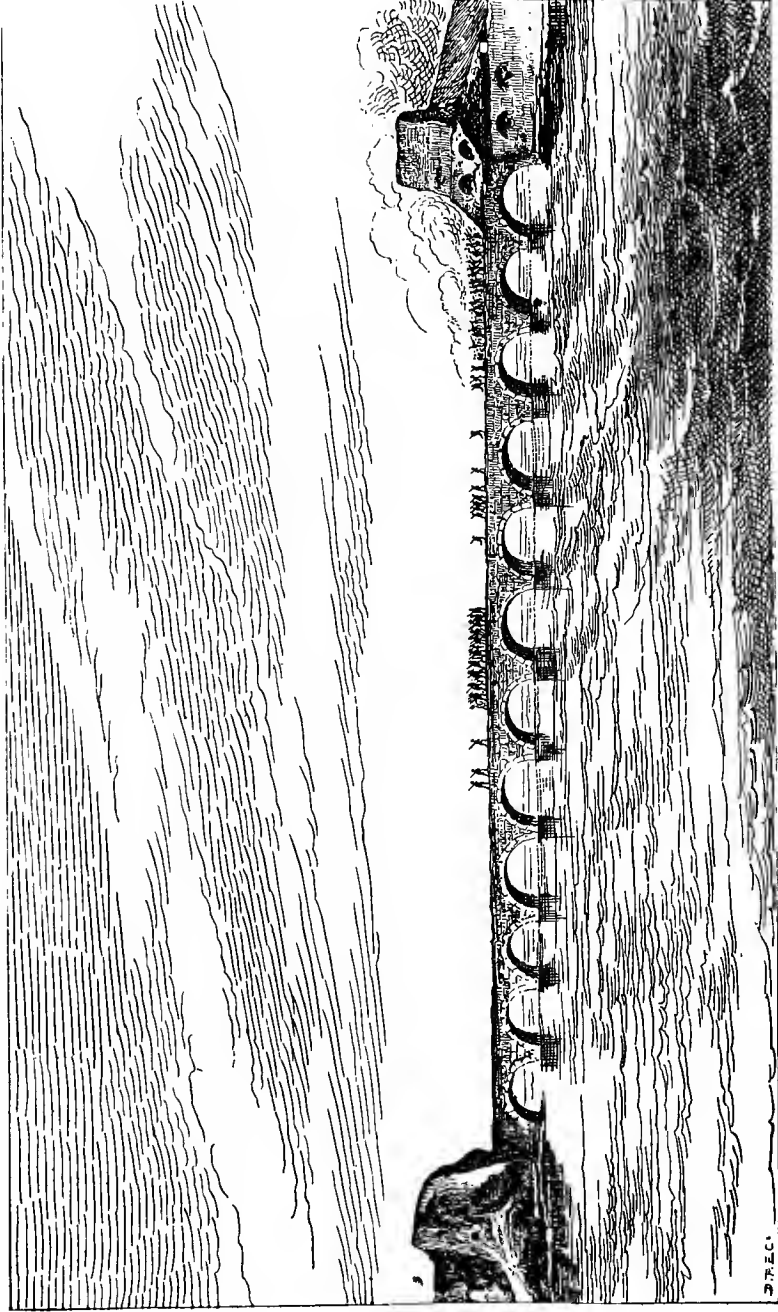
At 2 P.M. a powder-magazine blew up inside the town, killing and wounding about 200 Turkish soldiers, and severely wounding Captain Collier of the *Castor* frigate, and also some twenty marines. The captain had a leg broken in two places and his throat injured, whilst in conversation with some military authorities who were unhurt.

This explosion is supposed to have been caused by the Turk's inveterate habit of chebouke smoking, regardless of all warnings as to its extreme danger in the midst of so many combustibles scattered around.

A brother officer with myself and our boat's crew had a narrow escape on this occasion.

We had been sent to assist in getting the loose powder from the ramparts into the magazines, and also to pick up our shot, wherever found, and convey them on board.

An attempt had been made to land at the shore-gate of the city, in the vicinity of the magazine about to explode, but we had luckily been driven off by the insupportable



THE CAUSEWAY OVER WHICH ARTHUR CUMMING LED THE TURKISH TROOPS TO THE ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF SIDON.

stench from the dead carcasses which floated round the jetty, and were proceeding to pull close under the walls to the water-gate, when a fearful rumbling was heard and then a roar like a hundred broadsides of seventy-fours going off at the same moment.

The ramparts swayed outwards to the terrible blast, and we expected every instant to see them fall upon us. But it appeared the great danger was yet to come, for high above our heads a dense black mass was seen to hang for a few seconds like a funeral pall over our boat, and then a horrible hissing sound was heard as the *débris* came rushing down through the air to our apparent destruction.

With the instinct of partridges cowering under a hovering hawk, we sank down between the thwarts to await the blow.

However, a merciful Providence shielded our lives.

A huge fragment of solid masonry grazed the boat's quarter, and the sea was dashed up in foam all around from falling stones and numerous projectiles that had been stored in the magazine.

None of these fortunately came on board of us.

4 P.M., the Austrian squadron sailed with a goodly share of plunder.

The *Talbot's* boats' crews recovered 500 of her shot.

7.30 P.M., a French steamer of war arrived; she left again immediately to report the capture of Acre to her Admiral and squadron at Marmorice Bay, Karamania.

At this time it was thought very probable that M. Thiers's policy would commit itself to a war with England.

Received on board eighty-one Egyptian soldier prisoners, thirteen of their women and twelve children. Among the former were three Beys, colonels in the army.

The *Talbot* then weighed anchor and made sail for Constantinople.

An interesting event took place during the passage. A little Arab baby girl was brought into the world by one of the soldiers' wives, and had the name of "Talbotina" given her with consent of the parents.

THE FALL OF ACRE.

BEING SOME VERSES COMPOSED ON BOARD H.M.S. "PRINCESS CHARLOTTE."

November, 1840.

Aloft! aloft! the signal flies,
The drums to quarters call.
The British Navy stems the tide,
Bent on proud Acre's fall.

See Stopford's banner waving high,
By merit nobly won;
He leads us on to victory,
Our duty shall be done.

Shall other Powers in silence yield
To Ali the Sultan's seat?
We'll wrench from him the Syrian field,
And take his master's fleet.

When tyrants trample on all laws,
Despotic power their aim,
Then British vengeance aids the cause
Where justice has the claim.

Then to your guns, my hearts of oak,
Your empire is the sea;
The word is given, 'twas Stopford spoke,
Ye dauntless, brave, and free.

Swift as the lightning from the sky
With well-directed aim,
The thundering echo peals on high,
With showers of shot like rain.

HEARTS OF OAK.

Should any deem our valour fled,
 Come see your cause of fear,
 Though we lament a Nelson dead,
 We lack no Nelson here.

Go view the boasted fortress now,
 The countless heaps of slain.
 Three little hours have shown them how
 Britannia rules the main.

Be Stopford's brow with laurel wreath'd
 Give Bandiera his claim.
 To Austria's prince * his meed achieved,
 Napier's and Walker's fame.

May every gallant hand and heart,
 Of Stopford's fleet a member,
 When needed play a second part
 Of the glorious third of November.

Be as our life, our country dear
 Our honour and our duty.
 May lasting peace our bosoms cheer
 With England, home, and beauty.

Britannia seeks a peaceful rest,
 And may no strife awake her.
 Triumphant on her ocean breast
 Her final blow be Acre.

* The Archduke Frederick of Austria commanded a frigate in this action.



CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO THE VLADIKO OF MONTENEGRO IN 1843 BY THE OFFICERS OF H.M.S.
 "L'AIGLE," CAPTAIN THE RIGHT HON. LORD CLARENCE PAGET.

PERHAPS there was less known about the country and people of Albania, and their neighbours the Montenegrins, at the above period than of any other portion of Europe and its inhabitants.

Albania occupies the western shore of the Balkan peninsula, and was ruled over by a Governor with the rank of Pasha, who had his appointment direct from the Sublime Porte, and whose subjects were mostly of the Mahometan faith.

The little independent principality of Montenegro—lying adjacent to the north—is on the contrary wholly Christian, and united under one man, its temporal and spiritual chieftain, who used to assume the title of Vladiko or Bishop, and perform the offices of the Greek Church when employed in religious functions.

Both countries can boast of grandeur in their scenery. Mountain heaped on mountain and wild lovely valleys are its most prominent features. Cosy harbours abound on the Adriatic shore, the principal among them being at that point where Austrian, Turkish, and Montenegrin territories meet, and is known as the Bocche de Cattaro.

Why the term "mouths" should be applied to the three distinct harbours which form the approach, by sea, to the Austrian town of Cattaro, I cannot well say, as they are certainly estuaries and not the embouchure of any river. These harbours are connected by narrow passages, and enclosed by high and precipitous mountains, with nothing flowing from them but rivulets and cascades caused by rain and the melting snow.

The entrance to the first harbour is about two miles in length, and gradually decreases in breadth as the vessel advances. A small island lies in the middle of this channel, and, on the latter's northern shore, a long low point extends for some distance. Here a strip of Turkish territory comes down to the beach, where they have a small port called Niviza. On the south side the country is hilly, and covered with brushwood. Few signs of cultivation are to be seen; in fact, the aspect is very uninteresting. However, on entering the harbour, the scene that presents itself to one's admiring gaze almost baffles description. Immediately

facing rises a grand perpendicular mountain with rugged sides, jagged peaks, and a deep gorge cleft, as it were, through its very heart. A torrent came dashing down this fissure, covering the bay's surface with its muddy waters.

The savage appearance of the mountain contrasted strangely with the pretty scenery which enclosed its base. Here the land became undulating and covered with verdure, and the beach dotted with clean, well-built houses, each with its garden and shade trees, under which were to be seen groups of villagers staring in wonder at the uncommon sight of an English man-of-war sailing through their harbour.

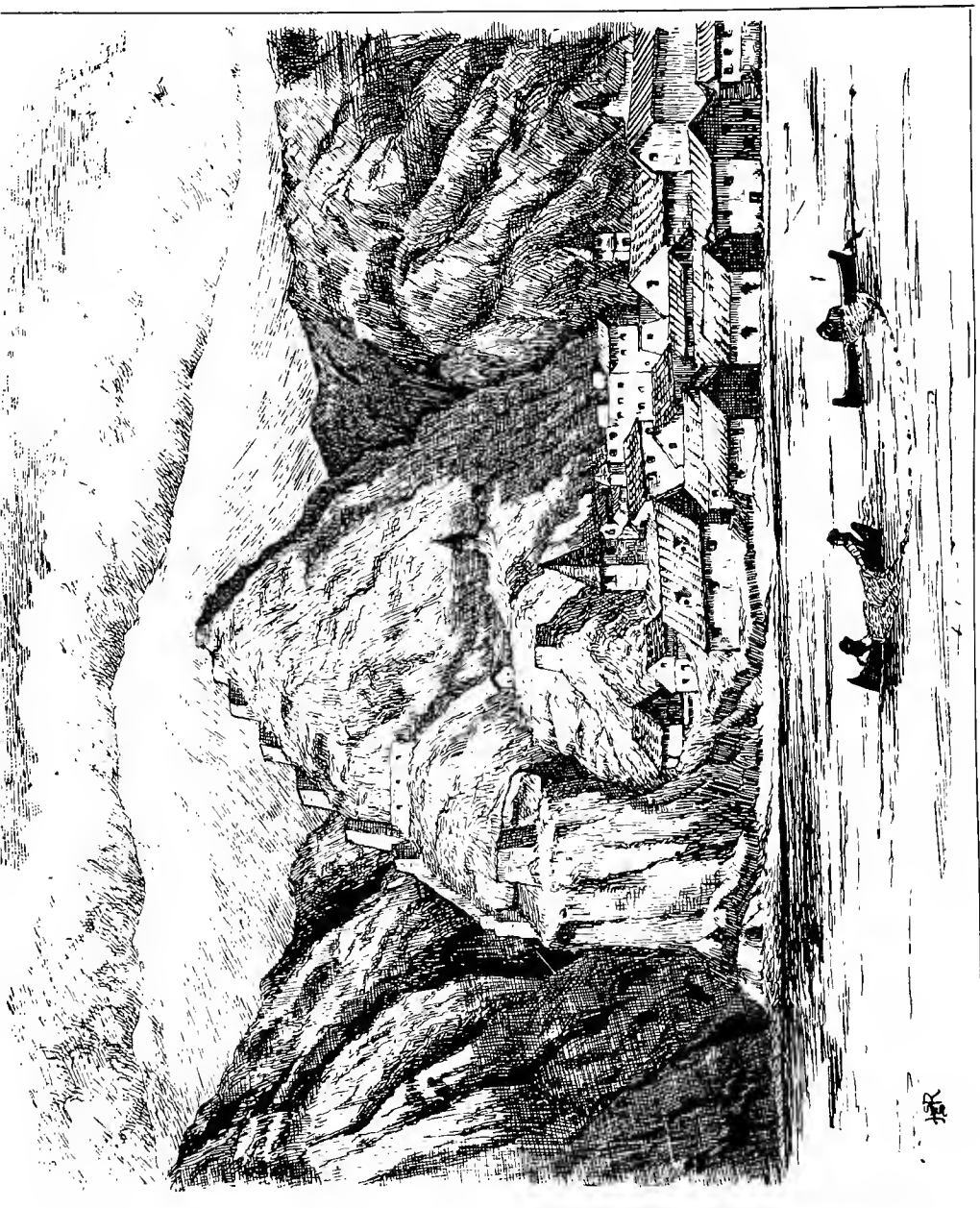
On a hill to the left stood the town of Castel Nuovo, crowned by a fort; a few merchant vessels lay at anchor off it. On the right, a range of sterile-looking slopes, slightly refreshed here and there by the presence of olive trees, rose from the sea. Port Rosso is on this side, and makes the anchorage for the Austrian naval force, which, at the time of our visit, consisted of one small schooner. The pratique officer came off from here, although the Lazaretto is on the opposite side of the water; our ship, *L'Aigle*, anchored near this establishment.

The next passage, or channel, between the harbours was about three-quarters of a mile in length, and a cable or 70 fathoms broad. A continuation of the sterile slopes occupied one shore, and on the other were to be seen villas, vineyards, gardens, churches, and the whole backed by a line of high green hills, with here and there a landslip exposing a rich red soil. The wind falling, the ship had to be kedged through these narrow waters, which opened into San Teodo bay, where there was sea room to manœuvre a fleet. A favouring breeze springing up, the ship headed for the Canal di Catena, the scenery continuing the same on either hand, but, in front, showing grimly grand as mountain topped mountain of every shape and hue, from the fresh green of those that as yet shut us out from a view of Cattaro to the snow-capped peak of Mount Sella. This reared itself amid a perfect chaos of black-looking gorges and ragged ridges. One felt a creeping awe as these monsters of the land were neared, and our tall vessel sank into insignificance beside them.

The Canal di Catena is extremely narrow, overhanging cliffs frowned down upon our deck, while children shout and laugh hearty little welcomes from the rocks before their cottage doors.

On entering the bay of Cattaro a bold headland is seen, stationed, as it were, to bar further progress. The town of "Perasti" occupies its declivity, and shows in the form of a triangle, having a fort at its apex. The mountains recede from this part of the coast, leaving the foregoing, perhaps, the most prominent and picturesque object in the whole of its scenery.

To the north lay the bay of Resano, surrounded by precipitous hills, with cascades rushing down their sides; these were soon left astern, as the ship turned at once to southward. A distant view of the town of Cattaro was here attained as it rose to our sight encased in mountains, at the extremity of this harbour, which is about fifteen miles in length, and in parts extremely circumscribed. The land on our right was hilly, with much vegetation, consisting of thick groves of a variety of foliage. Churches—built on eminences—with their walls whitened, stood



PERASTI IN THE BOCHE DI CATTARO.

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distinctly to view against the dark green of the trees, and the beach studded with nice-looking villas made a pleasing picture.

On the opposite shore, mountains tower above the waters; country houses and cottages lay scattered at their feet, and, high above, ugly looking precipices and gaping caverns looked down upon the peaceful scene.

Jutting crags and detached *débris* seemed to threaten destruction at any moment should a shock of earthquake shake them loose and set them rolling on the villages beneath. Coming in from the open sea, these waters give one the impression—if one may use the term—of sunken lakes; and it is a fact that, during the winter season, the sun rarely shines upon them.

The wind now failing, the ship's company were landed, and, much to the amusement and wonder of the natives, tracked the ship up to her anchorage off the town of Cattaro.

The men were headed by the band of *L'Aigle*, playing popular airs, to which the crew stepped in good time.

The reports of the guns, when the Austrian flag was saluted, gave out extraordinary sounds; that on the water resembled a hissing as when red-hot iron is dropped into liquid; then the mountains roared out their echoes as if engaged in some gigantic strife, peal followed peal, until the whole region seemed alive with rumblings which gradually rolled away into the far distance.

Boats from the shore crowded round the ship, and she was soon the "lion" of the place. The town band serenaded us after dark, so it was evident we were to be well received.

Cattaro being a walled city, little is to be seen of it from seaward. The defences of the port were, a well-conditioned battery facing the bay, with an angle of the works turned so as to flank the road leading to the city gate, also a fort placed on a rocky eminence, commanding the town and harbour.

The latter elevation is an excrescence on the side of the grand mountain which lifts its lofty crest into the region of the clouds and semi-barbarism.

The garrison, at this time, consisted of about 600 Milanese troops, officered by Germans. Great precautions were taken to prevent surprise or treachery on the part of their wild neighbours the Montenegrins; sentries were to be seen posted in every possible approach. All drawbridges had to be raised at 8 P.M., and every native was disarmed at the gates before being permitted entrance to the town.

The officers of the garrison gave a ball in honour of our arrival, at which—as provincial papers usually express it—all the beauty and fashion of the place were present. These were mostly Germans, and spoke little else.

One of the objects of our visiting Cattaro was to interview the Bishop, or Vladiko* of Montenegro, in his mountain home. He had sent his aide-de-camp with a strong guard of armed men to escort our party on the road to him.

The aide was a German by birth, and on excellent terms with the officers in

* This title has been extinct for many years past, as the ruler of Montenegro no longer enters holy orders on assuming his Princedom.

garrison at Cattaro, two of whom attached themselves to the expedition. All were mounted at an early hour, and a crowd assembled to see us off. We commenced ascending on quitting the city gate. A capital zig-zag road of about seventy turnings—lately completed by the Austrians—took us nearly two-thirds up the mountain, where their dominion ceases, and that of the Montenegrins begins with a vile apology for a road. On the way, our guides pointed out a mass of loose rock chained to the hill-side to prevent its descent upon the town.

After leaving the boundary-mark we were soon among clouds, and the track became so bad—resembling somewhat an old broken-down staircase—that we thought it advisable to dismount and trust to our own foothold rather than that of our beasts, more especially as we had once or twice, in consequence of the thick mist obscuring our route, come suddenly upon precipices which, at this point of the journey, were frequent. Our escort gave information of the progress made by every now and again firing off their long slender guns, loaded with ball cartridge, utterly regardless of the waste of good lead, and the damage they might do to some one of their co-patriots in the vicinity. Another hour of shouting, shooting, and scrambling over bare rocks, brought our party to the summit of the mountain, which had taken about three hours to ascend. The clouds now hung heavy about us, shutting out a magnificent view which we had the good luck to see on our return. Farther on the sun broke through the mists, disclosing the surrounding country, and dismal indeed was its appearance. As far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but a mass of grey rock, at times sinking into hollows, and then again showing in clearly defined pinnacles. Mount Sella was on our right hand, the snow resting on its summit being barely distinguishable from the frosted-looking stone on which it lay. The only cultivation visible was where a loose soil had been laid in the depressions, and these patches were generally sown with potatoes, a favourite crop among the natives, who, in many respects, are not much in advance of the South Sea Islander as regards civilization. Their homes are wretched hovels or cavities in the rocks; yet they pride themselves on the independence they maintain in spite of constant attacks from the Turk, with whom the difference of religion and repeated injuries have created a feeling which humanity shudders to contemplate.

The country of the Montenegrins extends from the heights above Cattaro for forty or fifty miles inland, where the mountains descend abruptly to the plains of Scutari and Antivari, the former enclosing the lake of the same name, on the shores of which the Turks hold strong positions, and where a most extraordinary struggle for the yield of the rich soil in the vicinity is carried on. The Montenegrins come down from their fastnesses and cultivate the plain adjacent to them; in this the Turk seemingly acquiesces, but when harvest-time comes he disputes the in-gathering, and a fight inevitably takes place, when, should the mountaineers be worsted, they fall back on their strongholds and collect a force with which to renew the struggle. After a defeat, the Turkish dead and wounded are subjected to the most savage brutality; they are decapitated, and their heads sent to the Vladiko, who presents these "braves" with the customary reward of about twelve shillings. As far as we

could glean from the natives, the whole of the Montenegrin frontier is of the same rugged nature as that above Scutari; in fact they live, one may say, on the surface of a sea of mountains, enclosing an area containing 200,000 souls, out of which the Vladiko claims to command 30,000 good fighting men. His government is a pure despotism; there is a nominal senate of ten chieftains, but they rarely dispute the Bishop's views. He must be of a certain family, but the office is not hereditary. As marriage is forbidden him on account of his sacred character, should he be in that state when elected to power, his wife and children are immediately put away. The Vladiko seldom officiates in the church services, but the Cross is borne before him when he leads his warriors to battle. He is said to be in the pay of Russia, who thus worries her natural enemy, the Turk, unseen.

The Montenegrin peasant usually carries a small armoury about his person. This includes a long slender musket, in many instances highly ornamented with carvings and inlaid mother-of-pearl; this is slung on his back. Protruding from his broad waist-belt and sash may be seen pistol-knobs and hilts of dagger and yataghan. He himself is but poorly clad, but his chief's costume is, if possible, handsomer than that of the Albanian, which is more familiar to Western nations. The fez is much the same in either country, but the embroidered scarlet jacket of the Montenegrin is worn without sleeves to it. The vest is also scarlet cloth. The breeches are blue, and fit tight to the knee like those of their co-religionists, the Greeks. His arms and legs are encased in light buff-coloured material, and a sort of petticoat of the same, trimmed with blue, descends from the waist to the knee; it is open in front, and forms a pretty contrast to the dark blue of the trousers. Mocassins are worn on the feet, made of soft hide. A coloured silk sash is wound round his waist, under which is a belt, the receptacle for the silver-mounted pistols and yataghan.

Bears, wolves, foxes, jackals, and the chamois, are some of the animals inhabiting this desolate region. The former find their home in the stunted pine and beech woods which grow in the sparse soil lying round the base of the higher peaks. The chamois naturally avoids such bad company, and keeps well to the open, where the male may be seen perched on the edge of some crag, watching, whilst his mates dive into the recesses of the rocks in search of lichens or other scant herbage wherewith to sustain life.

The want of civilization in these people is shown by the men's treatment of their women. A case in point came under our immediate observation. The chief of the Vladiko's guard, who rode with us, was attended by his wife, who walked with bare feet all the way behind his mule, urging the beast on with her voice and blows, whilst the hulking husband sat complacently on his soft sheep-skin saddle, turning occasionally a savage glance upon the poor woman when he thought he was not propelled at the proper speed.

The Montenegrin profile is decidedly good, but they have a curious custom of shaving the hair off the fore part of the head, as far back as the crown, leaving it to grow long behind. This, with their keen fox-like eyes and heavy moustache, without beard or whiskers, gave the men a very wild appearance.

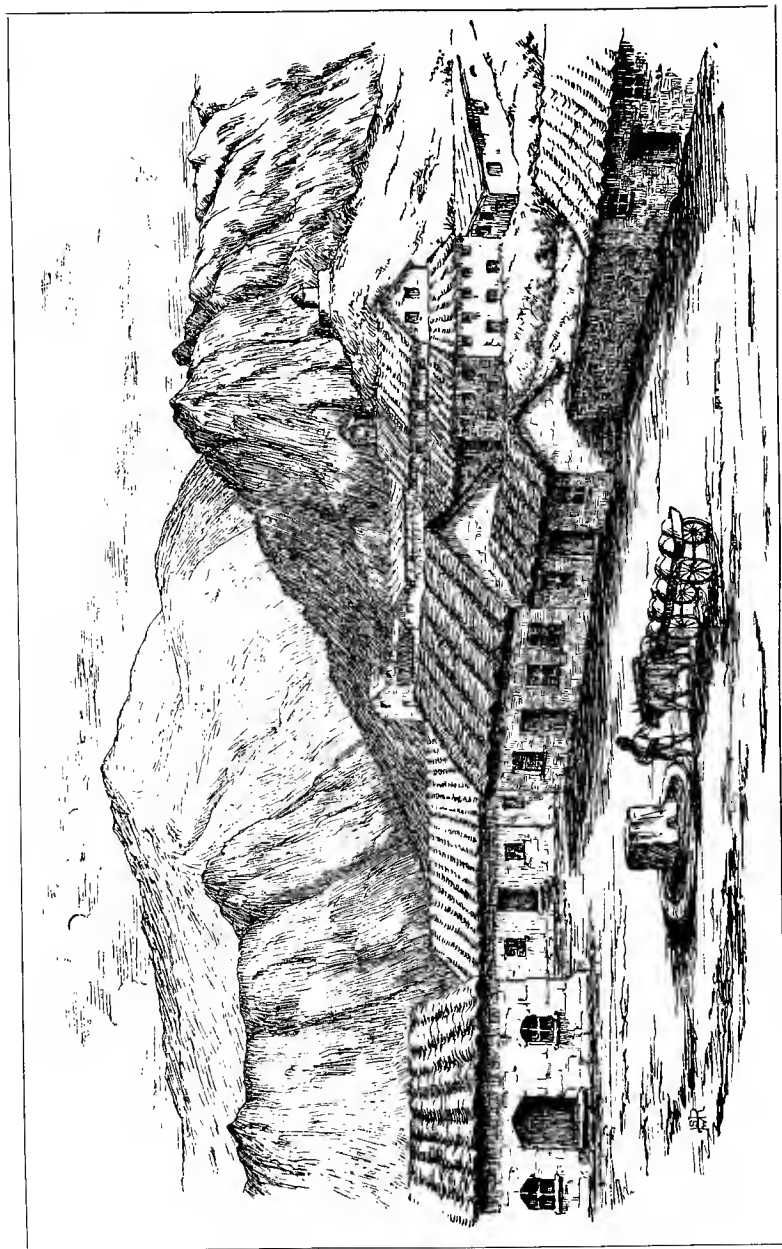
To resume our journey. Half an hour's ride from the crest of the mountain

brought us in sight of the village where it was proposed to breakfast, and the guides commenced again their firing to warn the inhabitants of our approach. Arriving, we were received with a salute from three novel pieces of ordnance of very small dimensions, that made a great noise and were particularly lively at each discharge, jumping up and then flying back with much violence, to the discomfiture of the gunners, who did not appear to relish their part in this performance. They filled these little cone-shaped things full of powder, and then blocked up the muzzle with wood driven in. This fully accounted for the force of the recoil. Outside one of the houses—constructed of roughly cut stone—was placed two tables, with half of a roasted lamb upon each, accompanied by good bread and most excellent island wine. These viands were discussed by the help of tooth and nail, knives and forks being at a discount in Montenegrin villages. The mountain air had done its best to increase our appetites, so short work was made of the lamb. We were stared at during mastication by about a hundred ferocious looking individuals, to whom doubtless the valuables on our person were a tempting prize. Our farther route lay over the same bare undulating rock. Once the scene was enlivened by a stunted birch wood, which we skirted, and where a fountain had been erected for the benefit of wayfarers. After another hour's travel a halt was called on an eminence, when a noble view burst upon us. For miles the same rugged scenery held sway. Mountain piles of igneous origin reared their heads in all directions until, at last, in the far distance, the wearied eye lighted on the fine lake and fertile plain of Scutari, at present plagued by ruthless war. Our elevation was so great that farther view was obstructed by nebulae floating just over and around us.

Much toil up and down was yet in store before we reached the point from whence could be seen the plain, or rather hollow in the mountain, where stood the Palace of the Vladiko. It seemed about two miles in length and half a mile broad, and was well cultivated. This little valley contained two or three villages. The one in which the Bishop resides is called Cettinje, and consists of about half-a-dozen houses.

Our mountaineers here expended a good deal more powder and ball, and we then commenced a gradual descent. On entering the plain, a halt was called under some trees, and near an old chapel, where we were supposed to brush ourselves up before appearing in the presence of royalty. Soon, however, a dazzling group of horsemen approached on prancing steeds. Their leader was mounted on a light grey of great beauty, which, although an animal of moderate size, bounded over the ground with a weight that would have tried many a bigger horse.

Reining in, the chief saluted our party with a "*Bon jour, messieurs,*" and we felt at once that the Vladiko stood before us. In stature he was somewhat less than seven feet, with immense shoulders and muscular arms and legs. His face was full, with a very pleasing expression generally resting upon it. The eyelids drooped and seemed to be raised with difficulty. The hair and moustache were jet black, the former falling in curls over his broad back; the latter was twisted up at the ends, corkscrew fashion. His costume was what I have before described as that of a Montenegrin chieftain, with the exception of his weapons, which were mounted in gold instead of silver.



CETTINJE.

We all agreed that the Bishop was the finest specimen of a man that any of us had ever seen. He was attended by his brother and an aide-de-camp, besides two or three of the "Bodyguard," all splendidly got up, both as regards themselves and horses. The two first-named were large, powerful men. The aide was especially handsomely dressed, and wore a gold tassel to his fez instead of the usual blue silk appendage. His fine features were hacked about with sabre wounds received whilst serving in the Russian cavalry; both he and his fellow aide—who accompanied our party—were soldiers of fortune, and I fear not very unimpeachable characters. Our travelling friend had commenced his career in the Austrian army, from which, if rumour be true, the contents of a military chest under his charge disappeared at the same time as himself. He then joined the banner of Don Carlos in Spain, where, as he said, "doing as little as possible for the smallest amount of pay, he remained until the close of the civil war in that country," when he shortly afterwards picked himself up in his present situation, with which he appears well contented.

A few compliments having been exchanged between our respective parties, we set off together for the Palace, but had much trouble in urging our jaded beasts into the pace the Vladiko evidently deemed necessary for the proper introduction of his guests to the assembled citizens. We eventually arrived in some style before the Palace gates and were there received by volleys of musketry and firing of great guns, a few of the balls from the former coming somewhat too near to be pleasant. The royal mansion was an oblong building of one storey in height, the windows being placed at a great elevation from the ground for the purpose of defence. A wall enclosed it, having loopholed towers at the angles. It reminded us much of one of our prisons or asylums at home. The Palace lies under the shadow of the mountains. Against their side a convent and chapel could be seen, and on a height immediately over them a tower, then ornamented with twenty heads of "true believers" stuck on poles.

Having dismounted, we repaired to the "Hostelries." These were two well built and cleanly houses, used entirely for the reception of the Bishop's guests. Our Captain was, however, honoured with apartments in the Palace. We found our hostess a very agreeable facetious little personage, and of great conversational power. She had, as she said, but a sleeping partner to aid the business, in the shape of a fat German husband. Being engaged to dine with the Vladiko at 5 o'clock, we hastened out to look about us. The tower naturally attracted first attention. At its base were strewn pieces of skulls, the remnants of former war trophies, and on its circular top were stuck around heads in all stages of decomposition, their distorted faces telling an awful tale of horrid cruelties. Clotted blood still adhered to the lips; and eyeballs, that had burst through their sockets, hung pendant down the shrivelled cheeks, and above all the long lock of Mahomet waved ceaselessly in the wind. It was a ghastly spectacle, and what with the sight and smell we gladly descended to visit the convent and chapel. The former was pre-eminent for its dirty interior, and appeared altogether in a dilapidated condition; it, nevertheless, contained a school where the children of the higher classes had instruction from a priest, also a printing-press lately brought and worked by a runaway Austrian soldier, who, besides printing

in Illyric, taught the Bishop French, Italian, and German. The first-named language His Highness spoke fluently. The chapel was small, and held the embalmed body of the late Vladiko, which was kept in a coffin carefully locked by the priest after each exhibition.

On returning to the Palace we were ushered along a corridor that extends the whole length of the building into a good sized room, where we found both the dinner and the Bishop. The walls were hung round with every description of weapon used in mountain warfare. Among the number were three or four broken and bent muskets, placed there to commemorate an action which took place between thirty Montenegrins and 200 Turks. The former had retreated to an old tower, the greatest bravery being shown on either side. The Turks advanced and seized the muzzles of their enemy's guns as they protruded from the loop-holes, and in the struggle that ensued numbers were broken and bent. The defenders held their position and the Turks retreated, leaving many heads as a forfeit for their rashness.

The dinner was most excellent, and served in German style, commencing with soup; then dish after dish, until we began to despair of a conclusion to the feast. Champagne flowed freely, and our Austrian friends, as also the aide-de-camp, took good care not to let the chance slip. They were consequently noisy beyond the bounds of decorum.

The Vladiko gave many complimentary toasts—referring to his visitors—in the French language. On being asked by our Captain, Lord Clarence, if he had any regularly ordained priests in his dominions besides himself, he replied, sharply, "Yes; three hundred, and the best fighting men I have." He has had medals struck to commemorate any great exploit, and pointed to a man—one of his household—whom he sent out with 300 followers to disperse 2,000 Turkish cavalry, who were ravaging the plain of Scutari. He said, with a smile of satisfaction, "That man brought me home eighty heads." When asked the reason of these bloody exhibitions, he shrugged his shoulders and replied: "They were a necessity, as the terror thus inspired in the hearts of his enemies added much to the security of the country."

Dinner finished, chiboukes and coffee were brought in. The Bishop evidently prided himself on his pipes, their amber mouth-pieces being embossed with jewels of great value. His guards and attendants have a peculiar dress. A thin covering of silver-plate lies outside their scarlet jackets from the shoulder to half way down the breast, and from thence to the waist the cloth is dotted all over with round silver buttons. The back of the jacket is embroidered with gold thread or black silk, according to the rank of the wearer, and their weapons are of the same workmanship as those worn by the better class of Montenegrins.

In the evening, the Vladiko proposed a stroll, and lent our Captain a pelisse and fez of scarlet and gold, trimmed with fur. We small fry, not being so honoured, felt the keen mountain air considerably, and were only too glad to join in some feats of jumping which the Bishop got up for our amusement. The natives ran with a stone in each hand, until the moment came for springing to the leap, when they threw them with great force backwards, thereby giving themselves an extra impetus.

On our return to the Palace, we found the Vladiko's father, brother, and all his chief officers assembled for introduction. The former was an old man, plainly dressed, and spoke only in the vernacular. The brother was nearly as big as the Bishop, with a fine, good-humoured countenance. He sat down to a game at cards, in which other notables joined. The play ran high, with much disputing over it, but the big brother always "poured oil on the troubled waters." A bowl of punch concluded the evening's entertainment, and we then repaired to our respective quarters.

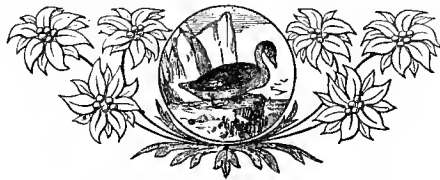
The morning brought with it drizzling rain; this, however, cleared off as the day wore on, giving time for a few sketches to be made of this unique capital. One of our Austrian friends was suffering severely from having partaken too liberally of the Bishop's champagne, and the other officer was complaining bitterly of the uneasy night he had caused him, for—as customary with Germans—they had been bed-fellows. Our hostess would not hear of payment for our lodgings, having received orders to that effect from the Bishop; but it was hinted that a charitable donation would be acceptable. This was freely given. Our party now assembled before the Palace preparatory to departure, and the Vladiko expressed his intention of accompanying us a short distance on the road to Cattaro. A salute from the Turk's head tower, and volleys of musketry, further impressed us with the honour his Highness wished to confer on British representatives: and we rode away amid respectful greetings from the population. After a while a halt was called, and all dismounted. Compliments passed on either side, and the Bishop presented our noble Captain with a handsome silver-mounted gun. He then bade us adieu.

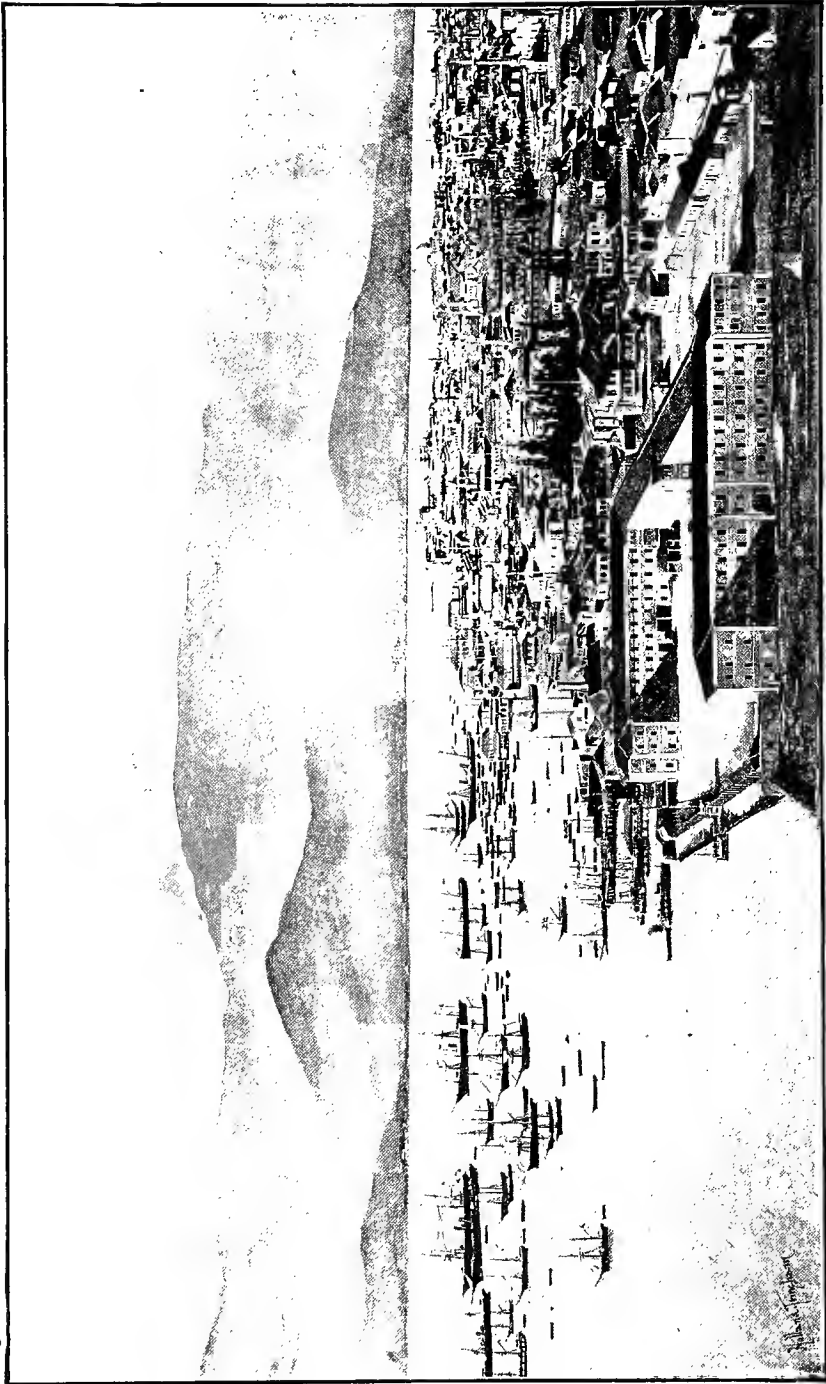
The German aide-de-camp and the Vladiko's body-guard formed our escort, but there seemed to have been some want of forethought as regards provisions *en route*, for on arriving at the village, where we had previously enjoyed such excellent fare, a raw bear ham was offered for our mastication, and with this novelty we were fain to be content. On arriving at the highest point of our mountain road, and looking seaward, a magnificent view burst upon us. The bay of Cattaro, dwarfed by distance into a mere puddle, lay at our feet, and the ship appeared as a toy in it. Over-topping the hills on the opposite shore by double their height, the eye lighted upon the bays of Teodo and Topla, with calm blue waters and pretty surroundings. To the right—the sight, guided by a funnel through the mountains—lay the picturesque bay of Resano, gloomy as before, but somewhat enlivened by fitful rays of sunshine that for moments rested on the town of Perasti, with its island and light-house lying athwart the entrance to this harbour. A spur of the range on which we stood shut out our view on the left, and in the far distance all interest was lost in the expanding Adriatic. We were loath to leave so grand a scene. But time pressed. A halt was made at the boundary line, and firing commenced to announce our approach to the officials of Cattaro. The commandant and suite rode out to meet us, as we drew up before the city gate, amidst crowds of spectators, who seem to have taken much note of the expedition.

On our arrival on board, we found the ship dressed out for a grand ball, to which all the *élite* of Cattaro had been invited for that evening. Dinner and dressing had to be hurried over, when off they came, a motley assortment of all nations and

languages, the German element predominating. The Austrian officers were principally of this nationality, but a few came from Venetia; and these appeared in a variety of uniforms. However, nothing could compare with the handsome costume of the Montenegrin aide-de-camp, who was the observed of every observer. Babel could scarcely have contained a greater confusion of tongues. The German girls spoke no other language than their own, and few of us were acquainted with it, but in the excitement of the dance this was not felt of much consequence. The polka was here introduced to notice for the first time, and its performance by the Austrians elicited much applause from the assemblage. At supper, toasts went round; Austrian and English clinked glasses together, to cement their new-born friendship, and later there was some difficulty in persuading the military to depart for the shore.

Six A.M. saw the ship under weigh in pelting rain, with the unpleasant accompaniment of muddy, kedging hawsers. These disagreeables soon dispelled any illusions that might have been engrafted the previous night, and thus we left Cattaro.





SMYRNA.

CHAPTER V.

A RIDE IN ASIA MINOR, OR TRIP TO SOME OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES, BY
OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "L'AIGLE," IN 1845.

ON a Sunday morning, being the 16th of March, 1845, four of the "*Aigle* family"—as our noble Captain delighted to term us—fairly mounted, and well armed, wended their way through the narrow, tortuous streets of Smyrna. The horses' hoofs splashed up mud and filth at every step to the detriment of passers-by, who could by no possibility escape this pollution and cast daggers in their looks at us, the innocent causes of it. I am afraid many a *diavolo* escaped from fair lips that were about to utter prayers and praises at the neighbouring churches but on we rode, thinking only of the prospect of a glorious excursion in the interior of a beautiful country to view some of the finest remains of antiquity.

Our intended guide had given us the slip and gone off to follow his usual occupation of leech-hunting at Casaba, where this useful little creature is found in great numbers by dabbling for them in the adjacent marshes. However, his absence did not give us much uneasiness as we knew the road to Magnesia, and made pretty sure of picking up a conductor at that city.

Besides our *tezkéreh*, or passport, we had letters of introduction to our Consular Agents at Magnesia, Ehhizzar, and Casaba.

After leaving Caravan Bridge, a spot that must always remain vividly in the recollection of those who have visited Ismir (Smyrna), on account of the beautiful little bit of scenery thereabouts, and the gay parties that make it their resort on Sunday afternoons, the road skirts the Cokeleja range of hills, and we leave that picturesque village on our right.

Two hours' good riding brought us to a flat open space of ground where the road divided, one branch taking the direction of Casaba and the other our route to Magnesia. Soon after this we commenced the ascent of the range of mountains that separate the plain of the Hermus river from that of Bournabat.

Small huts, surmounted by a white flag, were passed at intervals. These we discovered to be occupied by guards of ferocious aspect, who here and there demanded our *tezkéreh*, or passport, and honoured us with their company along the way for the purpose of obtaining backsheesh, which was given to the amount of

five piastres, or one shilling, on each occasion by the advice of a young Armenian who had joined our party, and who stated it was customary to do so.

At four hours' from Smyrna, a village in the mountain was reached, containing a *cafenet*, where a halt was called to discuss the only eatables we had brought in our saddle-bags, for we had thought it most advisable to dispense with the luxury of baggage-animals as our time was limited, and we could get over treble the distance in a day's ride without them.

Each of our party had three or four changes of linen in his saddle-bags, and the country through which we passed gave an ample supply of provision. The crassie, or common wine, was found very palatable, and coffee with the chebouke was always at hand.

After a short rest we moved on over our rickety mountain path, only safe for such a cat-footed animal as the Turkish horse. From the summit of the range an extensive view was obtained, and in descending we bid adieu to both Smyrna and the sea.

In front, old Mount Sipylus rose majestically from the Hermus plain; his hoary head was still clothed in wintry garb, and below us the river itself flowed with many windings towards the Ægean.

Roman history gives us the following account of the entire route of the grand army of Antiochus, King of Syria, in these mountains, B.C. 190 :—

“The King of Syria fortified Sestos and Abydos on the Hellespont and Lysimachus on the isthmus of Chersonnesus, with an apparent resolution to dispute the march and passage of the Scipios at all these different stations; but on the total defeat of his navy he unwisely withdrew his garrisons from these places, opening a way at once for his enemies to reach him. He saw his error too late, and made overtures of peace, which were refused except upon the most stringent terms; but as he continued to assemble his forces, he chose rather to stake his fortunes on the decision of a battle, and having in vain endeavoured to make himself master of Pergamus, the capital of Eumenes, he fell back on Thyatira, and from thence proceeded to take post on the mountains of Sipylus, where he meant to contend for the empire of Asia.”

This descent upon Asia Minor was considered by the Romans as an epoch of great renown, and was heralded with processions and solemn rites.

Publius Scipio, the famous antagonist of Hannibal, soon after his arrival in Asia was taken ill, or, what may be supposed for his honour, being not desirous to rob his brother of any share of the glory, which he perceived was to be easily won against the present enemy, affected indisposition and remained at a distance from the camp.

Lucius, left alone to command the Roman army, advanced upon the king's, attacked him in the post he had chosen, and in a decisive victory dispersed the splendid forces of Asia with all their apparatus of armed chariots, horses, and elephants harnessed with gold.

Thyatira, Sardis, and Magnesia soon after opened their gates to the Romans, and the king himself, by a messenger from Assumea, whither he had fled, again

made haste to own himself vanquished and sue for peace. A cessation of arms being granted, all parties concerned in the approaching treaty repaired to Rome. Eumenes, the King of Pergamus, attended in person, and became the principal gainer in the treaty.

To resume our journey, we descended to the plain of the Hermus, which was well-cultivated; but the crops seemed poor, considering they were raised on alluvial soil. The absence of trees was somewhat remarkable. The road now turned to the right, following the base of the mountains. Mosques and minarets next appeared, and after eight hours from Ismir we rode into Magnesia, the largest Turkish town of Asia Minor. Magnesia has its historic fame as being the city where the great Samian tyrant, Polycrates, met his end, B.C. 571, which is thus described:—

“Orætes, a Persian, and Governor of Sardis, having been reproached by a companion for never having attempted to add Samos to his master’s dominions, lying contiguous as the island did to the province which he governed, determined to effect the death of Polycrates, on whose account he had been reproached.

“Knowing the character of the Samian king, and that he projected the subjection of Ionia and the islands, Orætes despatched a messenger to him with the intimation that Cambyses having determined on the death of the Persian, he was resolved to escape, and was willing to place himself and his wealth at the disposal of Polycrates, by which means the latter might easily obtain the sovereignty of Greece.

“With these overtures the king was extremely delighted, for his love of money was excessive; and, after sending a messenger to meet Orætes, he sailed himself for Magnesia, accompanied by many of his friends. As soon, however, as he arrived at that place he was put to a miserable death by Orætes, and his body fixed to a cross. Thus, says the historian, terminated the life of Polycrates, of all the princes who ever reigned in Greece, those of Syracuse alone excepted, the most magnificent.”

On arriving at Magnesia, our young Armenian friend installed himself as our cicerone and conducted us to the khan, a place in a certain way answering the same purpose as an hotel in more civilized countries.

A description of the above accommodation for man and beast will suffice for nearly all the traveller meets with in Asia Minor. It is composed of buildings laid out in square or oblong form, and generally of two storeys in height; all the doors and windows face inwards towards a large court-yard with a fountain, carway (coffee) and chebouke (pipe) stall in its centre; a heavy wooden gallery, with staircases outside, runs round the second storey. One side of the square is appropriated to stabling and the three others for the accommodation of travellers. These latter are divided again and again into a series of small rooms with barred windows, bearing a striking resemblance to our lock-up places for disorderly people. The amount of dirt and filth they contain accords with the taste of the khanjee or host in those matters, who, in the present instance, must have looked on it quite in the light of luxury. The only use to which we put the apartment pointed out for our occupation was as a receptacle for our saddle-bags, &c. The horses were already in the stable; so, with our Armenian friend and a letter, we sallied out in search of the British Consulate.

Many were the slippery foul streets toiled through, yet on went the guide, and we began to think he must be amusing himself at our expense, when, at a good two miles from the khan, he opened the door of a court-yard in connection with an Armenian house, which proved to be our Consul's, but at the same time the very painful reflection came to our minds that we had not as yet fed the horses.

The agent being from home, a messenger was despatched to inform him of our arrival, but he did not put in an appearance until after dark. He was draped in the costume of an Armenian gentleman, and, being under British protection, prided himself on wearing the white turban in spite of the religious scruples of the Osmanlis.

After an exchange of civilities, which means in the East smoking sundry cheboukes and taking coffee together, we started back for the khan to look after our cattle. What would we not have given for a ride in a "bus," or any other means of conveyance on wheels, but, alas! these necessities of civilization had not penetrated into Asia Minor.

We had no small difficulty in finding our nags in the long dark stable, crowded with horses, many of them loose, neighing and kicking *ad libitum*.

The attjee, or ostler, caring as little about us as he did for them, offered no assistance in measuring out the accustomed "oke" of corn given as a "feed" to each animal, but seemed quite contented to eye our proceedings and receive the money in payment.

The two miles of slippery streets were retraced, and at 10 P.M. we found ourselves sitting down to dinner at the Consulate. The fare was excellent, and eaten, after the fashion of the country, with fingers and wooden spoons.

Whilst beds were being made up, we strolled round the premises, and were rather surprised to find that our friend's house stood in a large burial-ground, the turbaned tombstones coming up to his door and windows. However, he appeared to think nothing of the matter, and all the hobgoblins that ever were would not have aroused our deep slumbers of that night. The beds consisted of two large mattresses laid on the floor of the room, with a coverlet thrown over the whole party, with the exception of the young Armenian, who took up a position in a snug corner, and was thus rewarded for his attention as cicerone, by sharing the hospitalities of his countryman.

Our first inquiry in the morning was about a guide for the remainder of the journey, and, as there were no regulars of that calling in the place, the Consul recommended an Armenian bagman who knew the country well, but unfortunately spoke only the Turkish language. He was, however, a most humorous fellow, and one could never look at his comical face without laughing.

Our bargain with him was soon made, twenty piastres per day for himself, and the same for his beast, which he described as a "pakai att," or, in English, a splendid horse. His appearance, however, did not justify the eulogiums passed upon him, for he was in wretched condition. The hair on his coat, which had once been white, was, by years of untouched dirt, brought to a whitey-brown colour. His high hip bones, seemingly striving to burst their confinement, had the apparent effect of draw-

ing the hind legs after them. A huge wooden saddle covered his back and ribs, from under which protruded a long scraggy neck, with a head enveloped in a tinselled bridle, the bold outline of a fine Roman nose being just discernible. But then the "pakai att" had a good shoulder, and was sound in the fore legs, a point of great importance considering the sort of ground he would have to travel over, and the burdens occasionally placed upon him. As regards shoeing, his master had evidently thought it superfluous, but the remains of two ancient metals still clung to a pair of hoofs. Our guide carried no defensive weapon, but grasped a thick cow-cane, with which he belaboured his unfortunate animal.

While breakfast was preparing we walked to the khan, fed the horses, and then indulged in the delights of the "hummum," which are as follows:—The entrance to a Turkish bath-house is closed by a door that, after opening to admit visitors, slams to again with a report like that of a gun, and they find themselves in a large domed room, daylight being admitted through small circular windows in the dome. The floor is flagged; ottomans are placed against the walls for about three-fourths of their extent; the remaining space being appropriated by the hummumjee or master of the bath, who reclines on his soft cushions smoking cheboukes all day long, and receives his dues from the hands of his assistants with the air of a pasha. A little higher up the walls galleries are placed with ottomans in them of superior quality, for the accommodation of the more respectable classes. Lines lead from the rails of one gallery to that of another, over which are thrown numerous blue cloths. Two of these are handed to each bather; in one he ties up his clothes, money, &c., the latter being as safe as though in the Bank of England, the other is used as a loin cloth.

With a large white towel thrown over the shoulders and a pair of wooden clogs on the feet, the presumed novice is assisted by one of the many attendants—who apply the camel-hair glove—to a small door, which, when thrown open, admits a rush of hot air and steam, that for a moment affects his breathing; through this an entrance is gained to a small room, where he is supposed to smoke a chebouke and get properly heated before entering the grand bath. This is intensely hot, and produces a disagreeable feeling of suffocation. Steam issues from fountains placed at intervals round its circular wall, and ascends as vapour to the dome high overhead, partially obscuring the light.

The bather is at once directed to one of the fountains, and is kept from slipping on the smooth marble pavement by two Turkish youths, who act as props on either side. These, stripped to the buff, and perspiring at every pore, were prepared to perform the usual operation of glove scraping, and joint cracking upon his person. The victim is made to lie flat on his back during the latter performance, which ends by the operator kneeling on the chest, a part of the programme often resisted by the uninitiated. By this time the skin is supposed to be in a proper state for the application of the camel-hair glove, which is used with an unsparing hand, bringing the epidermis off in long rolls. These are shown with glee to the bather as a proof of how much he required the process.

Next comes the soaping. A large basin of lather is capsized over the head and well rubbed into the ears, eyes, nose, and mouth. At this treatment the patient

usually becomes extremely refractory, and commences spluttering expletives which vanish in bubbles. But these are of no avail. Souse, souse, comes the hot water, and he is then only too ready to keep his mouth firmly shut. He is then left to complete his lavations; the attendant shortly returning with dry clouts and cloths, one of the latter is bound round the head like a turban, and the march back to the ottomans in the outer room commences, amid the curious gaze of sundry Mussulmans undergoing similar treatment at the other fountains.

The bather is now wrapped in numerous cloths—to keep the acquired heat from cooling too rapidly—and coffee, as also cheboukes, are brought to him. After thus lying in nearly a dormant state for half an hour clothes are again donned, and five piastres, or about one shilling, paid for this real luxury. The gravity of the Turk is proverbial, and nowhere is it more brought to notice than in the “hummum.” The slam of the outer door and perhaps a grunt of recognition to the master of the bath is all one hears of his entry. Leaving his walking slippers at the threshold, he moves with slow and stately step to an ottoman; with the same deliberation he proceeds to place himself cross-legged upon it, and divests his person of many garments, giving each one a careful investigation before laying it by his side. If cloths are not brought to him, he will wait with the utmost patience—not a sound escaping his lips—until his eye catches that of an attendant. But see him when returned from his shampooing. There he lays enveloped in clouts and cloths, apparently lost to the world and all its cares and pleasures save that of the chebouke, the fumes of which he is almost unconsciously inhaling, and there he remains, for a full hour in this dormant state, when returning strength arouses him and he dresses with the same precision as he stripped. But woe to the unlucky stranger who enters a “hummum” on Friday! He will probably be roughly ejected; for is it not the women’s day?

We had intended paying a visit to Karisman Hooglu, the greatest land proprietor and richest man in Asia Minor, but our time was too limited. This pasha owns the greater part of the country around Magnesia, and lives now like a feudal chieftain of old. It is recorded that his ancestors were in repeated rebellion against the Sultans at Constantinople.

Our kindly host would not accept any remuneration, so with many invitations to return our visit at Smyrna, and forty piastres a piece to the servants, we bade him adieu, and were soon clear of the town *en route* to Pergamus.

Our guide, Christopholo by name, determined to show off the paces of his favourite with the assistance of the cow-cane, got him into something between a trot and a canter, which soon brought the cavalcade to the banks of the Hermus, where our *tezkèreh* had again to be produced, and the party then permitted to cross the wooden bridge over the river. A dead level country extended for miles on the farther side, and the heat was intense. Three hours had elapsed before the base of the mountains separating the Hermus from the Pergamus plain was reached, and here the road ceased and the ascent commenced by the rudest of paths. As our elevation increased, so the view became curiously magnificent; what with the refraction from the heated plain and the vapours arising from the river, an illusion came over the vision of our being on the banks of some vast lake, and on its opposite shore Mount

Sipylos rose to a towering height from the supposed waters, thus resembling many headlands we were acquainted with in the Grecian Archipelago. The white mosques and minarets of Magnesia crouched at the foot of the mountain, set off to view by a background of cypress trees. On our left the eye wandered on with the same illusion over thirty or forty miles in the direction of Casaba, and was finally brought up by the blue and snow-capped range of hills that rise beyond Sardis.

We were sorry to turn our backs upon this novel scene ; but it was high time the route was resumed, for it seemed to be getting more difficult at every step, and at last, to settle the matter, not a vestige of a path could be seen.

It must be here remarked that the line of country we had taken was particularly of our own choosing. The only real road to Pergamus was by the way of Ehizzar (Thyatira), but to cut off a large angle and then take the latter town on our way back, we had persuaded our guide into trying the mountain paths, and were now reaping the fruits of our presumption.

Pushing on, however, through the brushwood we suddenly came upon an encampment of the wild, wandering Turcomans. Their black huts were pitched in a circle, with entrances facing inwards. Other huts erected inside the circle formed miniature streets, which were full of women, children, cattle, sheep, and poultry, all in a state of confusion at our sudden appearance. The neighbouring hills were swarming with their browsing camels and goats; the male portion of the community being in attendance upon them.

Descending to the encampment a guide was procured, and in another three hours of continued ascent a few scattered houses were reached, prettily situated under a rocky projection of the mountain which was covered with pine woods. The inhabitants seemed unused to the sight of Franks, as all Western nations are termed by the Turks. The women and children collected together on the flat roofs of their dwellings and stared with amazement, while the men drew together in groups. Passing through their midst with kindly greetings, they pointed out our further track which led up so steep an incline that it was found necessary to dismount and drive our horses on before, and in this way the pine woods were reached, when our guide, with many instructions to Christopholo, showed him a path that led to the next village.

Once more on horse-back the summit of the mountain was soon gained, and nature assumed its wildest aspect. One vast primæval pine forest lay before us, broken only by rocky peaks which rose from its midst and dark ravines that intersected it. These latter lay in stern solitude and apparently choked up by the wealth of verdure they themselves had created.

The work of men's hands was nowhere, as we rode on for miles through the same description of scenery. A huge eagle perched on one of the peaks gave the party an opportunity for some pistol practice; the balls striking unpleasantly near the noble bird, he, with a shrill cry, swept down the nearest gully.

The evening was near its close before we emerged into somewhat more open country, and came in sight of a village of mud huts. These proved so uninviting that, in spite of the remonstrances of our guide, it was determined to proceed further in search of a more suitable resting-place for the night. With great reluctance

Christopholo led on at a brisk pace in the hope of saving daylight, but in this he was doomed to disappointment, for one of our number—the Hakim Bashi, or doctor—beginning to feel the pangs arising from the constant friction of a hard saddle, lagged behind; saddle-bags broke loose, causing other detentions, so that darkness soon closed around us. We now appeared to be in a more inhabited district, which, by-the-bye, did not raise the spirits of our guide. Luckily the night was lovely, stars shone out brightly, and the moon had just peeped over the craggy summits of the adjacent hills, lighting up the hitherto darkened foreground. Occasionally a turban, rendered doubly white by her pale beams, would appear over the thick brush-wood, the sound of axe-chopping telling us that the peasantry had not yet quitted their occupations.

The usual question, “Cartzarhartz,” or how many hours further travelling to the next village, was answered by the interrogated holding up one finger (one hour), but by riding fast the distance—about three miles—was got over in half that time. This village had anything but a pleasing appearance, being very little better than that we had recently so much despised. It was composed of mud houses built on a declivity over the deep bed of a mountain torrent. Crossing this, a zig-zag path was found leading up to the hamlet, which was well guarded by dogs, who attacked us vigorously on all sides. Their loud barking, however, did not disturb the slumbers of the inhabitants, and it was only by hard knocking at a door that any signs of human life became visible, and then only in the person of a decrepit old man who growlingly showed us the Aga’s, or head man’s house and stables. The first was nothing more than a mud shanty divided into two rooms: one of these was found carpeted—an agreeable surprise to us—but later on in our travels this luxury ceased to be so, for we observed that the meanest of Turkish hovels always sported its bit of carpet.

Ottomans were placed round the Aga’s room, and a curious earthen stove, heated by charcoal, stood in the middle of the apartment, giving out a very subdued light, and small amount of warmth. The Aga, in a true spirit of hospitality, bade us welcome, and he himself retired to some other abode.

Christopholo had now to display his untried powers as a caterer. Lyons* was our manager, and had established a variety of sounds and signs between himself and our worthy guide, which, aided by the little Turkish we knew—consisting chiefly of words expressive of the necessities of life, such as *apec* (corn), *aparn* (bread), *crassie* (wine), *soot* (milk), *kimack* (butter), *sou* (water), *ectmet* (eggs), &c., enabled us to procure all we wanted. Our facetious guide would be all attention whilst Lyons performed a sort of pantomime before him, and then, as an intimation that he understood and was about to proceed to business, would repeat all the sounds, signs, and words, in a most slow comical manner; and, if chickens or ducks were to be slaughtered, would dramatize the process by squeezing his own throat, and screwing

* Second son of the then Sir Edmund Lyons, British Minister Plenipo. at Athens, and who afterwards, as Lord Lyons, commanded the English fleet off Sebastopol in 1854-55. Young Jack Lyons was a lieutenant on the *Aigle*, and was afterwards with his father in the Black Sea, where he commanded H.M.S. *Miranda*, on board which vessel he received a fatal wound from a Russian shell, and died beloved by all who knew him.

his face up to the utmost pitch of agony. In the present instance he gave a great hope of plenty, which was shortly realised by the appearance of two boiled fowls with rice—the Turkish Pilaff—also eggs fried in oil, bread, *yahout*—a sort of buttermilk—and a pitcher of *crassie*.

With the dinner came the village populace, to view the Giaours eating, and a precious ruffianly set they looked, as they sat cross-legged around the stove. The glare of this falling on their wild features converted them into a group of Mephistopheles, whilst their belts, stuck full of yataghans and pistols, made us involuntarily draw our weapons closer to hand. With the fragments of the meal our visitors departed, and we were left to the quiet enjoyment of cheboukes and *carway* (coffee).

Before retiring to rest I mounted on to the flat roof of the house, and there spent a most delightful half hour. All nature was wrapped in profound tranquillity, with the exception of the curious buzzing and humming noises of thousands of insects peculiar to hot countries. The house was built on the edge of a precipice overlooking the gorge, through which a gentle stream gurgled, giving its situation security against attack from that quarter. On the opposite side of the water rose a mountain of loose rocks, apparently of volcanic origin. The rays of the moon, now in her zenith, played amongst these distorted fragments, brilliantly illuminating some, whilst others remained veiled in the dark shadows of their brighter neighbours.

The view below the elevation on which the village stood was of a softer nature; the land fell away in a gradual slope, and was slightly undulating, its surface being studded with bushes and wild plants, whose fragrance filled the air with a variety of sweet scents. This scene terminated in our old friend the pine forest, the bright luminary of the night silvering the leafy crests as they seemed to rise and fall like ocean waves. Farther vision was intercepted by a barrier of mountains which entirely enclosed our position.

It was a night, place, and scene, to make a man thoughtful of times past and present, and conjecture a future for this beautiful country.

My reverie was disturbed by the cheery voice of Christopholo calling loudly for the stray Euse Bashi, literally captain of a hundred, to betake himself to bed, an order I reluctantly obeyed.

Five A.M. saw the party mounted, after having made a light breakfast and paid forty piastres to our host, who sent a black slave to put us in the right road to Pergamus. For the first two hours we rode through a rugged uninteresting country, with here and there mud villages. We then appeared to have gained our greatest elevation, and commenced a descent among the shades of pine and arbutus trees, until at last the track led down to a river—the ancient Ciacus—whose course runs through the plain of Pergamus. This we followed, wooded hills rising on either side, and the flourishing arbutus growing in the very bed of the stream. Travellers, woodcutters, and husbandmen began to appear, and a glimpse of the plain was next seen through an opening between which the river flows. These rocks were so scaped by the action of water as to make them appear of artificial construction.

Passing, as it were, through Nature's gate, we entered the plain of Pergamus, and putting our animals into a swinging gallop soon reached a place where refresh-

ments could be procured. Our appearance excited a good deal of curiosity among the younger portion of the community, and as they crowded timidly round the khan door I think more beautiful faces could not be seen. The little girls with their dark brown hair hanging loose down the back, but slightly confined to the head by a circlet of the small gold coins or shells, and dressed in all the graces of Oriental costume, looked wonders through their coal-black eyes; whilst the sturdy boys, in their manly dress of Turban, loose vest, with legs bare from the knee downwards, stared with contempt upon the infidel. On our making a move to our horses they all ran off like frightened deer.

We had now a two hours' ride across the plain to Pergamus; the country showed chiefly pasture land, and the banks of the river were lined with willow trees. Here a brilliant cavalcade of travellers approached us; the Turkish ladies sat their saddles astride, and were enveloped in white shawls with "yashmaks" of fine muslin bound tightly round the forehead and mouth, leaving a pair of sparkling eyes and a fine outlined nose in view. From these alone could judgment be formed of the extent of their charms.

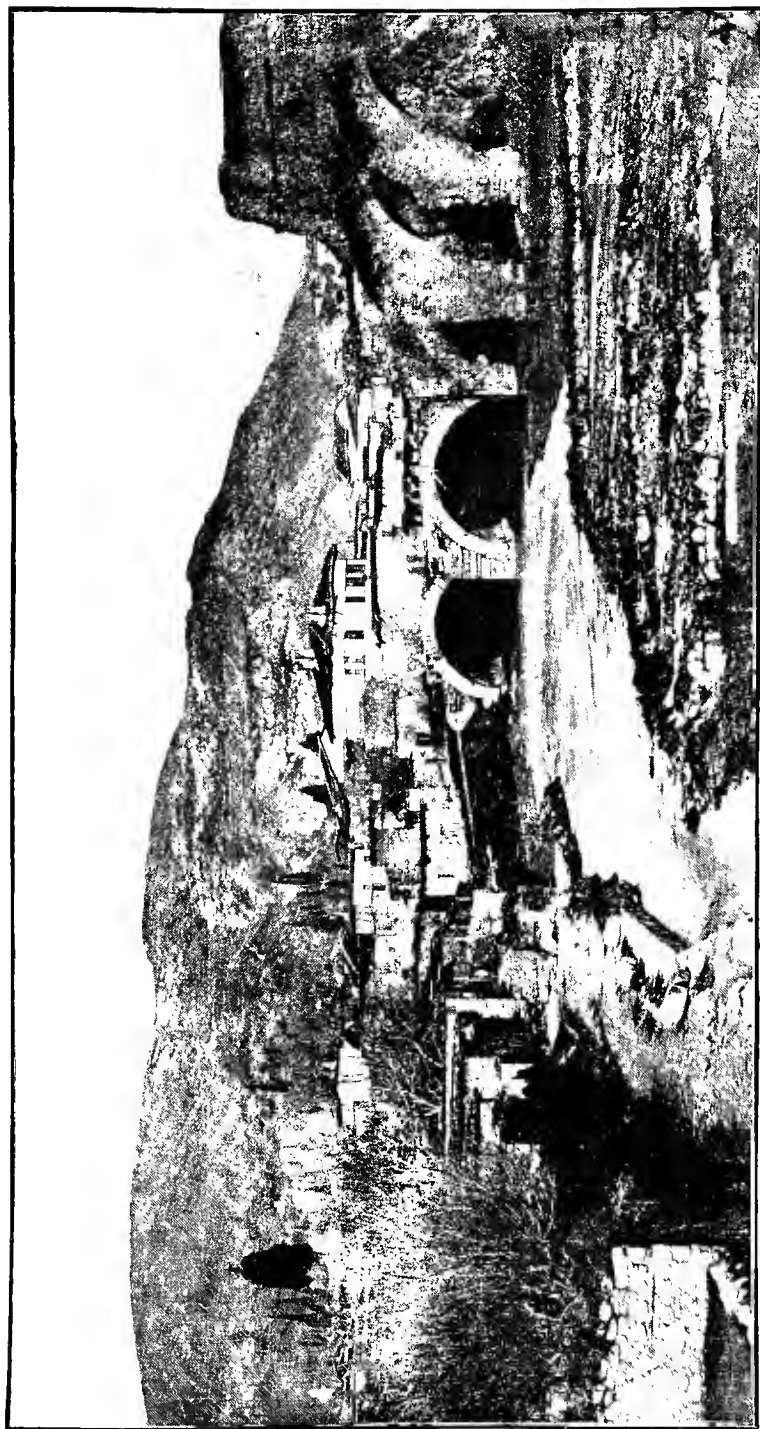
The "pakai att's" master had evidently arrived at a favourable conclusion as regards the latter, for no sooner were the backs of the escort fairly turned upon him than his face assumed a most queer expression of admiration. Lifting up his eyes and pressing the finger and thumb of his right hand firmly together, he gave vent to his feelings in a volley of "yarouses" and "gazelles" (*anglicé*, beautiful, lovely), finishing up with a series of "chokes" (*anglicé*, plenty, superlative). The remainder of the afternoon's ride was spent in quizzing Christopholo on his sensitiveness.

Passing a burial-ground gave warning of the neighbourhood of the once famous city, and soon a turn of the road disclosed to view the massive remains of a fine old Roman palace. A couple of huge round towers stood boldly out before the body of the building which formerly must have been connected to them. The walls were of immense thickness, and constructed entirely of the Roman tile used in the days of the Empire.

"Soon after the death of Attalus, King of Pergamus (B.C. 130), who had bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans, Aristonicus, his natural brother, being the illegitimate son of Eumenes, made pretensions to the throne of Pergamus, and was supported by a powerful party among the people. The Romans did not fail to maintain their right. Crassus, one of their consuls, had been sent with an army into Asia for that purpose; but in his first encounter with Aristonicus was defeated and taken.

"The following year the Consul, being sent on this service, and having, with better fortune than Crassus, defeated and taken Aristonicus, got possession of the treasure and kingdom of Attalus, but died in his command at Pergamus. From this time the Romans took more particular concern than formerly in the affairs of Asia, and sent a commission of observation to that country.

"In the year before Our Saviour (84) Asia Minor again became a scene of strife between the Romans and Mithridates, in which Pergamus changed masters twice in a very short period, and in the subsequent contention between the Roman generals,



PERGAMUS.

Sylla and Fimbria, was the place where the latter, deserted by his army, put an end to his life by the hands of a faithful slave.

“Again, in 47 B.C., succours brought by Mithridates of Pergamus, were the means of the taking of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar. Six years later Asia Minor was visited by a scourge in the person of Mark Antony, who, on his way to Egypt, rested at Ephesus, and there assembled the principal inhabitants of the provinces of Asia, and raised a heavy contribution.”

Leaving this fine old Roman ruin on our left hand, we took the street leading to the khan, which was evidently in the Greek quarter of the town, by the many pretty unveiled faces that showed themselves at the doorways. Indeed, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians form the greater portion of the population of Pergamus.

The khan was anything but inviting. It had originally been built in the form of a square, but only three of its sides now remained, one having fallen to the ground. The rooms were filthy dirty and full of vermin; so, putting our horses in the stable, Christopholo was directed to go in search of a “konak” (*anglicé*, boarding-house) whilst we hunted out the ancient ruins. The first of these, stumbled upon by chance, proved to be the old Christian church, converted into a mosque; but in spite of the tact generally shown by the Turks in such conversions—of which St. Sophia of Stamboul is a notable example—they have not obliterated the primitive style of the Pergamus house of Christ; the domes on its top proclaimed the attempt, and the interior, which we entered at a risk, had been evidently adapted to Mahomedan worship; it was now altogether disused, but its solid walls gave the assurance of defying time for many years to come.

Following the course of a stream, which was formerly utilized by the Romans as a sewer, and covered in with masonry, which remains in a perfect condition for about 100 feet, we then passed to the hills backing the city on the north-west: at their base was found the theatre; a fine archway—one of the entrances—alone marked the spot. Ascending to the brow of the hills, we dropped upon the amphitheatre, the most complete remains we had as yet seen. The arches of the arena were of a great height, and their cornices as clearly defined as the first day they were carved. The granite steps, used as seats, were nearly intact, and the greater part of the exterior gallery was erect. The massive stone work of the principal entrance had been much damaged by the abstraction of the iron in times past, to be used doubtless for war purposes.

From this point a magnificent approach by a monster flight of steps was visible, and could be traced down a ravine that opens on the river. This was much blocked up with brushwood, which made any exploration difficult. It was sunset before we could prevail upon ourselves to quit this specimen of ancient grandeur; we then descended to the town and rejoined our guide, who with great glee led us to a nice, clean, Armenian house, in which was a room prepared for our reception. This was remarkable for the number of windows it contained; one felt like being placed in a conservatory. Raised ottomans were on three sides of the apartment, and a capital Turkey carpet covered the floor.

The fountain a little way up the street served as a lavatory, and afterwards a

most excellent dinner was discussed, the only drawback being the friends of our host, who as usual had assembled and bored us dreadfully with their attentions.

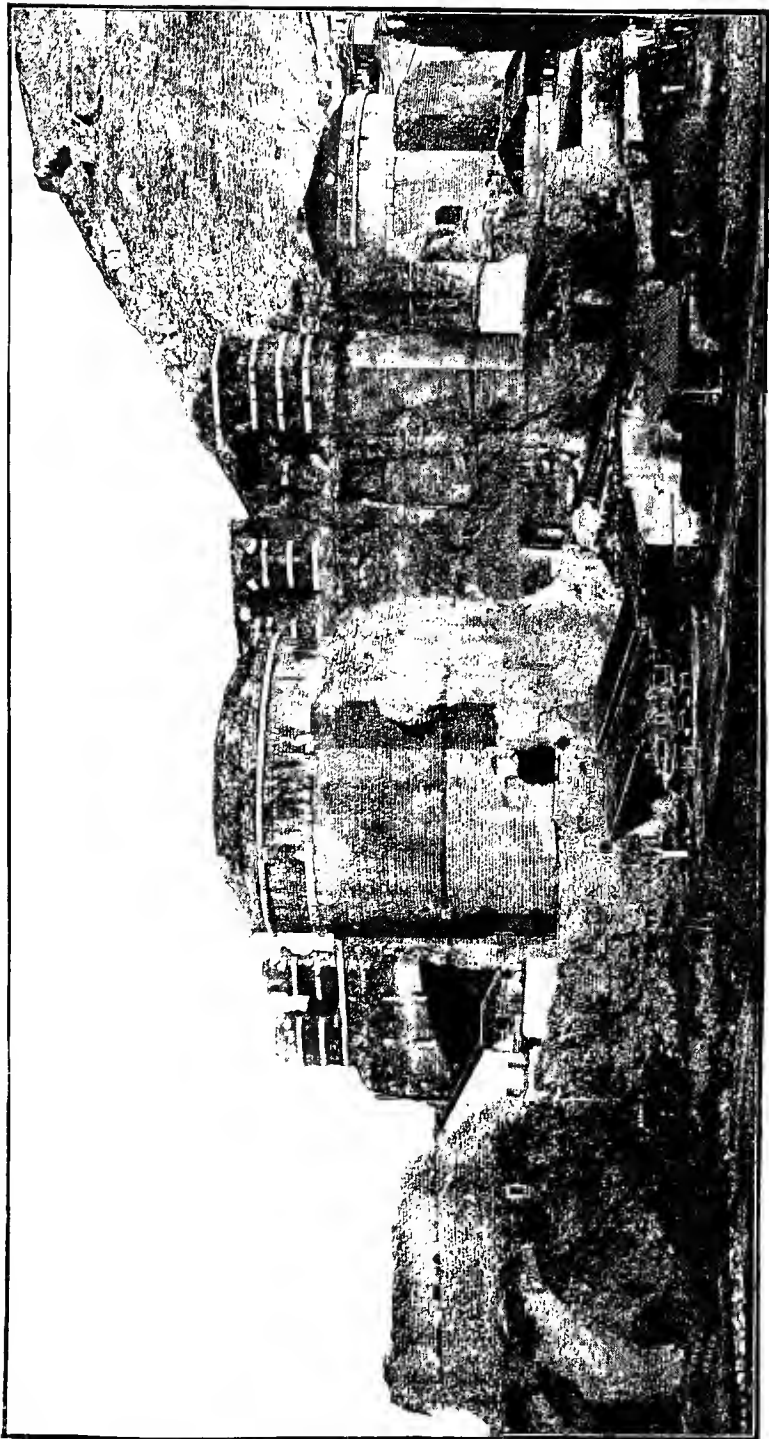
Christopholo was in high humour, and insisted upon drinking our individual healths in somewhat strong potations of rum and water. Whilst quilts were being laid down a stroll to the old Roman palace was proposed, but objections were urged on the part of our guide that it was quite contrary to all Oriental custom, promenading the streets at night, and in towns like Pergamus, without police surveillance, such a proceeding would be dangerous. However, we had made up our minds to view the ruins by moonlight, so our guide, finding all attempts to deter us ineffectual, summoned up his Dutch courage and accompanied the expedition. The night was nearly as clear as day, and the palace ruin stood out in the full light of the moon. This appeared to have the effect of magnifying it, and causing at the same time a deep feeling of veneration to creep over us.

On our entering the body of the building, much surprise was expressed at finding a small village of about twenty houses ensconced within its walls. Blocks of marble lay about. These had evidently been interior ornamentations. The turrets of the towers were occupied by families of storks. These birds, whilst feeding their young, made a great noise with their long beaks, the sound resembling that heard in our cherry orchards in England when clappers are used to scare the feathered robbers.

An endeavour was made to ascend one of the towers, but as we had lost the moonlight the difficulties became too great. These, together with the entreaties of Christopholo, whose patience was now fast giving way, induced a return to the konak (lodging-house), where soon all was quiet, save the abominable clatter clatter of the storks, perched on every old wall in the place.

Morning found our unfortunate guide in sad condition ; all the articulation to be got from him was, " Roume (rum), fennah (bad)." Leaving him to his fate, the party separated, Lyons and the Doctor mounting to the Acropolis—an old ruined fortress with many remains of pillars strewed about—whilst West and myself took our way to the barber and hummum.

The shaving operation was anything but pleasant, for, contrary to our custom of holding the razor obliquely to the skin, the Turkish method places it at a right angle, and then merely the point is used, which has the effect of cutting down to the very roots of the hair. My poor friend West, who had a four days' strong beard on him, was in agonies during the performance. The hummum proved to be very inferior to that we had indulged in at Magnesia, and we gladly returned to the snug ottomans at the konak. On these we were lying, condoling with our seedy guide, who had taken off his turban, and sat with his shaven pate—for the Armenians shave the head like the Turks—at one of the open windows to cool his fevered brain, when the door opened, and our hostess appeared bearing in breakfast, an event that would have been beneath notice had not the serving up of the meal given a striking proof of the little advance made in the ways and means of civilization by these people of Asia Minor, as also the total ignorance of the uses of some of the latter they had acquired. Suffice to say, the meal in question consisted of milk served in a common



ANCIENT CHURCH AT PERGAMUS.

white and unmistakable utensil. This was placed, with all due politeness, in the middle of the room by the lady of the house.

After our astonishment had subsided, the risible faculties came into play, and these seemed to puzzle both the lady and Christopholo considerably. To the latter an explanation was vouchsafed, when, forgetting his headache, he gave way to a hearty laugh, assuring us at the same time that the cause of our merriment had never contained anything but milk. To bring matters to a close, he placed the vessel within our reach, and broke up bread into it, then, handing each of the party a wooden spoon, he bade us fall to. The tableau that followed would have been unique to our countrymen at home, and we ourselves were much tickled in our imaginations at the ludicrous scene that was being enacted.

The khanjee did not forget to punish us in his stable account for the contempt with which we had treated his premises, nor did the Armenian owner of the konak fail to charge to the utmost for the good cheer he had supplied.

The beasts looked fresh, and we rode out amidst a motley group of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, in their respective costumes.

Leaving the once stately hall of the Cæsars on our right, the road led to the river, which was crossed by an old Roman bridge; the route then tended towards the Ciacus, in the direction of the town of Soamar. For miles a well cultivated valley lay stretched out before us, but was so shut in on either side by high mountains as to render the heat almost intolerable. Our shipmate, the doctor, lagged some hundred yards behind, sitting his horse like a jockey in mid-race, but from different intent, whilst Christopholo, thoroughly disgusted with rum as a beverage, recommended it to the Hakim Bashi for exterior application.

By this time we had been six hours in the saddle, which—according to Turkish computation—would mean that the party had got over some twenty miles of ground; but the fact of our being unencumbered by baggage enabled us to do a much greater distance.

The country now became undulating, and the road dwindled down to a mere track, eventually disappearing altogether. The scenery was very beautiful; foliage appeared in abundance, fine fir woods clothed the sloping hills, while here and there some pretty little village, with its tall minaret, would peep out from amongst the trees. A range of mountains lay on our right hand with verdure reaching half way up their sides; in the hollow, on our left, ran a river, with weeping willows arching its clear waters. Vines, with their bright budding leaves, grew in profusion all around, and, to add to the general loveliness, the setting sun was shedding his golden hues over hill and dale.

It was twilight before we reached Soamar, apparently a large town, by the number of its mosques, and situated on the mountain slopes. We rode wearied and hungry into a fine large khan, the cleanest and best arranged that we had as yet seen, but were much surprised when a Greek traveller informed our guide that he had been resting here two days and could get nothing to eat. This was said in the very presence of fine broods of ducks and chickens feeding in the yard. To these we called his attention, but he only shook his head while looking mournfully at the khanjee.

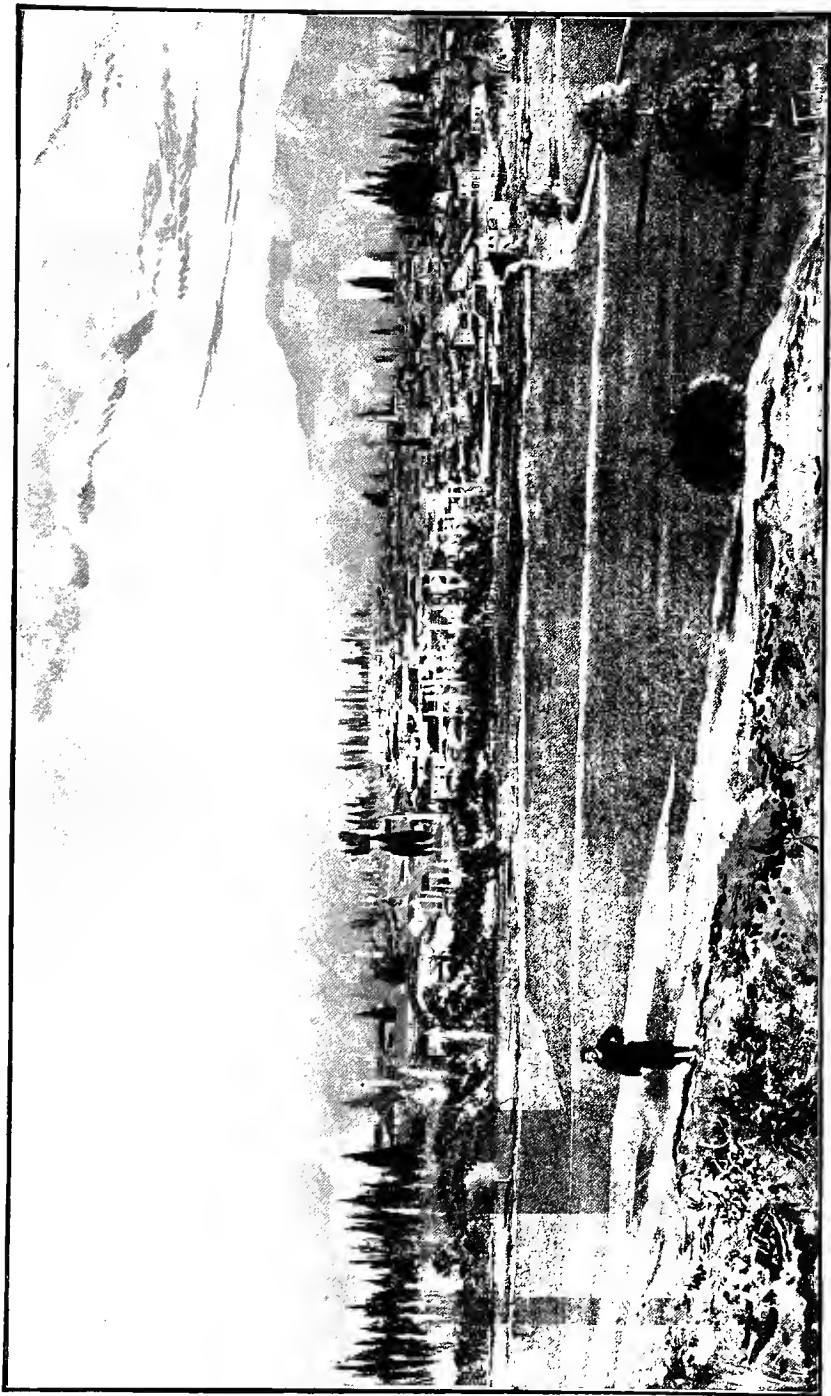
This, on our part, could not be put up with, so a general chase was called; never before, I should imagine, had been heard such an uproar in a Turkish khan. After a severe run, the feathered bipeds were surrounded, and two couple of their number captured before the khanjee could come up. He looked perfectly horrified at our audacity, but we had learnt that a bold front was the only way to settle a Turk, so on finding himself treated with the utmost nonchalance, he strode away muttering numerous "Mashallah," and evidently booking us in his own mind as madmen.

Whilst our invaluable guide was preparing the booty for cooking, we employed a Jew to show us about the town. He appeared to have a great dread of the Turks' quarter, and, with much reluctance, took us to it. Seeing a *café* full of old green turbans, being those who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, we entered and made their acquaintance over *carway* and cheboukes. These Hadji were polite, agreeable, and evidently pleased with the notice taken of them. With the same good intentions we were about to enter a khan appropriated by camel-drivers, when a general cry of Yahoudi (Jew), Giaour (Christian), arose from these dark-visaged, heavy-booted gentry, as they stepped forward to stay our advance. We were now to experience the good effect of always carrying pistols in our waist-belts; standing firm then, with hands grasping these weapons, we brought the assailants to a check, and they then slunk back growling out curses and casting every Turkish term of reproach in the teeth of the unbelievers. Not content with this they set on all the dogs and children, the latter pelting stones and rending the air with their shrill cries of "Giaour."

The unfortunate Jew was nearly dead from fright, and we were all glad to get back to the khan and dinner. Before dawn of day we were on our way to Ehhizzar, the ancient Thyatira, but even at that early hour the road was full of people; nor did we discover the cause of this unusual stir until arriving at Karakatch, a considerable town situated in the most fertile district we had as yet passed through. It was here we learned, on inquiry, that the principal fair of the season was being held. The streets were crowded, and a most busy scene was before our eyes. In one place cattle were being slaughtered, and in another spot hundreds of horses were arriving with the produce of the country on their backs. In the midst of all rode brilliant cavalcades of horsemen, handsomely dressed and superbly mounted; their showy beasts—as they curveted through the narrow streets—drew as many comments from the people as would be heard in the paddock at Newmarket.

Thinking that we should be in the way on such an occasion, it was agreed to postpone breakfast until reaching the next village. Every road was blocked up with gay parties hastening to the fair, and a finer collection of "pakai atts" it would be difficult to meet with in any country.

There was much trouble in obtaining food at the village, as nearly all the inhabitants had gone forth. The little we did get was eaten in the street, with the remaining population of the place around us. The great attraction for them was our pistols. Lyons's double-barrelled pair excited great wonder and admiration. Detonators had not as yet found their way into Asia Minor. Huge flint and steel weapons—like our old horse-pistol of Dick Turpin's day, but generally much more



EHHIZZAR, THE ANCIENT THYATIRA.

ornamented—were still in use. The yataghan was their most formidable arm, and it required a good deal of skill to handle it properly. A direct cut or thrust is never made, but the blade being drawn with great rapidity backwards and forwards, its finely-ground edge gives a frightful wound at each touch to the person attacked.

We reached Thyatira early, putting up at a comfortable khan in the centre of the town. Strolling at random through the bazaars and filthy streets, we found ourselves at last in a burial-place with fine large cypress trees shadowing the tombs. Besides these, remains of pillars and old walls lay scattered about, marking a former civilization. Many of the ancient columns were used as supports in the construction of the modern town. Such was found to be the case with those mentioned in *Burgesse's Travels*, as forming part of an Agora, for they seemed to prop up some old Turkish arches which are now in ruins.

Turning our steps towards the new Armenian church, our guide pointed out the remains of a Roman wall of immense thickness, and also several curious relics that had been dug up during the construction of the above edifice; these, with some old ruins converted into a hummum, are all the remnants now visible of the once flourishing Thyatira.

On making an attempt to enter a mosque we were repulsed with indignation by some young *mollahs* (priests).

Sleep soon visited our party after returning to the khan, but about the dead of night a most tremendous noise at the outer door roused us all up. Several pistol shots were fired by the intruders; these, mingled with their shoutings, made us prepare for action. At length the drowsy khanjee's voice was heard, the heavy door swung back; and, much to our relief, an enormous caravan stalked into the courtyard to deposit its merchandize, this being another use these inns are put to. Wishing camels, drivers, and all concerned in the hubbub, anywhere else, we snatched a couple of hours' more sleep, and then mounted for Sarc (the ancient Sardis).

The environs of Thyatira are prettily interspersed with trees, fertile hills rise in their vicinity, and a branch of the great Hermus plain reaches the town from another direction, giving us a peep at old Mount Sipylus, now wrapped in the blue tint of distance.

Mamara, three hours' distant, was our next halting-place. The country ridden through had a pleasing variety in it, for sometimes the track dipped into a plain, but immediately again would lead over some rugged mountain. We eventually kept by the side of a stream which Christopholo gave us to understand was famed for its fish; the proof of this lay in the breakfast, for better specimens of the scaly tribe—a species of mullet—I should never wish to eat.

This town was becoming depopulated, nearly every other house being deserted; from what cause we could not ascertain.

A good road, through a hot valley, led to the Gygæan lake, an extensive shallow piece of water, full of high reeds, and inhabited by innumerable wild fowl. The milk-white swan sailed about in its deeper waters, whilst the shores were lined with duck of various species and plumage. Among the number, the "Pintail," of a bright

red colour, with white breast and wings and pointed tail feathers. They appeared to care little about the presence of man, and permitted our party to come within pistol-range. A general fire was opened on them as we rode along the banks of the lake, when they rose in a perfect cloud, filling the air with sounds of quacking and rustling of wings in motion, and then made off more frightened than hurt from our attempt on their lives.

Thousands of turpins, or water-tortoises, lay about the shores, and are said to be delicate food by connoisseurs in these matters.

We now ascended the range of hills which separate the lake from the Vale of Sardis, and on whose summit several tumuli were to be seen; the largest is noted as that of Alyattes, the father of Cræsus.

Travelling with the uncertainty of procuring food at the end of the day's journey is not pleasant, but such was our case, and it can be easily imagined with what joy we hailed the appearance of a flock of lambs, with two shepherds in the act of skinning a couple of them. Not so, however, did our guide view the affair, having an instinctive foreboding as to their means of conveyance to Sarc. His usual beaming face assumed a most rueful aspect as we strapped the reeking carcasses over the bony haunches of his steed, who also shared strongly in his master's objections, and endeavoured, by kickings and switchings of his long-fagged tail, to prevent such proceedings.

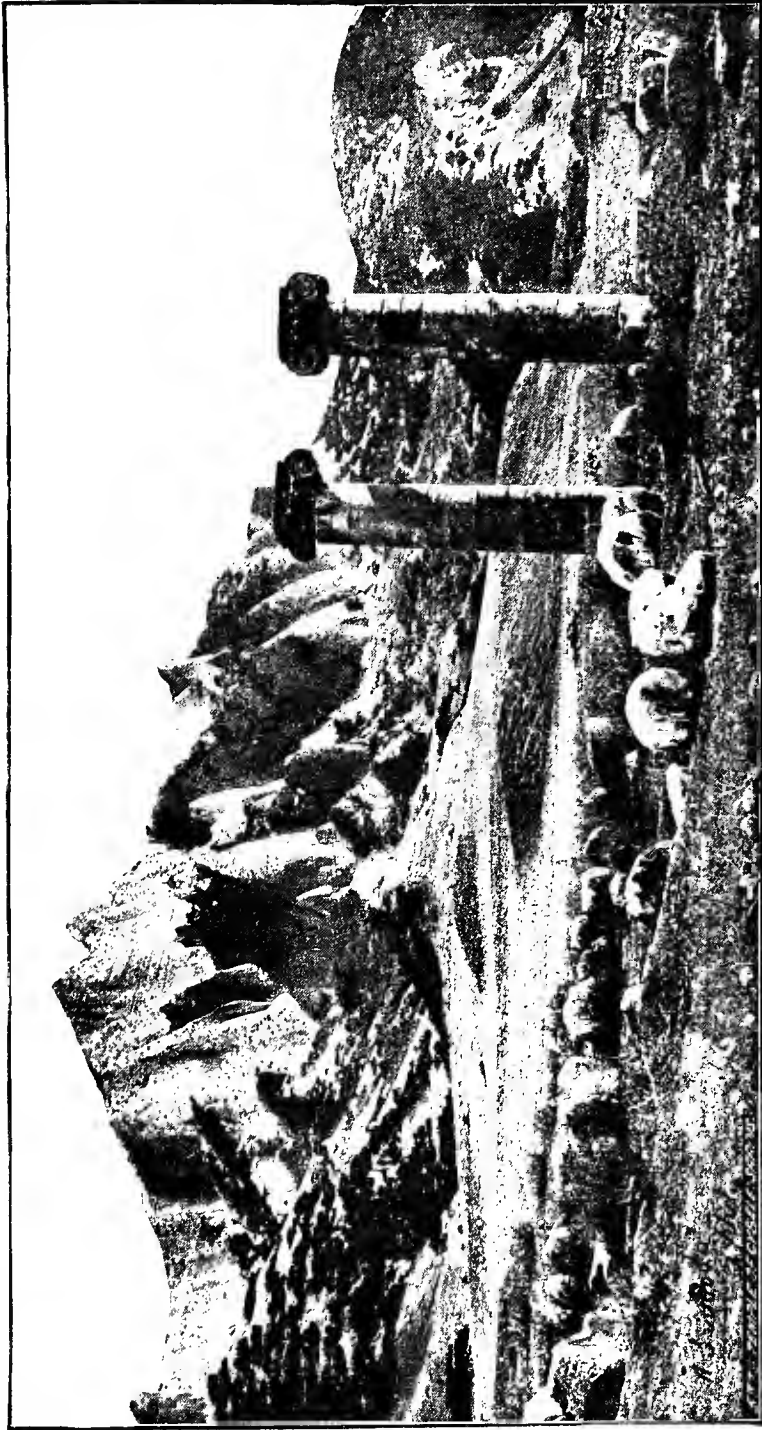
The view of what was once Sardis from the summit of these hills we thought very striking, and the principal object observable amongst the general *débris* was the Acropolis. Its ruined walls could be traced on an eminence which, like many others in its vicinity, showed a red sandstone formation clothed with scanty brushwood. In the foreground flowed the Hermus through a plain cultivated by Turkomans, whose mud huts and black tents lined its banks; while beyond Sardis, Mount Tmolus and its lofty range reared their snow-capped crests.

An outline of the particular events that took place in Asia Minor before the Christian era would here be appropriate.

In Grecian history we find, "That about thirty years after the foundation of Athens some extensive troubles took place in Palestine, which caused a vast emigration of numerous bodies of Phœnicians. The greatest portion of the fugitives settled in Phrygia in Asia Minor.

"After the Trojan war (804 B.C.), Attica being over-peopled through the multitude of refugees, a colony was sent to Asia Minor. The coast of Asia, from Cyzicus on the Propontis to the river Hermus, had already been colonized by the Greeks. This tract was called *Æolis*, the settlers being mostly *Æolians* from the Peloponnesus. The emigrants from Athens occupied the coast extending southward from the Hermus. They founded twelve cities, of which the greatest was Ephesus. For a long time the greatest part of Asia Minor was subject to the kings of Lydia, an extensive region on the coast where the Ionian colonies were situated.

"Cræsus, the last of these kings, an able and popular but ambitious prince, had made tributary the Grecian cities of the Asiatic coast, and his power had become to Greece itself an object of fear as his wealth and splendour were of wonder. His



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF CYBELE, SARDIS.

prosperity, however, was not to be lasting. In all ages Asia has been remarkable for the sudden growth and rapid decay of mighty empires. The Median monarchy was now giving way to the rising fortunes of the Persians. Cræsus lent his aid to prop the falling power, and incurred the vengeance of the conqueror.

“Cyrus, the Persian, chief and founder of the Empire, having overcome the Medes, marched against Cræsus, subdued his kingdom, and made him prisoner in his capital of Sardis (546 B.C.). He next turned his arms against the Ionian colonies, driving them into exile, and eventually became entire master of Asia Minor.

“About 500 B.C., Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, tyrant of Athens, incensed against his country, went to Sardis and persuaded the Satrap Artaphernes to make war upon it.

“The Athenians, enraged at the haughty command of Artaphernes to restore the tyranny of Hippias, sent a fleet to assist the Ionians. They sailed to Ephesus, and the forces debarking, marched to Sardis, a distance of about sixty miles. Artaphernes was taken by surprise, and fled into the castle, and the Greeks, unopposed, entered the town and fell to plunder; but a house being set on fire, the flames spread rapidly through the town, mostly built of timber and reeds. The inhabitants were driven by the conflagration to assemble in the market and in the bed of the torrent Pactolus, which ran through it, in such numbers that they found themselves strong enough for defence; and the Greeks, retiring to Mount Tmolus, at night pursued their retreat towards their ships. Rallying under the walls of Ephesus they were defeated by the Persians, who shortly prepared to follow them into their own country. The subsequent defeats of Marathon and Salamis ended in invasion.

“A century later, Darius, feeling his Empire was weakened by its unwieldy extent, detached all the provinces bordering on the Grecian seas from it, and formed a separate kingdom for his son Cyrus, who held his Court at Sardis, and who became the means of overthrowing the fortunes of the great Athenian general, Alcibiades.

“But it was the entire conquest of Asia Minor, by Alexander, the Macedonian, that fully restored the Grecian colonies. History tells us his imagination was naturally lively; he was deeply tinctured with the love of letters and reverence for antiquity. The *Iliad* of Homer was especially gratifying both to his poetical tastes and to his warlike propensities, and he is said to have made it his constant companion in his journeys and campaigns. But when he stood on the scene of his favourite story, his admiration of the poet and his heroes was exalted into passionate enthusiasm; and while his army passed the Hellespont unopposed, he was visiting the village and surrounding fields, where the fallen city had once stood, and sacrificing to the deities of the place and the chiefs and princes there entombed. He afterwards built a city on this spot, and called it Alexander Troas, the ruins of which may still be seen. He entirely defeated the Persians at the passage of the Granicus. This victory opened to him all Asia Minor, and Sardis submitted without resistance (330 B.C.).

“But in the year 210 B.C., the Macedonian power being on the decline, we find Asia Minor divided into separate kingdoms, and Attalus, the King of Pergamus,

joining with the Romans to subvert the dominion of Philip, the King of Macedonia, and victorious by land and sea.

“Again, in the year 194 B.C., we find Eumenes, King of Pergamus, joining with Antiochus, King of Syria, and the exiled Hannibal, of Carthage, his adviser against the Romans, and landing an army at Chalcis, the bridge of the Negropont. But three years later he changed sides, and, in concert with the Romans, gained a great naval victory over the same Antiochus; and when the Romans had gained possession of the whole of Asia Minor, he craved a reward for his services and suffering in the war in which he had nearly lost his kingdom and had been besieged in his capital of Pergamus.

“The Senate assigned to Eumenes all that had been taken from Antiochus in Asia, excepting a part of Lycia and Caria, which they gave to the Rhodians, and such of the Grecian cities as had not been subject to Attalus, which they declared independent.

“Eumenes visited Rome, and, touching at Delphi on his return, narrowly escaped assassination by orders of Perseus, King of Macedonia.

“In the year 87 B.C. a new character appears in the field. When nearly the whole of lower Asia had been brought under the immediate dominion of Rome, or under that of her puppet monarch, a rival power arose in Mithridates, King of Pontus, an able, brave and high-spirited, but cruel prince, who had much enlarged his kingdom at the expense of his weaker neighbours.

“War soon broke out between him and the Romans, wherein he vanquished several armies, and quickly mastered Asia Minor with most of the adjoining islands.

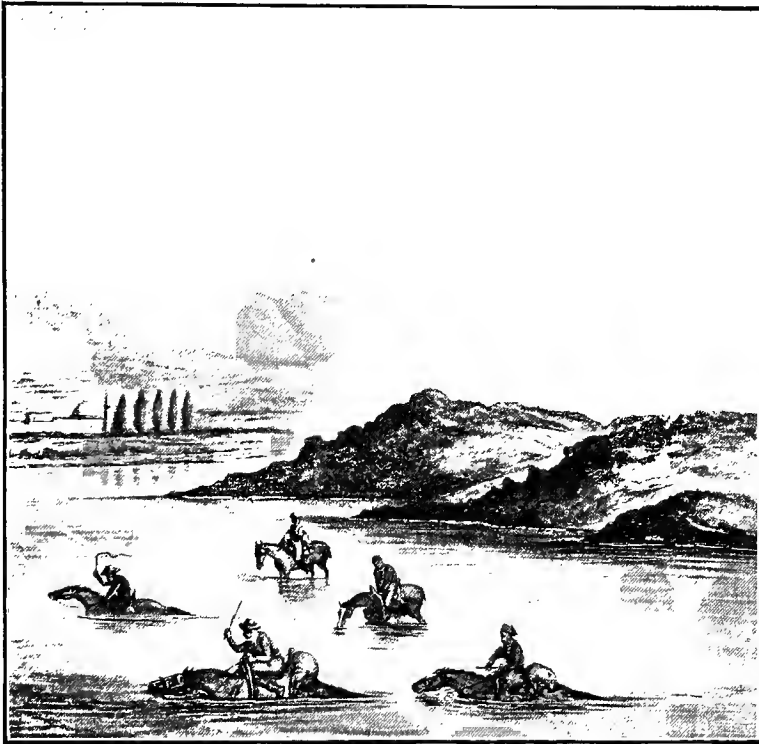
“In his bitter hate of Rome he sent letters throughout Asia, commanding the people, on a certain day, to massacre all Italians in the country. The order was obeyed, and eighty thousand persons are said to have perished in the slaughter. But four years after his cruelties recoiled upon his own head. Ephesus and many other Asiatic cities revolted, and Sylla, the Roman Consul, passing into Asia, obliged him to give up all his winnings and pay two thousand talents. He eventually fell by his own hand, to escape being taken prisoner.

“From this time the power of Rome was no longer questioned in Asia Minor. It is true that, after the seat of dominion was transferred from Rome to Byzantium (Constantinople), the sceptre came gradually again into the hands of the Grecian race; but still the story of the Eastern Empire may best be treated as a sequel to that of Rome. That Empire, long sunk in debility and corruption, gave way at last to the power of the Turks.”

The question now arose as to how our party was to cross to the other side of the Hermus river. Not a vestige of a bridge was to be seen, and the swift waters looked swollen and muddy. Moreover, another evil had befallen the Hakim Bashi which greatly increased his danger in fording. The *fennah att* (bad horse) that he bestrode, whether thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was being overworked, or that real weariness had overtaken him, would, at intervals, and without previous warning, drop down, and that in a manner most unique. One would hear a thump on the ground, and then view the afflicted Hakim straddling the fallen carcass of his

beast, which lay doubled up like a reposing cat, but mindful of the food within its reach, cropping the grass, whilst the usually good-natured doctor looked on with a visage in which wrath and fear were strangely blended. Another one of the party there was who had great misgivings as to effecting a safe passage with such a weight of top hamper as did the poor "pakai att" carry.

After much delay, a Turkoman, on the consideration of a backsheesh, volunteered to conduct the cavalcade across the river. Christopholo took the lead with much caution, and the Hakim, to ensure his own safety, brought up the rear, employ-



CROSSING THE RIVER HERMUS.

ing arms and legs incessantly on his wilful brute, with the full determination of keeping him upon his legs until he gained *terra firma* once more.

Deeper and deeper grew the stream, and little by little the "pakai att" began to disappear. The once active tail now floated listlessly on the surface, lambs and saddle-bags were in the same predicament, and all thought the much-dreaded moment had arrived, when, like a magic wand, descended the formidable cow-cane; with a snort and a struggle that must have shaken every nerve in his rider's body, the much-praised animal regained his footing, and emerged from his watery way looking all the cleaner for the dip.

The Christian population of Sardis is on the increase; in addition to the miller's

family—spoken of by travellers as being the only residents there of that religion—some Greeks have erected a wine shop and stables, the former to benefit themselves and the Turkomans, who ignore that portion of Mahomet's injunctions respecting the disuse of vinous fluids, and are anything but good Mussulmans as regards sobriety. The stables combined accommodation for man and beast. The situation chosen by the founder of these buildings is one that well accords with the present lucre-seeking disposition of the Greeks. It is close to the ruins of the palace, wherein dwelt the wealthy Cræsus of ancient history; we found the stable a most disgusting lodgment.

The splendid remains of the once beautiful temple of Cybele were reached as the sun sank below the far horizon. Two columns of the Ionic order were still erect, and are stated to be the most perfect known at the present time; half their original height is lost to view in solid earth, the accumulation of centuries of deposits from various causes. The capital of one of these is slightly displaced, and the columns themselves are somewhat mutilated in the endeavours made to abstract the iron used in joining the many sections of the rounded marble which forms the entire pillar.

The temple stands on a gentle slope leading down to the Golden Pactolus, which on this side separates the Acropolis hill from the neighbouring heights, and then empties itself into the Hermus.

The mill, to which allusion has been made, is set in motion by the former stream, and the ruins of a church are visible at no great distance from it. Remnants of ancient walls were to be seen on all sides, but darkness prevented our tracing or connecting them with any other known construction of the Grecian age.

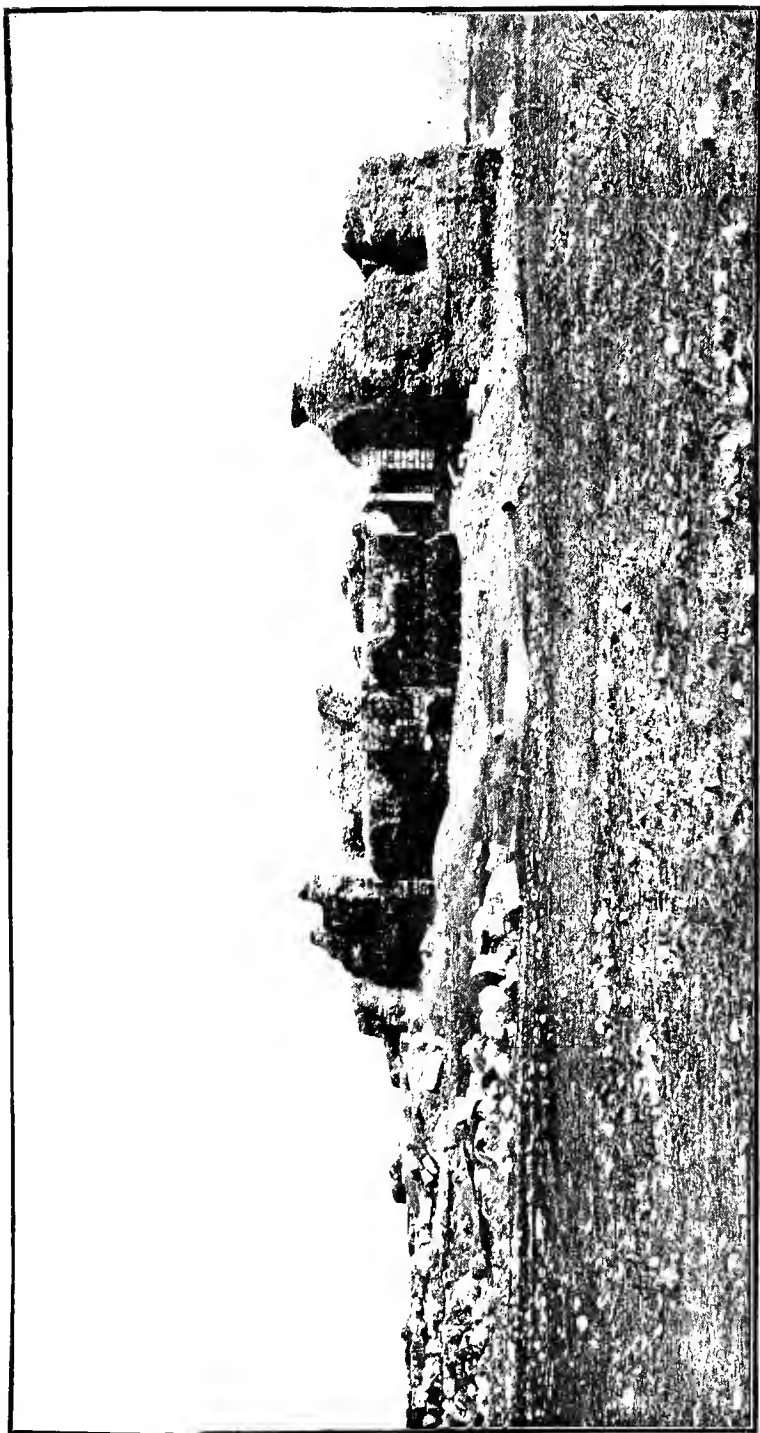
The ruins, shown as having at one time formed a portion of the residence of Cræsus, are the most perfect of their kind to be seen amongst the general wreck of masonry.

With difficulty our steps were retraced to the wine shop, which, much to our horror, was found to be full of drunken Turkomans belonging to a sect known by the appellation of "Candle Extinguishers," and who resembled the Bacchanals of old Rome in their morals and orgies. Armed as these brutal fellows were at all points, our prospects may be imagined as anything but cheering, nor did Christopholo disguise his delight at our return, and repeatedly warned us to keep our pistols in readiness.

We were reinforced by a little Italian leech-hunter, fortified with a huge cavalry sword and a brace of pistols, who had just crawled out of a place of concealment. He appeared to consider our party as a perfect godsend, and enlarged on the crimes committed by these nomads, who, with a better disposed tribe called "Hurookes," composed, for the time being, the surrounding population.

Our Greek host also seemed displeased at their presence and lengthened stay. This, together with a general onslaught made by a number of cats upon the now over-cooked lamb, put both his and our guide's patience to a severe trial.

It was extraordinary to witness the craving for strong drink in the persons of these semi-barbarians. Several times they quitted the house and reeled into their saddles, and as often, as though attracted by some loadstone, would dismount and quaff another can of crassie (country wine). At last, with loud shouts and uncouth



RUINS OF THE PALACE OF CROESUS, SARDIS.

gestures, they galloped off, leaving us to eat in peace our hard-earned evening meal. We then took up sleeping positions among the crassie jars in preference to the stable, the effluvia of which rendered it most uninviting.

Rising before daylight, but little refreshed from the hard beds we had preferred occupying, a start was made for Casaba. The road followed the course of the Hermus for a short distance, and then turned up a beautiful valley, well cultivated with orange gardens and melon beds, the latter producing the far-famed Casaba melon, the most luscious fruit of its kind known to the world.

Arriving, after five hours' ride, at our destination, a room was secured at a picturesque khan, with a kiosk, or pleasure house, attached to it. This stood in the centre of an open space outside the town, and was a great rendezvous for caravans which, from this spot, take their departure for all parts of Asia Minor. The khanjee was a Greek who had acquired notions of cleanliness, an uncommon trait amongst the natives of his persuasion, but from which we reaped the unusual benefit of an undisturbed mid-day siesta (slumber).

Having seen a goose slaughtered for breakfast, it was proposed to stroll through the town, then spend the hours of heat at the khan, and afterwards continue our journey to Vimfi in the cool of the evening.

An old green-turbaned Turk, with a tray on his head, crying "Sweetmeats for the ladies," on the consideration of twenty piastres, gave up his occupation, and mounted for Vimfi to procure a konak (house) and dinner by the time we should arrive there. The streets of Casaba were no exception to those we had seen in other towns of Asia Minor, and, indeed, the Jews' quarter surpassed them in filthiness. Putrid carcasses of horses and dogs lay about vitiating the air, and quite accounting for the ravages made by the "Plague," at intervals of years, amongst the inhabitants.

We could not forego the luxury of a "humnum," although it was very second-rate as compared with those of our previous experiences. An immense fellow, a kavash, or town policeman, was my neighbour on the undressing ottomans, who, to my disgust, and much to the amusement of my companions, carefully examined every article of his apparel. The search proved very successful, and he became quite elated.

The environs of the town, especially that part about our khan, were well shaded with trees; under these we sat, after the morning meal, enjoying the cooling influence of sound from running water at an adjacent fountain, and listening to the arrival of the caravans. These goods trains of the East created more stir than their inanimate compeers would do at a railway depôt in Europe. The tinkling of the camels' bells, and shouts of the drivers as they compelled the more refractory beasts to kneel down that they might be relieved of portions of their burdens, the wrangling of the Armenian porters, who awaited their turn to be employed, and the general hum of voices all round, made quite a lively impression on the senses. This quiet enjoyment was broken by our guide announcing the advent of a most important individual, in the person of the judge of the district, who had expressed a wish to interview our party. He was surprised at our being without a dragoman (interpreter), and was much amused at our manner of communication with

Christopholo. His first question to the latter was, "Who we were?" This troubled our guide considerably, for he had never interested himself about the matter, but had been content to rank us after his own imagination.

To Lyons, as the manager, he had given the high-sounding title of Bim Bashi, literally captain of a thousand, or colonel, and would not be persuaded he was anything less. The learned gentleman of the law next endeavoured to find out what business had brought us to Casaba, and was equally unsuccessful as in his former question. He then put on an air of mysterious wisdom and smoked his chebouke in silence, gazing at us all the time with cunning and doubtful eyes, as much as to say, "I am not quite sure you are honest men." At last, shaking out his flowing robes, and adjusting his snow-white turban, he went from our presence, followed by a retinue of secretaries and kavashes.

Our shrewd guide, who had sat all the while in a very uneasy position of attention, with a put-on face of respect, now openly expressed his contempt for our visitor's want of discernment, and more than hinted that an endeavour had been made to extract a backsheesh from the party which he had foiled by declaring our poverty as shown by the absence of baggage.

The Greeks of Asia Minor have much the same character for over-reaching as their independent brethren. Our khanjee proved himself a rogue by asking for more than double what was due to him. Luckily, experience, and the honesty of Christopholo, had taught us pretty well what the price of things should be, so we were able, without any scruple, to clip the Greek's bill of 140 piastres down to sixty, taking care to be in the saddle before payment. The rayah, as the Turks term their Greek subjects, in a fury at losing what he had made sure of, seized the bridle of the "pakai att." In another moment the cow-cane had descended upon his shoulders, causing him to fall back and wriggle in agony; but, suddenly recovering himself, he hurled a huge stone at the head of his castigator, who rode off in convulsions of laughter.

Our road lay through a lovely valley, quite Nature's garden; aromatic plants joined their odours to the perfume of flowers as the first touch of the night dew fell upon the land. The sun, although sunk from sight, still crimsoned the peaks of the lofty mountains by which we were surrounded, and sent a reddened glare over every object. Whistling plough-boys and lowing herds winding slowly over the lea there were none, yet we came upon a scene equally worthy of a poet's pen.

In an open space, enclosed by luxuriant arbutus, and arched over by an old Roman bridge, which proclaimed it the dried-up bed of an ancient stream, a large caravan was taking up its night's bivouac. The camels, in little knots of five or six, lay sociably together, feeding from the same heap, whilst the whole formed one large circle. In the centre of this blazed a cheerful fire, and around it the weather-beaten drivers sat, cross-legged, discussing their evening meal in silent gravity. The intermediate spaces were filled up with the beasts' burdens, thus raising an impenetrable barrier to the prowling jackal or fox. Two wolfish-looking dogs gave warning of our approach, and we passed on with a friendly "good night."

A halt was shortly called at a small hut, or rather shed, combining the two

properties of a *cafenet* and guard-house. It was occupied by what the Turkish Government is pleased to call rural police. This force is mainly recruited from a tribe called "Zebeks," having their home in the mountains of Anatolia. They are perpetrators of nearly all the dark crimes committed in that country. By their hands a noble Englishman (Sir Lawrence Jones) met his death, and in accomplishing this murder they displayed their rapaciousness, cruelty, and its usual accompaniment, cowardice.

Sending a man, full of the vigour of life, suddenly into another world, is nothing in their estimation compared to the value of a few piastres. With arms ever in readiness to be used, and without the most remote fear of detection, they have become the terror of travellers.

Such was the character of the men who now—assuming authority—declared it was impossible that we could proceed further that night. They stated the roads to be infested with clefties (*Anglicè*, robbers), and that it was as much as our lives were worth attempting to go on. Pointing to our pistols, to show them that we had means of defence, they laughed in our faces, and running behind a bush protruded their long guns through it, thus illustrating the method by which the unconscious traveller might be shot down by an unseen foe. Had we not known the foibles of our would-be friends, we should have been induced by their entreaties to have taken up our abode for the night in the wretched hut they occupied, and out of which, in all probability, no living one of the party would have ever come. With this knowledge of our danger, combined with the prospect of a good dinner and comfortable lodgings awaiting us at Vimfi, it was decided to continue our moonlight journey in opposition to the advice of the Zebeks. A warning "bakaloume" (*Anglicè*, "We shall see") came from the deep-toned voice of their leader as we galloped away. Thoughts also came into our minds regarding the wisdom of despatching the sweetmeat-selling messenger on before, and thus giving notice of our approach.

The situation of Vimfi itself is well adapted to become the retreat of lawless people, as it lies at some distance from the main road to Smyrna, and is in a mountainous district. The few houses composing the village are much scattered and embosomed in woods.

Our guide had an instinctive feeling that the safety of the party depended on their quitting the branch road leading to it, and therefore turned us into the partially dried-up bed of a mountain stream. This we followed in darkness and silence, as the overhanging foliage completely excluded the moon's rays, and the splashing and stumbling of the horses over the loose stones that had been brought down by the winter torrents quite precluded conversation. We had also the not very pleasing reflection, that if here attacked, our chances of escape were considerably lessened. However, after much toil, the khan at Vimfi was reached. It possessed little attractions, being lonely and dirty, with a miserable shed to do duty for a stable. Into this our tired animals had just been put, when four ruffians, armed at all points, covered with mud, and breathless from haste, appeared at the khan door; a peculiarity in their nether garments—which instead of being made bagged fitted tight to the person—proclaimed them Zebeks. Without uttering a word they stalked up to

the benches whereon we were sitting, and took up an unpleasantly close position to our own.

Christopholo got up with a scare on his face and screwed himself into a corner. A deep silence followed, which was at last broken by his putting some question to the nearest of their party, a fellow with a particularly villainous cast of features. He received a growling reply that seemed to have its rise in the stomach of the interrogated, and evidently sent a thrill through our worthy guide, who, afterwards, when asked as to the substance of it, shook his head, and expressed his disapprobation by repeating the word *fennah* (bad).

Once more all was quiet, save the keen searching eyes of the intruders, and each of us began to think within himself what may be coming next. Our close proximity to the rascals rendered it essential that instant action should be taken on our part to repel any assault, so every man's right hand was upon his pistol's grasp, a circumstance the Zebeks evidently noticed, paying marked attention to Lyons' double-barrel. In a short time two more villains, of the same stamp, came to the door of the khan, when our unpleasant neighbours arose and joined them in a low grumbling conversation. Christopholo took advantage of their absence to inform us, by all manner of mysterious signs, that the Zebeks were up to no good. To this conclusion we had already come, and awaited with anxious suspense the breaking up of the conference outside, in which, judging by the men's gestures and looks, we were the most interested party. What decision the meeting came to was, of course, not known to us, but at the close its members stole quietly away with unconcealed marks of disappointment on their savage faces.

With a feeling of relief our thoughts turned to the konak and dinner. Sending on some of the khan servants to the house with *nargilais* (*Anglicè*, hubble-bubbles) for evening use, we followed at a few paces in their rear. The servants had not proceeded far before two of the late unwelcome visitors at the khan stepped out from concealment and stopped them. Naturally concluding that the others were close at hand, it was deemed advisable to be on the preparative; so drawing our pistols out and cocking them, we marched on, the Zebeks giving way as we approached. The night was now shrouded in complete darkness, rendering an attack more than probable; however, it was not to be. Whether the robbers considered the risk too great for the object to be gained, or had discovered us not to be the glittering prize their imaginations had created, we passed unmolested.

The konak was a house belonging to a Greek family, who hastened to make us as comfortable as their one little room would permit. An ample repast obliterated our recent troubles, and the only drawback to our evening's enjoyment was in viewing the arrangements for the nightly lodging of the whole family in the small apartment we were then occupying. Real weariness can put up with much that otherwise would be distasteful, so I was fain to be content with no closer approximation to the garlic-loving Greeks than an occasional touch of the old grandmother's foot as she lay with her head pointed in exactly an opposite direction to mine. The husband and wife, with a number of children, placed themselves in the same position as regarded my companions.

With the morning came our old green-turbaned messenger for payment. He looked horribly debauched, and it was soon discovered that he had been made purposely drunk by the rascally Zebeks, so that he should not be a witness to their intended proceedings.

The village of Vimphi, or Vimfi—but sometimes called by the Smyrniots, Nymphé—presented a most enchanting appearance as we viewed it on the road to Smir. The fruit trees, in which it was embedded, were now in full blossom, and clustered so closely together as to form an unbroken sheet of white for a considerable distance. A fresh land-wind wafted their sweet scent towards us, thus adding to the charms of a bright sunny morning in the lovely country we were riding through. The high range of hills extending from Mount Tmolus towered over this fairy spot, while lower down their slopes, and dominating the village, stood a ruined fortress, probably of Genoese origin. Its sombre walls appeared in bold relief above the blooming orchards which crested a steep incline leading down to a valley, with a sparkling stream flowing through it, and as—meandering on—the delighted eye following its shining course, new landscapes rose to view, until increasing distance threw its neutral tints over the constantly changing scene.

A range of mountains still lay between ourselves and the sea; the summit of these we gained just as the sun, which had been obscured, burst out in all its splendour, lighting up the fertile plain of Bournabat with its pretty little villages scattered amongst the vineyards and fig and olive groves. At the furthest extent of the plain the domes and minarets of Smyrna glittered like diamonds in the sunshine; but beyond this, and some ten miles distant, was an object that would have attracted the attention of few except those that do their business on the great waters. It was the white sails of a ship filling to a light sea-breeze as the vessel weighed from her anchorage in the gulf, and in a certain cut of a sail we recognized the *Aigle*.

Before our guide could be made to understand what was in the wind, he was hurried on at a great pace, expostulating at intervals, when he could gain sufficient breath, on what he considered to be another freak. The plain is cleared, and the narrow winding streets of Smir dashed through, and we are once more on the Marina.

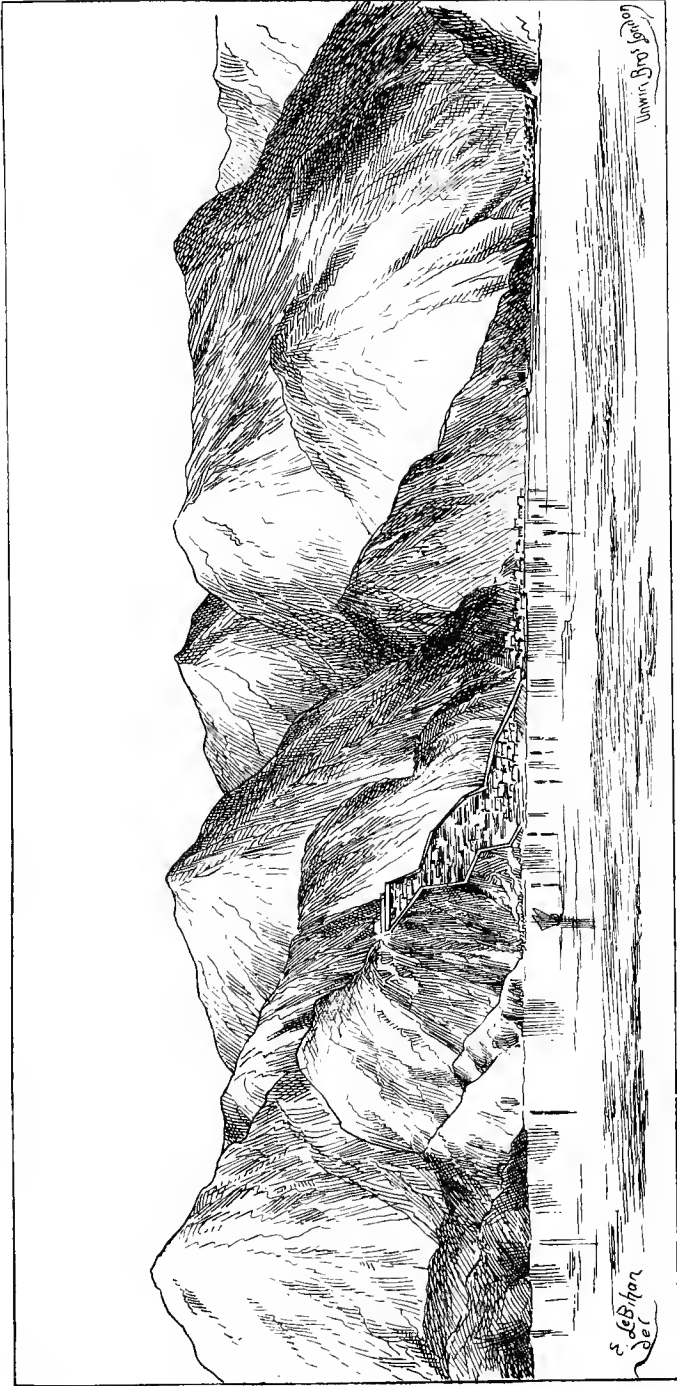
A caique, with four stout Greeks await us. The horses are paid for at the rate of a dollar per day, but the last act closes with the “pakai att” and his master. The latter, standing at the head of his favourite, stared with a look of bewilderment upon our proceedings. At length, venturing to inquire by a significant gesture as to our further movements, he was answered by a little pile of gold pieces being placed in his hand; and thus he knew that the time for our parting had arrived, and in the fulness of his heart shed tears of sadness. He then repeatedly kissed our hands, and implored blessings on our heads. We were glad to hurry off to the boat; her light frame cleft through the *inbat** wave; the shore receded from view, but while a living object could be seen there stood Christopholo, with one arm over the neck of his “pakai att,” apparently lost in profound meditation.

* The name by which the sea-breeze is known in the Gulf of Smyrna.

Our sudden embarkation had no doubt puzzled him, and where we were going he had not the least idea, for the *Aigle* was far out to sea by the time we had reached the shore, and with Smyrna his geographical knowledge ended.

With regard to ourselves we felt that, had not magnificent scenery, splendid ruins, and travelling excitement amply requited our trouble and expense, we should at any rate have enjoyed the ride with such an honest, light-hearted, and faithful guide as Christopholo.





TOWN OF LEPANTO, FROM BOUMELIA CASTLE.

CHAPTER VI.

WANDERINGS IN THE LEVANT; OR, PLEASANT CRUISES IN H.M.S. "L'AIGLE"
AND HER BOATS. 1845.

TO those who have time and means to spare, I would say, "Go and see the Levant." However much they may have travelled elsewhere, there they will feel new sensations and imbibe knowledge that was previously foreign to them. But it is not the steam-boat passenger, simply passing along the beaten track from one port to another, that views the most interesting portion of the Levant. Its greatest wonders are to be seen by delving into out-of-the-way nooks and corners, which are only accessible to those who are prepared to rough it in a more or less degree.

Now the *Aigle* had a roving commission, and made the best possible use of it. Where depth of water was insufficient to float her comfortable self, the boats did the requisite. By the latter, every creek in the Epirian coast was visited, from the shooting-grounds of Butrinto to the mountain hold of the dark Suliote. On Arta's placid waters have they sailed, embracing the ruined Argos and Nicopolis in their tour. They have manœuvred on the waters that once felt the rush of a thousand hostile galleys, when Actium's bloody battle proclaimed to the world that Cupid was the conqueror of Mars. Their keels have stranded on every Ionian beach, from that over which frowns Leucadia's cliff—the scene of Sappho's leap—to the classic shores of Ulysses Island and the sea-washed slope where yet may be traced the ruins of Cephalonian Samos, yielding rich prizes to those who, like the "Aigles," care to dig down to the ancient sarcophagi, and untomb the rare lachryma jars and ornaments they contain.

The ship now spreads her sails. We leave the Fior del Levante (Zante), and are borne rapidly across to the Morea. At Missolonghi we rest, to snatch a relic from the little that remains of the abode from whence our great poet's spirit fled, and hear high deeds extolled over the grave of the heroic Marco Botaris. At Patras bright eyes greeted us, and our sportsmen enjoyed some of the best woodcock-shooting the world affords. We are now in Corinth's gulf. There, on the left, rises the walled Lepanto, famed for its bloody fight; on the right the flourishing

Vostizza, outvying Zante in the production of the currant. Here the saddle is in requisition; over mountain tops, through deep defiles and gloomy gorges toiling, until we arrive at that most wonderful of monasteries, Megaspelion.

But away, away, our ship and we, to where old Parnassus reigns supreme over his mountain tribe. The waters of the Castalian spring inspire us with fresh vigour to reach the Corycian Cave. We revel in the once mystic hall of the muses, and laugh in the very face of the Oracle. On again, to where lofty Corinth still stands,—

A fortress formed to freedom's hands,
The key-stone of a land which still,
Though fallen, looks proudly on that hill.

We have roamed over its extensive acropolis, philosophised over its ruined temples, and shot the Perdrix on the Olympic playground. And there, behold! in the far distance, the progenitor of learning, immortal Athens, with the renowned Egina and Salamis in near proximity. How provoking that merely four miles of land should be an obstacle to such a gallant craft as the *Aigle*! Nevertheless, she must make the detour of the Morea before casting anchor in the Piræus.

Navarino has its interest, both ancient and modern. On Sphacteria we have trod the same ground as the Spartan four hundred, and picnicked amongst the loose stones that once formed the Pylos defences. We have pulled over the glassy waters of the bay, and seen through their clearness the victims of British vengeance against Turkish oppression. In Corons Bay we witness the scene of Byron's *Corsair*, and glory in the victory of the Cross. Cythera's British garrison have hung out their token of recognition, and the hermit of St. Angelo has waved us his blessing. The night wind out of Napoli's gulf hastens us on our way, and the dawn opens on a scene unequalled in historical interest. There on our right is

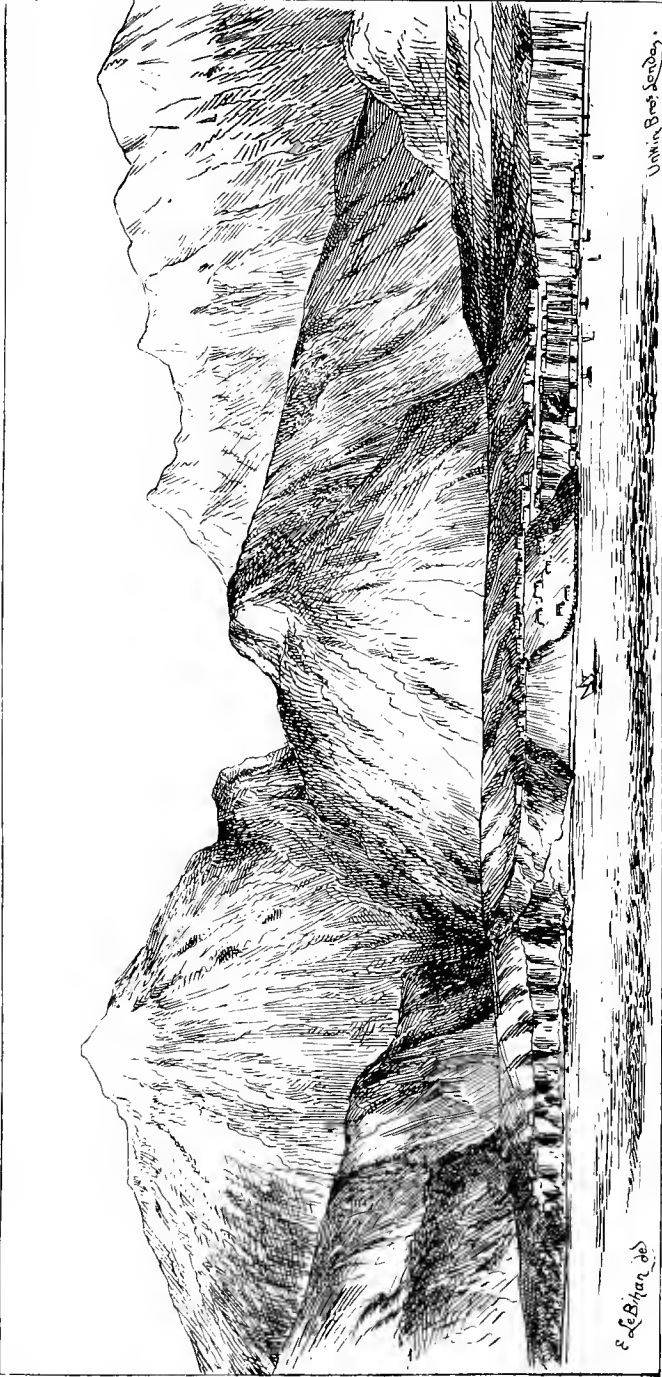
Sunium's marbled steep,

the first streaks of day throwing a pale light on the massive columns of the great goddess's temple; and now the orb himself appears,

With rosy fingers on the gates of day,

crimsoning the lofty peaks of the Hymettean range; and suddenly a flood of sunshine is thrown on surrounding objects. In the distance may be seen ancient Athenæ looking down upon modern Athens. Rival Ægina rises boldly from her classic waters, and boastingly displays the temple of her god. Hydra's Isle lies on our left, and the wooded coast of Epidaurus stretches far away in the direction of Corinth. The rock of Salamis; the towns Eleusis and Megara are fronting, and behind we leave the Archipelago, the noted birth-place of great men.

How many happy days have we spent among thy unrivalled ruins, revered Athenæ! We have stolen quietly to the Parthenon by moonlight, and in imagination recalled its ancient splendour. A pleasant thrill has come over us as we stood on the hill of Mars and read the address of our blessed Apostle. We have leaned our pigmy selves against the huge columns of Jupiter Olympus, and wondered at the



TOWN OF VOSTIZZA.

work of men's hands. We have sketched the monument of Philopapas, quoted Pliny in Socrates' prison, and delivered an oration from the Pnyx.

The *Aigle* is now moored in that snugget of all snug little harbours, the Piræus, and our mosquito fleet is again under weigh. We sail between those shores that once resounded with the crash of galley prows and the victorious shouts of the gallant defenders of Attica. We land at Eleusis and Megara, peep into the ports of Epidaurus and Poros, and spend an evening in Colonna's temple. We climb Port Raphti's monument, and shoot snipe over the graves of the slaughtered on the plains of Marathon.

The evening shadows of Eubœa's gloomy mountains have enwrapped us, and the melancholy wail of the jackal is borne on the same breeze that wafts the delicious scent of the orange-blossoms from its shore.

Morning dawns on the bridge of Chalcis, and we prepare for a struggle with the swift-rolling tide. Perseverance has conquered, and our barks speed gaily on to Thermopylæ—

Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave ;
Shrine of the mighty ! Can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave !
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?

We have examined the famous pass, and wondered how five thousand men could have occupied so small a space. We have walked in the narrow path that led to their rear, and stood upon the little knoll that must have been fairly washed with the blood of the devoted three hundred. Let us back to the groves of Carystus, and watch the fair maidens of Eubœa trip lightly to the sound of their native harp.

The waves of the Archipelago have received us kindly as we trust our frail boats to their fickle keeping. Gods Neptune and Æolus are propitious, and land us safely on the Isle of Anti Paros. Here we behold dame Nature's wonder, and look back with disdain on the palaces of kings. We move through the grotto's glittering chambers, indulging memory in fairy romance.

Our ship now bounds over the Ægean Sea, and yonder lies the coast of Thessaly. We enter the Pelasgicus Sinus, and visit the ancient Demetrius in the present Turk-town of Volo. Tempe's Vale and the rich town of Dium are in our track. We view the fields where Roman and Macedonian strove for mastery, and rest in the same ports as the invading galleys. Our course is directed to Thessalonica (Salonica). We read the Apostle's charge amidst the ruins of the church, and view with sorrow the surrounding barbarism. We explore the ancient Axius, and shoot the *Aris phasiana* on its banks. We have sailed close to Mount Athos, skirted Lemnos, dabbled in the marshes of doubtful Troy, and taken a warm bath in the hot springs of Alexander Troas. We have entered all the intricate harbours of Lesbos, and looked with an eye of pity on the once flourishing Scio, and, as we strolled through its deserted villages and admired the frescoed walls of its ruined villas, fancy sent the shriek of the Grecian mother ringing in our ears, imagination marched with the

infuriated Turk and saw his bloody sword sheathed in the breasts of a hundred innocents.

But now our thoughts run back to other days. The beautiful Chios inspired Homer. Here, at his usual residence—and probably his birth-place—he concocted that immortal verse which, whilst firing warriors' veins, placed the blessings of peace in glowing light. His sentiments on this head have been echoed by our own great genius:—

In peace there is nothing that becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility ;
But when the blast of war blows in his ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

At Samos we have quaffed the Samian wine, and visited the spot where once stood Juno's temple ; a scene bringing to our recollection tales of the time when proud, deceitful Amasis bestowed his valued likeness and treacherous friendship upon Polycrates' Isle. At Patmos the cave of the inspired writer has been opened to our view. In that rude chamber the Holy of Holies revealed the mysteries of the future to the banished Apostle. Through that rent rock, clave by the trumpet-voice of Heaven, came the awful, and the too truthful predictions of the fate reserved for the sinning churches. Here, in Nature's habitation, the great Godhead made a revelation of many meanings to mortals, but in all showing the glory of the Highest.

At Kos we have seen the remains of Hippocrates' aqueducts. In inventing them he found a road to a prison. We have descended to his dark and ranksome dungeon, and soliloquised over the ingratitude of the ancients.

The Colossus is no more, but Rhodes has other interest. We are in the street of the Knights of St. John—a feeling of melancholy steals upon us. Silent as the dust of their once chivalrous owners stand the still solid houses. We gaze upon their embellished fronts, and then at the long, coarse grass that covers the well-paved roadway, and from that to the broad cut cross that indelibly stamped the Crusaders' dwelling. The flaunting crescent-flag now waving over the Arabs' tower explains the desolation.

Adalia, as also the beautiful harbour of Mamorice, and the sites of Cnidus and Halicarnassus have we visited. But, reader, stand awhile with us in the theatre of Ephesus.

The day is calm and sultry ; there is not a breath to stir the tall reeds shooting up from the foul marsh that lies at your feet. Here and there amongst the yellow stems a dark and unconnected mass of masonry may be seen. In them you behold the ruined walls of Diana's temple : the wonder of the world ; the adored of nations ; the worshipped of tens of thousands, who never ceased to proclaim that "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

But if paganism is in the mire, alas ! where is Christianity ? Turn your head a little to the right and you will see a misshapen edifice that has undergone the renovations of three successive eras. Blocks of stone, Roman tile, Turkish brick and wood, crowned with a Mahomedan dome—now in decay—is all that remains of the splendour of the Christian temples, once worshipped by a pagan god and public avowal made that "Great was the Lord Jesus."

Look well around, for it is a scene to make angels weep. As far as the eye can reach it rests upon wreck and ruin. The stadium, amphitheatres, arenas, broken pillars, capitals of columns, entire temples laid prostrate as if by one blow of the destroyer; the sculpture of their beautiful Corinthian capitals still retaining, unbroken, its virgin freshness. Taste, science, art, the works of high intellect, are strewn around; but where is man? He is nowhere visible; hold hard the breath, perhaps sound will convey his presence. The grunt of the wild boar is heard in the marsh, the call of the partridge in the stadium, and, as night approaches, the plaintive cry of the jackal from amongst the ruined temples; but the voice of man—as a dweller in Ephesus—is for ever hushed.

The prophecy is fulfilled—her candlestick is removed.

NOTES ON PLACES VISITED IN THE FOREGOING “WANDERINGS IN THE LEVANT.”

Butrinto.

The ancient Buthrotum, on the coast of Albania, lies opposite the north shore of the island of Corfu. The country around it is famous for the sport it affords during the winter months, and for its charming scenery during the summer season. For both the “Aigles” could vouch, having repeatedly made “bags” from sixty to a hundred couple of woodcock and snipe in one day’s shooting, besides occasionally slaughtering a deer or wild boar; and when green leaves have come again they have shared the beauties of its winding river and fine lake with the ladies of the English Corfu garrison.

The Suliot Country

may be said to embrace the mountainous coast of Albania from the town of Parga to the Gulf of Arta, and is as savage in its aspect as its fierce inhabitants are in feature. Lord Byron has eulogized their bravery in his unrivalled war-song:—

Tambourgi, Tambourgi, thy larnm afar
 Gives hope to the valiant and promise of war.
 All the sons of the mountain arise at the note,
 Chimuriot, Ollyrian, and dark Suliot.
 Oh! who is more brave than the dark Suliot,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
 And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

Argos.

Its remains chiefly consist of Hellenic walls, next to Cyclopean in the magnitude of the dressed stones with which they are built.

Nicopolis.

The ruins here consist of walls, but of very different structure to those of Argos, being Roman, and of brick material with immense solidity. Huge buttresses rear

themselves up at intervals amongst the general ruin. Traces of its once elegant theatre may yet be seen, but these are much hidden by long thistles and rank grass.

Actium's Battle.

“The contest for some time remained undecided. In the beginning of the action the Queen of Egypt's yacht had been near to the line, and she herself continued to look on the battle, till, overcome with anxiety, affright, and horror, she gave orders to remove the galley to a greater distance, and, being once in motion, fled with all the sail she could set.

“Her vessel being distinguished by a gilded poop and purple sails, made her flight be conspicuous to the whole fleet, and drew away from the line about sixty ships of the Egyptian squadron, who withdrew from the action.

“Antony, apprehending the consequence of this defection, whether in despair of his fortunes—or in some hopes to rally those who fled—put on board of a quick-sailing vessel and endeavoured to overtake them. Being observed from Cleopatra's galley he was taken on board, but, no longer capable of any vigorous or rational purpose, he became the companion of her flight without any attempt to rally her fleet.

“The flight of Antony was not for some time observed, and the fleet, notwithstanding the desertion of their leader, continued the action till four in the afternoon, when they were overpowered, and many of them, being greatly damaged in their oars and rigging, were not in condition either to resist or escape, and fell an easy prey to the enemy. Three hundred ships were taken or sunk, and about five thousand men were killed. The strand was covered with wrecks and dead bodies.”*

Leucadia,

the present island of Santa Maura, according to Homer, was formerly joined to the mainland, and was called the peninsula of Nericus or Leuca. It formed a portion of Ulysses' domains, and appears to have been as much famed then for the richness of its soil, as in the present day for the luxuriant produce of the olive.

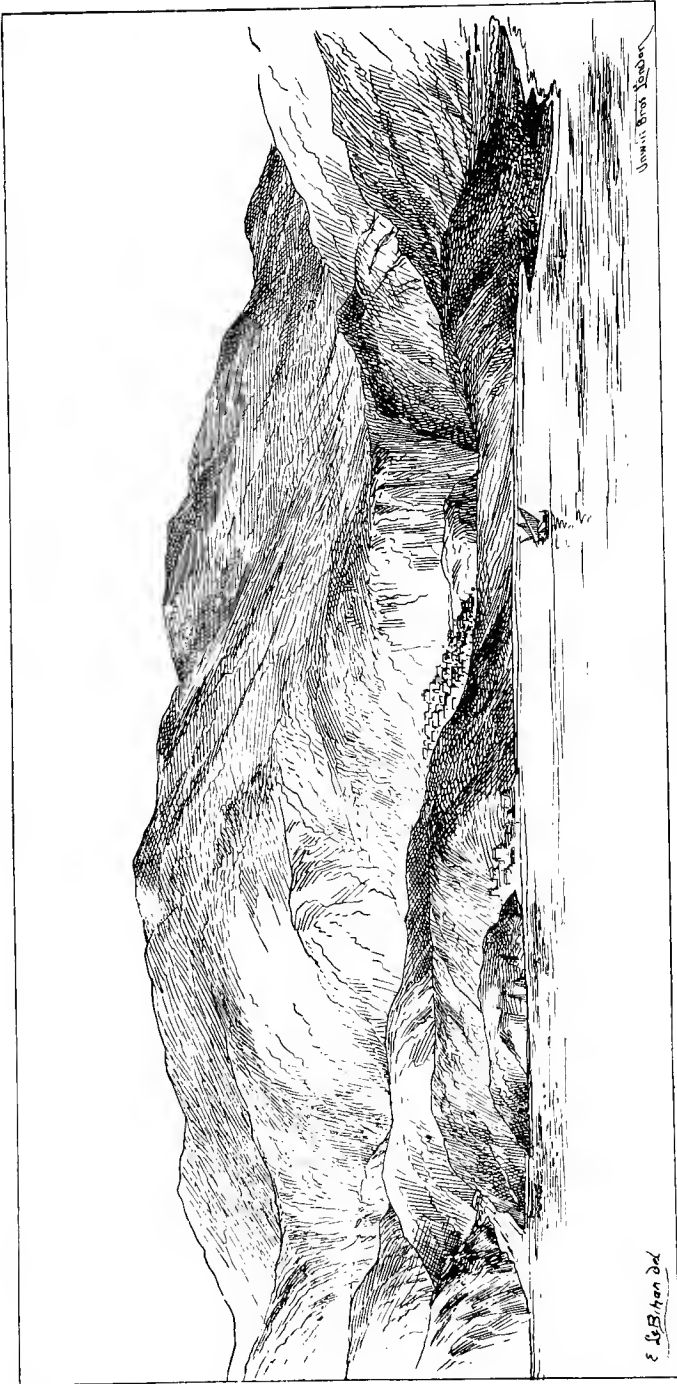
Ulysses' Isle.

The island of Ithaca, forming one of the Ionian group. Arethusa's fountain, from which the flocks and herds of old Eumæus drank, is still in existence. There is also a grotto named after the great Trojan hero.

Cephalonian Samos.

The ancient Samé in Cephallenia. The remains of this once great city are not many, but very extensive. The Acropolis wall is Cyclopean, and the whole face of the hill on which it is built appears to have been used as a place of interment, from the number of sarcophagi that are there buried. The curious relics found in them induced the “Aigles” to borrow about a hundred pickaxes and shovels from the

* From Ferguson's *History of the Roman Republic*



TOWN OF CRISSA.

Royal Engineers, stationed at Corfu, with which the ship's company made a vigorous three days' assault upon the hill-side, resulting in a goodly collection of lachrymæ jars, coins, and even skulls of the ancients. The jars were supposed to contain the tears of friends and relatives, and the money may have been to pay old Charon for ferrying the departed across the Styx. As to the skulls, the ancients appear to have had much the same sort of craniums as ourselves.

Fior del Levanté.

Zanté, in Italian verse, is called the "Flower of the Levant," rather erroneously, as I should consider nothing in the Levant to the westward of Cape Matapan. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the Ionian islands, and is noted for its picturesquely located convents, and the good wine they contain, made from the indigenous currant, which is, indeed, a small grape. Its pitch-wells, described by Herodotus, are a curious phenomenon still to be witnessed.

Missolonghi.

We were shown the foundations of a house which our Consular Agent assured us were the *bonâ fide* remains of Byron's abode. The tomb of Marco Botaris was visited in company with some of his relatives, who related many of his deeds of valour during the Greek War of Independence.

Patras the Ancient Patræ.

Naval officers, and others, who have stayed any time at this place in bygone years, must retain a pleasing recollection of the hospitality shown them by the British Consul-General—Mr. Crow—and his amiable and pretty daughters. On account of the family name and the situation of the Consulate, being surrounded by trees, it was known as the "Rookery" to the facetious "Aigles."

For knowledge of the sport to be obtained in the Morea, the English military officers then quartered at Zanté were the best people to refer to. Eighty couple of woodcock and thirty or forty hares was no uncommon day's "bag" to a few guns.

Patras was a dukedom under the Greek Emperors. In 1408 (A.D.) it was bought by the Venetians, from whom it was afterwards wrested by the Turks in 1446. It was retaken by the Republic in 1553, and subsequently recovered by the Turks, who held it until the Revolution. It was pillaged by the Albanians in 1770, and was the stronghold of the Ottoman during the whole struggle from 1821 to 1828.

Lepanto.

Famed for its battle between the Spaniards and Venetians, in which the author of *Don Quixote* (Cervantes) lost an arm. The town lies on the slope of a mountain, and is completely surrounded by a Venetian wall.

Vostizza

has less the appearance of a Greek town than most of those the traveller visits. The clean look of its commodious houses, ornamented with Italian vases, and the comfort

observable in their green verandahs and Venetian blinds, makes them differ from the usual stamp of habitation occupied by the modern Greek. But Vostizza is a rising town, and the country around it produces a superior currant to that of Zanté. The houses are built on the top of a cliff, which is tunnelled, so as to give access from the beach to the town. The famed plane-tree grows at the foot of the cliff, and reaches to its summit. An extensive plain lies at the back of the town, and then rises a chain of mountains displaying the peak of Pelion in their range.

The Megaspelion Monastery

is seven hours' ride from Vostizza. The road runs through scenery unequalled for its rugged wildness. The monastery is situated on the side of a deep mountain gorge, and nestles under a declivity which completely overhangs it. It is famed for the regular siege it sustained by troops under the noted Ibrahim Pasha. Finding the approach in front to be too much exposed to the deadly fire of the monks from their barricaded windows, the Turks endeavoured to drive them out by rolling huge blocks of rocks down from above, but without success, as the shelving of the cliff completely protected the roof of the building. The nature of the ground in the vicinity would not admit of artillery being used against the place; consequently—much to the chagrin of the Pasha—the siege was raised, and the troops employed in other quarters, leaving the monks an undisputed claim to victory wherewith to grace the annals of their secluded home.

The Oracle of Delphi

“is supposed to have obtained celebrity soon after the Trojan war, and succeeded in outvying all other oracles in the correctness of its auguries. Here was a cavern from whence came exhalations producing convulsions and temporary frenzy, which were supposed to be symptoms of divine inspiration.

“The mode of conducting the Oracle was this:—The person who received the supposed inspiration was a priestess exclusively devoted to that office, and called Pythia, from Pytho, the ancient name of the place. She being placed near the cavern, the words that fell from her in her delirium were arranged and connected by the attending priests, and an answer framed by them—till a late period—always in verse.”

Corinth.

The Acropolis is in a well-preserved condition, notwithstanding the many shocks it has sustained both in ancient and modern times, and must always be a post of first importance in any foreign or revolutionary struggle, commanding, as it does, the narrow neck of land which joins the Morea to Northern Greece.

Athens, although forty miles distant, may, in a clear atmosphere, be distinctly seen from its summit; and the gulf of the same name, with its bays and islands, fills up the intervening space. The isthmus—only four miles across—is flat and wooded, affording a good cover to the red-legged partridges, of which, and hares, there are plenty.

Pylos.

“Demosthenes, an Athenian commander, having embarked in a fleet of forty ships for the relief of Coreyra (modern Corfu), landed at Pylos on his way, and, being detained by stress of weather, employed soldiers in constructing a fort, but, having no tools, they picked up stones and laid them together, using clay for mortar. Much of the fort was strong by nature, and in six days they rudely walled the rest.

“The fleet now proceeded, leaving five vessels with Demosthenes as a garrison. The Lacedæmonians were not long in attacking him, but, from the commanding situation of the fort, were repulsed. In the meantime Demosthenes sent to recall his fleet, which came in sight on the third day of the siege. The harbour was shut in by the wooded island of Sphacteria, leaving a narrow entrance on either side. In these they posted ships and troops on the island, but afterwards resolved to engage in the harbour. While removing the ships, the Athenians attacked at both entrances, and took five ships. The Lacedæmonians dashed into the water, and, after hard fighting, the Athenians drew off with their booty; but, being now masters of the sea, kept a strict blockade of the island where four hundred Lacedæmonians were stationed.

“Alarm rose high in Lacedæmonia, for an extraordinary value was then attached to every citizen of pure Spartan blood, and among the destined prisoners were men from most of the chief families. They immediately sent to treat for peace, but, the Athenian terms being too high, negotiations were broken off, and hostilities renewed. The blockade was expensive, and lasted long, which caused much grumbling in Athens, and put the credit of Cleon, its promoter, at stake. He himself took command, promising to bring the proud Spartans prisoners in twenty days.

“In the meantime Demosthenes had planned an attack, which Cleon was too wise to interfere with, but, landing with him, succeeded in driving the Lacedæmonians, with heavy loss, to a small fort at the extremity of the island, where, being surrounded by a host of enemies, they were exposed to certain destruction. Demosthenes and Cleon now stopped the attack, and summoned them to surrender. They asked leave to communicate with their countrymen on the mainland. Several messages passed; by the last they were permitted to consult for themselves, only doing nothing disgraceful. On this warrant they surrendered, and were brought to Athens within twenty days, as Cleon had promised. This surprised the Greeks, who had thought that nothing could bring the Spartans to surrender.”*

Navarino.

The “untoward event,” by which term it is the fashion to designate the combined onslaught of the allied fleet on that of the Turco-Egyptian in these waters—during the year 1827—has left the most undeniable proof of the superiority of a cool disciplined force over that of the fury of semi-barbarians. When the bay is smooth

* *History of Greece.*

the sunken ships of the Turks may be clearly seen lying over on their sides. Whitened skulls and human bones gleam through their rotting timbers and opening planks. Minuter objects are hid by a coating of slimy grass, a disgusting panoply to shut out further horrors. The beach is likewise strewn with remnants of the unhappy Mussulmans.

Coron's Bay,

where a portion of the scene in Byron's *Corsair* is laid. Ruined mosques and minarets still remain to mark the Moslem's downfall.

Cythera.

The present Cerigo, one of the Ionian islands. St. Angelo is the S.E. promontory of the Morea, and has been for years the residence of a hermit, who lives entirely on the bounty of small coasters, with an occasional supply from larger vessels; in return for which he bestows his blessing, a gift supposed to ensure a favourable passage through the strait which separates the island from the cape.

“*Suniam's Marbled Steep.*”

The temple of Minerva on Cape Colonna.

Athens.

The modern town is built around and at the base of the Acropolis hill.

Ægina.

Before the Persian invasion had forced Greeks to unite in one common cause, their country was split into numerous little States independent of each other and Athens. The Æginetans appear to have had the superiority over the latter place, for we find, in the year B.C. 490, the Athenians borrowing twenty ships from Corinth to enable them to cope with the Æginetans. The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius is situated on a most conspicuous elevation near the summit of the island.

The Battle of Salamis

was fought in the strait separating the island of Salamis from the mainland. Tradition still points out the spot on the latter from whence the Persian king, Xerxes, viewed the destruction of his fleet.

Plains of Marathon.

“The Persians appear to have made but a poor choice of ground whereon to give battle to the Greeks. Considering the narrowness of the plain, not more than twenty out of their one hundred thousand men could possibly have been engaged at the same time, thus placing themselves at once on an equality with the Athenians on that point. Moreover, the latter's practice of advancing in phalanx—a formation something resembling our squares of modern tactics—was a decided advantage here, as they could bring the whole of their twenty-eight thousand troops in compact

bodies to the front. This was Miltiades' plan, but finding the plain a little wide for this purpose, he was forced to weaken his line in some point, and, contrary to present tactics, drew strength from the centre. He then advanced to the charge, running, but the dense mass of the Persians, cooped up as they must have been at the other end of the plain, forced the weak centre of the Athenians and pursued it up country. But the rush caused by this outlet appears to have thrown them in confusion, for the remainder were easily routed by the Athenians of the wings, who, being immediately recalled from pursuit, and led against the conquering Persians, defeated them, and pursued them to their ships, of which seven were taken. The invaders lost six thousand four hundred men, and the Athenians only one hundred and ninety-two." *

There are mounds on different parts of the plain, indicative of the customary mode of burial in those ancient days. During the winter, the ground, where the battle was fought, is a perfect swamp, and affords capital snipe and duck shooting.

Thermopylæ.

We—the "Aigles"—reading between the lines of our poet, considered he must have been as much astonished at the insignificance of the principal features in this memorable scene of early self-devotion—for one's country's cause—as ourselves. Doubtless we perverted his meaning: nevertheless, as we stood in the so-called "pass," the fourth and fifth lines quoted in the text rushed forcibly to our minds. Whether time, the great destroyer, has worn the mountain sides, and, in doing so, choked up the valleys, or that some terrestrial convulsions have obliterated ancient landmarks, certain it is that not more than fifty men, much less five thousand, could be collected in the little hollow in the hill shown as the "pass" where the latter number of Greek heroes drew up in battle array.

Carystus,

the present Karisto, in the Negropont, is famed for its orange groves, and the beauty of its fair villagers. They use much the same description of rude music in their rustic revels as did the ancients.

Anti Paros.

One cannot roam through the crystal chambers of the famed grotto without thought of the wonderful tales contained in the *Arabian Nights*, and raising a comparison with what we are viewing to some of the scenes there described. The sparkling brilliancy of the numerous stalactites and mites, as the former descend from above to meet the latter, as it were, rising out of a bed of alabaster; and the entire effect, when a judicious lighting of the cavern takes place, dazzles the senses into almost a belief in Fairyland.

We had lately visited the new palace erecting for Otho at Athens; but, with all its magnificence in sculpture and painting, one irresistibly gave the palm of preference to Nature's ruder ornaments.

* *History of Greece*

Scio.

The cruel massacre by the Turks of nearly the entire population of this island, in 1824, has reduced its formerly opulent towns to a heap of ruins.

Chios.

“Aristotle has accused Homer of a disposition to represent men as better than they were.

“Bless the old man for it! How could he have done otherwise, for his mind was filled with the milk of human kindness.”

Samos.

“The kindness shown by Amasis, ruler of Egypt, to Samos (B.C. 578) was owing to the friendship subsisting between him and Polycrates, the son of Eaces, who had forcibly possessed himself of that island. But the wonderful prosperity and uninterrupted successes of Polycrates excited the attention and anxiety of Amasis; and, as they were observed by him to continually increase, he was induced to write him the following crafty letter:—

“AMASIS TO POLYCRATES (B.C. 580).

“To learn that a friend and ally is blessed with prosperity cannot fail to give me the greatest satisfaction, but, knowing the invidiousness of fortune, your success excites my apprehension. For my own part, if I might be allowed to choose for myself or those I regard, I should prefer prosperity on some occasions, on others disappointment, and thus pass through life with an alternation of good and evil, rather than be fortunate in every undertaking; for I never remember to have heard of a man blessed with increasing felicity who did not end his career overwhelmed with calamities.

“Take, therefore, my advice, and apply this counterpoise to your prosperity. Endeavour to discover some favourite object whose loss would occasion you the deepest regret; and as soon as this has been ascertained remove it from you in such a manner that it can never be recovered.

“If, then, your good fortune still continues unchequered by adversity, I strongly recommend you to repeat the remedy I propose.’

“Polycrates, having seriously deliberated upon this singular piece of advice, determined to follow it, and accordingly fixed upon a signet-ring which he was in the habit of wearing, as being, of all his treasures, that which he valued most. This ring has been the subject of some controversy. Herodotus calls it an emerald set in gold. Pliny says it was a sardonyx, adding that in his time they showed a ring at Rome, in the Temple of Concord, given by Augustus, said to be that of the Samian King. The matter is scarcely interesting, beyond the evidence it gives of the art of engraving on precious stones at this time. Resolving to sacrifice the ring, he embarked on board a fifty-oared vessel, and, being taken a considerable distance from the land, he threw the jewel into the sea, in the presence of his attendants, and then

returned to Samos. The sacrifice, though voluntary, afflicted him much; but five or six days afterwards, a fisherman, having caught a fish of great size and beauty, brought it to the palace as a present to the King, deeming it too fine to be exposed for sale in the market. Polycrates, gratified with the attention, ordered the man his supper in the palace. Shortly after, the servants, on opening the fish, discovered the ring, which the King received joyfully, and, concluding such a circumstance could only be the effect of divine interposition, carefully noted down every particular and sent it to Egypt. Amasis, on perusing his friend's letter, felt convinced that it was out of the power of one mortal to deliver another from the fate which awaited him; and, fearing that Polycrates could not terminate his days in tranquillity, he sent a herald to Samos, disclaiming all future connection with him, lest in any calamity which might befall Polycrates, he might be obliged, as a friend and ally, to bear a part."

Patmos.

The population of this island is entirely Greek, and, although paying a tribute to the Sultan of Turkey, govern themselves. A church and convent are erected over the sacred cavern. The rent in the interior is pointed out by the holy fathers, with the appropriate awe the mysterious events connected with the spot should induce. They have, according to their usual custom, daubed the walls of the cave with a vile representation of the holy Apostle's vision. The traveller cannot but feel angry with such bad taste, divesting, as it does, as far as appearances go, the place of a portion of its interest. But dead, indeed, must be the mind to religious influences that does not throw aside the trammels of Greek superstition, and here read the Book of Revelations in the true spirit of our faith, and inwardly offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to the Shedder of that ray of light which so faintly illumines our future.

Kos.

Kos or Cos, now Zia, situated near the coast of Asia Minor, about fifteen miles from Halicarnassus. Its town is called Cos. It gave birth to Hippocrates, and was famous for its fertility.

Rhodes.

In ancient times it was a celebrated Greek city, and boasted of the famous brazen Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world. After the destruction of its republic, it belonged successively to the Romans, the Greek Emperors, the Genoese, and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which last held it from A.D. 1308 to 1522, when, after an heroic resistance, it capitulated to the Turks under Solymán the Magnificent.

Adalia.

A town on the Karamanian coast, and supposed to have been the ancient Olbia. It lies at the head of a gulf of the same name, and was the hottest place the "Aigles" visited, the thermometer showing 107° and 108° in the shade at 8 A.M., with the wind continually blowing off the land.

Mamorice.

In the province of Anatolia, Asia Minor, twenty-seven miles from Rhodes, and is famous for its spacious and excellent harbour.

Cnidus

“ is mentioned as one of the Greek cities which contained Jewish residents in the second century before the Christian era, and has a harbour, which was passed by St. Paul after his leaving Myra, and before his vessel ran under the lee of Crete. It was a city of great consequence, situated at the extreme end of the peninsula of Asia Minor. All the remains of Cnidus show that it must have been a city of great magnificence. Few ancient cities have received such ample illustration from travels and engraving.”

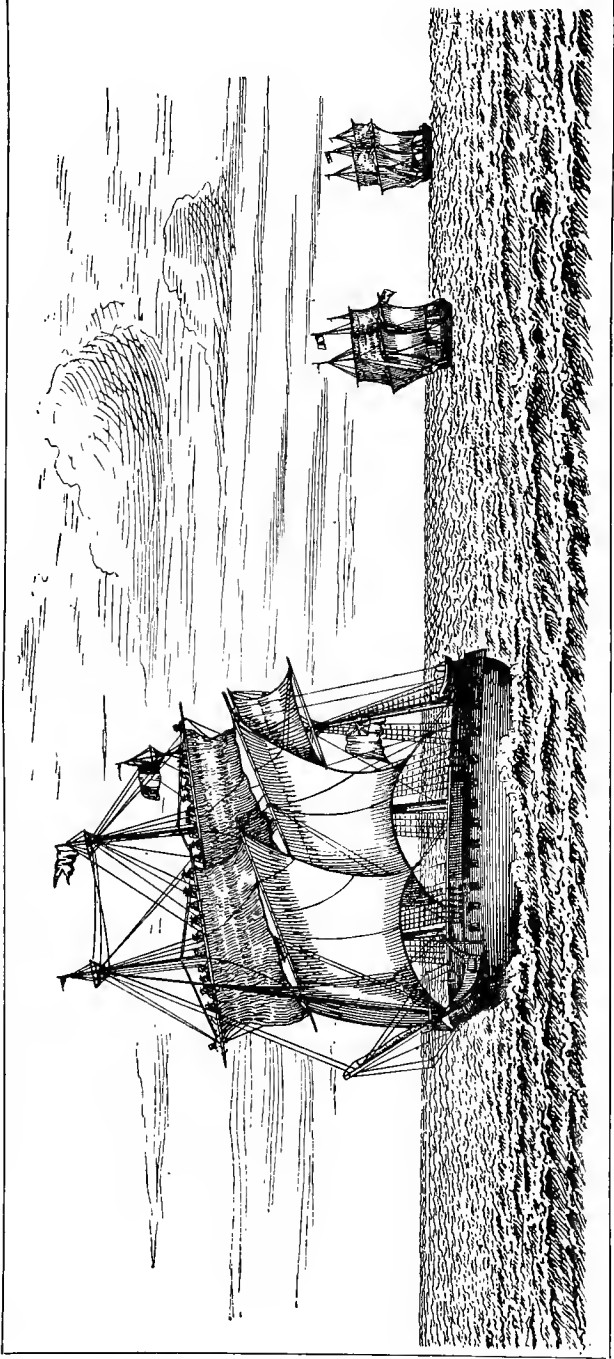
Halicarnassus,

“ in Caria, was an ancient city of great renown, as being the birth-place of Herodotus, and of the later historian, Dionysius. This city was celebrated for its harbour and strength of its fortifications, but it never recovered the damage it suffered from Alexander the Great’s siege. It was also famous for the mausoleum erected by Artemisia, some of the sculpture of which is in the British Museum.”

Ephesus

“ was anciently the capital and one of the twelve cities of Ionia, and had one of the seven Christian churches founded by the Apostles. Subsequently a Mahomedan city was erected out of the ruins of the former, but it has also fallen into utter ruin.”





HER MAJESTY'S 50-GUN FRIGATE "RALEIGH," COMMODORE SIR T. HERBERT, OUTWARD BOUND FOR THE RIO DE LA PLATA, IN SEPTEMBER 1846, ACCOMPANIED BY THE 50-GUN FRIGATE "CONSTANCE" AND 26-GUN FRIGATE "SPARTAN."

CHAPTER VII.

MONTE VIDEO DURING ITS DEFENCE IN 1846.

MONTE VIDEO, the capital of the Banda Oriental, was at the above period—and for some time previous to it—besieged by the forces of the Argentine Republican Confederation. These troops were commanded by a General Oribe, who had drawn recruits from the federated provinces and invaded the Uruguay with a motley array composed of Argentinos, Corrientinos, natives of Entre Rios, Canariots, or emigrants from the Canary Islands, and some inhabitants of the Uruguay, who, with a sprinkling of Orientalis and negroes, had espoused his cause.

Monte Video was defended by a still more heterogeneous army. It included Orientalis, an Italian legion under Garibaldi, and regiments of French and Spanish *basques*, and had black troops in its ranks. Seamen and marines of the English and French squadrons stationed in the River Plate were also posted in the town and on its inner lines, for the protection of foreign interests, and to prevent the city being occupied by the besiegers.

As in the Carlist troubles of old Spain—when opposing factions assumed distinctive colours—so now, the Argentines were known as Blancos (whites) and the Orientalis as Colorados (reds).

This war, which had raged for years, had been promoted by the Argentine dictator, Rosas, who was jealous of the commercial prosperity of Monte Video as compared with that of his own capital, Buenos Ayres, and, moreover, sought for himself supreme power in the Rio de la Plata.

England and France had set their faces against the grasping policy of the dictator, and had aided materially, through the action of their squadrons, the Orientali cause.

The blockade of the port of Monte Video—maintained by Argentine war-ships under Admiral Brown—had been raised by the capture of that brave old seaman and all his vessels, whilst the battle of Obligado, fought by our gallant Hope (afterwards Admiral Sir James Hope, K.C.B.) and his little fleet, opened the upper waters of the River Plate once more to trade.

After these events, a nominal blockade had been imposed upon Buenos Ayres,

which prevented European and American merchant ships from landing or shipping cargoes there ; but, at the same time, the produce of the country was permitted to find its way in river schooners to Monte Video, where it was landed and then re-shipped in ocean vessels. Thus a great addition was made to the Customs revenue and harbour dues of the latter port, which became so enriched through these transactions that every encouragement was given by certain merchants—who subsidized the Colorados and in return farmed their Customs—to induce them to prosecute the war, and not notice any terms coming from the invaders.

The English Government, under the guidance of Lord Aberdeen, thinking it time to put a stop to this state of things, had agreed with France to send out special plenipotentiaries to inquire into affairs in the Rio de la Plata, and to supersede for the time being the regularly appointed Ministers of the two Powers at Monte Video. It was also deemed expedient that the naval commands in the river should pass into other hands ; so, just prior to the advent of Lord Howden and Baron Gros upon the scene, in October, 1846, Her Majesty's frigate *Raleigh*, of 50 guns, and bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Sir Thomas Herbert, K.C.B., anchored off the besieged town, and relieved the *Vernon*, 50 guns, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Samuel Hood Inglefield, C.B., who sailed for the East Indian station.

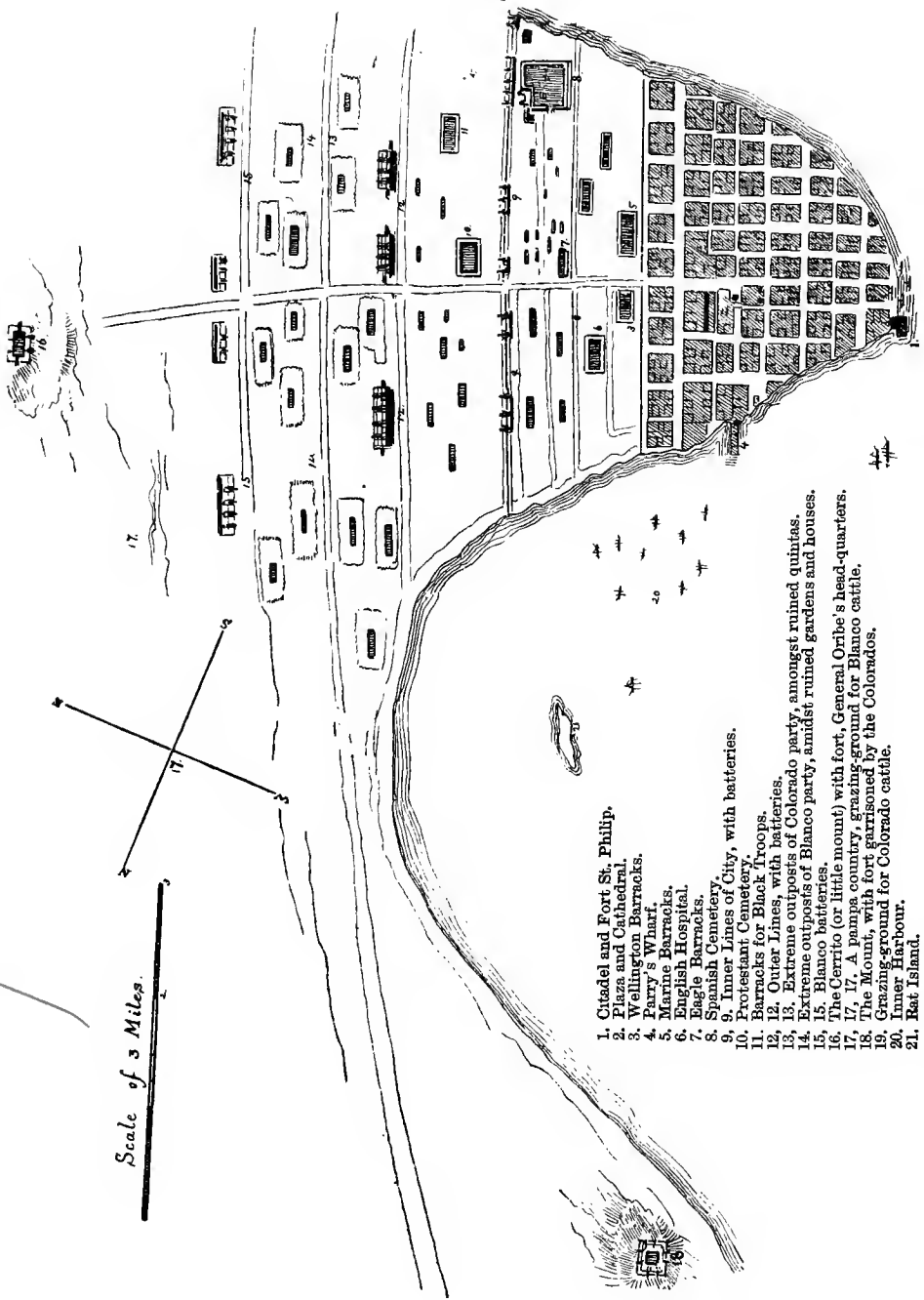
A large body of seamen and marines from the flagship and frigates *Eagle* and *Melampus* had been placed ashore to hold the right of the inner lines of the city, whilst the French sailors did the needful on the left. These lines stretched from the waters of the harbour across the neck of the peninsula, at the extremity of which the town lay. About a mile in advance of them a series of earthworks had been thrown up, and a few old Spanish guns mounted there. These were continually exchanging shots with the enemy's artillery, who held positions across the base of the peninsula. The earthworks formed an outer line of defence, and were in charge of the legionaries in Colorado pay.

The Blanco army, under General Oribe, had their head-quarters at the Cerrito (Little mount), about five miles inland, and were advanced as necessary from thence towards the city lines.

The Monte Video (Mount I see) of the first discoverers of this region is, in reality, a mere hill, with a fort crowning its summit, and rises gradually from the opposite shore of the bay or harbour to that of the city. The peninsula on one hand, and the trend of the land running round in a curve to the north-west, form this bay, which may be some three miles across, and has a small island in its midst.

Both the island and the mount were in the hands of the Colorados, who made the vicinity of the latter the grazing-ground for their cattle ; but many of these were lost to them in the bold raids of the Blancos, whose gaucho cavalry would at times sweep like a whirlwind round the base of the hill, in spite of the heavy fire directed upon them from the fort, and drive off all the animals they met with into their own lines. The extreme right of the city's inner defence touched the main shore of the Rio de la Plata, and had the protection of a small stone battery mounting a couple of 24-pounders, and a strong guard of British marines.

The remaining armament of the right of the inner lines was composed of guns at



Scale of 3 Miles.

1. Citadel and Fort St. Philip.
2. Plaza and Cathedral.
3. Wellington Barracks.
4. Parry's Wharf.
5. Marine Barracks.
6. English Hospital.
7. Eagle Barracks.
8. Spanish Cemetery.
9. Inner Lines of City, with batteries.
10. Protestant Cemetery.
11. Barracks for Black Troops.
12. Outer Lines, with batteries.
13. Extreme outposts of Colorado party, amongst ruined ruins.
14. Extreme outposts of Blanco party, amidst ruined gardens and houses.
15. Blanco batteries.
16. The Cerrito (or little mount) with fort. General Orbe's head-quarters.
17. 17. A pampa country, grazing-ground for Blanco castle.
18. The Mount, with fort garrisoned by the Colorados.
19. Grazing-ground for Colorado cattle.
20. Inner Harbour.
21. Rat Island.

intervals, mounted on platforms placed against a low wall some feet in thickness, with a shallow ditch in front of it, to which must be added two of the ship's 32-pounders in position on the outer angle of the Spanish cemetery. These worked upon a raised platform, resting on piles driven into the burial-ground, and were elevated to nearly a level with the top of the high wall, over which the guns delivered their fire.

To those who are unacquainted with the method of burial in Spanish cemeteries, it will be necessary to explain that their walls are made to do the duty of above-ground vaults, and are broad enough to admit of a full-sized coffin being placed lengthways between their outer and inner crusts. The vaults are the property of families belonging to the better class of society, and are made to contain from two to six coffins. The remains of the oldest occupant are removed and buried when room is required for a fresh entry.

The wall of the cemetery at Monte Video must have been more than twelve feet in height, and contained three tiers of vaults. Its great thickness made it an excellent protection to the seamen who fought the guns on the platform, either from field-piece or musketry fire, to which they were occasionally exposed.

Immediately in front of this battery, and outside the inner lines, was a barrack for the black troops, who were employed principally as grass-cutters and foragers in general, and suffered severely from the surprises of the Blanco cavalry, who lanced them without mercy wherever found. This was the only advanced post on the extreme right, thus making the English position an exposed one, and more open to attack than any other part of the lines; consequently night-alarms were frequent, and some ludicrous mistakes made.

Having given the foregoing outline of the positions occupied by the contending parties, I must refer the reader to the rough plan for further information respecting them, and proceed to relate actual experiences in the novel duties which now devolved on officers and men of H.M.S. *Raleigh* who had relieved on shore those of the *Vernon*.

The morning was wet and dreary when the *Raleigh's* relieving force disembarked on Parry's wharf and marched up, with band playing, through the principal streets of the besieged city. The rain added to the gloom which at this period was normal to Monte Video: Its thoroughfares seemed deserted, save by an occasional legionary hastening from his night billet to the roll-call. The costumes of these men were varied. The stalwart Basques wore a blue tunic, and on their head a flat red cap ornamented by a long yellow tassel depending from its top's centre.

The Garibaldians here for the first time adopted the loose red shirt, confined to the waist by their pouch-belt, afterwards to be so identified with them in their numerous struggles for liberty on their mother soil. A soft black felt hat with a side feather formed their head-dress, giving them a brigand look. The Orientali troops were in native costume, comprising pauncho and chiripa, the latter being loose white linen trousers with an outer covering of red woollen stuff thrown round them. A conical straw-plaited hat was placed over a gay-coloured handkerchief passed tightly round their heads and tied under their chins. All were in marching order, with rolled

blankets resting on the right shoulder, and their two parts strapped together over the left hip. The black troops were clothed more after the European model, and wore the Spanish un-dress cap, in shape like a Scotch glengarry. The weapons of all were the smooth-bore percussion musket, with bayonet, to which, in some instances, a long cuchillo or knife was added.

The force landed from the *Raleigh* comprised about two hundred seamen and one hundred marines; the greater portion of the former and all the latter were to be quartered in separate barracks just outside the city gate. Eighty blue-jackets under the command of the writer (then a lieutenant), assisted by midshipmen as subal-



BASQUE.



GARIBALDIAN.

terns, were told off to relieve the *Vernon's* detachment, holding the extreme right of the inner lines. So, when the little column had cleared the town, it dispersed to its different destinations.

After marching about a mile over rough ground and through a straggling and half-ruined suburb, my command arrived at the lines, and drew up before a small building that had been converted into a temporary barrack. In front of this, standing under arms, was the *Vernon's* contingent of seamen, and in the lieutenant in charge of it I was pleased to recognise my old messmate Jack H——, late of the *Aigle*, and quite a celebrity then amongst us young officers.

Whilst the men were shown their accommodations, and guards were being relieved, I was introduced to my future quarters, which lay immediately in rear of the barrack. These were in a small adobe house, which H—— had found in a state of utter dilapidation, but which he had, with his usual energy and architectural talent, made into a habitable abode, to be henceforth dubbed "The house that Jack built."

One room with a bricked floor he had made subservient to all his own wants ; a second was a general store-room, and a third a kitchen, whilst in the rear he had



ORIENTAL.



BLACK SOLDIER.

constructed a fair stable and good fowl-pens ; and I shortly found myself in possession of the above, and also H——'s stock in hand, which included a horse, goat, sheep, ducks, turkeys, and poultry, and also the produce of a small garden which had been cultivated by Jack's body-guard, who also took their turn at "sentry go" under the thatched verandah in front of this primitive residence.

There was one essential, however, wanting to make it a comfortable dwelling, and this, strange to say, H—— had overlooked, and with this defect I was to become acquainted to my cost, for, soon after the departure of my old friend to rejoin his ship, a "pampero," or violent wind from the south-west, accompanied by thunder,

lightning, and a deluge of rain, burst upon the coast, and I found myself sitting on the solitary cane-chair, with my feet on its top runnel, contemplating the rush of waters through the roof of my chamber.

These in the end formed miniature lakes all around me as they filled up the inequalities of the brick-floor, and speedily cut off communication with my belongings in the shape of bed-clothes, &c., that had been hastily thrust into the room, and were now undergoing a thorough saturation. A shout for swabs soon brought three blue-jackets to the rescue, who, with much wringing-out into buckets, managed to keep the floods under some control until the first fury of the blast had ceased, and the weather had settled itself into a steady gale.

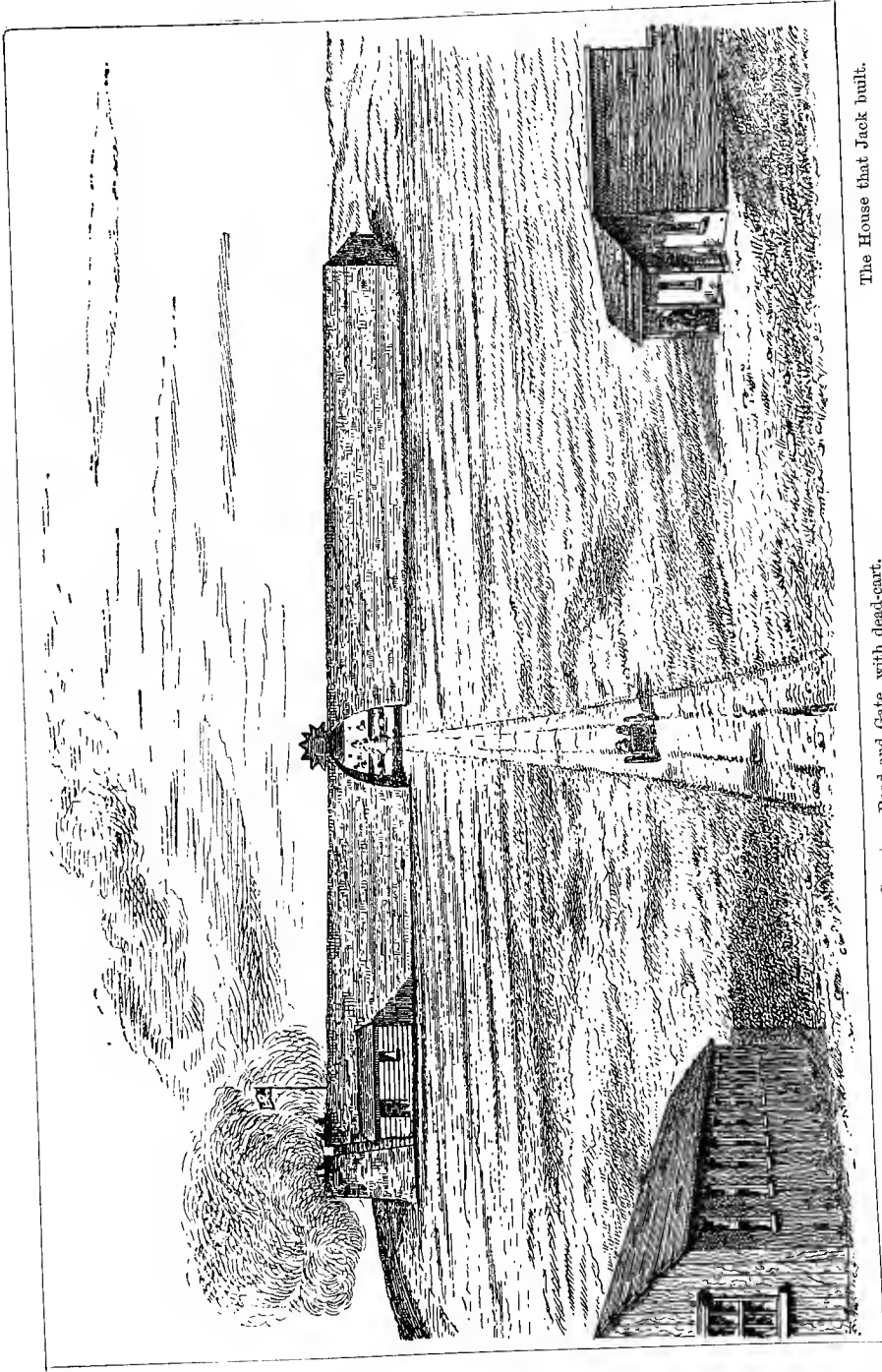
The "pampero" is a meteorological phenomenon, and its approach can be calculated with certainty in the River Plate during the summer months. The gale, which always succeeds to its first rush of wind, generally lasts for some days, when it gradually dies away and is replaced by a light breeze from exactly the opposite direction (N.E.). This increases daily in force, bringing with it the heated air of the tropics, which, passing over a treeless pampa country exposed to the burning sunrays of a clear sky, so warms up the atmosphere on the shores of the great river that its effect upon human beings is extremely deleterious; and it is a common saying among the natives, when anyone commits a rash act whilst the wind prevails, that it was not the fault of the individual but the effect of the "Vento loco," or mad wind.

This state of things will last generally for a week or longer, until at length the stifling heat becomes almost unbearable, and the inhabitants are seen either resting in grass hammocks or lying on bare floors, incapable of exertion. However, relief is close at hand, and if any of the prostrates had, like Elijah on Mount Carmel, sent their servant to watch from the highest point of vantage the river horizon to the south-west, they would have probably received much the same report as did the prophet of old. The little cloud no bigger than a man's hand would first be seen to rise above the waters, and then the heavens would grow black with clouds and the battle of the opposing winds begin.

The "pampero" advances with its artillery well in front; forked flashes of vivid lightning, followed by peals of thunder, bear down upon the foe, who quite up to the moment of attack is fiercely discharging its fiery breath on the surrounding region. The inhabitants now climb on to the "azoteas," or flat roofs, to watch the struggle and to be the first to participate in the delicious relief the pampero brings to their fevered bodies.

Far out on the broad surface of the river, a curious sight may be seen; the opposing waves, raised by the rival winds, meet like a rush of cavalry in wild career, their white horses with foaming crests dash themselves against each other, and send clouds of dazzling spray high in the air; this being backed by an inky sky renders the scene most imposing.

Gradually the north-easter gives way, followed closely by its enemy the pampero, which throws out skirmishing currents of icy-cold wind in advance of its final onslaught. These are greedily received by the occupants of the azoteas as small instalments of what is soon to follow. However, prudence forbids them waiting for



Wooden Barracks.

Cemetery Road and Gate, with dead-cart.

THE CEMETERY, MONTE VIDEO.

The House that Jack built.

the climax; for it comes with a roar of elements, and such a deluge, that they would have probably quitted their roofs in a manner anything but pleasant.

The *Raleigh's* men settled down in the quarters just evacuated by the *Vernon's*, and also relieved their guard at the cemetery battery, as well as their sentries on the lines. These latter were posted at intervals of about one hundred yards, and generally in proximity to the platform batteries.

They were supported on the left by the blue-jackets of the *Eagle* and *Melampus*, who formed a continuation of sentries between them and the centre of the lines, and on their right they had the detachment of marines who, as before mentioned, guarded the approach on the river shore.

Between the latter and the cemetery a small force of the *Raleigh's* seamen occupied a building in the rear of a four-gun battery, and supplied reliefs to the posts there. These men were in charge of a sub-lieutenant and a midshipman.

In a wooden shed, built against the outer wall of the cemetery, and facing the barracks, was a picket of the *Raleigh's* men, under command of a midshipman, who provided a sentry for the 32-pounder platform, raised on piles, as also one in the cemetery to the rear of this, to guard against any treachery from within. The remainder of the reliefs were formed by the seamen of the barracks mentioned as close to the lines, and in front of the house that Jack built.

The mettle of the *Raleigh's* blue-jackets was soon to be tested in a night attack made by the Blancos on the black troops immediately in their front, and whom they forced back upon the inner lines. The musketry-fire was very heavy, and in the utter darkness it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe, so much so, that it was thought prudent to reserve our ammunition for closer quarters, or until we could make out the white bands which the enemy always wore round their caps. On these bands were embroidered the amiable motto, *Mueran los Salvagos* ("Let them die, the savages"), by which title they designated the respectable citizens and others who defended Monte Video.

However, I thought we might safely try the effect of a shot from a 32-pounder on the elevated battery in the cemetery, as from that position the two opposing lines could be distinctly traced by the little jets of flame issuing from their muskets, which of course blazed forth in opposite directions. The report of the big gun and its hurtling shot appeared to have the desired effect, for the sharp crack of the smaller weapon ceased at once, and was only resumed in a fainter degree, and soon died out altogether. However, this had shown the detachment what to expect, and the necessity of being ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

Night-alarms became now a frequent occurrence, during an absence of the moon, as anything moving outside the lines was taken for an enemy and given the orthodox three demands, which, if not responded to, were immediately followed by a discharge of musketry. In this manner many animals belonging to the inside party, that had been turned out to nip the scanty herbage that grew on Colorado ground, received their death-wound.

On one occasion I was roused from my slumbers by firing up and down the whole of our line of sentries, and, making hastily to the nearest post, inquired the

reason of this fusilade. The man replied that his next number had shot at something he had seen through the darkness, and he thought it proper to aid him by also firing and passing the information on to the next sentry, who took up the cue, and consequent thereon the *feu d'enfer* that had reached my ears.

Another night, during a dense fog, a petty officer of the picket-guard was sent by the sub-lieutenant in charge to acquaint me that a body of the Blanco cavalry was lying in ambush close outside our lines, and on my reaching them I could



LANCER.

distinctly hear the sound of animals snorting and blowing through their nostrils, at no great distance. Thinking that under cover of the fog a capture might be made, I mustered all the available men of the guard, and, passing through an embrasure, slipped into the ditch with my following.

Here we formed line with bayonets fixed, and stealthily mounted the glacis, resting for the moment on its summit to catch any sounds whereby to guide the

little party in its further advance. Creeping on with noiseless tread, the proximity of the snortings was soon reached, but the darkness and fog precluded any object being visible.

Whispering to the men to be prepared to charge, I proceeded a few paces to the front, and, peering through the gloom, became aware of the presence of animals close at hand; the fact of their being those of the enemy was so impressed upon my mind that I shouted out the order to charge, and we immediately found ourselves in the middle of a kicking and squealing drove of mules, much frightened at this sudden onslaught. They made towards the Blanco lines and were soon lost to view.

Nearly every morning a guerilla or outpost fight took place, and this was caused by the Blancos' habit of occupying, after dark, the extreme positions held by the Colorados during the day-time. The latter, to reduce their number of pickets, always retired into their entrenched works at nightfall, whereupon the enemy advanced and established their outposts in the *quintas* (country houses) and gardens they had just quitted, and from thence took advantage of any want of precaution manifested in the Colorado lines to make a night attack upon them.

A legion always marched out of the city at early dawn to clear these *quintas* again of the Blancos, and to relieve the troops that had held the night-posts.

This was rarely accomplished without meeting resistance, and the patter-patter of small arms, with the occasional boom of artillery, generally commenced with daybreak, and sometimes continued for two or three hours.

Many lives were lost in these skirmishes, and numbers of wounded might be seen being carried into the city hospitals on stretchers, and, if retaining their senses, invariably smoking their beloved cigarettes with that contempt of death which so characterises the Spanish half-caste. In some of these cases life must have been ebbing fast away, for blood streamed through the stretchers on to the rough paving-stones as they were borne along. Nevertheless, their pallid faces would light up with a smile of gratified pride as a passing *amigo* (friend) saluted them respectfully, hat in hand, with the usual phrases, "Va con Dios" (God go with you), "Viva usted mille annos" (May you live a thousand years), when perhaps the poor fellow had not so many minutes of existence left to him.

But when the morning came for the Italian legion, a thousand strong, to march out under their already famous chief, Garibaldi, something unusual might be looked for.

That bold partizan leader was seldom satisfied with merely pushing the Blancos out of their nightly advanced position, but would follow them up to the very base of the Cerrito. He was generally supported by some Orientali cavalry, who were, to a man, trained gauchos. These, under cover of the legion's fire, would raid in all directions and drive in animals to the Colorado lines.

The bold front and deadly aim of the Garibaldians kept the enemy's horse in check whilst this capture was being effected; but during the retreat they were at times hardly pushed by overwhelming numbers, and had to be reinforced by the Basque regiments, when a regular battle would ensue, and artillery on either side be fully brought into play.

Garibaldi had gained the sobriquet of "El diavolo" from the Blancos, as they believed him to be ubiquitous, and for this reason: often, after one of these dashing attacks before Monte Video, he would, in the evening, when his movements were screened by the shadows of night, embark with some hundred of his followers on board a fast-sailing schooner, and, landing either at St. Lucia or Colonia—places higher up the river in Orientali territory, and also besieged by the armies of Rosas—



GARIBALDI IN 1846.

perform the same kind of feat at the outposts of these towns as we have just described him doing at the Capital.

Garibaldi's name had become a tower of strength to the Colorado cause, for it had already carried terror to the ears of the Imperial Brazilian forces in the Rio Grande do Sul, a neighbouring province to the Banda Oriental that had risen in insurrection a few years previously. Garibaldi, as an exile from his native Genoa, had, up to that period, led the peaceful life of the master of a trading coaster in these regions; but the generous spirit which urged him in after days to the relief

of oppressed nationalities was only dormant within him, and waiting a fitting opportunity. It came at Porto Alegre, in the Rio Grande.

A strong Spanish element existed in that province, and it was not disposed to settle down quietly under Portuguese Imperialism when their co-patriots a few miles farther south were enjoying republican institutions. They, therefore, rose to arms to free themselves from Brazilian rule. Trade was paralysed from this cause, and the future hero of Rome and Marsala must have found it difficult to dispose of his cargo, and thus he was placed in enforced idleness, which is said to be the parent of mischief; be this so or not, it was evident that Garibaldi's warrior instincts could no longer be restrained, and he entered boldly into the conflict, which eventually drained the resources of the Empire before it could become the victor.

Whilst engaged in this strife Garibaldi wooed and won the beautiful Anita, a creole born, but with all the engaging manners of the *senoritas* of old Spain. She had become, from the habits of her country, a splendid horse-woman, and it was a sight to be remembered as she rode a curveting animal by the side of her husband, when the Italian band played his legion home from their day's duty at the outer lines of Monte Video to the plaza in the city, where they were dismissed to their respective billets. Garibaldi was at this time in the full vigour of manhood, with a firm well-knit frame which sat his horse like a centaur. He wore his hair and beard long; they were then of a dark brown colour, with a reddish tint in the latter. His countenance was remarkable for its serenity, and the lips pressed close together denoted a strong will, whilst his eyes were steadfast and piercing in their gaze. In stature he was of medium height, and was altogether the *beau ideal* of a chief of irregular troops. His scarlet tunic fitted loosely to the body, and round its collar was tied the two ends of a gaudy handkerchief, which lay unfolded on the back of the uniform. His cavalry sword-belt confined the dress to the waist, and in his saddle-holsters were a pair of pistols. On his head was the same description of black felt hat and feather as worn by all his corps.

In regard to the origin of the Garibaldian red shirt, its adoption was caused by the necessity of clothing as economically as possible the newly-raised legion, and a liberal offer having been made by a mercantile house in Monte Video to sell to the Government, at reduced prices, a stock of red woollen shirts that had been intended for the Buenos Ayres market, which was now closed by the blockade established there, it was thought too good a chance to be neglected, and the purchase was, therefore, effected. These goods were intended to be worn by those employed in the "Saladéros," or great slaughtering and salting establishments for cattle at Ensenada, and other places in the Argentine provinces, as they made good winter clothing, and by their colour disguised in a measure the bloody work the men had in hand.

Anita's fate was a sad one. Accompanying her husband to Italy in 1848, she shared his campaigning against the French and Austrians, and after the defeat of his followers by the former at Rome, found herself pursued by the relentless enmity of the latter, who, in spite of her delicate condition, harried her literally to the death. No wonder, then, the bitter hatred shown to this day by all the Garibaldi family for the house of Hapsburg and its following.

There was also a lady of high position at this time in Monte Video, who attracted much attention by her noble presence and perfect seat in the saddle, and this was the wife of the British Chargé d'Affaires (Mr. Ouseley), who became afterwards Sir William Ouseley. She was an American by birth, and, as a daughter of the great Republic, a sincere sympathiser with Garibaldi, being generally seen by his side during the march in.

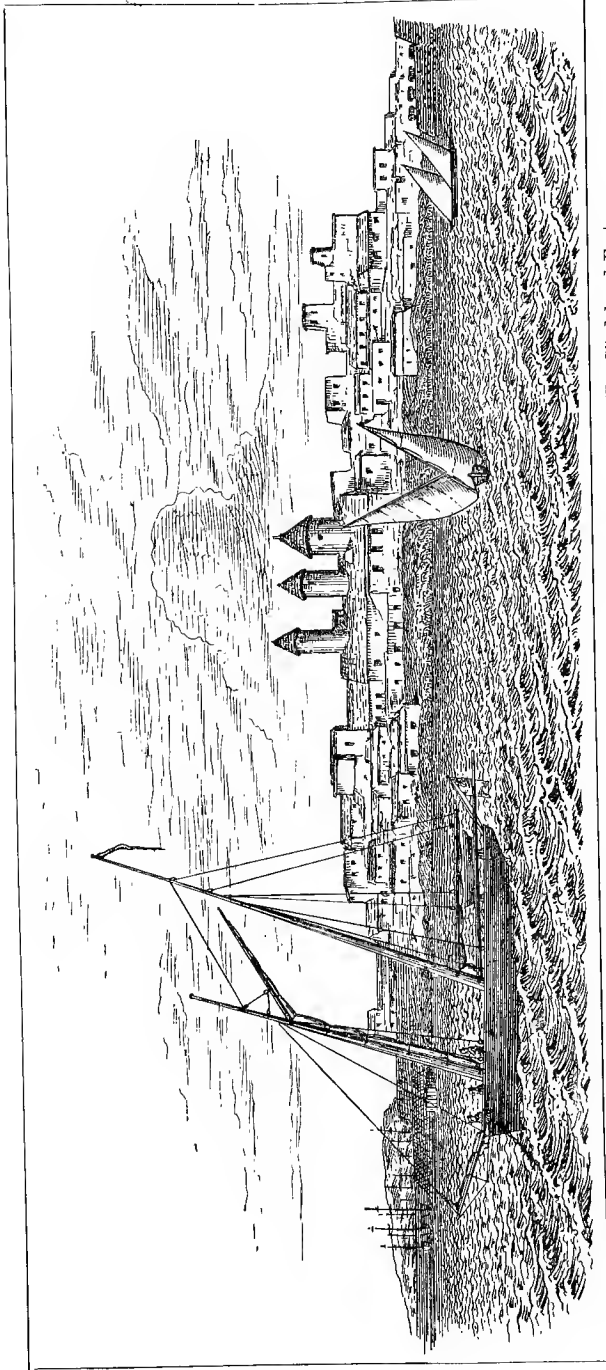
Mr. Ouseley was a gentleman of many talents, conspicuous among them being that of an artist, and whoever has had the privilege of inspecting his paintings of Brazilian scenery must retain them vividly in his memory. Mr. Ouseley was, however, like many other clever men, an enthusiast, and had tutored himself into the belief that British interests in Monte Video were of the first consideration to his Government, and, being much impressed with his own responsibility in the matter, took a step that, it was supposed, brought upon his head the censure of the Iron Duke and the Home authorities.

At this time (1846) a Kaffir war was raging at the Cape, and the Colonists, greatly alarmed, were crying out for speedy assistance from the old country. Two regiments—the 43rd and the 75th—were at once despatched in sailing transports, but running short of water on the voyage, put into Rio de Janeiro to obtain a supply. Mr. Ouseley, having a great fear at this period that Oribe's bravos would force their way into Monte Video, and, anticipating the calling of British troops at Rio, had, in virtue of the authority vested in him as the Queen's representative, sent an order through Rear-Admiral Inglefield to the masters of the transports to convey their living freight to Monte Video, where they arrived in due course. Proper provision had to be made for their reception on shore, and much expense was incurred in the renting of hide barracoons, and afterwards converting them into fitting barracks for the two regiments. Their original structure was well planned for this purpose, for they were walled enclosures having an open central space suitable for drilling, and round three sides were built store-sheds for the dried hides, which now became the soldiers' quarters. On the fourth side of the square—facing the main thoroughfare—apartments for the merchants' employés, or to be let to lodgers, had been constructed, and these answered admirably for officers' rooms and mess-house. But the greatest advantage they possessed was the means they afforded for confining the troops within four walls, instead of permitting them free access to the city in its then demoralised state. As it was, with all the precautions taken, the cheap and poisonous spirits sold there in the form of aguardiente and canear—extract from fermented Indian corn and sugar-cane—found their way into barracks, and made sad havoc in discipline and health. Rarely a morning passed without the triangles having their occupant, or the English cemetery claiming a victim, and the melancholy strains of the "Dead March in Saul" might almost daily be heard issuing from the British cantonments.

Nearly all the deaths arose from the same cause and its effects, namely, the destruction of the coating of the stomach by these vile liquids, ending in softening of the brain.

At this time steam communication with the Brazils and Rio de la Plata had not





Inner Harbour. H.M.S. *Reniza*, tender to H.M.S. *Radseygh*.

The Cathedral.

The Citadel and Forts.

VIEW OF CITY OF MONTE VIDEO, FROM THE RIO DE LA PLATA.

commenced. The mails were sent out from Falmouth in Government barque-rigged vessels of small tonnage, commanded by naval lieutenants. Ornithology had supplied them with names, such as the *Swallow*, the *Linnet*, the *Osprey*, &c. &c., and they generally made the sailing passage to Rio in six or seven weeks, calling at Pernambuco and Bahia *en route*.

At Rio the mails for the Rio de la Plata were transhipped into a brigantine or schooner. The first-named, the *Kestrel*, had been a private yacht to Lord Yarborough; and the latter, the *Spider*, had come from a home dockyard. Both had lieutenants in command, and made the passage to Monte Video in a fortnight or three weeks; so that before news could be received in England of the change made in the destination of the two regiments, and further orders respecting them be delivered at Monte Video, some months would have elapsed.

However, when the orders did arrive, they were such as might have been expected from the all-powerful Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, the stern veteran then at the head of the English army. His Grace was not in the habit of using expletives, although they were common enough in these days; but it was said that on the receipt of the despatch containing the news of the cancelling of his orders by Mr. Ouseley, the iron in the Duke's composition became very hard indeed. However, the tension was relieved by instant action, and transports were at once sent off with peremptory instructions to the senior colonel in command of the 73rd and 45th to ship his men immediately on board them for conveyance to their original destination.

What the Government had to say to Mr. Ouseley it is not likely we shall ever hear; but he was transferred from Monte Video to Rio soon afterwards, and Admiral Inglefield, as we have seen, was appointed to the command of the East India Station, where he died.

During the military operations most deplorable atrocities were committed by the contending parties upon each other, and the whole tone of society in Monte Video breathed blood and slaughter. To cut a throat, or, as it was jocosely called, *tocar el violin* (to play the violin), was—if one might judge by the conversation held amongst a certain class of Argentino and Orientali—the height of their ambition; and I was, unfortunately, on more than one occasion a witness to its brutal practice by the Blancos. No less than eight naked bodies, with throats cut and otherwise fearfully mutilated, were exposed to view one morning in the city plaza; they were those of some poor citizens who had strayed in ignorance beyond the outposts, and been instantly seized and murdered there and then in the manner described.

The *Raleigh's* detachment was also an unwilling spectator to a piece of barbarity worthy of the Dark Ages. An Italian had strolled from the city with his fowling-gun, in the hope of getting a shot at his favourite beccafico (wheat-ear or white-rump), which he fondly imagined was indigenous to South America as to Europe. Led on by his sporting instincts, he found himself suddenly a prisoner in the hands of the Blancos. These wretches inflicted torture upon the poor fellow, and the next morning walked him down to a prominent point just opposite the battery in the cemetery. They then shouted at the top of their voices to attract attention, and by

this means collected spectators from our lines. The unfortunate man was then made to kneel down, and in cold blood a knife was drawn across his throat. A shell from a 32-pounder was lodged in the midst of these ruffians, and, it is to be hoped, avenged the dastardly deed.

The inside party replied to such acts by hiring a band of desperadoes to surprise and destroy, under cover of darkness, the Blanco pickets. At the head of this band was a beach-combing Englishman whose cognomen was "Cockney Sam." In peaceful times he hung about the city wharves, earning a precarious living; but when the town became besieged by sea as well as land, he found himself without occupation of any kind. Starvation soon produced its attendant horrors—murder and rapine—in which, if report be true, our countryman took his full share, and, being a fearless and adventurous fellow, speedily closed with the above offer of employment. Choosing some kindred spirits from amongst the natives, they laid their plans well.

Taking advantage of the darkest night for their operations, they were allowed to pass through the Colorado lines, when the difficulties of the undertaking commenced; for there was no knowing when a Blanco sentinel might be stumbled upon, and the alarm given. They carried no other weapon than the cuchillo, ground to a razor edge, and this was sheathed in a leather case attached to their belts, and somewhat in rear of the left hip. So placed, it enabled them to crawl on hands, knees, and stomach without impediment. In this form the enemy's outpost was approached.

The Spanish half-breed is a bad watchman, and apt to make his firelock a prop to support his sleepy head; and if thus caught napping by Cockney Sam, his life was not worth a moment's purchase. If, however, he remained on the alert, tactics were used. Having clearly made out the form of the wakeful sentry, the confederates would disperse and creep upon him from different quarters, and, having arrived as close as possible without discovery, one of the party would, by some preconcerted noise (generally an imitation of that of some animal), attract the man's attention to his direction, when the remainder of the band would steal behind and instantly garotte the unfortunate, and stab him to death.

The rest of the picket had then to be dealt with. They were usually found slumbering in one of the ruined quintas with their ponchos around them, and their muskets ranged against the wall, waiting their turn to be put on sentry.

They had been approached with great caution by the murderous band, who now view them through the shattered brickwork as they lay, a dark mass, on the tiled floor. Their numbers are counted, and a confederate told off to operate upon each one. With noiseless steps they enter the building, cuchillo in hand, and lean over the prostrate forms, "*tocar el violin*"! The horrid deed is done; valuables and arms are appropriated, and the band make off with all speed to their own lines.

But these surprises were not always so successfully accomplished, and a fierce fusilade from the Blancos would at times announce to the Colorado outposts the detection of the cut-throats, and the band would straggle in with diminished numbers.

I will relate two stories that went the round of the barracks in connection with

the doings of this same Cockney Sam, and then dismiss him as an unpleasant subject.

The first tale shows the terror his name had inspired in the Blanco ranks, and the second that his merciless nature was sometimes stirred by the dictates of humanity. Our hero (?), one very dark night, when engaged in an outpost enterprise, found himself suddenly face to face with a Blanco sentinel. The latter was proceeding to level his musket at him, when he shouted out: "De tengase usted un instante, estoy Samuel de Londres" (Stop a moment, I am Samuel of London). The man was paralysed with fear, and an easy victim to the assassin's knife.

On the other occasion he had successfully surprised a picket-guard commanded by an officer; he was a handsome young fellow, and a Canariot or native of the Canary Isles. He lay not far from his men, in a deep sleep, probably dreaming of his beloved home across the Atlantic, for a pleasant smile played on his features.

Cockney Sam stole to his side; one look showed him that in the position the young officer then lay, with his face turned downwards, *tocar el violin* could not be accomplished; he therefore touched him gently on the arm, just sufficient to cause restlessness, and soon the victim, with a yawn, turned upon his back; his full countenance was now towards his slayer, who, struck by its beauty and youthfulness, paused in the bloody work he was engaged to do.

Some of the better feelings in his nature seem to have come to the surface as he gazed on the handsome boy, and his arm refused to do the deed.

Unfortunately, at this moment a scuffle ensued between one of the guard and his would-be murderer; cries arose, the picket was roused; not a moment was to be lost, all qualms subsided when self-preservation was in the balance, so the cruel knife was plunged into the youth's throat.

The band, however, did not escape scot free, and left a prisoner or two in the hands of the enemy. These men on the morrow would be put to the gaucho torture. Firmly bound to a tree or stake, they would be stripped and used as targets to perfect the Blancos in the art of throwing the knife.

If it was found impossible to keep poisonous spirits from entering the walled barracks outside the city gates, it can be imagined with what facility the *Raleigh's* detachment on the right of the lines—who had no such confinement—could procure the deadly stuff. The consequences were fearful; half the men were bordering on delirium tremens, and on "going the rounds" it was a rare thing to find a thoroughly sober sentry. The one it was necessary to plant in the cemetery had much to try his nerves in other ways, dead carts were arriving all day to discharge their human freights into a long trench that the two black grave-diggers had prepared for their reception.

These worthies were often unwilling to handle the loathsome carcasses brought from the poor hospitals, and the yet more dreadful objects that had met their death by the bands of robbers that lurked in the dark corners of the city. Their quarrels were frequent over the unloading of the hearse, and generally ended in a "toss up" for the job. The vehicle was then brought close to the trench, and its back door

opened. The negro, keeping his nostrils closed with his left thumb and finger, now thrust his right hand and arm into the cavernous interior, and extracts with a sudden jerk, perhaps, the bloated body of a country woman, in an advanced stage of corruption. This is at once kicked into the ditch by his brother digger, and search again made for other corpses that have been thrown indiscriminately into the cart. These are pulled out by their clothes, which in many cases gave convincing evidence of the manner they had met their end.

However, the guardians of the cemetery were not particular as to blood-stains, and carefully stripped the bodies before thrusting them into the trench, where they were soon covered with quicklime and earth, which was trodden down upon them by the bare feet of the sextons.

There were always three or four of the *Raleigh's* men enforced witnesses of these daily scenes, and these would be the sentries on the top of the platform battery, also the one in the cemetery itself, and generally a prisoner or two in the lock-up, which, with the magazine, was built in between the piles supporting the platform, and constructed of stout planks; these, however, had been so shaken by the violence of some of the drink-maddened occupants of the cell, that crevices had arisen between their dove-tails. These became peep-holes for them to look through into the burial-ground, where, besides the interments mentioned, a study of sculpture was afforded, for many fine marble vaults stood there, a few of which were surmounted by emblematic figures.

Most notable was one in the centre of the cemetery, erected to the memory of Madame Riviera, wife of a president of the Republic. The figure here was beautifully carved, with a thin drapery of the whitest Carara, partially concealing the torso and limbs. The latter seemed to be in the act of a forward movement. The arms were stretched out in front, and the features wore the expression of expectation, which was doubtless meant to imply a future re-union with her gifted husband.

Blue-jackets are proverbially superstitious, and, with their nerves shaken by constant drink, I was not surprised at an event which shortly happened.

On going my rounds one dark and dirty night, there was no hail given by the man posted in the cemetery as a guard over the prison and magazine. Thinking he must be asleep in his box, I looked inside it; but he was not there. At last a form was made out with its back resting against the wall, and perfectly motionless. A closer inspection revealed a curious sight.

The man was apparently an upright corpse, so rigid were his face and limbs; the eyes were steadfast and distended, with a look of horror in them, whilst the mouth was firmly locked upon a cartridge which lay grasped between his front teeth. An unloaded musket lay at his feet, evidently having been discharged.

It was ascertained that the poor fellow still breathed, so the picket was called, the post relieved, and the man carried in his rigid state to the barracks, where medical aid was found.

After some time he regained his power of speech, and was questioned as to the cause of his sudden illness. He then declared it arose from a most uncanny

proceeding on the part of Madame Riviera, who had descended from her pedestal, and approached him with open arms. He had hailed the figure three times without receiving any reply, and then fired, but it still came on, and he was in the act of biting another cartridge when a cold shiver came over him, and he lost all consciousness.

Another evil befell the detachment in connection with the cemetery.

On visiting the main guard one pouring day, I found the officer and men standing in the rain at some distance from the guard-house—which has been mentioned as a wooden shed erected against the outside wall of the cemetery.

On questioning the subaltern as to such strange doings, he requested me to accompany him to the shed, that I might become aware myself of the necessity of the guard quitting it. I had not proceeded far when my olfactory nerves made known that there was something uncommonly unpleasant borne on the breeze from the direction of the shed, and on arriving at the spot the sickening odour was almost unbearable. However, it was my duty to sift the cause of this; therefore, tying a handkerchief tight over my nose and mouth, I made for the open doorway and looked in. Oozing out of the wall, exactly opposite to where I stood, was a dark thick liquid matter, which sluggishly found its way down to the men's sleeping-bunks, immediately underneath. For a moment or two I was nonplussed, then the horrid reality dawned upon me, when I remembered the family vaults which were constructed in the wall, and, going inside the cemetery, soon discovered that one of them, corresponding in position to the guard-house outside, had been recently opened to admit another defunct member of the hidalgos of Monte Video. Lead at this time was much too valuable a commodity to be used for coffins, so these bodies were merely placed in a wooden shell for burial, which, of course, failed to retain the gaseous fluids following on decomposition. These eventually spread themselves over the flooring of the vault, and found an exit from thence through the chinks of the masonry in the manner I had witnessed.

Mounting my horse, I galloped to the office of the Minister of the Hacienda (Home Minister), and sought an interview with his Excellency. After the usual Spanish delays, an order was procured for the removal of the nuisance, which was effected by the black sextons.

It was one of my misfortunes to have under my orders, and doing duty as a subaltern, a character known in the navy as the "larky midshipman." His monkey tricks constantly brought him into trouble, but they seemed to be irrepressible, and would occur again and again; in one instance causing a midnight alarm, which I well remember.

The gay youth, it appears, had made the acquaintance of a new arrival or *gringo*; he was a very soft lad, a clerk in one of the English mercantile offices, and soon became the butt on which our hero practised. I was aroused one night by the sentinel at my door informing me that heavy firing was going on in the cemetery, and that he had seen people running away from it in the direction of the town. There had been many rumours of intended treachery on the part of some of the Orientalis in the city, and I naturally came to the conclusion that they had been making an attempt upon

our magazine. The cemetery gates were always locked at night, but a ladder was placed against the outside of the wall, close to the guard-house, which reached to the level of the platform battery. This enabled the sentry there to be relieved without the picket having to pass through the burial-ground. I found the entire guard on the platform, and firing occasionally towards the further side of the cemetery, where a long ridge of skulls and bones, thrown up by the grave-diggers, gleamed through the surrounding darkness. The sentinel having declared that shots had been aimed at him from that quarter, I ordered the men to descend by another ladder into the burial-ground. We then advanced between the tombstones, in skirmishing order, towards the whitened remains; but not a creature was to be seen, and I was about to give the word for the "line to retire," when a low moan came from amongst the human *débris*, which, considering the time and place, was somewhat startling. A careful search was now made, ending in the discovery of a living being partially embedded in the ghastly pile, and on lifting him clear of the surroundings he presented a most remarkable appearance. His face, hair, and light clothing were apparently clotted with blood, and the former so disfigured by it that his mother could not have known him. His speech was excessively incoherent, and betrayed that thickness of utterance which accompanies an advanced stage of insobriety. He was, however, made out to be a beardless youth and in civilian garb.

What puzzled me most was how the young fellow could have got inside the cemetery without being observed; but the mystery was cleared up the next day, when he was called upon to give an account of himself. In the meantime he was borne off to the guard-shed between the blue-jackets, and subjected to a bodily examination to ascertain the nature of his wounds.

Soon shouts of laughter came from the men engaged stripping him of his clothes, for it was found the supposed clots of blood on them and his person was nothing worse than raspberry jam. This discovery was very perplexing, and, as there were no injuries observable, the youth was allowed to sleep off the effect of the potations in which he must have indulged.

His story the next day was to the following effect: he had been asked up on the previous afternoon to the line barracks by my larking sub., and there entertained so liberally that he had but a confused recollection of what subsequently occurred, but remembered using high words to his friend and being called upon to give satisfaction on account of them. His memory then recalled being led off between two of his boon companions, and their thrusting him lengthways through a deep hole in a wall, and being pulled out by them on the other side of it, and then told to take his stand upon a curiously constructed mound, and having a pistol placed in his hand; he noticed his friend being armed in a similar manner. The boon companions then held the ends of a stretched handkerchief, over which it was said the duel must be fought. Then the opponent's face appeared on the other side of the handkerchief, followed by his hand holding a pistol, which presented its muzzle full upon him. He had some idea that he now became very unsteady on his legs, and required aid to cock and point his weapon; nevertheless he managed to pull the trigger when the order to "fire" was given, but at the same moment received the contents of his enemy's

pistol, which destroyed his equilibrium altogether and sent him rolling down the side of the mound ; he had clutched at several of its component parts to stay his descent, but this only loosened the mass, which came pouring over him in all sorts of shapes, many assuming, he thought, the form of skulls ; these latter kept him close company to the base of the mound, and in the end lay so thick upon his body that he found it impossible to move. Whilst in this position he had recognized the report of fire-arms, and the ping of bullets passing over his head, but, being sheltered by the strange mound or ridge, felt secure.

He now became aware that his clothes were saturated with some sticky substance, and, believing it to be clotted blood, nearly gave all up for lost, but was determined to make an effort to free himself from his encumbrances ; but his struggles only tended to loosen the piles of white objects that hung above him. One of these came rolling like a cricket ball on to his head, and there rested. With a desperate endeavour he freed his hands and seized the strange thing, holding it up before his face. There was now no mistaking of what the mound was composed : a hideous grinning skull was in his grasp. Its eyeless sockets appeared to take a dull view of the situation, but the yawning jaws, with their modicum of teeth, had a horrid joviality in them, as if pleased with the companionship of the living. This proved too much for the already excited brain of the *gringo*. He flung the relic of humanity as far as his maudlin strength would permit, and then lapsed into a half-conscious state until the arrival of the blue-jackets, who, as we have seen, extricated him from his unenviable position.

My larky subordinate was next called upon for explanations, and, being an honourable little gentleman, made a clean breast of it. He declared it impossible for him to resist the opportunities his new friend gave for a practical joke. He had asked him up to the lines in perfect good faith, and with the intention of treating him well, but, unfortunately, the youth had shown a disposition to quarrel over his cups, and this set the middy's brain plotting on mischief. Persuading two other youngsters to join him in the spree, he insisted upon his friend giving him instant satisfaction for certain words he had used towards him, as closely affecting his honour. Then, procuring a brace of ship's pistols from the arm rack and two cartridges from a pouch, they loaded the weapons with powder alone, but, a half-empty jam-pot being at the time on the table, the fertile genius of our hero at once saw with what fine effect it might be used in the intended prank upon the *gringo*. He then proceeded to pour the contents of the pot into one of the pistols until it reached its muzzle, and this weapon he appropriated to his own use, handing the other to his confederates. He had read a good deal about duels being fought in lonely spots, and thought it would add greatly to the impression upon his friend if he could, under cover of darkness, make the cemetery their field of fight. He had noticed that on the opposite side of the burial-ground to where the platform-battery had been erected its walls were in a dilapidated condition and honey-combed with unused vaults. An opening had been made from outside into one of these by the removal of the brick-work, and a narrow passage was thus afforded for gaining access to the cemetery. It was through this, then, that the plotters had pushed their victim, and, one of their

number having already passed on ahead, pulled him the remainder of the way, and landed the besotted youth in the burial-ground, close to the heap of skulls and bones previously mentioned.

The account of their further proceedings as given by the *gringo* was substantially correct; but as regards his discovery by the picket-guard the confederates knew nothing of it, as on the first shot fired at them by the sentry on the platform, they had left their friend in his safe position and found an exit by the way they had entered, making off in the direction of the town to avoid contact with the now aroused posts along the lines.

They had returned later on, when all was quiet, but could neither see nor hear anything of their victim, so imagined he must have revived sufficiently to make his own escape, and were much disgusted at finding him in evidence against them the following morning. Our middy had now reached the climax of his larks ashore, and was sent on board under restraint.

In consequence of the facility with which the pernicious spirits sold at every *pulperia* (grog shop) could be obtained by the *Raleigh's* detachment, the advisability of withdrawing them into the enclosed barracks had been discussed, with the intention of substituting a daily guard from thence, under command of a lieutenant, or, rather, in military parlance, the captain of a company.

A decision upon this point was hastened by an event shortly occurring which brought into jeopardy the life of our commander, who had also been landed to do the duty of a field officer, and in this capacity used to take his turn in going the nightly "Grand rounds."

He had on the occasion alluded to ridden along the lines, receiving and returning the hail of the sentries in proper form, until arriving at the cemetery battery, where the countersign should again have been demanded, instead of which he was met by a furious Irishman who, with glaring eyes and bayonet levelled, barred his passage between the wall of the burial-ground and the lines.

The man must have purposely descended from his post on the platform to commit this aggression, and seemed firm in his determination to make "Grand rounds" a prisoner. All explanations, entreaties, and threats on the part of the commander were useless.

"Faith, I don't know ye, and if ye stir another step I'll be after making a hole through ye!" was all the reply to be obtained from the maniac, for mad he had become by the fatal drink.

Luckily an orderly always accompanied the field officer, who, realising the state of affairs, called out the guard at the shed, who, after much altercation, prevailed upon Pat to permit the "Grand rounds" to pass on.

The next day instructions were received for the detachment to march into barracks, and I spent my last evening in "the house that Jack built" with the Flag-Lieutenant, who had now become aide-de-camp to the Commandant of the landed British forces; and the latter had sent him with further orders respecting our relief on the morrow.

We had been sitting in the verandah, enjoying the stillness of a fine summer

night, with the stars shining brightly over-head and the fire-flies dancing around us, discussing the demoralized state of Monte Video and the queer situation we sailors had dropped into, when E—— announced it time for him to return to the town barracks.

The moon was not up, but other heavenly bodies gave sufficient light to guide him over the rough ground his horse would have to travel before reaching the main road into the city. This ground was studded here and there with the *ranchos* or huts of the lowest class of Orientali, and had an evil name in these days. I was, therefore, somewhat anxious for the safety of my messmate, and followed him on foot a little distance, keeping my eyes and ears on the alert.

Soon I perceived him on the sky-line passing a group of these shanties, and from which an armed man suddenly emerged and discharged his musket at the receding figure of the aide. Calling to my house-sentry to make the best of his way after me, I ran with all my speed for the ranchos, and succeeded in sighting the assassin before he could regain his hut. Drawing my sword, I rushed at him and clutched his *chiripa* (a sort of trouser) as he was disappearing through a doorway. He turned upon me with the bayonet; but the blue-jacket coming up at the moment, we soon had him a prisoner. He was found to belong to a native regiment which had come in from the outer lines that evening, and had been fighting all day with the enemy, and this had probably aroused his brute passions and made him wish for further bloodshed. E—— was scathless, but had heard the whiz of a ball passing close to him.

Shortly after this I found myself installed as adjutant of the Wellington barracks. These were old hide-stores situated near the city walls, which contained the landed seamen of my own ship and those of H.M.S. *Melampus*. The blue-jackets of H.M.S. *Eagle* had their quarters nearer the lines, and the marines of the squadron occupied a similar building to ourselves close at hand.

One side of our barrack square was devoted to stabling for the officers' horses, and over this department presided my messmate F——, who was knowing in these matters, and managed so well during the siege that only on one occasion did he run short of forage, and then the animals immediately avenged the deprivation by breaking loose at night and devouring each other's manes and tails; the latter appendages seeming to be particularly sought after.

The horse belonging to my brother officer L—— appeared to have been provided with something extra tasty in this way, for the following morning his master stood aghast at the spectacle his steed presented. The fine flowing tail of which he had been so justly proud was reduced to a rat-stump, and the mane was cropped in a most irregular manner.

Captain C—— of the *Melampus* was Commandant of landed naval forces, and had his quarters at the Wellington barracks. He was of that sterling type of British sailor who is always determined to make the best of an unpleasant situation; so, when he was told that he must now become a mounted officer, he accepted the inevitable with good grace, albeit he had rarely bestrode a horse in the course of his somewhat long career. Captain C—— would have been the *beau ideal* of a seaman

to the novelist. Stout in body and short in limb, his form was well adapted for balancing itself on the deck of a rolling ship, but it became quite a different thing when those little legs were charged with the duty of keeping their gallant owner erect on a prancing nag; nevertheless, the brave old officer was equal to the occasion.

F——'s mind had been long exercised as to the state of the shoulders of the Commandant's animal, as he was evidently daily losing his coat about those parts, and had come to the conclusion that it must be caused by some equine skin-disease peculiar to Monte Video. However, after a time he became aware of the equestrian habits of his chief, who steadied himself in the saddle by driving his spurs well into the only part of the beast they could reach clear of the saddle-cloth, and thus he became moored, as it were, in anticipation of any jolts he might experience during the ride.

Many of us had narrow escapes from the fire-eating propensities of our Commandant, for the sound of a guerilla (skirmish) in progress at the outer lines would be immediately followed by an order from him to have the horses in readiness, and we would soon find ourselves in the thick of a *melée* with which he had little business.

When the fire of the opposing batteries was at the hottest, he might always be found in the most exposed work giving his advice to the gunners in very bad Spanish, whilst the enemy's shot threw splinters from the brick embrasures in all directions.

As Adjutant I had to accompany my superior in these risky expeditions, and always took care to have at least the horses put in a place of safety. Even when all seemed quiet at the outposts, it was dangerous to approach them, as the Blancos had a disagreeable way of lying in ambush in some ruined *quinta* (country house) or dry ditch within easy range of where we took our daily rides, and the first intimation of their presence would be a volley of small arms and the ping of bullets past our ears. The Colorado party would then take the alarm and reply, putting us between the fire of friend and foe.

Hard riding was the only resource left, and by this means we generally escaped scot free, as either side were shocking bad shots at moving objects. Sometimes the enemy concealed field artillery in the quinta gardens, and on one occasion, it was said, had brought a gun to bear on the laced cocked-hat of Admiral Inglefield, who was so punctilious as regards uniform that he and all his officers rode in the full splendour of coat with epaulettes, cocked hat, and laced trousers.

The Blancos had noticed that the dazzling cavalcade passed, almost daily, a gap in a certain cactus-hedge which would have formed a screen otherwise to the Admiral's riding-party in their visit to the outer lines. They therefore carefully laid their field-piece for this opening, and, when the gilded hat appeared in it, fired. The consequences were nearly fatal to the Admiral, as the shot just grazed his head.

At another time, when we sought to amuse our Colorado friends with amateur races on the river-beach, between the outer and inner lines, the Blancos opened fire from a gun they had stealthily hidden in some brushwood close to the outposts, and quickly brought the fun to a conclusion.

Our recreations were, therefore, limited to *tertulias* (evening dances), in the

society of some of the most charming of Spanish belles ; and, I fancy, few of the *Raleighs* still alive have forgotten the many pleasant hours spent in the Casa del Perez.

Whist parties in merchants' houses and amongst ourselves also served to kill time, and as months passed away intimacies arose which culminated in balls on a grand scale being given by English, French, and Orientali. The latter had become so impoverished by the war that their efforts in entertaining the Allies were the more appreciated. Amongst the lower orders, however, poverty displayed quite a different aspect and became the cause of fearful crime, from which our men on leave suffered considerably, many being stabbed and robbed in the low haunts of the city.

One of the *Raleigh's* best seamen, a quarter-master, met his death in this manner, his body being brought into barracks with no less than seven knife-thrusts in his breast.

A sad event happened about this period to a fine young Englishman named Dickson. He was the only son of the head of a well-known wealthy banking firm established at Buenos Ayres, and had run the blockade there on a business trip to Monte Video. His genial manners and gentlemanly ways had made him a great favourite with the naval officers during his stay amongst us, and the Commodore had granted him a passage back to Buenos Ayres in the *Raleigh's* tender, a paddle steamer named the *Lizard*, commanded by one of our lieutenants, P——, who was charged with despatches for Rosas's Government.

This officer was strolling up the Calle de Mayo (May Street)—called so from the date of Independence being the 25th of this month—arm-in-arm with young Dickson, just previous to their intended embarkation, when he heard a shot fired behind him, and his friend staggered and fell on the pavement mortally wounded. On turning round to discover the assailant, he observed another man stretched dead in the street a few paces in their rear, and a Garibaldian soldier walking unconcernedly away, with smoke still issuing from the muzzle of his musket. The latter, when arrested, claimed that he had taken justifiable revenge on a master of an Italian vessel, who had brought himself and wife out as emigrants to the Plata, but had tampered so with the woman's feelings on the voyage that she had been induced to quit her husband and live on board with him.

The ship traded, however, regularly with Monte Video, and in course of time made her appearance again at that port.

The injured husband, who had in the meantime joined the Italian Legion, watched with loaded fire-lock, the landing of the criminal skipper, and, stepping into a shop, permitted him to pass by ; and then following, discharged his musket into the back of the captain. The ball had passed completely through his body, causing instant death ; but, unfortunately, it still retained sufficient impetus to bury itself in poor Dickson, who, as shown, was walking immediately in front of the deceased.

The homicide expressed great grief on hearing what had happened to the Englishman, but fastened the onus of the deed upon the dead man.

D—— was carried into the nearest shop and placed upon a pallet, from which

he never again rose alive. He endured with great fortitude some hours of fearful agony before being released by death. The painful scene is yet vivid to my memory. D—— lay with a fever-flush colouring his good-looking features, and his sparkling eyes gazing intently upon the face of the doctor, as if there he would read his fate, and would occasionally ask, in a gentle murmur, if there was any hope.

This was a natural clinging to life in one so young and with such a bright future before him; but when he fully realised that his time was come, he met the grim tyrant with a calm courage, and, between his paroxysms of pain, bid us all an affectionate adieu.

Soon the increased heavings of the chest, and that unmistakable pallor which replaces the fever-glow as the crisis approaches, told us the end was near; and as, with profound grief, we watched our departing friend, he breathed a name—a name we could not hear, but to which a locket found next his heart gave the clue.

Negotiations had for some time been in the course of progress between the Special Plenipotentiaries of England and France and the belligerents, in the hope of bringing about a peace; and they advanced so far as to provide for an armistice of three days' duration, wherein terms might be agreed upon.

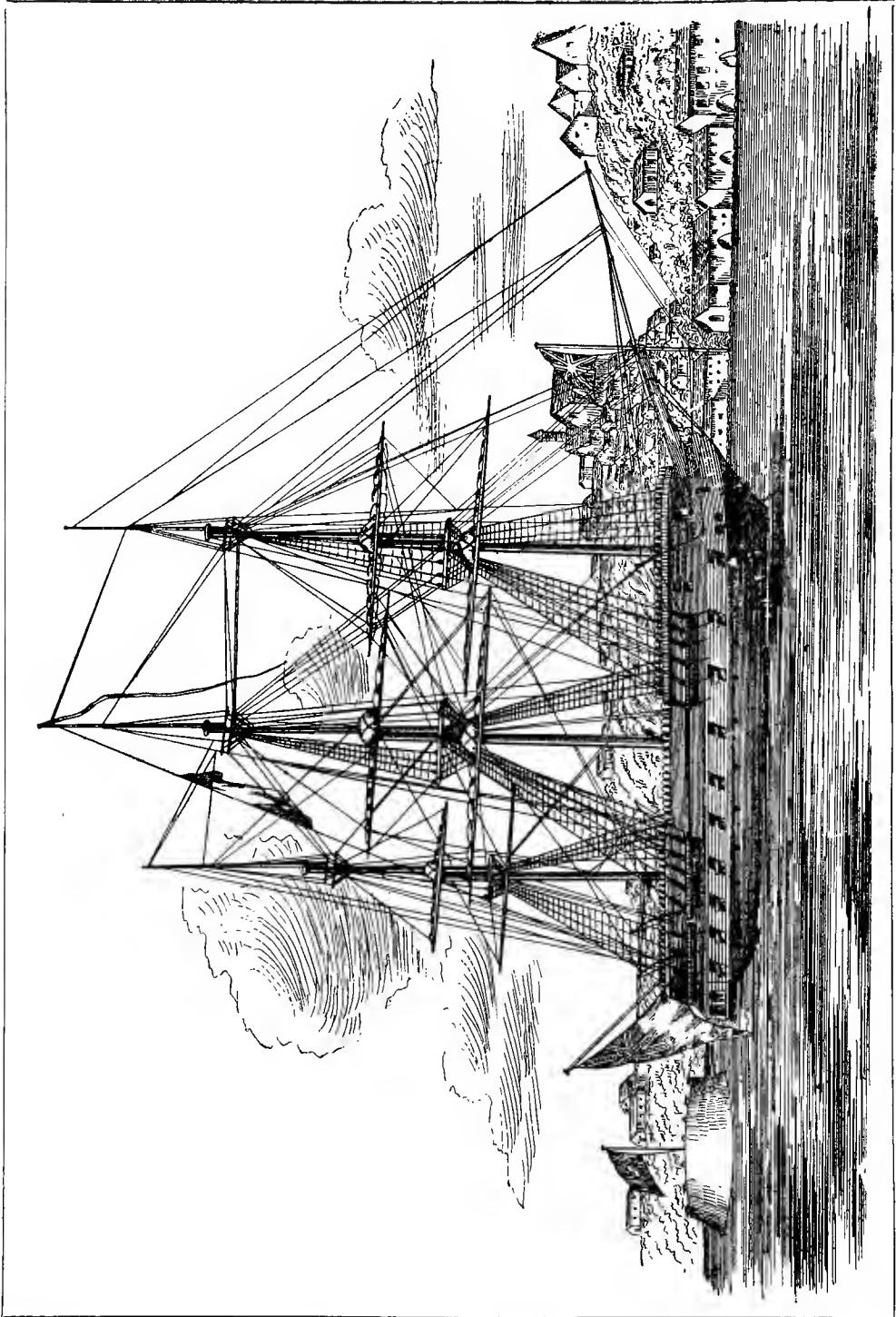
Hostilities were to cease at the outposts of all towns besieged by the armies of Rosas during the above period, but each party was to keep strictly within its own lines. These, as regards the immediate vicinity of Monte Video, were clearly defined; but on the Mount side of the harbour or bay much latitude was allowed in this respect, of which a few of us landed officers took advantage to proceed on a shooting expedition.

Both the greater and lesser partridge, indigenous to the country, abounded in the neighbourhood, as the war had prevented their disturbance for some years past. It was, therefore, with the prospect of good sport that four naval lieutenants from the barracks crossed the bay and landed under the Mount.

With the aid of two steady pointers, abundance of game was soon found and a large bag made, and it was hardly noticed at the time how far inland our success had led us. Not a human being had been seen from the time of our quitting the boats, and this had lulled the party into a false feeling of security, so that it was proposed to rest awhile in one of the hollows of the rolling pampa and enjoy the good things with which the servants were amply provided for our benefit.

Stretched at length upon the green sward, or rather the dried remains of grass redolent of thyme and other sweet-smelling adjuncts, we were thoroughly enjoying a mid-day cigar after luncheon, when all about the same moment became aware of a vibration in the ground under them, and, on placing our ears to the earth, could distinctly trace the sound of hoofs in rapid approach.

Hardly was there time to arrange some plan of defence before a body of Blanco cavalry showed themselves. They were armed with carbine and lance, and seemed fully resolved to take us dead or alive. Their wild half-Indian features, crowned by the usual cap bearing the murderous motto, *Muerte a los Salvagos* ("Death to the Savages"), were turned with fierce and demoniacal expressions upon our little group, whom they now prepared to surround.



H.M.S. "CLEOPATRA," A SYMONITE 26-GUN FRIGATE.

Luckily H——, of the *Eagle*, who had joined the expedition, was a fair Spanish scholar, and, judging by the appearance of one of their number that he was an officer, asked him if he knew of the armistice.

He replied: "Certainly; but you have broken the terms of it, and I must take you prisoners to General Oribe."

Knowing full well that the officer spoke truly, and that our arrest would place us between the anger of our own Commodore and the small mercies of the Blanco commandant, H—— tried what a little diplomacy would do, and referred to the endeavours of the English authorities to bring about a peace.

Upon this, the officer requested to be informed if we belonged to the ships or to the landed forces at Monte Video. H——, feeling that this was a delicate question, answered correctly that we belonged to the ships, but said nothing further, as he felt sure, if the man knew we were some of the defenders of Monte Video, nothing would have saved our liberty, or perhaps our throats from the knife.

As it was, Sir Thomas Herbert, who had in former times, when in command of H.M.S. *Calliope*—a sister vessel of the *Juno* and *Cleopatra*, Symonite donkey frigates of beautiful design—been a personal friend of Rosas, was now looked upon by the Blancos as favourable to their cause, and he, they knew, commanded the British squadron in the River Plate; therefore the information that we were immediately under his orders appeared to have a pacific effect upon the enemy's patrol, for they soon afterwards dismounted and endeavoured to enter into conversation.

Failing, however, in this, we tried the shortest road to a Spaniard's heart, and emptied our cigar-cases among them. Their manners changed from that moment. Begging us to be seated, they squatted round whilst their Canariot officer became on the most friendly terms with H——, and shared the contents of his flask with much gusto. He expressed surprise that we had dared to stroll into the grounds occupied by the terrible Blanco, and declared it most fortunate for ourselves that the patrol happened to have an officer with it, otherwise our lives would most certainly have paid forfeit for the rash act.

He then cautioned H—— not to report the present meeting if we were permitted to return to our own lines, and gave many injunctions as to the route to be taken to regain them, making him promise to conduct the shooting party at once to the river shore, where there would be less chance of molestation from other roving bands of Blancos, and where, as he said, a few more birds might be picked up on our way to the Mount. With many complimentary expressions we then parted from *nos amigos el ennimigo* (our friends the enemy), glad to escape from what might have been a serious *contretemps*.

Lord Howden had, during the armistice, proposed terms to the Colorados, which their supporters in Monte Video called upon them to reject; consequently British intervention was withdrawn, and notice given for seamen and marines to embark.

This caused a most unpleasant estrangement between ourselves and former friends in the city, and its populace showed their disapproval of the step our Plenipotentiary had taken by hostile demonstrations and insulting acts whenever they could commit them with impunity.

The outside of our barrack gates were chalked at night with the significant words, *Muerte a los Ingleses* ("Death to the English"), and shots would be fired by unseen hands at the azoteas, where we were accustomed to sit out the cool of the evening. In fact, to say the least, the situation became extremely irritating, and it was with feelings of relief that I marched the last of the blue-jackets down to the boats, thus ending their nine months' occupation as defenders of Monte Video.

The French Plenipotentiary, Baron Gros, took a somewhat different view of affairs to his colleague, and, consequently, the French seamen did not withdraw from the lines at the same time as ourselves, but remained until the revolution in France of 1848 brought a change of government in that country, which took little heed of such small interests as it possessed in the River Plate when much weightier matters called for their immediate attention nearer home.

Eventually, Brazilian interference and the defeat of Rosas by Urquiza, a chief of Entre Rios, under the walls of Buenos Ayres, followed by the flight of the former, in the uniform of a British marine, on board one of our ships, broke up the nine years' siege of Monte Video—a siege that had introduced an era of atrocities and demoralization the counterpart of which must be looked for in the pages of Hallam.



CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES IN THE "RENIRA" SCHOONER, 1847.—VISIT TO ROSAS.

ALTHOUGH once more afloat, I was not destined to quit the River Plate for some little time, and obtained the command of the schooner *Renira*, a tender to H.M.S. *Raleigh*.

This vessel was fitted to carry iron tanks for the conveyance of fresh water to the squadron, as that alongside the ships at Monte Video was generally brackish. She, therefore, usually had to proceed some fifty miles up the Plata before the proper quality could be obtained. But at times, especially after a pampero gale had blown itself out, it would be found drinkable at the mouth of the St. Lucia river, some twenty miles distant.

This stream was famous for the number of those amphibious animals known as capinchos. They have the appearance of a huge water-rat without its tail, and are the size of a small pig. They feed on herbs growing on the river bank, and, when disturbed, plunge into the water, sinking immediately out of sight. Their flesh is white, and fairly good eating. The capincho is capable of being tamed when taken young, and they become great pets on board ship. These always afforded a day's sport to the commander of the *Renira* when visiting the St. Lucia.

The river was blockaded by a French brig of war, with whose captain I came to be on very friendly terms, shortly to develop into mutual entertainments. These, on my part, were aided by comestibles obtained in my frequent visits to Monte Video, and also by raids on the wild cattle which abounded higher up the river in the rich pampa lands about Cape Jesu Maria.

Off the barrancas or cliffs in the neighbourhood of this promontory the *Renira* had on many occasions to take in her supply of water, and we then improved the time devoted to pumping it in by going ashore with our rifles and stalking for fresh beef.

The Blancos, who were in force about the St. Lucia river, took good care that the Frenchman should not commit the like depredations, for they drove the herds well inland; but a stray animal now and then, in search of water, would find its way during the night to the river shore, and we were all much amused at the intense

excitement exhibited one early morn on board the brig, when an evidently ancient horse was observed taking his fill of drink on the beach opposite to where she was anchored. Her boats, manned and armed, were despatched with all speed in the direction of the ill-fated beast, and a well-directed volley soon laid him low. The carcass was then towed off and hoisted on board, and soon the vessel's rigging and stays displayed the unwonted sight of a profusion of fresh meat.

An invitation to *déjeûner* for the following day was brought to me from the French captain, and I then knew I was about to make the acquaintance of *bifteck de cheval* for the first time in my life. To say that the breakfast was anything but excellent, would be to belie the wonderful culinary talents of the natives of *la belle France*; nevertheless, every mouthful taken was followed by a wish, on my part, that I had not witnessed the horsey proceeding of the previous day, but resolved to pin my faith on the delicious wines and liqueurs with which I was regaled for correcting any evil effects that might arise from this novel experience in gastronomy.

A *tête-à-tête* dinner to my entertainer on board the *Renira*, was the return for his hospitality, and this would not have claimed notice but for an unprecedented event that occurred whilst he remained my guest.

The pampa region has always been considered outside the circle of earthquakes, and their presence in the Rio de la Plata would, therefore, be regarded with as much astonishment as freedom from their visits in the Cordilleras and Andes, a thousand miles distant.

My friend, after dinner, joined me in a game of *écarté*, and we had both become much absorbed in it, when a tremulous motion was felt as though the schooner was dragging at her anchors, and I was about to hail the quarter-master on deck to know if such was the case, when a very pandemonium of noises in the hold of the vessel cut short further inquiry, and made both myself and the Frenchman spring to our feet. The latter did so with an exclamation that seemed to grind and then roll in his mouth. "*Sacré nom de Dieu! tremblement de terre!*" and up he darted through the hatchway and on to the deck.

The shock must have passed nearly under the *Renira*, for its force was strong enough to disconnect for the moment the empty tanks in the hold and set them rubbing against one another; and this caused the horrid din that had so rudely disturbed our play. The schooner rolled sharply for some little time after the earthquake, showing that the waters of the river had been much agitated.

No real damage was done afloat; but on my return to Monte Video I learnt that many weakly-built and shot-injured houses had fallen to the ground. It is almost unnecessary to add that for the future the theory of earthquake circles are regarded by us in a very dubious light.

In the next cruise of the *Renira* I was accompanied by my messmate, F—, bent on sport. The state of the river at this time was such that fresh water could not be obtained short of Cape Jesu Maria, off which point the schooner anchored; and we proceeded, as usual, to endeavour to procure some beef whilst she filled up her tanks.

Exactly opposite where the *Renira* lay, a deep quebrada or gorge in the land cut

the barrancas or cliffs in twain; giving an easy and unseen approach to the vast pasture-grounds, which extended with slight undulations to the far horizon. Scattered over this pampa country were hundreds of herds of cattle and horses, uncared for and unmarked, their rightful owners being probably shut up in one of the shore towns besieged by the Blancos. The latter could not utilize the beasts except as meat, which had no market value on these plains, but which was simply taken from the surrounding multitude of animals as it was required.

Every Blanco outlet to the great river had been strictly blockaded by the combined squadrons; so that not a single hide indigenous to the Banda Oriental had been shipped for nine years. The consequence was, the cattle enormously increased and multiplied during this period, and had become to all intents perfectly wild, forming themselves, by natural instinct, into separate herds under the guidance of fierce bulls and spirited stallions.

Pigs, that had also been part of the stock raised on many *estancias* (farms) previous to the war, had, when left to their own resources, travelled far afield in search of food. Their progeny, assuming all the habits and appearance of the wild boar, were to be met with in the most retired portions of the republic.

The emu, or South American ostrich, were to be seen in large flocks wherever cattle congregated. They are well known to be, in this respect, the most sociable of birds; and are encouraged to be so by the *estancieros* (farm-bailiffs) as ornamental appendages to the estates under their control, as well as for the eggs laid by them.

Before quitting the schooner it was necessary that a good view should be obtained, through a telescope, of the adjacent country, as in the event of its giving evidence—by the remains of recently slaughtered animals—that Blancos were about, it would be madness to attempt a landing, especially as our late enemies had recently issued a proclamation, through the Buenos Ayres press, declaring all such proceedings we were about to undertake to be piracy, and that short shrift would be given to those caught in the act of making raids on the beasts which pastured on the lands the Blancos had appropriated.

Careful note was also taken of any herds that might be grazing within easy rifle-shot of the gorge, up which it was our intention to stalk them. The precipitous sides of this South American nullah would most completely conceal our approach, and we felt sure of fresh beef on the morrow.

Two blue-jackets, armed with muskets and large knives—the former weapons to be used in defence if necessary, and the latter for killing and cutting up the slaughtered animals—made a party of four engaging in this somewhat perilous venture. Two men remained by the boat; these also were provided with fire-arms, so as to cover our retreat if it became a necessity.

Having toiled for some time up the rough bottom of the quebrada, it was thought that we might be near some of the herds that had been observed from the schooner's deck. The party therefore climbed the ravine's steep side in silence, and so arrived at its top edge.

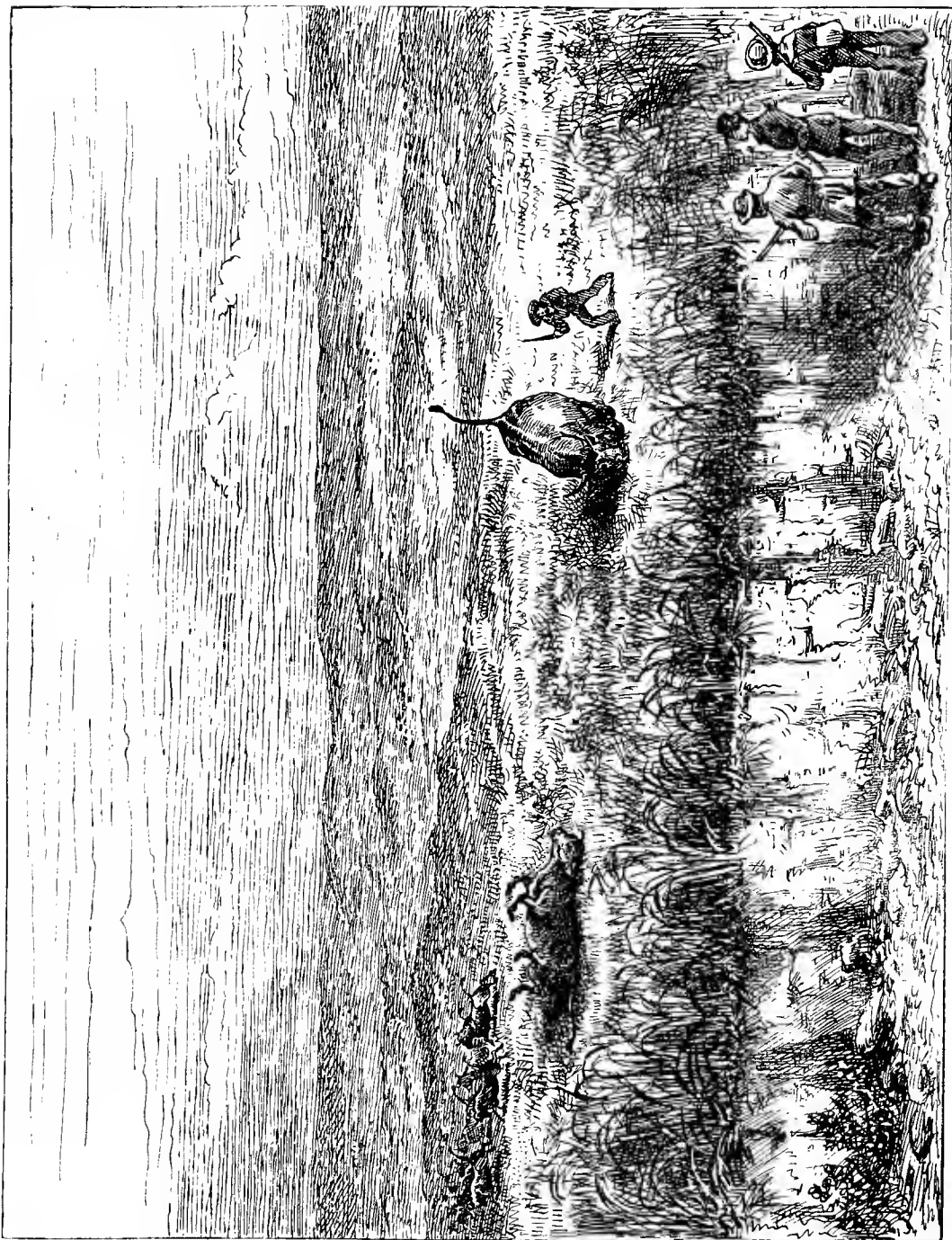
Peering over this, our gratification was extreme at finding a herd within good range of F's rifle, and a young bull, evidently acting as a vedette to them, only

some few paces from us. Whispering to F—— to shoot at one of the fattest heifers, I levelled my smooth-bore gun at the bull's shoulder, and crack went the two pieces at the same moment. F——'s animal rolled over quite dead, having been well penetrated by the rifle projectile. My spherical bullet had, however, only smashed the bull's shoulder-bone and brought the beast to his knees, in which position he remained uttering savage moans and tossing his head in fearful anger. Not wishing to disturb the neighbourhood by further firing, it was proposed to endeavour to ham-string the beast, and then his death could be accomplished by pithing (or running a knife into the spinal cord just behind the horns). One of the sailors volunteered to do the hamstringing if we would keep the bull's attention turned towards ourselves whilst he made his way round to the rear. F—— and myself played our part by showing more of our persons above the edge of the ravine, and this so excited the infuriated brute that he exhibited evident symptoms of charging.

In the meantime the blue-jacket was stealthily approaching him from behind, and was soon enabled to give the first nick at the nearest hamstring. In a moment the bull, turning on his sound fore-leg as a pivot, dashed at his assailant. Jack, unprepared for such latent energy, made off at his best speed, with the roaring animal following close upon him, and making good running on three legs. F—— and I could only play the part of lookers-on, for to fire at the bull would have been to risk killing the seaman. Our anxiety for the latter was very great, as the beast was evidently closing with the chase, and we became really alarmed, when Jack, stumbling over some tussock grass, fell full length to the ground, whilst the enraged animal, in its impetuosity, passed clean over his prostrate form. The nimble sailor was up again in an instant, and made towards where we stood. The act of turning had proved fatal to the bull, and he once more came down upon his knees. It was now time to give him the *coup de grace* with our fire-arms, as it was thus shown it could not be accomplished by the knife, and the brave brute sank to a rifle-bullet through the brain.

The cattle for miles around had by this time become in a disturbed state from the sound of our shots, and herds, led by the old bulls, would rush past with heads down and tails in air, making the ground tremble with their weighty tread. It was therefore necessary to allow this agitation to subside before any further advance was made, and it was also expedient that the meat already secured should be placed in the boat as soon as possible, so the entire energies of the party were turned to this purpose. Much difficulty was experienced in conveying the quarters of beef down the precipitous side of the ravine and over the broken ground which formed its bottom; but by mid-day the whole had been embarked and sent off to the *Renira*, and the shore party rested from its labours under the shadow of the chalk cliffs, known to the natives as the "barrancas of St. Gregorio."

After a time, deeming the herds to have settled down again to their grazing, we stole up the quebrada in the hope of having similar luck to what had already chanced us; but in this we were disappointed, as the beasts, evidently aware that some danger to them still lurked in the ravine, had removed from its vicinity and were far out of rifle-range. We, on the other hand, had felt all along the security the quebrada



SHOOTING WILD CATTLE IN THE PAMPAS.

afforded us against any Blanco attack, as no horse could be ridden down its steep sides, and thus a safe retreat to the boat was insured ; but now, if more meat was to be obtained, its shelter must be abandoned.

After a consultation it was decided to make an effort to stalk a herd about half a mile distant, by crawling on hands and knees towards them, and F—— and myself had proceeded in this wise for some considerable time when our progress was arrested by an unlooked-for obstacle. Moving with our heads close to the ground, we had been unable to see over the pampa-grass, and consequently anything that might be lying concealed there would escape our observation. It was therefore somewhat startling to hear a loud grunt close to our front, followed by the grizzly form of a huge boar rearing himself in the attitude of attack within a yard or so of our faces. Nor did he give us much time to deliberate, for before we could get well to our feet he had charged. Stepping rapidly backward we received him with pointed guns, which luckily disconcerted the awful-looking brute, for he suddenly pulled himself up and turned slowly round in retreat. A well-directed shot from F——'s rifle struck the boar's spine, and he was instantly disabled. Dropping on his hams, he turned his bristly head in our direction and awaited his fate with glaring eyes and an open mouth garnished with a solitary tusk some six inches in length, its opposite companion having been broken off just above the jaw. He was an ugly, ill-conditioned brute, and was evidently of advanced age. This was proved, to our disgust, by finding the meat quite unfit for food.

The boar had been finished off with a ball through the head, and our sailors had commenced skinning operations, when an exclamation of surprise and disappointment escaped them. A school-boy who had by mistake purchased a thick-rinded orange would have had a fellow-feeling with the blue-jackets at this moment ; for after cutting through some two inches of bristles, hide, and its contiguities, they found little left for their trouble, and that little uneatable.

The cattle having been again disturbed by the firing, all idea of further stalking was given up ; and F—— exchanging his rifle-barrel for that of a gun he had brought with him, we both loaded with No. 4 shot and proceeded to beat some high tussock-grass for the large partridge—a bird much resembling in size and plumage our home hen-pheasant, without her tail ; its bill, however, differing in being longer, slighter, and more curved. Hardly had the cover been entered before grunts and squeaks gave notice of its being occupied by more of the porcine tribe, and soon a sow bolted, followed by a litter of half-grown pigs. Two of these were bowled over by our small shot, and we were preparing to load again with ball and follow up the prey, when the attention of the party was attracted by a more than usual agitation amongst the animals in the distance.

F—— had quickly put up his field-glass, and the next instant dropped it with an expression that sent a queer thrill through his hearers. "Cavalry, by Jove!" was all he said, but there was not one of the party that did not fully understand the danger in those words, and brace up his nerves to meet it. To think of retreat was useless, as the horses were coming upon us with railway speed, so we drew together in a little knot and determined to sell our lives dearly. The advancing troop would dis-

appear at intervals as they sank into the hollows of the undulating pampa, only to be thrown out in bolder relief against the sky as they each time surmounted a nearer eminence. F—— had again raised his glass so as to view them when in this favourable position, and surprised us all by giving vent to a hearty laugh, which we felt quite out of place under the perilous circumstances in which we supposed ourselves to be. He soon, however, explained, to our intense satisfaction, that, although it was in truth a troop of horse thus bearing down, he could not discover that they had riders on their backs. Very shortly all doubt was put at rest by a herd of about thirty beautiful creatures, of a creamy colour with long wavy black manes and tails, suddenly halting within some fifty paces of where we stood. The leading stallions trotted out well to the front, and breathed defiance through their snorting nostrils. Then the wild troop circled round the ground we occupied, and sniffed the air, evidently to ascertain, if possible, by the sense of smell, the nature of our being. When comparatively at rest, the manes of the herd would touch the ground, and their forelocks hung in profusion over their frontals. These they tossed high in the air to clear the eyesight.

Some of the boldest stallions would approach with an impatient stamp of the fore-feet, and then hastily retire; but they did not give us the idea of being aware of much danger to themselves by our presence, exhibiting more of curiosity in their movements, and this having been satisfied they sped away in the direction they had come from, with their long manes floating on the breeze.

After a fruitless search for the old sow and the remainder of the progeny, we were fain to give up further attempts on the lives of the wild denizens of the pampas, and with our latest bag embark for the schooner, which was soon under weigh on her return to the squadron at Monte Video.

The Commodore had now a special mission to be entrusted to me. The town of Colonia, some hundred miles up the La Plata, is the next place of importance in the Banda Oriental to the capital of that republic, and had been closely besieged by the forces of Rosas under General Moreno. It was situated on the bank of the great river, immediately opposite the Argentine capital (Buenos Ayres) and was separated from it by twenty miles of fresh water. Lying on a low shore, Colonia is rarely seen from Buenos Ayres, but under certain atmospheric conditions which cause a wonderful mirage, a stranger visiting the latter port would be surprised some day to observe a town he had never noticed before suddenly rise, as it were, out of the river, and take its station above the usual horizon; and so clear would be his view of it that even the windows in the houses might be counted by the aid of a telescope. Shipping, also, quite out of the ordinary range of sight, would be made visible by this strange phenomenon, which has also the power of inverting objects, so that a vessel would be as likely to appear in the sky keel up as otherwise.

Since British interference had ceased, the Blancos were pushing on the land siege of Colonia with vigour, and it was thought the town must soon fall to their arms. I was, therefore, instructed to seek an interview with General Moreno and point out to him that, although the English were no longer his enemies, they would view with extreme displeasure any unnecessary destruction of their property in the

river ports of the Banda Oriental and Uruguay provinces, and, therefore, as he must be well aware it would be impossible for him to hold Colonia without the connivance of the Allied squadrons, the British commodore requested that, in the event of his capturing the place, proper measures would be taken for the protection of foreign interests. E——, the Flag Lieutenant, who had acquired the Spanish language in a wonderful short space of time, was sent to conduct this piece of diplomacy, and we both started from the outposts of Colonia on horses sent by the General under a flag of truce. Thinking the occasion might be improved if sport was combined with duty, we took a brace of pointers and guns, with the intention of shooting our way out to the *campimento* (military encampment) ten miles distant, and where we should find Moreno's head-quarters. But the dogs gave us more work than could be accomplished, if we were to get back to Colonia that night.

The common small partridge indigenous to the pampas is of similar form and plumage to the larger bird previously described, but in size is something between a quail and our own brown English partridge, but approximates nearer to the latter. These are found in the low pampa-grass, whereas the bigger brethren generally conceal themselves in the high tussock-tumps.

About a mile out from the town real sport commenced, the dogs standing at every few yards. First of all we dismounted to the points, but, finding this took up too much time, afterwards shot from the saddle. The horses—evidently old cavalry ones—stood steady to the fire, and our game bags were soon filled. But still the dogs kept pointing, until we were obliged to take them up and send them back by one of the *gauchos* who accompanied the party.

We were received with all honours at the Blanco head-quarters, and the General gave assurances that all should be done as the Commodore wished. He regaled us with the national dish of *Carné con cuero*, or meat cooked in the hide, and rode part of the way back in our company. On taking leave he said he hoped to be in Colonia on the morrow, and had ordered his artillery to breach the Colorado defences that evening.

On reaching the schooner about sunset, I observed an ominous appearance in the sky to the south-west, and, as the anchorage was perfectly open to that quarter, made preparations to meet the coming blow by letting go another anchor and veering on both cables. We then, wearied with our day's doings, retired to the bunks, leaving a seaman in charge of the deck. We must both have been in a sound sleep, when an awful crash and shock to the vessel startled our slumbers, and made us aware that the wind was roaring overhead, and that the *Renira* was in for a pampero. But what could have struck the schooner? We thought perhaps one of the Blanco round shot, passing over the town, had come on board. To jump out of bed and slip on clothes was the work of a few seconds; and we then felt our way, in pitchy darkness, to the hatchway. At this moment a vivid flash of lightning, followed immediately by another crash, made me suspect what had happened.

The wind was now blowing a hurricane, and the rain descended in sheets, and I found much difficulty in keeping a footing on the deck. So furious was the tempest that the angry waves seemed to be making a clean breach over the vessel fore and

aft, and, as they washed against my person, I detected the presence of splinters and other wooden *débris* in them. Whilst wondering where they came from, another brilliant flash illuminated surrounding objects, and, having my eyes directed forward at the moment, a sight presented itself for which I was hardly prepared.

The schooner's foremast, made from an entire New Zealand red-pine tree, was shivered at the mast-head into such fragments that caused it to resemble, more than anything else, the stump of an old birch-broom. The spar itself was split down in various lengths, one reaching apparently as far as the deck. Not having seen any of the crew about during the play of the lightning, a horrid suspicion was aroused in my mind that the electric fluid must have followed the mast down into the fore-peak, where the men had their sleeping-berths, and I shuddered to think of what might have occurred. Struggling with the fearful blast, I succeeded, after many buffetings, in reaching the fore-hatchway, and shouted down it, at the top of my voice, receiving in return the welcome reply that all was right with the crew. Theirs was indeed a narrow escape, for had not the lightning been attracted to the chain cables which lay on the deck it would have continued down the mast and burst in the midst of the unconscious seamen with, doubtless, fatal results.

Scarcely was the men's safety assured than another danger stared us in the face. The *Renira*, in spite of her two anchors ahead, was fast driving on to the shore, where a raging surf awaited her. Nothing could be done; the schooner had been provided with only two anchors, and both cables had been paid out to the clench. Every succeeding flash revealed a nearer approach to the dreaded cliffs, and the first bump was momentarily expected, when the seaman on watch, who had been noting by the lead her gradual drift, reported that she had suddenly become stationary.

Soon the first fury of the pampero had subsided, and then a steady gale took its place. Against this it was impossible for the *Renira* to make head with her foremast in such a damaged state. She had, therefore, to wait some days in her unpleasant position, before the spar could be properly fished and the wind allow of the anchors being hove on. One of these had been got on board, and when the other came to be weighed, it was found impossible to start it from its hold on the bottom, and in this we recognized our escape from shipwreck. It was ascertained by divers that the fluke of this anchor had providentially hooked, as it dragged through the mud, the stock of a larger anchor from which a merchant vessel must have parted some years previously, as there had been no shipments from Colonia since the commencement of the war.

This proved to be my last cruise in the *Renira*, as on arriving at Monte Video I was offered the first lieutenantancy of the *Inconstant*, 36-gun frigate, commanded by the noted Jack Shepherd, a naval martinet of the period. As the *Inconstant* would not quit the river for some time, I reminded Sir Thomas of an old promise he had made, namely, that those officers who had served ashore in the lines should have an opportunity of visiting Buenos Ayres, and was pleased to find him well-disposed to grant leave to F—— and myself for this purpose, and, further, to supply us with letters of introduction to General Rosas and his fair daughter, Manuelita.

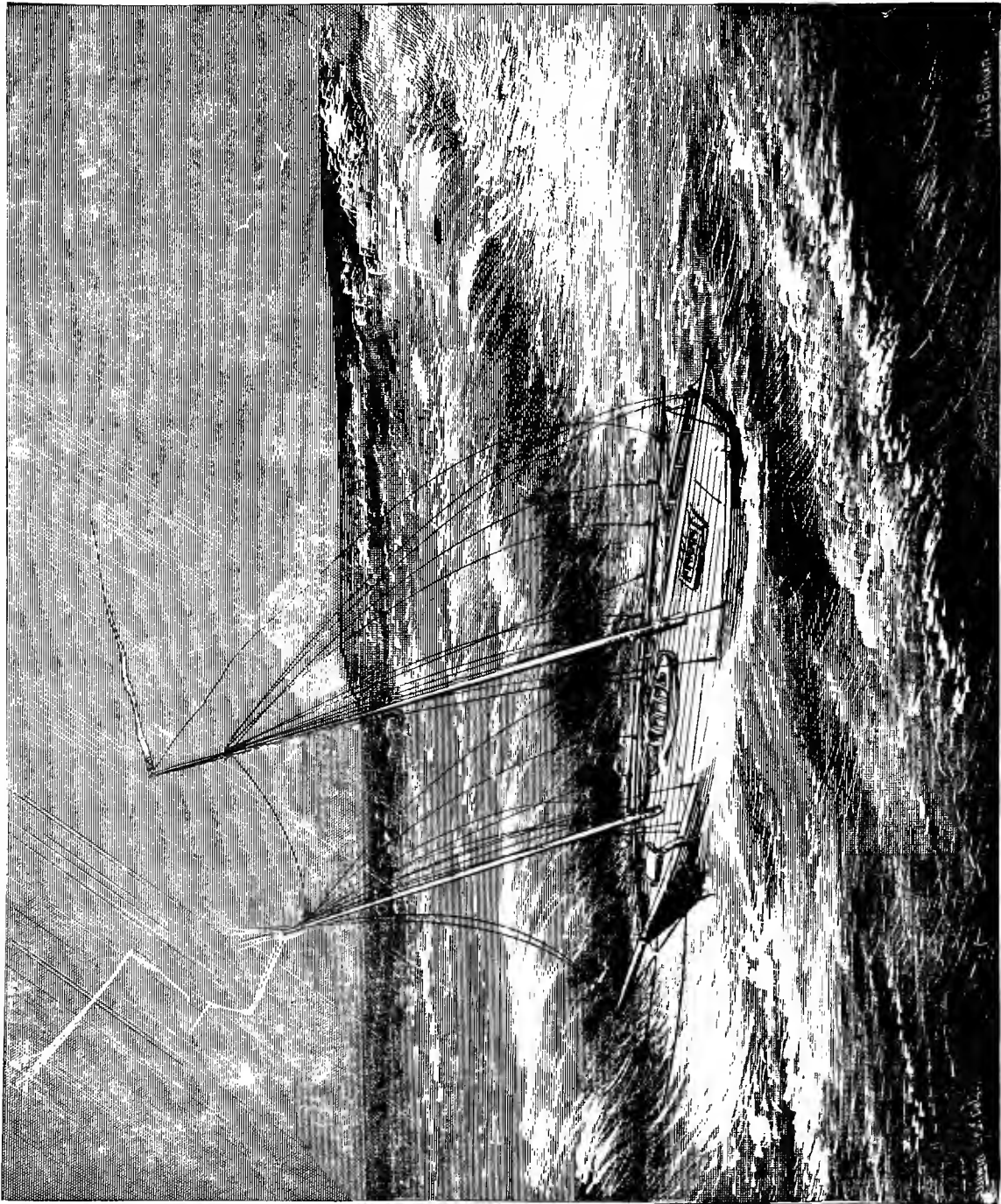


Illustration
ZUR. PAUL. ENGEL. CI

Visit to Rosas.

The *Kestrel* packet, with an old acquaintance, Lieutenant Baker, in command, who had made himself deservedly popular with all who had the good fortune to take passage in his pretty craft, had brought the mails from Rio de Janeiro, and now lay-to, awaiting the signal from the *Raleigh* to proceed to Buenos Ayres. Our kind old Commodore would not, however, let her go until F—— and myself had got safely on board, when up went the bunting, and the brigantine was soon scudding up the river before a favouring breeze which brought her off the Argentine capital by noon the following day. We then had five or six miles of boat sailing before reaching the inner roads, where only vessels of small tonnage can float, on account of the water shallowing considerably as the shore is approached. Even the packet's light cutter and gig could not get within a quarter of a mile of the beach.

One and two-horsed carts are always in readiness to meet this difficulty; and soon three or four of these rude vehicles were seen splashing their way out to the stranded boats. In them both passengers and luggage embarked, and lucky were we to be landed without a thorough wetting, for the short river-waves would break at times with great violence over the conveyance, and cover its occupants with muddy spray from their turbid waters, which are here the colour of pea-soup.

Rosas was now in the zenith of his power. His political enemies, the Unitarians, had fled their native country to escape death or imprisonment at the hands of the remorseless Federals, who, more easily to detect friend from foe, employed a secret association—calling themselves the Misorca Club—who mixed with society at Buenos Ayres, and then denounced those who had uttered words to the disparagement of the Dictator's rule. These were waited upon at the dead of night by some of the rougher members of the club, who either killed or banished them, in accordance with the orders they had received respecting their disposal.

Terror took possession of those inhabitants who had the slightest idea of being compromised, and every means of escape was employed to put the river, at least, between themselves and their murderous fellow countrymen.

At one time assassinations became so frequent that dead-carts went round the city at early dawn to collect and convey the unfortunate victims of this tyranny to the Campo Santo (burial-ground), and the wretches employed to do the work would trot them off to the cry of "Carne!" (meat).

How far Rosas was implicated in this disgusting slaughter it is difficult to say, but doubtless the club proceedings had his sanction, in spite of the tears and entreaties of his daughter, Manuelita, to deal more leniently with his opponents.

Out of evil ways, it is said, good often comes. Thus the great redeeming point in Rosas's Government was the security his "pass" afforded to peaceful travellers in the provinces over which he ruled supreme; and his partisans would boast, in those days, that a young girl with this paper in her possession might ride alone, unmolested, from the shores of the Rio de la Plata to the base of the mighty Andes, some thousand miles distant.

Indeed, violence to person and property—except when it was used for political

ends—was never so little known in the Argentine republic as when Rosas wielded absolute control over its internal affairs. His secret agencies, established everywhere, made the detection of crime a comparatively easy matter, and few escaped punishment for misdeeds. It was hopeless for the lawless to find an asylum amongst the Indians. Rosas' influence over these savages of the pampas was unbounded. He took them into his pay as soldiers, and subsidised them in various ways until they became ready instruments in his hands for good or evil.

It was during this tranquil period that F—— and myself were to become acquainted with this extraordinary man, and, having found lodgings, sent off our letters of introduction at once to Palermo—the country residence of the Dictator—some three miles outside Buenos Ayres.

Our lodgings were kept by a respectable Irish woman, Mrs. Fegan, and were situated in one of the principal streets leading off the Marina; but before reaching them in our springless cart we had to undergo a variety of joltings and bumpings anything but pleasant. The whole way was a succession of *pontanos* (bog-holes). As fast as the horses drew us out of one of these, we abruptly descended into another. This kept F—— and myself playing a sort of shuttlecock game with our bodies, as they were jerked from side to side in the cart during its violent movements.

Such was the state of the streets of the Argentine capital in 1847.

A reply from Palermo was not long in coming, and in it we were invited to make a couple of days' stay at the Quinta. So, putting a few necessaries together, and strapping them on hired hacks, we rode out there in the afternoon, and in time for Rosas's somewhat early dinner. Both the Dictator and his daughter were at home to receive us, but the former was delayed in making our acquaintance by State business. In the meantime, Manuelita put into play all those engaging manners of which she was naturally mistress, making us—notwithstanding our shortcomings in the Spanish language—perfectly at ease. We were soon to find out that this was an inherited gift of tact from her clever father.

Manuelita was elegant in figure and pleasing in face, the latter totally belying the scandals promulgated at Monte Video respecting her, and leaving a very favourable impression upon ourselves. Conversation had struggled on for some time, when a door was opened at the farthest end of the room, and a genial, middle-aged man entered, who advanced towards F—— and myself with both hands extended, and gave us a most cordial greeting. His ruddy and closely-shaven face had much of the John Bull type in it, and might have been taken to belong to a well-to-do Scotch farmer. One expected to hear the broad accents of our northern countrymen issue from his lips, instead of the mellowed language which comes of Spanish races.

My messmate and I exchanged a quick glance of mutual surprise. Could this possibly be the terrorist, the bloody tyrant, the midnight murderer of political opponents, and secret inquisitor of men and women's opinions for his own ambitious ends, the destroyer of happy homes and the ruin of thousands—all of which we had been taught to believe of the despot who now stood before us in the person of General Don Manuel Rosas, the President and Dictator of the Argentine Republic.

I had never heard the history of this man's parentage, but only that he gloried in being called the "*gaucho*" Rosas, and this inclined me to believe him to be of low Spanish origin; but my memory slipped back at the moment to the year 1835, when I had visited a flourishing Scotch settlement some ten miles to the north of Buenos Ayres, which for many years supplied that city with dairy produce; and I now pondered in my mind if there could possibly be any connection between it and the pleasant Gaelic features which accorded us such a hearty welcome.

Dinner was announced as served, and Rosas led the way to the *sála*, a long, cheerful room, the windows of which looked out on the Quinta gardens and the river beyond them; and here we found his secretary, and other members of the staff, waiting to join in the great meal of the day. The food was plain, but of the best quality, and included the national and delicious dish of beef cooked in the hide, by which method all the juices of the meat are preserved to it, instead of being allowed to run away as in the English plan of roasting.

Games of forfeits and such like amusements followed the dinner, in all of which the Dictator took a boisterous part, making us all laugh heartily at his droll buffoonery.

As evening drew on, a programme for the next day was discussed, and it was finally decided that we were to pay a visit to the Indian military encampment, about six miles distant, and witness some two thousand of these mounted pampa warriors perform their various evolutions. Afterwards we were to be taken to a *corral* (kraal), or staked enclosure, into which some wild horses would be driven and there and then mounted and broken in by *gauchos*.

There was a delightful crispness in the morning air as we rode out from the Quinta, after early chocolate. The cavalcade formed a brilliant company, with Rosas and his daughter at its head. The former was in full gaucho costume, with massive silver spurs strapped upon his boots, the rowels of which must have had the diameter of a moderate-sized breakfast saucer. The bridles and head-gear of the Dictator's horse shone resplendent with silver mountings; and Manuelita—despising the European riding-habit—sat her side-saddle in the same sort of loose frilled trouser and *chiripa* as those worn by her father, but had over them a gay-coloured garment instead of the poncho. The skirts of this dress were sufficiently long to admit of only the handsomely-embroidered frill of the trouser being visible above the finely-shaped feet and ankles, encased in soft leather *bottas* (boots) made from the skin of a colt's hind legs, which had been cured and ornamented by Indian squaws.

Our route lay over a pampa country, which afforded a good field for a gallop. This Rosas took advantage of to encourage racing amongst the party, he himself taking the principal lead in the fun, and displaying those feats of horsemanship so necessary in the training of the gaucho, who has constantly to practice them in earnest when engaged in lassoing obstreperous animals. A properly broken pampa horse must have been taught to throw himself upon his haunches when at full speed, and at the will of his master, as also to turn suddenly round almost within his own length, and when fast to a lassoed beast to plant his four legs firmly in the ground and incline his body so as to support the severe strain brought upon it.

Our host watched his guests' equestrian performances with much interest, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, evidently in expectation of viewing a fiasco through their supposed inexperience, as sailors, in such matters. But in this His Excellency was doomed to disappointment, for F—— and myself had been reared up as country boys in England, and ridden our ponies across rough ground from an early age, and had since mounted many a vicious brute in various parts of the world.

The encampment was composed of low huts, made of stakes and hide-coverings, and formed a large circle, in which was drawn up the Indian cavalry, and wild in the extreme was their appearance. Both animals and men were equally unkempt. The manes and tails of the former nearly swept the ground; and the long coarse hair on the heads of the men was merely confined by a broad white fillet or band, on which was worked the motto, "Viva los Federales, muerte a los salvaje Unitarios" (Life to the Federals, death to the savage Unitarians).

These Indians came of tribes far to the south, on the borders of Araucania, and had a fine physique, as was observable in their bare muscular arms and brawny chests. Their skin was of a somewhat lighter colour than that of those tribes who roam the plains farther to the north, and being inhabitants of a mountainous region, and consequently of a more bracing climate, were altogether a superior race.

Rosas had probably thought it unadvisable to train these untamed savages to the use of fire-arms, as at some future day they might become a formidable power in the provinces. He therefore had confined their weapons of offence to the bolas, lance, and knife. The first of these was composed of three strips of plaited hide, joined at a centre, and having small iron balls covered with leather at about a yard's distance from it, and attached to each strip. This implement required much dexterity in its use, and this could only be attained by constant practice. The object of the weapon—if it might in the present instance so be called—was to cripple the legs of a pursued animal by causing the balls to twine the strips of hide round them; and this was to be accomplished by the pursuer swinging the bolas in such a manner over his head that, when launched at the retreating beast, the three plaits should preserve an equi-distance from each other, and arrive in this form at their goal. By this means a fleeing foe could be instantly arrested and placed at the mercy of his enemy.

The next and most formidable-looking arm permitted to the Indians was a long bamboo lance, with a tuft of the emu's tail feathers secured round and placed just below its bright steel point. These lances served two purposes, namely, for attack as also to cover a retreat, as we were to be presently shown. The third and last weapon allowed them was the terrible cuchillo, or long knife, which could either be thrown at an overtaken rider or used by hand at close quarters with him. The utility of these various arms was now to be practically demonstrated to us.

At a sign from the Dictator, the chief of the Indians advanced and did homage. He then made an excited speech, evidently in laudation of his employer, pausing and turning to us at intervals for approval, which was, of course, accorded him, although it is needless to say that the harsh guttural sounds he was uttering had no meaning to our ears, but we judged by the speaker's looks and actions of the tenour of his



INDIANS OF THE PAMPAS IN THE SERVICE OF THE ARGENTINE DICTATOR, ROSAS, CROSSING A "FONTANA," OR BOG-HOLE, WHILE IN PURSUIT OF ENEMIES.

discourse. This was afterwards translated into Spanish for our benefit, and proved—as we had suspected it to be—a mass of adulation.

The troops were now drawn up in a double line outside of the encampment, and were ordered to advance upon a supposed enemy. This they did with much shouting and shaking of lances, which caused the ostrich feathers to become greatly agitated, and this gave an idea of irritation and impatience to the rushing host which might be likely to disconcert a feeble foe. But in this instance it was taken for granted that their opponents remained staunch, and possessed fire-arms or bows and arrows; so they were approached by a device common to the pampa Indian. At a given signal, and whilst the horses were at full speed, their riders would drop from the pad or saddle and cling to the off-side of the beast, so as to place him between themselves and the expected missiles. The butts of their lances were allowed to trail along the ground during this manoeuvre. On an order to remount, the men sprang with a bound to the horse's back and resumed the charge. Supposing the foe had taken to flight, the lance was again allowed to trail, and the bolas was brought into play. It was a curious sight to see some two thousand of these novel weapons swing over the heads of as many warriors at the same moment.

If, however, a retreat became necessary, and the enemy pursued, the lance was made to trail well behind the horse, so as to protect his legs from the bolas; and the Indian himself would lie flat along the back and neck of the animal, to escape being lassoed or balled.

To give us a practical proof of the protection the trailed lance afforded against the bolas, the chief selected a few of his most experienced men to engage in a sham fight, and it was then clearly shown that in the chase of an enemy the bamboo lance received the bolas instead of the horse's legs. But when the lance was not there to protect, and the bolas being thrown by these Indians with unerring aim, the animal's movements were instantly hampered.

The review being concluded, Rosas again called the chief to him, and in complimentary terms dismissed the force. Our party then made for the corral, into which some wild pampa horses had been driven that morning, and took up positions outside the stakes, so as to have a good view of the proceedings of the gauchos who were to operate upon the animals inside the enclosure.

The frightened horses were galloping round their prison in a most excited state, when three men entered it, swinging the bolas over their heads. Two of them let fly theirs at the same animal, one being made to cling to his fore and the other to his hind legs, and thus crippled he was easily headed and turned in a contrary direction to that he had been moving in.

The third bolas was now thrown across the one already round the hind legs, and this so firmly locked them that the horse could be approached and lassoed without risking his strangulation. He was then forced into the centre of the corral, and there had his four legs tightly bound with slip ropes. The animal was tumbled over on his side, and lay heaving and palpitating in the utmost terror.

After a time, the gaucho wooden saddle, with the "rackow" of sheep-skins

attached to it, was placed on the back of the unfortunate beast, who was lifted from his prostrate position sufficiently to admit of the girths being passed under him and temporarily secured. A bridle of raw hide was then fastened round his lower jaw and over the tongue.

This primitive bit was a cruel accessory to the other means taken in breaking him in, for it cut into the tender flesh of his mouth and soon created bad sores. The bolas were now removed from the legs, leaving the slip-lashings on them. The men then raised the horse by sheer force into an upright position, and readjusted the rackow, and tightened up the girths, preparatory to the gaucho's mounting.

All this while the bound beast struggled hard to set himself free. A half-bred little Indian prepared to take his seat on the rackow, and was quietly placed there by an assistant. His heels were armed with ponderous iron spurs, having sharp rowels of huge circumference. These he buried deep into the sheep-skins, in anticipation of the rough treatment he was soon to experience.

Trembling like an aspen-leaf, the wild creature received this unaccustomed burthen with an arched back, which gave plain intimation of the kind of tactics he would pursue when released from his fetters. The rider held a heavy plaited hide whip in his right hand, and gathered up the rude reins with the other, and then directed the handkerchief—that had up to this time covered the animal's eyes—to be removed.

This being done suddenly caused another shock to the brute's nerves, and he quivered so in every limb that we expected to see him fall.

The men now quickly slipped the hide ropes that bound the horse's legs. For a moment or two he did not seem to realise his freedom, and stood motionless. The little half-caste thereupon gave him a reminder with his whip. In an instant the terror-stricken beast commenced a series of bounds, resembling more than anything else those of a cat who, with raised back, fights or plays with a neighbouring tabby.

Finding the bucking game unavailing to rid him of his adversary, he proceeded to rear and plunge in the most violent manner. This attempt to dispose of his rider was frustrated by repeated blows over the head and ears, which seemed to drive him perfectly frantic, and caused the poor beast to cut most ludicrous capers. Then the idea of getting rid of the incubus by rolling must have entered his brain, but before he could drop on his knees he had received such a severe thrashing from the heavy whip, and violent jerks to his tender mouth, that quite put a stop to his intentions.

At last, wearied with these fruitless contests, he started off at full speed. The corral gates were opened to let him pass through, and soon horse and man disappeared on the distant horizon. Two mounted gauchos started after them, and, in a certain lapse of time, were seen returning with the now subdued animal and his conqueror between them.

They guided the poor beast again into the corral, where he was unsaddled and caressed, and then released to join his wild companions. These were about

to be similarly coerced, and would after three or four repetitions of the above treatment, in a gradually milder form, be considered "broken horses."

We now returned to a late breakfast at Palermo, and afterwards visited the Dictator's *estancia*, or farm. In the cultivation and management of it he had adopted many modern improvements, and prided himself upon them.

After another pleasant evening spent in the society of Manuelita and her father, we made preparation for riding back to our lodgings in Buenos Ayres. Rosas, on hearing this, expressed his intention to accompany us, making as his excuse his fear that we might lose the road in the dark. His followers gave us to understand that this was a marked attention on the part of His Excellency, as it was a most unusual thing for him to leave his quinta after nightfall. However, he was evidently bent on doing all honour to his old friend, Sir Thomas Herbert, in the persons of his officers, and was determined that the report to be given to our Commodore should be as favourable as possible.

The General had been in a constant state of hilarity during our stay with him, but, when F—— and myself came to talk this matter over, we arrived at the conclusion that much of it was unnatural and forced; for we had detected at times, in spite of his apparent *bonhommie*, a facial anxiety and nervous restlessness that showed a troubled spirit.

During this night's ride he was particularly thoughtful and pre-occupied, and when the first sentinel challenged, as we approached the town, bade us a hasty adieu. Indeed, the secret enemies that his cruel policy had made to him would have dared much to avenge upon his person the gross injuries it had inflicted upon their friends or, perhaps, relatives. A good deal of the harshness in Rosas' rule must be attributed to the then state of society in the Spanish republics of South America. Vital questions touching their interests were never decided by a vote in the Senate House. An appeal to arms surely followed an adverse decision in the Chambers, and revolutions upon revolutions occurred, until they became a chronic evil to these unhappy countries.

Leaders, of more or less notoriety, were always ready at hand to conduct them, and a prospect of licence brought to their aid volunteers from amongst the semi-barbarous inhabitants of the pampas, to whom shedding blood and looting were considered agreeable pastimes. In nearly all the revolutions that have taken place in the Uruguay and Argentine provinces the oppositionists to the existing Government of the Republic availed themselves of the services of the gaucho, who frequently is a half-breed, retaining all the treacherous characteristics of the Indian, in addition to the excitable disposition of the Spaniard, who is ever willing to draw a knife on the slightest provocation.

The Campo, or open country, has generally been chosen by the rebels as their head-quarters, and where they could recruit their forces unmolested. It was a comparatively easy undertaking to maintain an army there, as an unlimited supply of meat could be obtained by the mere trouble of catching and slaughtering the beasts, and this had been the gaucho's occupation ever since he was old enough to mount a horse. He, moreover, had never been accustomed to aid his diet

with bread, vegetables, or salt, but would ride all day with some eight or ten pounds of the choicest cut from a fat heifer under his rackow, and cook it over a tussock-grass fire in the evening, consuming at one sitting the best part of it.

Camp life, under these circumstances, had no hardships for him, whilst the attractions of a partisan war were the excitement of guerillas and the inevitable gambling that followed a successful raid on hostile property; and should those he served attain to power, he might be sure of a certain reward accruing to him to make up for the want of pay during the time he was in the field. If, on the contrary, the enterprise failed, he merely returned to his work of tending, marking, and killing cattle for the owners of the leagues of grazing country that constituted their estancias.

Rosas, as has been related, became himself the victim of a revolution. His nominal vassal Urquiza, Governor of Entre Rios and Corrientes, provinces separated from the Argentine proper by the Parana river, crossed an army over it, and attacked the Dictator at a moment when his star was on the wane at Buenos Ayres.

Rosas was defeated in a battle fought just outside that city, and escaped on board an English man-of-war, disguised in the uniform of a private of Royal Marines. This vessel—or some other—took him to England, putting him ashore at Southampton, where he at once settled down in comfortable quarters on the outskirts of that town. The tyranny he had exercised in his own country made him to be shunned by society in England, and, indeed, he seemed to wish to avoid contact with it. It was whilst leading this quiet life that his quondam enemy, Garibaldi, was being fêted by the municipality of Southampton, on his landing there when he paid his visits to the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Seely in 1863. Even in retirement the ex-Dictator gave tokens of his arbitrary habits by inflicting stringent rules on those he employed upon his small property.

Englishmen residing at Buenos Ayres during his term of power had no cause to complain of their treatment; his partiality for them was shown in many ways, as also in his final determination to pass the remainder of his days in their country. He died, I believe, in 1880.

Before pronouncing a verdict on Rosas's dictatorship, the extreme rancour which entered into all party disputes in the early days of the Argentine Republic must be taken into consideration, as also the lawless state the provinces had been permitted to fall into under former presidents. As in Paraguay under Francia and Lopez, their despotic rule exercised a beneficial control over a half-civilized community, so did the iron hand of Rosas crush out much prevailing iniquity amongst an equally barbarous race. As regards his conduct towards political opponents—cruel as it undoubtedly became—we should remember he was goaded to it by that first law of our nature, self-preservation; for, surely, had he not rid his country of their presence, they would sooner or later have taken the shortest method of destroying so formidable a rival.

Buenos Ayres, Ensenada, Rio, and the Falkland Islands, with Mr. R— as Governor.

Before quitting Buenos Ayres we visited its cathedral, wherein hangs the British flag* captured from the imbecile Whitelock, who, in 1808, depending on the mere word of a Spaniard, advanced into the heart of the hostile city, with his men virtually unarmed, for he had caused the flints of their muskets to be previously removed for fear that they might reply to any shots fired at them by a treacherous foe, and thus rouse the whole population to arms. As it was, our troops were permitted to enter the town unmolested; but when they had nearly reached the Plaza or great square, a fusillade from azoteas and windows was opened on them, and they were only saved from total destruction by laying down their arms and supplicating for mercy. Happily it was about the only humiliating position imposed upon English soldiers by their general during the great war, and the name of Whitelock has been stigmatized throughout the army.

Our stay amongst the Portenos—as the resident natives of Buenos Ayres are designated—was concluded by a visit to their great shipping port at Ensenada, some twenty miles to the south. In these days, I believe, a railway connects the two places, but in 1847 there was no such convenience, and we had to ride the distance on horseback. Our particular reason for going to Ensenada was to view one of the *saladeros* or slaughtering and salting places for cattle, and to witness the wonderful celerity with which the men employed in the establishment—aided by the steam vat—could convert some hundred head of live beasts into tallow in cask, and ready for shipment, in the course of a single day's work.

Starting early from Buenos Ayres, and riding at a brisk pace, brought us to the corrals (so pronounced) at Ensenada in good time to see the commencement of the proceedings. Into one of these large enclosures about a hundred head of wild cattle had been driven from the pampas the previous day. The corral was oval in shape, with a gate at either end, and a little beyond the one intended for the exit of the animals to their final doom was placed two stout posts, about two yards asunder, crowned by a heavy wooden cross-bar, with an iron ring descending from the centre of its lower side, and this was lashed firmly to the bar. A very long lasso was passed through this ring, with its looped end towards the corral, and the other attached to the wooden saddle of a powerful horse. On the top of the cross-bar sat a man with two or three narrow-bladed and sharp-pointed pithing knives in his belt. He was an expert in his business, and never failed to divide the spinal cord at the first thrust.

Another man performed the lassoing by mounting the staked side of the corral, and throwing the noose over the horns of the nearest beast. The horse outside was then immediately put in motion, and the bellowing animal drawn by this means towards the gate. This, as he approached it, was allowed to swing open, and he was soon dragged through the aperture, and his head brought up to the iron ring at the

* This flag has, I believe, been lately restored to the English (1889).

cross-bar. In a moment the long thin blade had done its work, and the animal dropped dead. The loop of the long lasso was then removed from the horns, and an ordinary hide rope attached to them. The carcass was now moved away by a mounted gaucho.

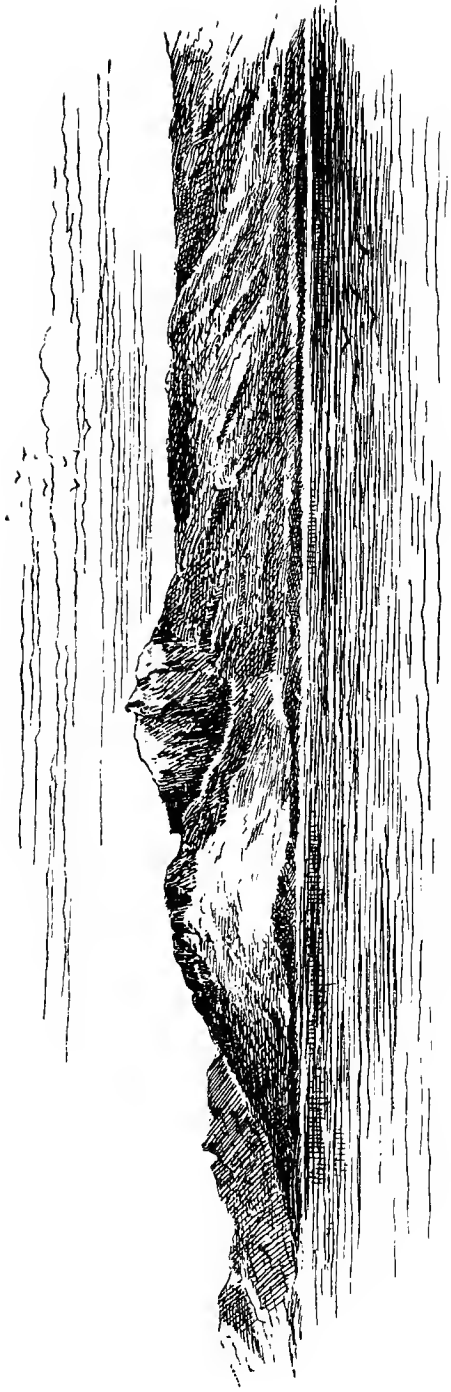
The gate of the corral had been swung to again immediately the passage through its portals had been effected, so that the frightened cattle inside had no chance of escape. The long lasso was again thrown, with similar results, and so the slaughtering went rapidly forward. As the living beasts thinned in number, men with long sharp prods stood on the top of the stakes forming the enclosure, and urged them to a position where they could be reached by the noose.

Beyond the killing-post a busy but bloody scene awaited us. Carcasses lay all around, with men in red shirts stripping them of their hides. This first operation on the defunct was performed in an incredibly short space of time. The animal was then disembowelled, and the horns and hoofs cut off, as also the solid meat from the hind quarters. The former would, respectively, be converted into horn shavings for manure and glue; the latter, having been cut into strips, would undergo a drying process, and be exported as jerk beef. The remainder of the beast was then placed on a low truck and trotted off to the steam vat close at hand. Here a sluice of cold water was turned upon it to wash away the blood and thoroughly cleanse the carcass from dirt, after which it was lifted into one of the vats of scalding steam, and this soon extracted the fat from every portion of the tissues, leaving nothing but the bones and shreds of meat at the bottom of the vat. These were raked out, and the bare bones placed in a heap by themselves, to be also shipped for manuring purposes. The shreds were put out in the sun to dry, and after becoming of the consistence of wood were used as fuel to create more steam in the vat.

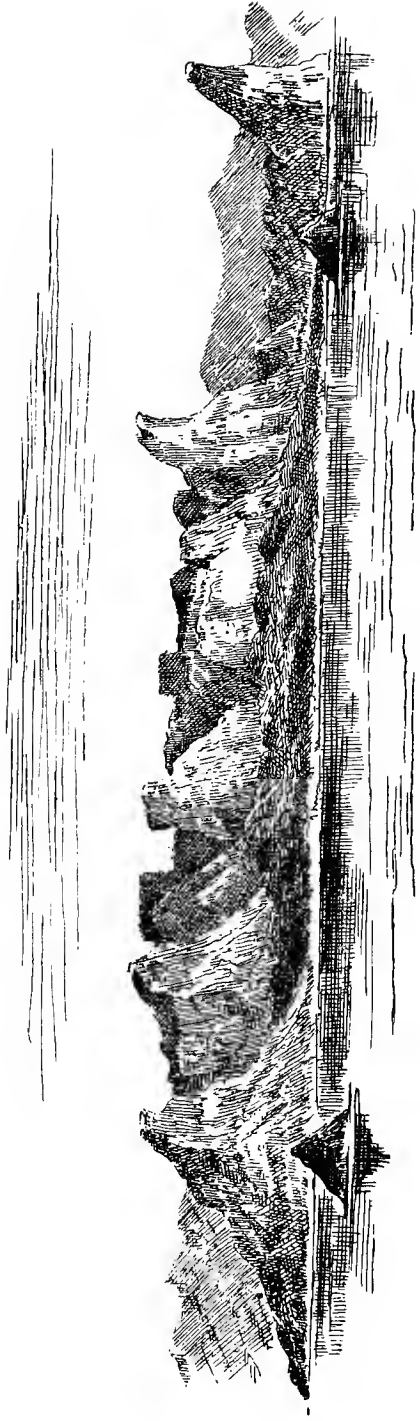
The tongue, cheeks, and tail of the animal had already been removed preparatory to tinning, and the hide had been stretched out on short stakes, where it would remain, with the inside turned to the sun, until the particles of meat attached to it had become sufficiently dried up to admit of being picked off by hand. These skins were shipped in two ways—either in a dry and rigid state, or rolled up and stowed in wet pickle in the hold of the vessel. And thus every portion of the beast had been utilized.

The extracted tallow had lain floating in lumps on the surface of the steam water. It was now skimmed off, relieved of any impurities, and then allowed to cool before being placed in cask. This occupied but little time, and before nightfall the fatty proceeds of the hundred living animals we had seen in the morning were ready for shipment.

The *Kestrel* conveyed us back to Monte Video, and I shortly bade adieu to all my friends there and messmates in the *Raleigh*, and sailed in the *Inconstant* for Rio de Janeiro; and, after refitting in that port, came south again to the Falkland Islands, then under the governorship of Mr. R——, a retired member of the House of Commons, and an agriculturalist. He had also been a breeder of cattle, and found a fine field for indulging in the latter hobby when he became the ruler of these bovine islands.



VIEW OF THE LAND IN BERKELEY SOUND, FALKLAND ISLANDS.



APPEARANCE OF THE LAND OUTSIDE THE HARBOUR OF RIO DE JANEIRO TO THE SOUTH.

Anchoring the ship at Port Louis, near the settlement, His Excellency was waited upon by Captain Shepherd, and the former, with much pride, showed him the fine herds of beasts that were pastured around the seat of Government. This consisted of a few straggling buildings dotted about the bleak country, devoid of trees or even shrubs, but affording good grazing ground.

The harbour, also, had a desolate appearance, the *Inconstant* being the only vessel floating there; and its shores, rocky and barren, had not a vestige of human habitation about them. Here there was a good opportunity of improving the crew in gunnery practice without waste of shot, as they could easily be recovered. So a target was painted on the face of one of the low cliffs, some 800 yards distant, and a brisk cannonade shortly opened upon it.

This had continued a little time when the Governor's boat was seen pulling in all haste towards the ship, and, on its arriving alongside, the coxswain handed up a letter for Captain Shepherd. It contained an urgent request that the firing might cease, as the noise frightened His Excellency's cattle. The request had, of course, to be complied with; but Captain Shepherd took a mental note of it for the next day's proceedings, when the Governor was to pay his official visit to the *Inconstant*.

Mr. R——, like all other Colonial representatives, was pleased to have his office acknowledged by a Queen's ship, and this would be shown by her manning yards on his arrival on board, and firing a salute of seventeen guns on his departure. Captain Shepherd had ordered me, as first lieutenant, to make all due preparation for thus receiving His Excellency; but had added an unusual clause, to the effect that after the guns were loaded and primed, the tampions should be again placed in their bores and the vents covered with their metal aprons, but that men were to be told off to remove them instantly the word was passed to do so.

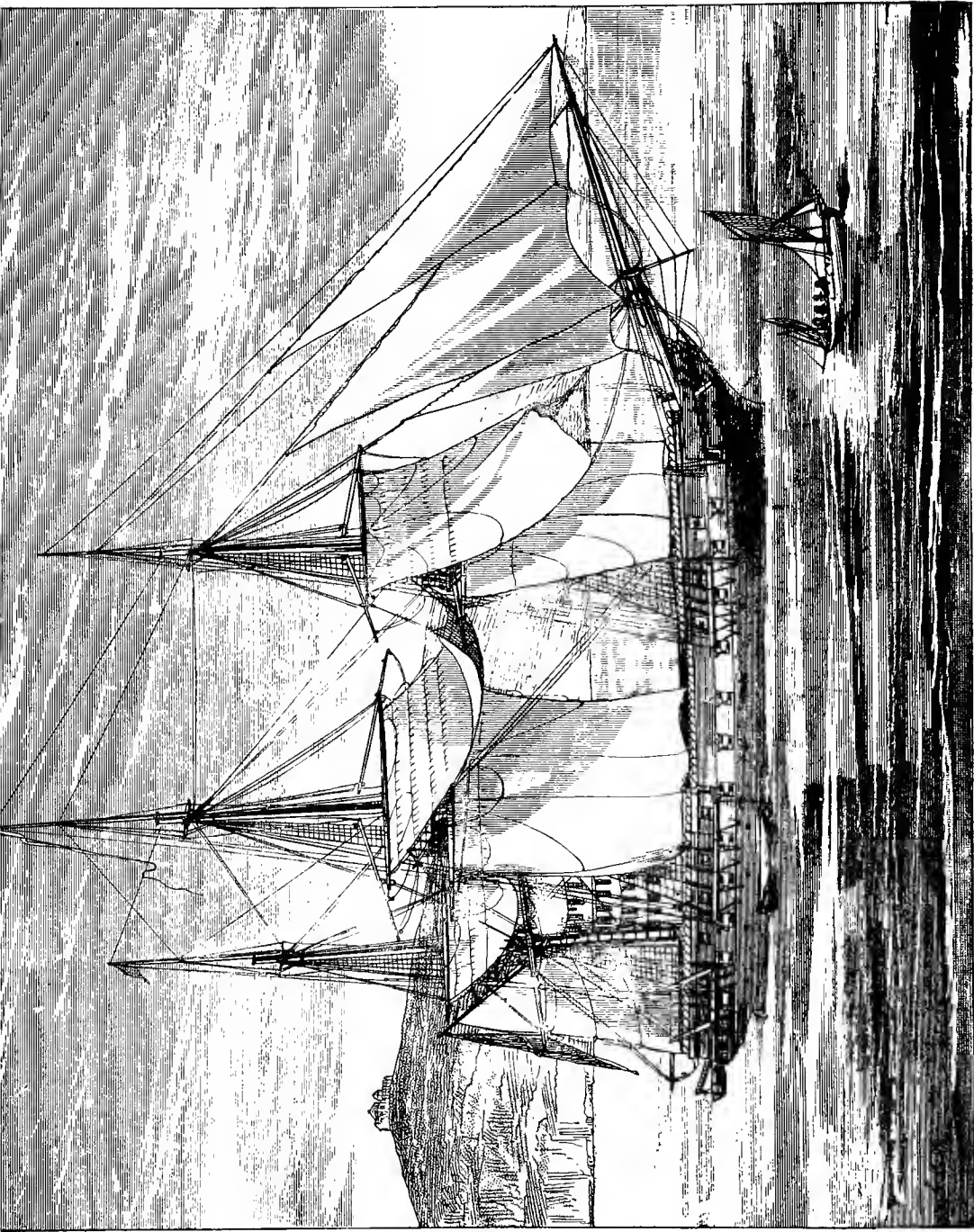
The Governor, *en grande tenue*, had been received on board in proper form, and conducted round the ship by our courteous captain; but it was observed that, as the procession passed along the main-deck battery, he gave uneasy glances at the covered vents, evidently missing a certain preparation he had been accustomed to see when on other official visits to men-of-war. But when His Excellency, on departing, had been piped over the side with all attending honours, he gave an expectant look at the battery, which now presented the muzzles of its guns with their bores closed by tampions, and the thought must have passed through his mind that the much coveted salute was to be withheld from him, for, breaking through all restraint, he again mounted the side and held converse with Captain Shepherd on the subject. The latter, in the blandest manner, replied: "Indeed, Mr. R——, I am quite aware that you are entitled to the usual salute, but I was under the impression you did not wish your cattle disturbed by further firing."

The Governor slipped down again into his boat to hide his confusion, muttering some words about the good effect it would have upon the Colonists if the honour were accorded him, and then ordered his coxswain to shove off for the shore. Hardly had the boat reached ahead of the ship, when the word was passed to take out tampions and remove aprons, and the Governor's allowance of seventeen guns was meted out

to him. His Excellency had evidently been taken in by the *ruse* practised on him, for he showed a pleasant surprise, by repeatedly bowing his acknowledgments as gun after gun pealed out their welcome sounds to his official ear. Captain Shepherd appeared to be equally satisfied at the success of his scheme, for a quiet smile played on his features.

The next day our target practice was resumed without further interference from His Excellency. The *Inconstant* shortly proceeded round Cape Horn to Valparaiso, and was afterwards sent on an important service to California during the excitement consequent on the discovery of gold in that country. After quitting San Francisco, she visited Vancouver's Island and the ports on the West Coast of Mexico.





H.M.S. "INCONSTANT," 36-GUN FRIGATE, CAPTAIN J. SHEPHERD, AT ANCHOR OFF MONTE VIDEO.

CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS FROM CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO IN 1849 AND 1850.

H.M.S. *Inconstant*.

San Francisco, April 28th, 1849.

I SEND you a letter by the new line of American steam-packets running between this place and the Isthmus of Panama. I hope it may reach its destination, but I have a great doubt on that point.

We arrived here about a fortnight since, and during this short stay have had convincing proof of the truth of what was thought previously by us to be highly exaggerated accounts of the gold finding in California.

The gold region, or "the diggings" as the Yankees here call it, lies about fifty or sixty miles in a N.E. direction from this place, and seems confined to the beds and banks of the tributaries of the Sacramento river, which empties itself into the spacious harbour wherein the *Inconstant* lies at anchor.

The precious metal is found in two or three different forms—miniature specimens of these I enclose. The most common is its incrustation with the quartz stone, but it is nearly as often discovered in pure drops or lumps, from one to many ounces in weight. The little grains I send you were collected by washing the sand at the mouth of the river.

Ships are arriving in great numbers, but all the necessaries of life remain scarce. The crews of these merchant ships run away directly the anchor is dropped, and the United States men-of-war stationed here are completely unmanned. We have, as yet, only lost one blue-jacket by desertion. The ship's company have been kept together by the officers arming, and being extra vigilant. They have positive orders to shoot at any man that may attempt to make off. It is not at all a pleasant duty, and I wish we were well out to sea again.

The country in the neighbourhood of the coast-line about here is hilly, with fine wooded valleys. and inland there are some very extensive plains, but it is at present untried soil to agriculturalists. There are, however, abundance of cattle that feed in large herds on the rich pastures covering the hill sides; but as labour cannot be got for love or money the beasts are left to roam at their own pleasure. It is hardly credible, but no less true, that a mechanic, such as a carpenter, for instance, can

earn his forty to fifty dollars per day, but, of course, this state of things cannot last.

From recent accounts we learn there are some two or three thousand people waiting on the isthmus for vessels to bring them up here, besides companies forming in every State of the Union for the purpose of invading California through the Rocky Mountain passes. Splendid ships are lying at their anchors with not a soul on board them. Their cargoes have paid over and over again the value of the vessels, and the captain and crew are off to the diggings. All is chaos and confusion. The wildest speculations are on foot, and I can safely say no mass of people were ever nearer perfect equality as regards their relations with each other.

Two or three American ladies who came with their husbands are about to leave, as no servants can now be procured, and the most menial offices have had to be performed by themselves. The Governor, it is said, has been left without a single attendant. About 200 citizens of the States are returning to their country by the steamer which takes this mail, disgusted with affairs as they are at present. This circumstance may give a check to the emigration which is fast depopulating the cities on the eastern shore of this Continent. Yet there must be, shortly, a great influx of provisions to San Francisco; the want of them being the immediate cause of this retreat. The means for conveying the goods to the gold mines, when they do arrive, are very limited, consequently, exorbitant sums will be demanded by carriers, and the value of the articles enhanced to such a degree that only the very successful digger will be able to purchase them.

I walked over the hills yesterday and succeeded in shooting a fine buck deer, weighing about 80 lbs., also some of this country partridge, a bird the size of a large quail, but of a different plumage and habits. The male of this species is handsomely feathered with a top-knot or crest resembling that of the peacock. The covey, when disturbed, fly into trees bearing heavy foliage, and there try to hide, but a practiced eye soon discovers them, and they are then easily shot down. But man has a most formidable antagonist in the "grisly bear," who here reigns supreme over the brute creation. They can deal such powerful blows with their fore-arms that a bullock has been known to be slain by them.

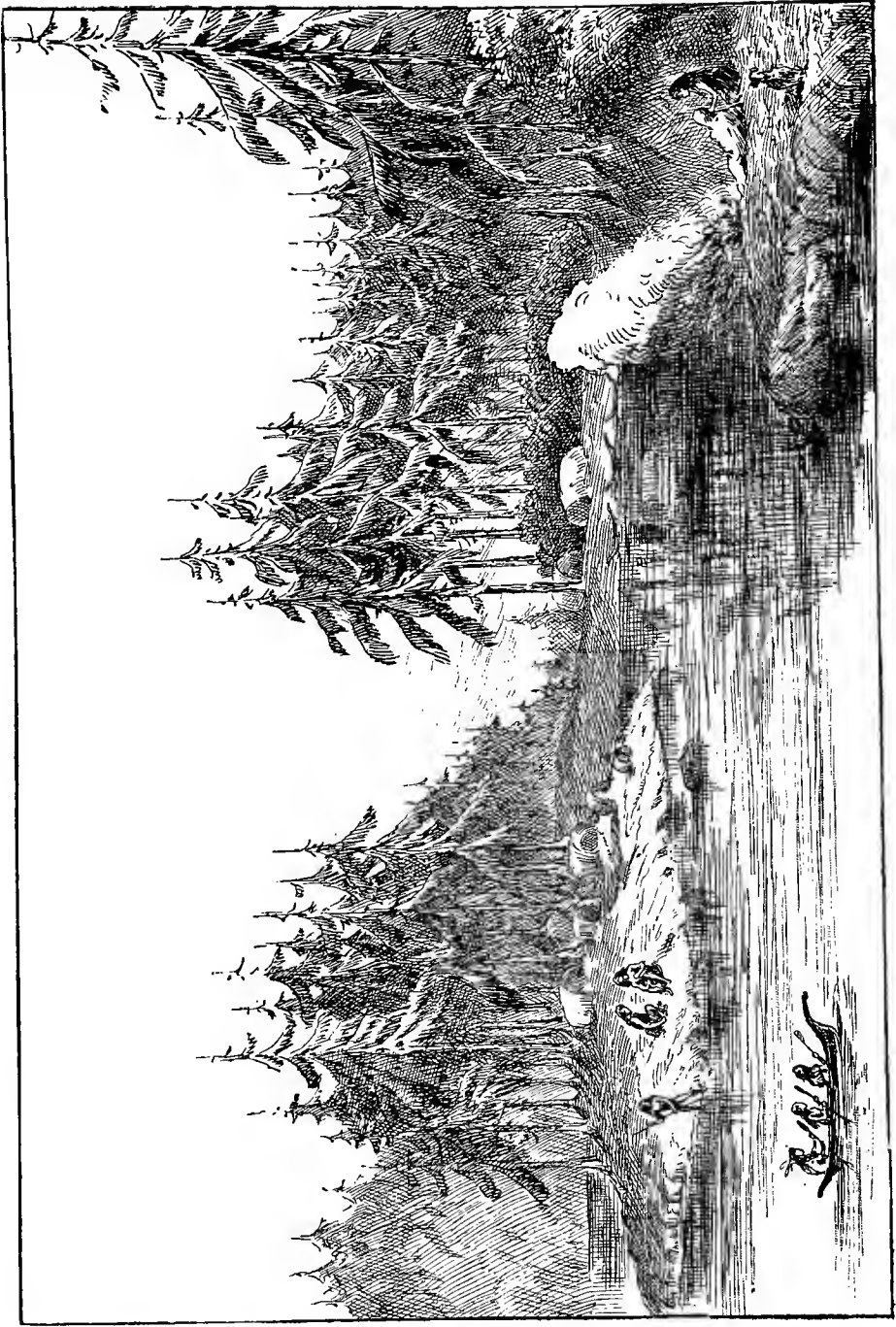
San Francisco, June 19th, 1849.

We have just returned here from Vancouver Island, where we spent the merry month of May; a very pleasant time it was for everybody except the first lieutenant, who is one of those unfortunates who can never find leisure for self-enjoyment. However, I could not fail to observe that we have a rich acquisition to our foreign possessions in the intended colony of Vancouver Island.

It has put me more in mind, barring its immense pine forests, of the country and climate of England than any other place we have visited.

The greater portion of its soil is occupied by the pine tree, which grows to an enormous size. Many we saw would have made masts for a line of battle-ship had they been cut and trimmed down

Open glades are here and there met with of several acres in extent and covered



A SCENE IN VANCOUVER ISLAND, 1849.

with rich grasses ; these are generally studded with a species of oak tree indigenous to all North America. The wild strawberry, raspberry, sweet pea, and many other fruity berries, and vegetable roots are met with at every step, showing the excellent quality of the soil.

The only drawback on the island appears in the persons of the natives, who are the most filthy race of savages it has been my fortune to see. The clothing of either sex is the blanket made from the hair of a white dog, of wolfish caste, and their constant companion.

However, since the Hudson Bay Company have erected a fort on Vancouver, and commenced bartering, the English article seems to be superseding the native and this they merely throw over the shoulders, evidently considering all other apparel superfluous.

The women paint their faces red, and ornament their ears and nose cartilage with rings set in "mother-o'-pearl" shell, rendering their features curious indeed to the beholder.

In the neighbourhood of our anchorage in Esquimalt Harbour, the tribes were "Flatheads." The flattening operation commences from the birth of the child. The poor little wretch is stretched out on a board somewhat longer than itself, and there secured by bands passed round both. Strips of dried skins padded with fur, and wadded together, are fastened to the boardhead and brought down over the forehead of the child ; it is then pressed tight by means of bands. Thus the skull is by degrees flattened, until it arrives at the prescribed fashionable shape assumed by the different branches of this great tribe. When in the hut, the squaw rids herself of a portion of the troubles of nursing by suspending the infant so entwined to a springy stake stuck in the ground, which forms the flooring of the dwelling. To this she every now and again gives a push to keep the rude cradle in motion. The peculiar odour attached to these people is most offensive, and may be caused principally by the unclean state of their persons and abodes. The native food consists chiefly of boiled roots and dried fish.

The comestibles provided for ourselves were most excellent. The Hudson Bay Company have two dairies on the island ; one produces 50 lbs. of butter daily from eighty-five milch cows, and the other less, from fifty animals. Salmon, weighing from 40 to 50 lbs., were bought alongside the ship for a marine's regulation shirt, and fine fat venison at as cheap a rate. We shot the pheasant of the country in great numbers. They are about the size and form of black game ; the female, in fact, very much resembles the grey hen. They are feathered down the leg, and have every appearance of belonging to the grouse family ; and, like the capercaillies, take to the pine trees when disturbed at their feeding on the wild berries, which are the staple of their food. These grow in profusion on low bushes, forming part of the forest scrub. The bird has also the habit of so nestling itself in a fork made by a branch and the stem of these giant trees, that it is most difficult to discover the creature's whereabouts, especially as the plumage mingles in colour with that of the bark it rests on. Only the Indian's keen eye can seek the bird out, and then it may be killed by shooting at the spot the native points to.

We cut down a number of trees for spars, planks, &c., and shipped them on board for this place; where both are much in demand. I have already received 300 dollars for a quantity of the latter we sawed up on the voyage, and expect to have the richest paint and putty fund of any ship on the station.

The number of Europeans employed by the Company on the island does not exceed thirty people, and of these only five or six are natives of Great Britain; but during our stay at Vancouver a vessel arrived with some Scotch emigrants, being the first of a number sent out by a Captain Grant, who is now in this place. He is quite a young man, and has until lately been leading the luxurious life of a dashing captain of the Scotch Greys, but fortune has frowned upon him; he lost his paternal property in Scotland, besides other estates in the West Indies, leaving him with barely sufficient means to enable him and dependants to reach a country that, as the poor fellow says, resembles, in its features, many parts of the island of his birth. He further stated that Lord G—— had promised him, and a few more young men of good family, a grant of Queen Charlotte's Island, lying a little to the north of Vancouver, which they will endeavour to cultivate; but I strongly suspect that a year or two's experience of its frigid climate and barbarous inhabitants will make them contented to lead a frugal life in their native land.

That Vancouver will, at some period, be a flourishing colony there can be little doubt, and many a labouring man now living in poverty in England would do well to come out to a country with so rich a virgin soil and suitable climate, where, after a few years of industry, he might live the rest of his days in ease and affluence. As for any native opposition, no thought need be given to it. The Flatheads are comparatively a harmless race, and sure to share the fate of all Indians when the white man plants his foot upon their soil. They are, at present, of great use to the latter as hunters, and procure the furs with which they trade. The most valued skin is that of the sea-otter, a perfect one being sold by the natives for ten blankets; but this exchange for them having been monopolised by the Company, they are not to be obtained outside its establishment. We had, therefore, to content ourselves with purchasing bearskins, and these were bartered away for old shirts.

The alteration observable in this place (San Francisco) since our last visit is its great increase in population. Ships are daily pouring in their living cargoes, whilst thousands are swarming into the Gold Regions across the Rocky Mountains. The precious metal is still found as plentiful as ever, but rapine and murder are rife at the diggings. A war of extermination has commenced between the Oregon men and the native Indians, which may, at any moment, extend itself to the heterogeneous mass that now holds "El Dorado" in its avaricious clutches. Jarring interests must breed mutual dislikes, and the green-eyed monster, jealousy, unrestrained by human laws, will satiate its longings in deeds of blood. Such is the opinion of the thinking portion of the community, and that, I am bound to say, at the present moment, is greatly in the minority.

Most men's brains are too much distracted with hopes and fears; speculation and speculation here go hand in hand, roguery and chicanery claim the order of the day. The high road to prosperity will be stopped by the author of all evil.

This is a dark view to take of the state of things, but I fear time will only prove it correct.

We sail to-morrow for Valparaiso, and expect to make the passage in fifty days.

At sea, January 5th, 1850.

(After leaving San Francisco for the third time.)

San Francisco had undergone a good deal of change on our last visit. There had been, as expected, an immense influx of provisions and stores, which were lying about the beach rotting for the want of storehouses to place them in.

A large city of tents had sprung up around the old Spanish town; the want, however, of proper sanitary arrangements had caused a vast amount of sickness, and diseases of all kinds were making fearful ravages among the people.

We have on board some miserable wretches, English and Chilian, who looked upon us as a perfect godsend to take them away from the land of gold. The relation of their individual failures had all much the same ring in them. One, the late master of a Scotch brig, told me he had stuck to his vessel until all hands had quitted her, when, finding it impossible to discharge or dispose of his cargo, he went off to the diggings. He happened to pitch on a "fork" with plenty of gold in it, but a perfect fever den. He took the value of 50 dollars from his washings the first week, and then caught the epidemic. He just managed to reach San Francisco, where most certainly he would have died had we not released him from the place.

He stated: "There were some five or six hundred diggers and washers, living in tents on the banks of the small river where he was working. In every tent might be seen from three to seven men lying, prostrated from the fever, and dying by dozens. Their helpmates, almost too weak to bury them, merely dug a hole sufficient to cover the corpse, which was usually scratched up again the same night by the half-wolf half-tiger carnivoræ that lurked around them. The price of provisions had become so much less that he could live on half a dollar a day, but directly he fell sick all his findings soon vanished."

He told a story of the sole doctor who resided at these diggings as having been nearly ruined by the exorbitant charges of the carrier who usually conveyed his medicines from San Francisco, but who, through the medium of the prevailing fever, was soon able to make the man disgorge his overgotten gains, as, in his agonies, he offered to return all if the obdurate medico would only just come and see him.

The Scotchman also said that the Oregon men were gradually elbowing foreigners out of the gold region by their threats and violence.

We had our own excitements on board the *Inconstant* during this her last visit to San Francisco.

The gold fever was raging among the crew, and extraordinary precautions had to be taken by the officers to prevent a wholesale desertion of the ship. Boat service was especially trying, as it brought the men in direct contact with the people ashore, whose interest it was to persuade them, by liberal offers of employment and glowing accounts of the success sailors had met with at the diggings, to try their own fortune there.

Our captain was under instructions from the Commander-in-Chief to send down the deserted British merchant ships if he could spare officers and men to navigate them to Valparaiso. These vessels had to be prepared for sea in the very midst of the surrounding temptations, and the strain put upon the officers was most severe. Two or three of them, armed to the teeth, had to be sent in each boat, with written orders to use their weapons in the event of the men breaking into mutiny and attempting to carry her off against their will. They were also to fire on any individual of the crew who had quitted his work and refused to return to it.

It was at this period that a death occurred on board, and a funeral party was arranged to bury the corpse at Sausilita, on the opposite side of the harbour to where the town stands. Three armed officers went in charge. One of them read the burial service whilst the other two watched on either side of the grave for any movement that might indicate an intention on the part of the men to stampede. However, there was nothing apparently in their manner to warrant the suspicion, and the earth was speedily closed over the dead man. The order was then given to "fall in" for the return march to the boat.

One of the bluejackets now approached the senior officer, and in a most respectful manner begged he might be allowed to gather a few stones from a heap near, to put at the head of his poor messmate's grave. The lieutenant, thus thrown off his guard, gave consent, and the man, having placed some dozen yards of ground between himself and the officers, made off at his best speed. A sub-lieutenant was sent in chase, but failed to use his pistols, and Jack, having the best of the running, escaped. This officer, on his return on board, was placed under close arrest by Captain Shepherd, preparatory to trial by court-martial for disobedience of orders.

Previously to our arrival at San Francisco, a French frigate had entered the port, bearing an admiral's flag. She, however, left it the following day, minus sixty of the crew, who had made off in her boats, *en route* to the gold-fields.

To prevent our men following so bad an example, all boats were hoisted up to the davits the moment they returned to the ship, and at night a strong picket of marines, with loaded muskets, mounted guard over them.

Captain S— also harangued the ship's company on the quarter-deck, pointing out to them the necessity there was, at the present moment, for adopting such measures, and called upon them to be true and loyal to their country and queen. At the same time he distinctly assured them that any attempt on their part to quit the frigate without permission would probably end in their losing their lives, as his orders were that the officers on watch should direct the fire of the marine picket on such offenders.

This candid speech seemed to have the desired effect, and the excitement that had been apparent among the crew was thought to have subsided.

It was, therefore, with some surprise that while indulging in the luxury of a hot bath after a hard day's work, and purposing retiring early to rest, as I did not feel well, I found myself cut short in my ablutions and somnolent intentions by the report of fire-arms proceeding from the upper deck.

To slip on my clothes, seize my sword, and rush from my cabin on to the quarter-deck, occupied but a few moments.

As I dashed up the hatchway latter, I could hear the voice of the captain calling my name, and ordering the upper-deck to be cleared of the crew. Peering forward through the darkness—for it was now about 9 P.M.—I could distinguish a mass of men slowly moving aft to where the marines still kept firing over the taffrail. Imagining it was a case of mutiny, and that the boats had been seized, I called upon any officers near to assist me, and making a few marines fix their bayonets, I shouted to the advancing seamen to retire instantly below to their hammocks, and as they showed hesitation to obey the order, a charge was made upon them, on which they ran off in helter-skelter fashion down the hatchways. Having closed these, and planted sentries over them, I turned my attention to what was going on in the after-part of the ship, and learnt from the captain, that on looking out of his stern cabin windows, he had observed a man in the water, permitting himself to be carried by the current past the frigate, and had called to him to return on board. The man making no effort to do so, Captain S—— had hailed the picket to fire at him, and then ran on deck to enforce his command, which had not been obeyed with much alacrity. As the balls struck the water near the deserter, he dived to avoid those that might follow, and was thus soon floated beyond reach of fire.

Now the man had to be picked up or he would probably drown, as the ship was some four miles from the nearest shore, but none of the crew were to be trusted in a boat at night, so a party of officers under my direction entered a cutter at the davits, and prepared the boat for lowering. Others were ordered to attend at the falls, but before they could climb over the bulwarks into the mizen channel—where the ropes were belayed—a figure was observed through the gloom to coolly take the turns off the foremost cleat with the evident intention of precipitating us all into the rushing tide, which was passing underneath at the rate of about six miles per hour. The murderous rascal then disappeared in the darkness by crawling into the main channels.

Wondering why the boat's bow did not instantly descend to the water, I found that, most providentially, a small tricing line had jammed the sheave and the fall in one of the blocks by getting between the former and the bush of the latter, and thus almost by a miracle, we were saved from a watery grave.*

Calling loudly for an officer to catch a turn with the fall rope again, we applied ourselves to clearing the stoppage in the block, and then were lowered in the boat to the water.

The night was clear, with a perfect stillness in the air; the moon had not risen, but the stars threw a light over the sea sufficient to enable us to make out floating objects a few boats' length distant. Pulling with the current, we were soon shot out of sight of the ship, but could still see two lights hoisted at her peak. These directed our course in search of the missing man. Nothing, however, could as yet be seen

* A fate which, some years later on, overtook a midshipman of this party, the late Captain Burgoyne, who went down in H.M.S. *Captain*.

of him, and then the thought struck me that owing to the great stillness of the night, his motions through the water might be heard, so laying on our oars, we listened in dead silence. Several sounds reached our ears, but they were evidently those of porpoises blowing and gamboling at some short distance.

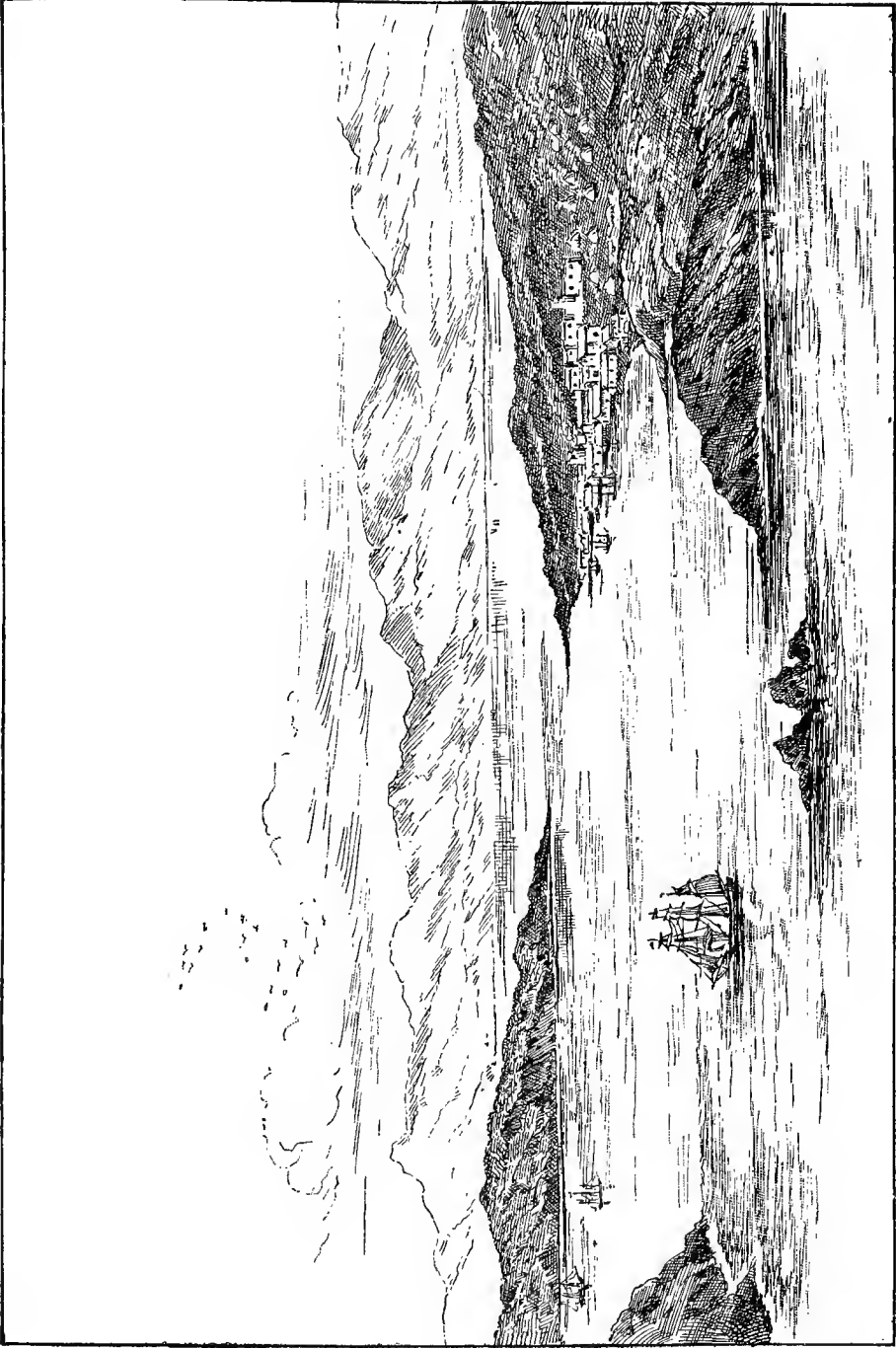
Pulling again for a short time, the oars were then rested upon, and everyone's head was bent over the boat's side to catch any noises that the smooth surface of the bay might convey to us. Presently one of our party made a sign that he had heard something unusual, and soon all could distinguish a puffing in the water, different from the sounds made by the blowing porpoise. Rowing, and then stopping occasionally to listen, brought us in the vicinity of what we had now ascertained to be the heavy breathings of a man, and soon a black spot on the shiny waters proclaimed his head in sight.

It was high time that he was taken out of the briny deep, as his strength was nearly gone. He proved to be one of the *Inconstant's* best seamen, and gave himself up in a manly way to the fate he knew was in store for him.

Next morning, at daylight, the hands were turned up on deck to muster, when another prime sailor* was found to be missing; we afterwards discovered that he had gone overboard at the same time as the man picked up, but by diving had escaped observation.

After muster the gratings were rigged, and four dozen lashes laid upon the bare back of the delinquent of the previous night. A little later on a sailor's corpse floated past the frigate, and our men readily jumped to the conclusion it was that of their missing shipmate. I had viewed the body and saw it was not so, but that of some merchant seaman drowned days ago, as the corpse was much swollen. However, it was agreed by Captain S—— to permit the ship's company to continue in their error, as it would act as a wholesome warning to intending deserters. The body was therefore allowed to pass by without further notice from us, but soon the effect upon the *Inconstant's* crew was unmistakable. Low murmurs escaped them, and their looks plainly showed the discontent they felt at the neglect of Christian burial to a brother tar whom they fully believed to have been one of the *Inconstant's*, and had met his death by the captain's orders. An ominous silence reigned throughout the ship. The blue-jackets gathered in groups between decks, and conversed in whispers, there was evidently mischief brewing, and the little information we could obtain respecting

* On the next occasion I saw this fine fellow he was one of the crew of H.M.S. *Neptune*, employed with a watering party in Kiøge Bay, near Copenhagen, in 1854. I was then Lieutenant in charge of the men engaged on the duty of supplying Sir Charles Napier's squadron with water before proceeding up the Baltic, and had the adventures of the *Inconstant's* deserter at San Francisco from his own lips. He said, "he had avoided the fire of the marines by diving, and heard us pick up his companion, but held his breath and remained perfectly quiet until he knew, by the retreating splash of our oars, that we were returning to the ship. He then pushed on for the nearest shore, which he reached in a most exhausted condition. He had afterwards found his way up the Sacramento to the diggings, where he had joined other runaway sailors, and had been very fortunate in striking gold, but not being a saving individual, had allowed it to slip through his fingers as fast as found. When war with Russia broke out, he wished to return to the service he had left, and the English Admiralty, being at that time hard pressed for seamen, had looked over his act of desertion and sent him as an A.B. on board the *Neptune*."



THE GOLDEN GATE AND SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

it was not by any means reassuring. As it would not do to forego any precautions in the face of such a state of affairs, all the marines were billeted on the after part of the main deck, and ordered to sleep in their clothes with their loaded muskets alongside of them. Sentries were also posted between that part of the ship and where the seamen's hammocks hung up. The officers laid down in their uniforms, with swords and pistols ready. These timely preparations had the effect of disconcerting the mutinous plans of the sailors, and the night passed off quietly.

The following day the men worked sullenly; but it was evident whatever scheme they had concocted, the neck of it was broken, but still there was an uneasy feeling as to their future intentions. So the fitting out and manning the merchant ships was hastened to a conclusion, and we followed them out through the Golden Gate a day or so after the above events.

Mazatlan, West Coast of Mexico.

June 8th, 1850.

I have once more taken up my post on *terra firma*, but this time, I flatter myself, for a more creditable cause than that of defending Monte Videan cut-throats. My own health has to be shielded from the insidious attacks of this abominable climate. I have, therefore, established myself in the coolest part of the town, and endeavour to resist the inertia that imperceptibly steals upon me. I have become the owner of a horse and dog, and have plenty of human company as well, for in the "patio," or courtyard of the block of buildings wherein is my residence, several families of small children revel from daylight to dark, and their constant squallings are a severe trial to my weakened nerves. I have, however, lately discovered a sovereign remedy for this evil, in a bag of ship's biscuits; with it, when the clamour becomes unbearable, I appear at the back entrance to my "Casa," and distribute the contents as one would feed poultry. This ensures a respite in proportion to the quantum stuffed and vacuum to be filled.

The Mexican is a true copyist of the brute creation in this respect, for under the soothing effects of a full stomach he invariably goes to sleep. If, therefore, I succeed in bringing him to this state of beatitude, uninterrupted tranquillity is my reward.

My amusements are few; at 5 A.M. I ride out to the "bush," and taking care to keep within sound of the rolling surf, plunge into the thicket, and leave my horse to pick his way through it, guided by numerous trigs or little paths left by wood-cutters. I have most sociable company in the numerous birds that hail my approach by notes varying from the guttural to the falsetto. Parrots and mocking-birds abound. The "chickalaka," or pheasants of the country, crow the morning in from their roosts in the trees, while troops of quail, with their bright top-knots, scurry away in the path before me like broods of chickens. Racoons are also occasionally seen, but in my present mood those little white tailed rabbits that dart across the track have more charms for me than all else. They appear as friends among strangers, a kind of remembrancer of home; one almost looks upon them with a degree of respect as our early trainers in the art of shooting, for in our boyish days did not they become

the first butts to our initiation in the glorious sport? Here they revel in greater security than amongst the wood and gorse of our English manor, and munch their berries in your presence with an audacity that would stagger the old keeper, and blast the failing eyesight of his dog "Spot" for ever. They are the only rural mementoes of old England to be found in these parts; all else differs both in the animal and vegetable world. At seven, one is very glad to return home, for the sun begins to gain power. I usually sleep for about an hour to make up for this early exertion, and then dress, breakfast, and afterwards sit all day with doors and windows open to court the breeze.

At sunset the streets begin to fill with pedestrians. I then crawl out, like my friends the rabbits, and hear all the news and scandal of our little society.

An incident, illustrative of the municipal law in force in this town, occurred to me the other day.

Mazatlan could well be called the grave of animals. One can hardly move in its streets without meeting some poor beast on its last legs, or that has already succumbed to bad treatment, starvation, or disease. The Mexican never thinks of ending the misery of these dying creatures with knife or bullet, but permits them to linger on and stray where they will until exhausted nature prostrates them to rise no more.

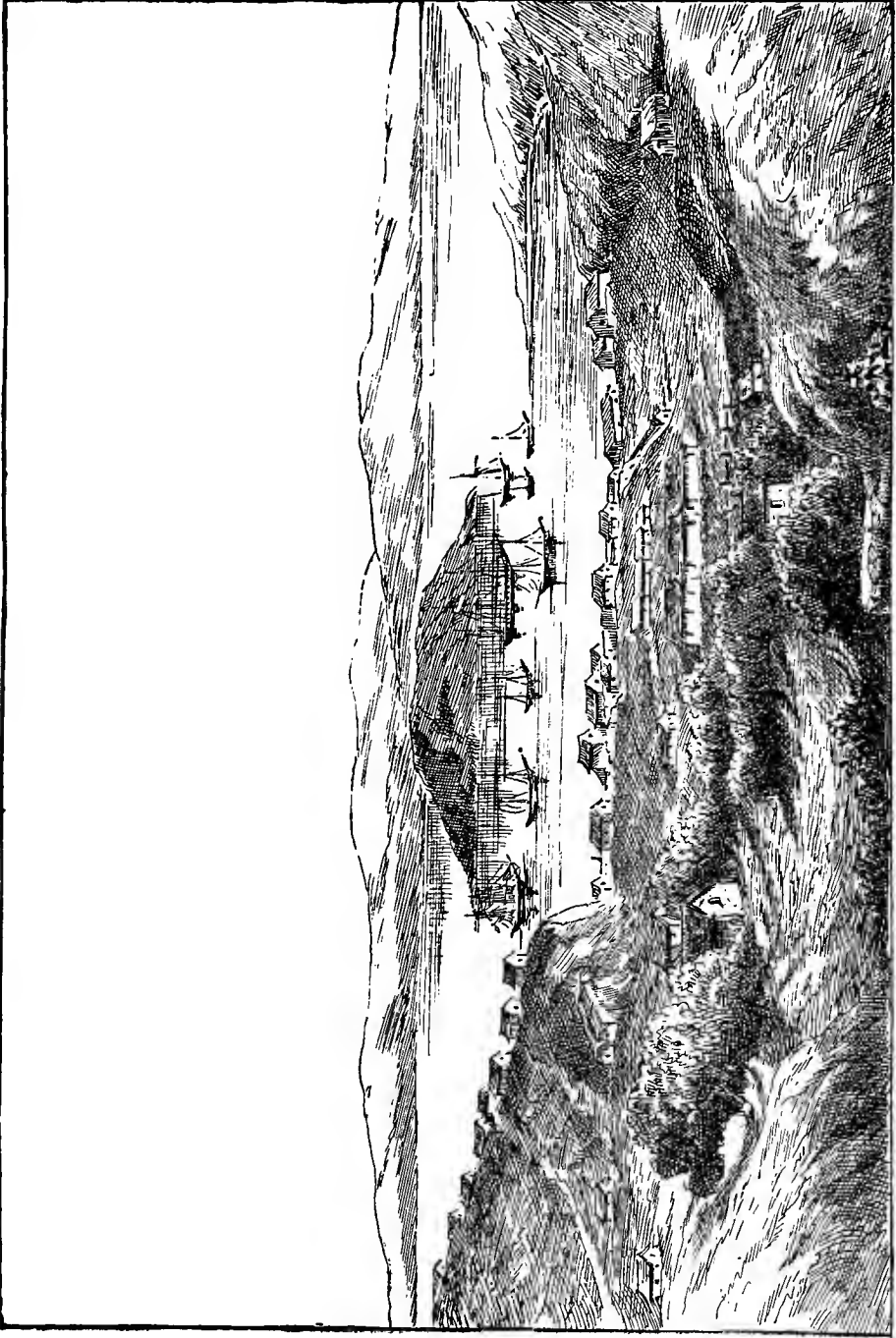
Now the city being open and much grass growing in its streets, these wretched brutes drag themselves from its outskirts—where they are generally fed—to more sheltered grazing ground among the houses, and make it their last resting-place. This was found to be a very offensive habit, and called for special legislation from the Governor and Council. An Edict was therefore promulgated to ensure the removal of decaying carcases.

There seems to be a difficulty in discovering the owners of these neglected cattle, or, what is more likely, the local government did not choose to trouble themselves in the matter, so the new law ran to the effect that all the remains of animals that had died in the town were to be removed to its environs by the inmates of those houses opposite to which the poor brute had lain down to breathe his last. The sun's influence on the defunct would alone probably have been quite sufficient to induce the people living in the neighbourhood of this corruption in process to get rid of it from amongst themselves as quickly as possible; but then, perhaps it would be accomplished at the expense of comfort to other inhabitants, for whose olfactory organs they take little heed.

The police rigidly enforced the enactment whenever a case came under their observation; but that corps, being small and inefficient, were generally found wanting on these occasions, and consequently grave disputes and endless quarrels between citizens arose from the Edict.

Judge, then, my feelings, when the boy-servant Jack rushed into my presence one evening, after dark, to announce a donkey in the act of giving up the ghost under our very windows.

The absurdity of the scene which must attend our attempt to remove the carcase struck forcibly on my mind, and I already pictured the amusement I should



ANCHORAGE OFF MAZATLAN, WEST COAST OF MEXICO, 1849.

afford to the Mexicans on the following day did I not rid myself of the nuisance during the night.

Hope began to revive on discovering that the creature still stood on his four legs, although, from their bent position, it was evident they could not much longer sustain the weight of the body. I therefore ordered Jack to lose no time in endeavouring to make the poor brute crawl beyond the precincts of our house. A bright thought seemed to strike him, and he proceeded to execute his project.

Now Jack is a clever hand at working a scull over the stern of a boat, and at once jumped to the conclusion that his expertness in that art of propulsion might stand him in need on the present occasion. Seizing then the donkey's tail with both hands he applied himself vigorously to the task, and seemed not a little surprised to find his utmost exertions produced no effect on the movable system of the wretched animal. Alas! in a moment of disgust at his failure, he applied corporeal force to the resisting part. The result might have been anticipated; the bowed knees gave way to this stern pressure, and the donkey dropped to rise no more.

What was to be done? Should a policeman pass my way, the Edict would most certainly be enforced upon me. While thus cogitating, a brilliant idea suddenly flashed across my mind. The first turning to the left led into the Plaza, where stood the Governor's official residence. Could I, under cover of darkness, remove the abomination thus far without detection, its extramural ejection was ensured the moment "His Excellency" stepped forth for his morning's ride. Telling Jack to saddle my horse without delay, I proceeded to securely lash together the four legs of the now defunct animal, and passing a lasso as a slip rope through them, gave the two ends of it to the boy, one to be fastened on the pommel of his saddle, and the other kept in hand ready for slipping when the work was accomplished, or should his intentions be discovered before its completion; in either case he was immediately to ride off in the opposite direction to where we lived, and return home by a circuitous route. Jack, who was in high glee, succeeded in taking his charge in tow, a task of some little difficulty in the rough streets of Mazatlan.

We reached the turning into the Plaza without discovery, and from thence I watched the further development of my scheme. A shrill "Quien Viene?" from the opposite side of the square suddenly startled me, and I could just discern the dim form of my horseman, to whom it was addressed, motionless, and evidently rather taken aback by the interruption. However, a second "Quien Viene?" accompanied by the rattle of arms, caused him speedily to decamp, leaving a dark lump in the centre of the Plaza.

This the sentinel approached with caution, and with what I interpreted to be "Ave Marias" and "Pater Nosters" muttered in a subdued tone. These were shortly changed to the vilest invectives against the "Hijo de un Puerco" (son of a pig) who had dared to pollute his post with such carrion. Suffice it to say, on the following morning I had the satisfaction of witnessing the dead donkey carted past my windows by a gang of prisoners in charge of police, and these were to perform, instead of me, the extramural interment.

What a picture of indolence, squalor, and misery is around me!

My lodgings form the front of an oblong block of one-storied buildings, and face the principal street. There the bright side of the picture may be seen in the gay dresses of "las señoras" as they take their morning and evening "paseatas." But turn indoors to the verandah which shades the back entrances of our block, and admits a view of the various domestic arrangements of my neighbours, and there will be noticed quite another state of affairs.

Privacy seems to be of no moment among these people, and nearly every family proceeding is dragged to light in these verandahs. Grass hammocks stretched from post to post, and unclean beds laid out on the stone-flooring show their dedication to the God of Slumber; whilst charcoal pans, decayed vegetable peelings, and an indescribable garlic odour proclaim them also the "cocina," or place where their vile potages are concocted.

Ablution is an unknown word to this class of Mexican; but a certain toilet is performed which is chiefly confined to the examination of the family craniums, and afterwards the hair of the female portion of the community is combed. Asleep or awake, the girls' indoor dress is never altered; it is similar to the long nightgown worn by our own children, but innocent of the wash-tub.

The boys, nude, uncombed, and unwashed, would put an Arab to the blush.

The Mexicans of the West Coast do not enjoy the highest moral character; they retain the worst vices of the Spaniards, to which are added Indian cunning and ferocity.

Every moment wherein labour is not a necessity appears devoted to gambling. Cards are everywhere in requisition, and few of the lower orders stir out unless provided with a well-thumbed pack stowed away on their persons. The "pulperias" (taverns) resound with the noise of play. "Uno," "dos," "tres," shouted as fingers are held up to represent the stakes, reach the ear of the passer-by in all thoroughfares, until, at last, he comes to the conclusion, which may not be far short of the truth, that gambling is the principal business of the country. The Government encourages it in the form of lotteries and the monte tables.

To be the winner of any large amount involves great risk. Hungry eyes watch the play, and often the fortunate individual never reaches home with his prize.

Murder is frequent, and the law is powerless to apprehend offenders, who are received with open arms by any of the numerous bands that infest the highways.

Few travellers there are who have not been unpleasantly made acquainted with these gentry, who are culled from all classes of society. Many of them rob in the true spirit of Dick Turpin, but bloodshed is too often their first step in the crime.

The dense chaparral in the neighbourhood of a town becomes the refuge of its outcasts, and from thence they levy blackmail on those who have occasion to use the roads passing through it.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL OF H.M.S. "BOSCAWEN" (72 GUNS), DURING THE OPERATIONS UP THE BALTIC, IN OUR WAR WITH RUSSIA (1854); ALSO THE EXPERIENCES IN A CYCLONE 90 MILES NORTH OF BERMUDA.

THE causes which led to England's rupture with the Colossus of the North—in 1854—are too well-known by readers of modern history to require any repetition in this article. It has, however, been the opinion of many writers on the subject that had the Western European Powers shown more decision when the Czar Nicholas mooted the question of what was to be done with the property of the "sick man" at Constantinople—in the event of his break up—no war would have taken place, and four great nations thus have been spared the deluge of blood, misery, and treasure that was expended upon it.

The British Government, under the guidance of Lord Aberdeen it has been said, was especially dilatory and wanting in firmness when certain propositions were made by the Emperor of Russia to their Ambassador, Sir Hamilton Seymour, at St. Petersburg, during an audience in 1853, and this incited the Czar to suppose that England was not really in earnest when she afterwards declaimed against Muscovite interference with Turkish independence.

However, these remonstrances came "too late." The armies of Russia had already invaded the Danubian Principalities, then under the dominion of the Ottoman Porte. A Russian fleet also moved in the Black Sea to attack a Turkish naval force at anchor off Sinope, which they totally destroyed.

This was the signal for immediate action on the part of England and France for the preservation of the Sultan's rights, and security of his dominions thus assailed. The Royal dockyards in this country resounded with the clang of preparation, and ships that had remained long laid up in ordinary were brought forward for commission. Of "men-of-war," the then wooden walls of Old England, there were no lack; but speaking of them as a "personal" matter an alarming deficiency presented itself. The British navy had, as it were, been living in a hand-to-mouth sort of way as regards its supply of seamen, depending entirely upon voluntary entries.

This system, when the crisis of 1854 came upon the nation, proved illusive, and

was the cause of the introduction of the ten years' continuous service enlistment from the age of eighteen, and this came into operation whilst the war was in progress. The only reserve of trained sailors England possessed at the above period was the Coastguard, and many of these men had been allowed to remain in that service until they had become old, decrepit, and quite unfit for duties aloft in a sea-going vessel.

Native human beings, of some kind or another, had, however, to be procured for completing the nucleus thus afforded, and the offer of a ten-pound bounty soon brought homogeneous offscourings from the banks of the Thames, Mersey, and other great commercial ports, to the decks of our line-of-battle ships. There was also an odd admixture in these draughts, from the necessary acceptance into them of many who had never been connected with waters at all, and this may be taken in more senses than one.

As First Lieutenant and, for a time, acting Commander of the *Boscawen*, waiting at Spithead to complete her crew in the early spring of 1854, I had the very best opportunity of becoming acquainted with the character of this enforced method of recruiting, and a more unpromising class of men were never before put under naval officers' hands for training and disciplining.

It was my custom, when a batch of these truly "raw hands" from the different rendezvous, sometimes amounting to sixty or eighty at a time, arrived on board, to make them, in the first instance, "toe a line" on the quarter-deck for the Captain's inspection; and this being over, I then proceeded to question each individual as to his antecedents, with the hope of discovering in them some sailor quality.

The latter acquirement I found never came to more than a knowledge derived from experience in managing cobbles and dredging-boats upon the rivers, and even these aspirants to the title of seamen were sadly in the minority. The majority was made up of "navvies," dock labourers, and others of no particular calling at all. One young fellow informed me that, up to the present time, he had earned a precarious livelihood "by holding gemman's horses when gents dismounted in the parks."

My next proceeding was to test their several claims to agility; so the order was given for hob-nailed boots, gaiters, coats, &c. &c., to be discarded *pro tem.*, and with tucked-up trousers and sleeves, above knees and elbows, they were to prepare to mount those rope ladders, the rigging. This invariably produced a certain amount of hilarity amongst the competitors at the extreme novelty, to them, of what they were about to undertake.

Stationing myself on the poop, book and pencil in hand, I pronounced the usual word of command, "Away aloft!" This was followed by a most amusing scene as the novices struggled with each other to gain the first footing on the ratlines. I then commenced rapidly to note on paper those who displayed the greater degree of activity above their fellows. These were inserted in the ship's "Watch Bill" as her future "topmen," the remainder being distributed amongst the deck hands, either as after-guards, waisters, gunners' crew, &c. &c.

They were then conducted below by the master-at-arms and his corporals, who would see them entered on the ship's books, and afterwards cropped, washed, and clothed in a slop sailor's rig-out, kept in readiness for these occasions. As may be

imagined, the drilling of such entries in the short time that was allowed before sailing for the Baltic was incessant. From "early dawn to dewy eve" they might be seen clinging for dear life to the ship's yards, and making fruitless endeavours to be "at home" upon the foot-ropes. As to handling the sails, for reefing or furling, it was not to be thought of before "the Rockies," as they were nicknamed, became accustomed to tread the rigging.

But seeing that the Baltic fleet might possibly have to fight a naval action on reaching the Russian coasts, it was deemed advisable to give gunnery the precedence of all other drills; so from daylight to dark Spithead resounded with a roar of guns, either firing at a target, or let off with blank cartridge, to allow the ears of the "raw hands" to get gradually used to these explosions.

The complement of the *Boscawen*, all told, numbered 650, and was composed as follows:—

Officers	-	-	38	Poop after-guard and	
Boatswain's Mates	-	-	7	waiters	- 12
Quartermasters	-	-	7	Carpenters' crew	17
Signalmen	-	-	4	First-class boys	30
Forecastlemen	-	-	60	Second-class boys	23
Foretopmen	-	-	60	Working idlers	20
Maintopmen	-	-	64	Band	- 16
Mizentopmen	-	-	36	*Retinue	- 14
After-guard	-	-	44	Marines	125
Gunners' crew	-	-	38		—
				Total	- 650

Taking those in the left-hand column (exclusive of officers and petty officers) who ought to be acquainted with seamen's duties, let us refer to the ship's "Watch Bill," and see how many of these could be depended upon.

It must be understood that all those rated "ordinary" were from entries I have been describing. In the "Watch Bill" we find that:—

Out of 60	Forecastlemen,	21	are ordinary seamen.
„ 60	Foretopmen,	36	„ „
„ 64	Maintopmen,	43	„ „
„ 36	Mizentopmen,	26	„ „
„ 44	After-guard,	28	„ „
„ 38	Gunners' crew,	23	„ „
	—	—	
Total	302	Total	177 „ „
	177		
	—		

Leaving only 125, captains of forecastle, tops, and after-guard, with gunners' mates and able seamen added, who had any proper knowledge of sailor's work. In the above number must be included 80 coastguardmen whom I previously stated to

* The *Boscawen* was commissioned as flag-ship to Rear-Admiral Arthur Fanshawe, C.B., who was about to relieve Vice-Admiral Houston Stewart on the North American station.

have been (in some instances) old and decrepit, and unequal to duties aloft; so we may conclude that the captain and officers of the *Boscawen* had the heavy task before them of conducting a sailing liner of 2,000 tons burden and upwards, through North Sea gales to the Baltic, with probably less than 120 able seamen on board her.

Fortunately, a similar trial of patience and resources cannot come to naval officers in these days, should a conflict with Russia or any other Great Power unhappily arise. The splendidly-trained continuous-service men who are now on board our ironclads in commission would be supplemented immediately by three or four thousand of the coastguard in the prime of life. These fine fellows, aided by naval pensioners, capable of further service, and mercantile reserves, ought to place the nation in a position independent of such measures as had to be adopted in 1854.

Moreover, in the present day, with ships propelled by machinery, and guns worked by mechanism, our navy—if short of complement—would not be crippled, as it was in the last war, for want of educated seamen to perform the manual duties of their different stations.*

All the ships assembled at Spithead preparatory to an advance up the Baltic were manned more or less by the same expedients as those applied to the *Boscawen*. About half the number of these vessels were fortunate in having had engines and screw-propellers put into them a short time previously; but these were intended merely to assist as an auxiliary to sail-power. Nevertheless, they became the great motive force when that portion of the squadron was cruising in the gulfs of Finland and Bothnia.

Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., with his flag flying at the main on board the screw three-decker *Duke of Wellington*, mounting 130 guns, put to sea with some ten line-of-battle ships and a few frigates, early in the month of March, bound first for Winga Sound in Norway. He was afterwards to proceed to Kiøge Bay, in Denmark, where other vessels would join him as they became ready. This would place the Commander-in-Chief in a position to commence operations on the ice breaking up in the Baltic.

Among the notable schemes at this period for bringing the enemy to his knees, was one which seemed to offer a good chance of success. Its propounder would have had the Government hire all available and suitable steam-tugs in the United Kingdom for a short term, and then prepare them at the Royal Dockyards for the reception of a 68 or 32-pounder gun on strengthened decks.

It was calculated that some 200 of these light-draught craft could be collected, armed, and sent up the Gulf of Finland when its waters were open to navigation. Afterwards they were to find their way by a then unprotected and shallow channel at the back of the Cronstadt forts, and so arrive within gun-shot of St. Petersburg, where they might at once dictate terms of peace, or, as an alternative, bombard the capital.

However, the English Government took no notice of this plan of coercion, so its feasibility remained untried.

The capture of Bomarsund, the shelling of Sweaborg Arsenal and Dockyard, with

* In any future naval war undertaken by England, with her increased armaments, a deficiency in trained stokers is what is mostly to be feared.

the destruction of much merchandize in the Finnish ports, was all the injury that the Baltic Anglo-French fleets of some forty sail of the line and frigates entailed upon Russia.

During the night of March 19th, one of the *Boscawen's* lieutenants, Lord G. Grosvenor—a son of the then Marquis of Westminster—died on board the ship at Spithead, and a signal was made the following morning asking permission to land his body for the purpose of forwarding it to his father. The reply was laconic, "Sail immediately," which we did.

I now take up my journal, commencing from this date.

Sailed from Spithead on March 20, 1854, and met with strong easterly winds and chopping seas, which soon placed our "Rockies" *hors de combat*. Kept the ship under snug sail, and managed to work her to windward with the coastguard, old marines, and a few others who formed part of the crew. The nights were cold and dark, and the Channel full of vessels. Committed the body of Lieutenant Lord G. Grosvenor to the deep off Beachy Head.

Anchored in Dover Roads on the 23rd, and sailed again on the 25th for Winga Sound, Norway. Made the Skaw Point on the 29th, and experienced foul winds in the Kattegat. Anchored every night. Spoke H.M.S. *Miranda*, Captain Lyons, who informed us of the fleet having gone to Kiel.

On the 2nd of April the *Boscawen* made the entrance of "Great Belt," and fell in with H.M.S. *Dragon*. Her captain gave information of the fleet having left Kiel for Kiøge Bay, about eighteen miles east of Copenhagen.

Boscawen was towed through the Belt by *Dragon* and *Driver*, paddle-steamers, the land on either side being low and wooded. Passed Neiborg, a considerable town, where toll is taken from merchant ships. Anchored at night and arrived at Kiøge Bay on the 5th of April. Procured water at a stream three miles and a half from where the fleet lay. The country around was flat, but prettily landscaped. Deer and other game were preserved. The inhabitants we found simple, homely, very honest, and to have kindly feelings towards the English. Some of our officers experienced extreme hospitality during their rambles from the better-class farmers. The old English plough, drawn by two small horses placed abreast, was in use amongst them. The seed was being put in the ground at the time of our visit.

Sir Charles Napier here made his ever-memorable signal to the fleet. It was to the effect "that if the enemy's vessels skulked behind their forts we were to carry them by boarding, and, our men having sharpened their cutlasses, the day would certainly be theirs." Brave intentions, but incapable of being put into execution.

The Commander-in-Chief also issued an order, forbidding ships communicating with Copenhagen, or with each other.

Sailed with the fleet from Kiøge on April 12th. Passed between the island of Bornholm and the mainland, and sighted Carlscrona, the great Swedish arsenal. Coasted by Oland Island and made Gothland, Faro, and Gottska Sando islands. Between the two first was the anchorage for the colliers which formed our coal depôt. Commenced to cruise between Drago Island and Gottska Sando; captured several Russian merchant vessels.

On the 21st of April the fleet bore up for Lansort lighthouse, on the Swedish coast. Screw-ships got up steam, and the sailing squadron was taken in tow by paddle-steamers. Passed up between groups of granite islands covered with stunted pine-trees. Wooden telegraph-boxes stood upon some of the headlands, but no other sign of habitation was to be seen.

The fleet anchored inside the islands, at Elsnaben, about sixty-five miles from Stockholm by water and twenty-five by land. Provisions were procured with difficulty, and there was also a great scarcity of fresh water. The scenery was wild and interesting. Steamers plied daily between the capital and ships, with crowds of visitors to the latter. The weather was intensely cold, the thermometer standing at 22° Fah. ; salt water froze on the decks in the course of cleaning them.

April 26th.—The Admiral went up to Stockholm, and the fleet received a supply of bullocks and potatoes from that city. The *James Watt*, 91 guns, arrived. In charge of a watering party I managed to procure some indifferent water from pools left by the melting of the snow. A few wild duck were upon them, and these the natives approached by using a stuffed decoy-bird, secured to a flat piece of wood, and then floated on the pools. There was target practice with big guns every day.

April 27th.—Buried a young marine officer of the *Royal George*, who had died suddenly.

May 4th.—The fleet got under weigh, but, a dense fog coming on, they were obliged to anchor again.

May 6th.—*Boscawen* weighed, and was taken in tow by H.M.S. *Gorgon*, and arrived off Gottska Sando in the evening.

May 7th.—Rejoined the fleet.

May 8th.—H.M.S. *Majestic* arrived, and both she and *Boscawen* proceeded to cruise off Gottska Sando.

May 17th.—Sir Charles Napier parted company with seven of his screw line-of-battle ships, and the *Austerlitz* (French), for Hango head, where *Arrogant*, *Hecla*, *Dragon*, and *Magicienne* (English) had had a brush with the enemy's batteries. Admiral Corry remained in command of the ships cruising off Gottska Sando. Fogs were very prevalent. Our food consisted of salt provisions, with an occasional supply of bullocks from Faro. These were poor lean beasts, and their meat proved most unpalatable.

June 1st.—The *St. George*, 100 guns, and *Boscawen* sailed for Gottska Sando to obtain water, which was procured with difficulty by digging pits in the sand covering the island. A few miserable sheep cropped the scant herbage on the island, and hares, of a rabbit-colour, were shot there. The stunted pine-tree grew sparsely upon this bleak spot.

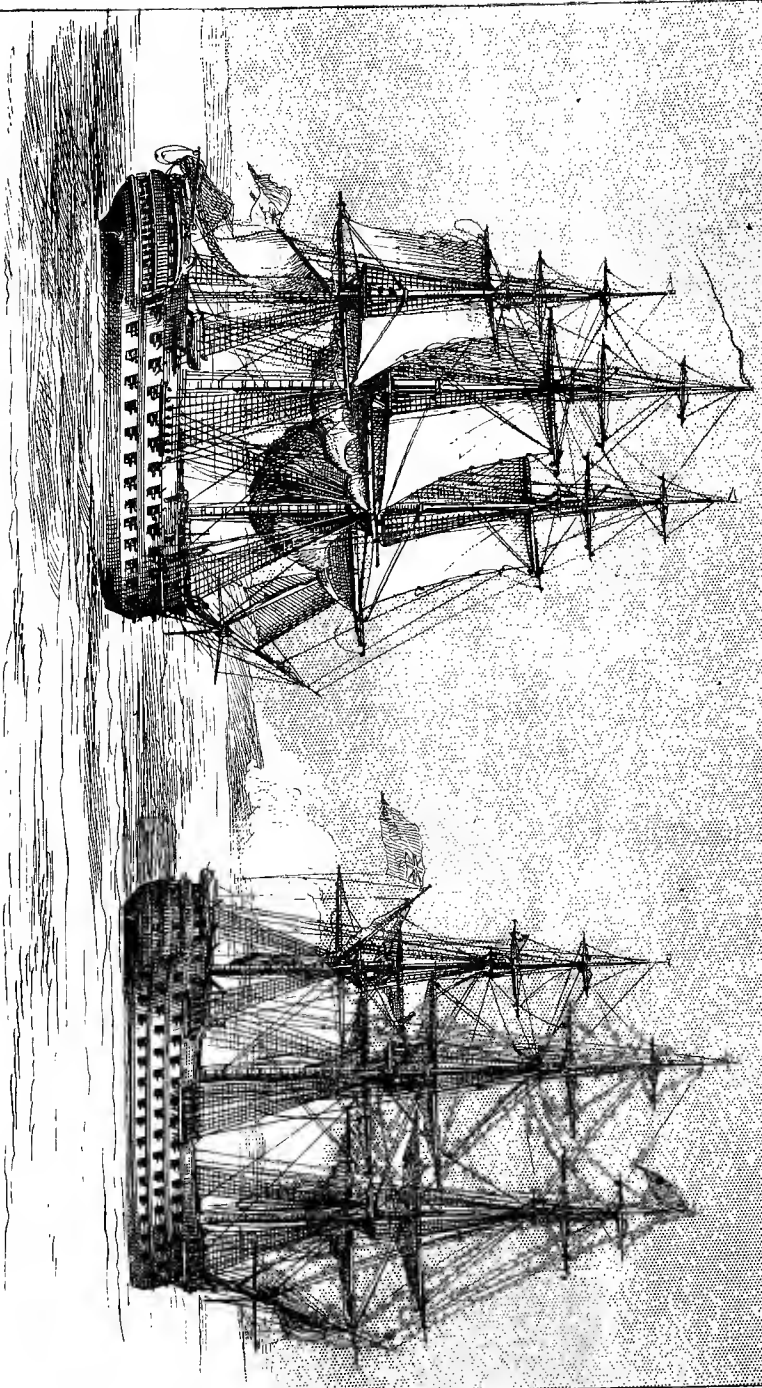
June 6th.—*Boscawen* rejoined the squadron, and found H.M.S. *Bellisle*, 60 guns, and *Resistance*, frigate, had arrived from England.

June 8th.—Received orders for our division of the fleet to join Sir Charles at Barrosund—an anchorage about nineteen miles from Helsingfors.

June 9th.—Off the island of Dago. Admiral signalled: "Wait for *Majestic* from Faro, with bullocks on board."

Le Banquet

Union Bro' London



H.M.S. "BOSCAWEN," 72 GUNS, CAPTAIN GIANVILLE, AND THE "NEPTUNE," 120 GUNS, VICE-ADMIRAL CORREY'S FLAG-SHIP (BLUE AT THE FORE), ANCHORING OFF SWEABORG, JUNE 1854.—PORTS TRYING THE RANGE.

June 11th.—*Majestic* hove in sight. We received six bullocks from her, most miserable animals. Spoke the *Gondola*, yacht, with Lords Ducie and Dacres on board, and then proceeded on to join the Admiral.

June 12th.—At daylight, 1 A.M., passed Port Baltic, and sighted the spires of Revel; also the Isle of Nargen, and afterwards bore away for the opposite coast of the Gulf of Finland.

At 3 A.M. we saw both English squadrons at anchor, but soon Sir Charles weighed his screw liners and proceeded off Sweaborg. The French fleet were in sight astern of us. The wind failing, *Majestic* took *Boscawen* in tow, and we anchored in Barrosund harbour with the remainder of the squadron, in fifteen fathoms.

The Russians had established a telegraph signal-post—on the old model, with arms—quite close, so that the movements of our ships might be made known at Helsingfors.

This telegraph was captured one night by a landing party from the fleet, and in the little wooden house occupied by the operator was found a half-written letter in French, addressed to a lady at Helsingfors, asking her to pay a visit to the writer for the purpose of listening to the beautiful music played by the bands of the combined fleets lying in Barrosund.

June 13th, 14th, 15th, employed watering ship from a lake in one of the many islands sheltering the anchorage.

These groups bear the same features as those on the Swedish coast, their formation being of granite rock covered with a loam producing stunted pine-trees.

June 16th.—The fleet exercised their crews, firing at a mark from the big guns; the roar from them must have been heard by the enemy at Helsingfors. We visited Ronska lighthouse, and saw the Russian fleet in Sweaborg, exercising their men at sail drill; nine vessels were counted, seven of them being line-of-battle ships.

Our *Imperieuse* and *Arrogant* frigates were under weigh reconnoitring. Two of the enemy's gunboats approached Barrosund this morning, through an inshore channel.

June 17th.—*Holyrood* steamer, with provisions from England, ran ashore on some rocks outside the harbour, but was got off in the evening without much damage. H.M.S. *Vulture* arrived with news of a disastrous undertaking by *Odin* and herself against Galbe Carleby in the Gulf of Bothnia. Their loss consisted of one lieutenant, one mate, and one midshipman killed, and fifty-six seamen and marines killed, wounded and missing.

June 22nd.—Sir Charles, with fourteen screw line-of-battle ships and part of French fleet, sailed for Cronstadt.

June 24th.—A lieutenant of the *St. George* committed suicide by shooting himself—reasons for the crime unknown. Arrived the frigate *Amphion*. Firing was heard at Helsingfors all day.

June 25th.—The fleet weighed and proceeded outside Barrosund, and anchored again in the Gulf of Finland in twenty fathoms; the Island of Nargen was in sight.

June 26th.—Received news of the entry of prisoners—taken by the Russians at

Galbe Carleby—into Helsingfors; they were preceded by a captured boat's gun flourish of trumpets, &c. &c. Our officers and men were reported to be well treated.

June 27th.—H.M.S. *Driver* arrived with mails; blowing from the westward with a nasty sea running.

June 28th.—Wind shifted to the east, but still blowing hard. We found our anchorage too much exposed.

June 30th.—Weighed with squadron and beat up for Sweaborg; sighted Nargen and Revel. The wind failing, the *Boscawen* was taken in tow by *Ajax* (screw), sixty guns.

July 1st.—Anchored a little distance south of Sweaborg, and within good view of the enemy's ships and batteries. Our captain (Glanville) received orders to proceed to England. The *Boscawen* was there to refit and then join our Admiral, Arthur Fanshawe, C.B., at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

July 2nd.—Discharged coastguardsmen, provisions, powder, shot and shell, &c., to fleet, and weighed for Portsmouth.

July 5th.—Off Dugaret lighthouse on the Island of Dago.

July 8th.—Off Bornholm, a picturesque island; boats with provisions came off to the ship.

July 9th.—At anchor off Darspoint. A strong breeze sprung up in the night, and the *Boscawen* parted her cable. All hands were called to make sail upon the ship, and she then stood over towards Cape Morn.

July 10th.—The wind moderating, we returned to Darspoint, and sighted the buoy of our lost anchor. Anchored close to it, then swept round the spot with weighted hawsers, and eventually hove up both anchor and remains of cable.

July 12th.—Weighed and beat up for the Great Belt. Passed Rostock, Wismer, and other pretty watering-places.

July 12th.—Passed the Island of Fermen, and ran with a fair wind up to Nyborg. Took a pilot on board off Langland, a rich, well-cultivated island. Anchored at Nyborg.

July 13th.—Weighed, but owing to strong current eddies the ship became unmanageable, so she was obliged to cast anchor again.

July 14th.—A repetition of yesterday.

July 15th.—Succeeded in clearing the shoals; afterwards *Boscawen* passed up the Belt with a light fair wind, and anchored again in the evening.

July 16th.—No wind; weighed, and let the ship drift with the current; anchored off Reefness for the night.

July 17th.—Weighed, with a fresh breeze from the northward; beat to windward between Samso and Reefness. Passed Serra Point at 11 P.M., and discharged pilot. Midnight found the ship off Forness Point, and making the best of her way to England.

The Cyclone.

On reaching Portsmouth the *Boscawen* was refitted with all expedition, and sailed again for Halifax, Nova Scotia, which port she reached in September 1854,

and having hoisted Vice-Admiral Arthur Fanshaw's flag at the fore, embarked himself and suite, as also his carriages, horses, cows, sheep and garden roots, for conveyance to the Admiralty house and grounds at the island of Bermuda, where all the stock would remain whilst the Admiral proceeded in the flag-ship to the West Indies for his annual inspection of that part of the station. On his return to Bermuda in two or three months' time, he would settle down at the beautiful residence provided for him, and within signal distance of his flag-ship and squadron anchored off the dockyard at Ireland Island. About the 1st of June, when the summer had fairly set in at Halifax, "The Farm," as it was jocosely called, would be again taken on board, and sail made for the land of *blue noses*, a potato peculiar to Nova Scotia. Here the Admiral would occupy the fine mansion allowed him by the Government, contiguous to the dockyard, until the time came round again for his departure to the South, and this brings us to the months of October or November. Cold winds commence to blow during the former period, and then a reaction in the temperature takes place when that curious phenomenon the "Indian Summer" sets in.

The glories of this delightful season have been frequently recited. The unrivalled foliage tints, the charms of moose-calling to the youthful, as they lie *perdu* on a "barren," or clearing in the primeval forest, with a bright moon shining overhead, and breathlessly listen for an answer to their Indian call or imitation of the cry of the female moose. Nights sometimes pass without response, but at length their patience is rewarded by the unmistakable sound being heard afar off. The Indian now practises all his art to induce the bull to advance. His calling gradually grows fainter, as though the lady was coquettishly retiring on the approach of her lord. This hastens the beast's movements, and soon the crashing of boughs and snapping of the dried twigs under his mighty tread announce the animal's impatience. As he nears the "barren" the reports of cracking wood grow louder, until they resemble pistol-shots fired in the cold crisp air. The hearts of the sportsmen are fluttering with excitement, but they must pull themselves well together if they wish to make sure of their quarry. The Indian retires, calling, so as to draw the bull immediately over their lurking-place, and soon the massive form of the noble brute stands out to view in the clearing. He eagerly sniffs the atmosphere around for tidings of his mate; but as there is no friendly wind to waft scent of any kind towards him, he remains in profound ignorance of the deception that is being practised, and of the danger he is incurring.

The Indian "call"—made from a strip of birch bark—produces a sound so exactly resembling the "love cry" of the moose at this particular season, that it never fails to induce the monarch of the pine-forest to quit its shelter and risk the unknown perils of the "barren." It is now heard by him at quite the opposite side of the clearing to where he stands, and has the effect of again putting his limbs in motion. On comes the unwieldy brute with lumbering gait, until he seems to tower over the hunters' hiding-place. A low signal whistle is given, followed up immediately by a discharge of rifles, and the monster elk sinks to his last rest.

To those whose ambition is satisfied with minor sport, there is quick practice to

be had—for eye and hand—in toppling over the little pink-breasted woodcock when, with a sharp rustle of the wing, he rises out of his favourite alder-bed. The bird gives but one chance to the gunner, as he only just crests the trees and is instantly lost to view.

Then those followers of the “gentle sport.” What delights are stored for them! They are continually revelling in Nature’s extravagance of colouring in these Nova Scotia woods. The brilliancy in scarlet alone, which the rock maple foliage assumes in autumn, quite dazzles the eye, and shows out prominently amidst other varied tints. If they be adepts in the art of angling, and can withstand the assaults of the numerous black fly, which collect in myriads at this time of the year on the banks of the most noted streams, they will be sure to fill their baskets with speckled beauties, but the torment that is undergone from these plaguey insects takes off from the enjoyment of the sport.

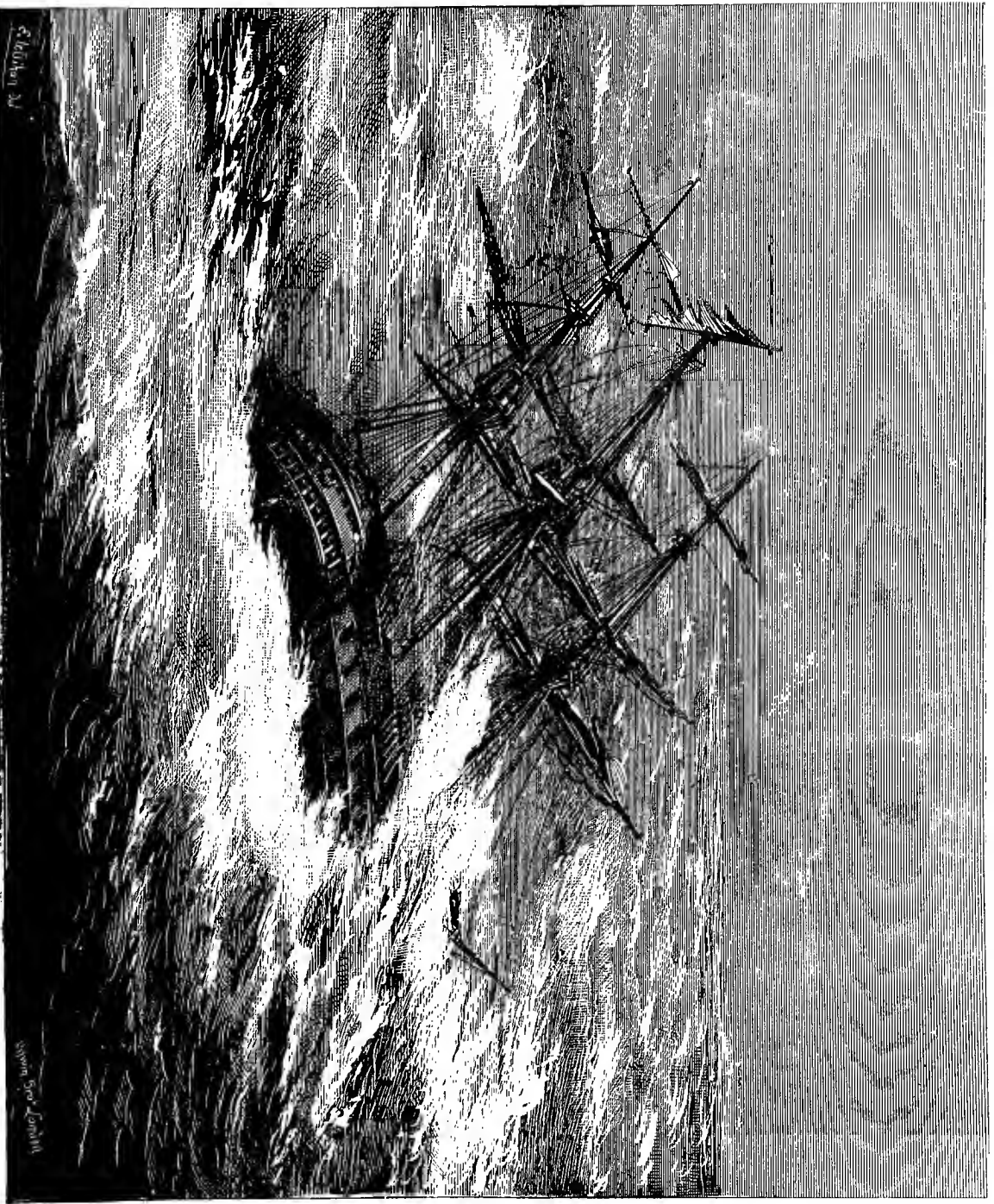
To those who care for none of these amusements, and would spend their existence in social joys and basking in the sunshine of pretty faces, an almost weekly picnic party may be joined, during the Indian summer, which will probably find its way to Turtle Grove, on the Dartmouth side of Halifax Harbour, or enter the grand basin, or sheet of water to which the latter leads, and land themselves and comestibles at the Duke of Kent’s lodge, where our gracious Queen’s father is stated to have entertained right royally in olden times. Here the whole surroundings are provocative of love; the very air imparts it as the delicious aroma of the spruce fir is inhaled by the couples who wend their way through the mazes of the forest, or rest on a mossy couch watching the sun’s rays glittering the rich leafage of birch, beech, and maple, and breathe soft nothings into each other’s ears.

At “Turtle Grove” there have been other cooings than those of doves, and many a breach has been made in the ramparts of single blessedness at this lovely spot.

As all this delightful dallying is generally the precursor to the more serious side of life, so the foregoing trivial sketches must be taken as preliminaries to an account of the great storm.

Towards the end of October, then, in 1854, as has been previously stated, the *Boscawen* left Halifax for Bermuda. Many were the wavings of handkerchiefs from fair young forms as they rose to their windows, at early dawn, to signal their last greetings to those more or less implanted in their affections, and to gaze at the stately ship as, with crowded sail and favouring breeze, she passed out into the broad Atlantic.

For two or three days the weather continued pleasant; but it was noticed, after this, that the wind freshened considerably, though still remaining aft. Then the barometer began to fall rapidly, and the sky assumed an inky appearance as we neared the “storm-vexed islands.” The Admiral, hoping to find shelter there before the fury of the coming blow should reach us, and in spite of all warnings, ordered sail to be kept upon the vessel, and refused to howse the lofty spars; reefs, indeed, had to be taken in, but not in proportion to the requirements of the situation. A safe anchorage, he thought, would be reached on the following morning, and all would



H.M.S. "BOSCAWEN," FLAG-SHIP VICE-ADMIRAL ARTHUR FANSHAWE, C.H., NORTH AMERICAN STATION, IN A CYCLONE, 50 MILES NORTH OF BERMUDA, WHEN ON PASSAGE FROM HALIFAX, N.S., OCTOBER 1854.

be well. Vain anticipations! by 12 o'clock at night the gale had increased to a hurricane, top-sails were lowered on the caps, but the reefed foresail was kept set in the endeavour to forge the ship ahead of the surging waves; but these, borne on the wings of the furious blast, outsped her, and, striking stern and rudder, caused the vessel to yaw wildly, and soon all proper control over her by the helm was gone. Four men clung to the wheel, and on three occasions two of them were thrown over it, and severely injured from the above cause. At last the danger of "broaching-to" became so imminent that it was resolved to lay her with head to the westward. Great circular storms off the United States coast are known to always travel from the south-west to north-east. Thus a vessel with her bows towards the North American continent would emerge quicker from them than if her head was pointed in an opposite direction. All hands were called on deck to clew up the sails, but as the wind drew on the starboard beam it obtained a complete mastery over their efforts; and eventually blew the canvas into ribbons, even stripping the already furled sails clean off the yards, and knotting them together in a most marvellous manner.

The liner now lay over on her port-side, perfectly helpless, and dipping the muzzles of the quarter-deck guns, now and again, in the heavy seas that passed under her. To windward all seemed a mass of flying foam, which broke in volumes on the ship, whilst the roar and shrieking of the hurricane drowned all other noises, although we could plainly see the quarter-boats being smashed to pieces by its sheer force. Even the stout lower masts bent to the shock, and the strain on the weather-rigging was so tremendous that the eyes of it over the masthead were found to have settled down seven inches, leaving the lee shrouds to hang about quite slack.

For a man to attempt to mount the rigging could only be thought an act of madness, as he would have inevitably been blown clean away; and even to peer over the weather side of the vessel was an impossibility. All left for man or officer to do was to seek personal safety by holding on grimly by rope or belaying-pin, and thus prevent being dashed to leeward in the heavy lurches.

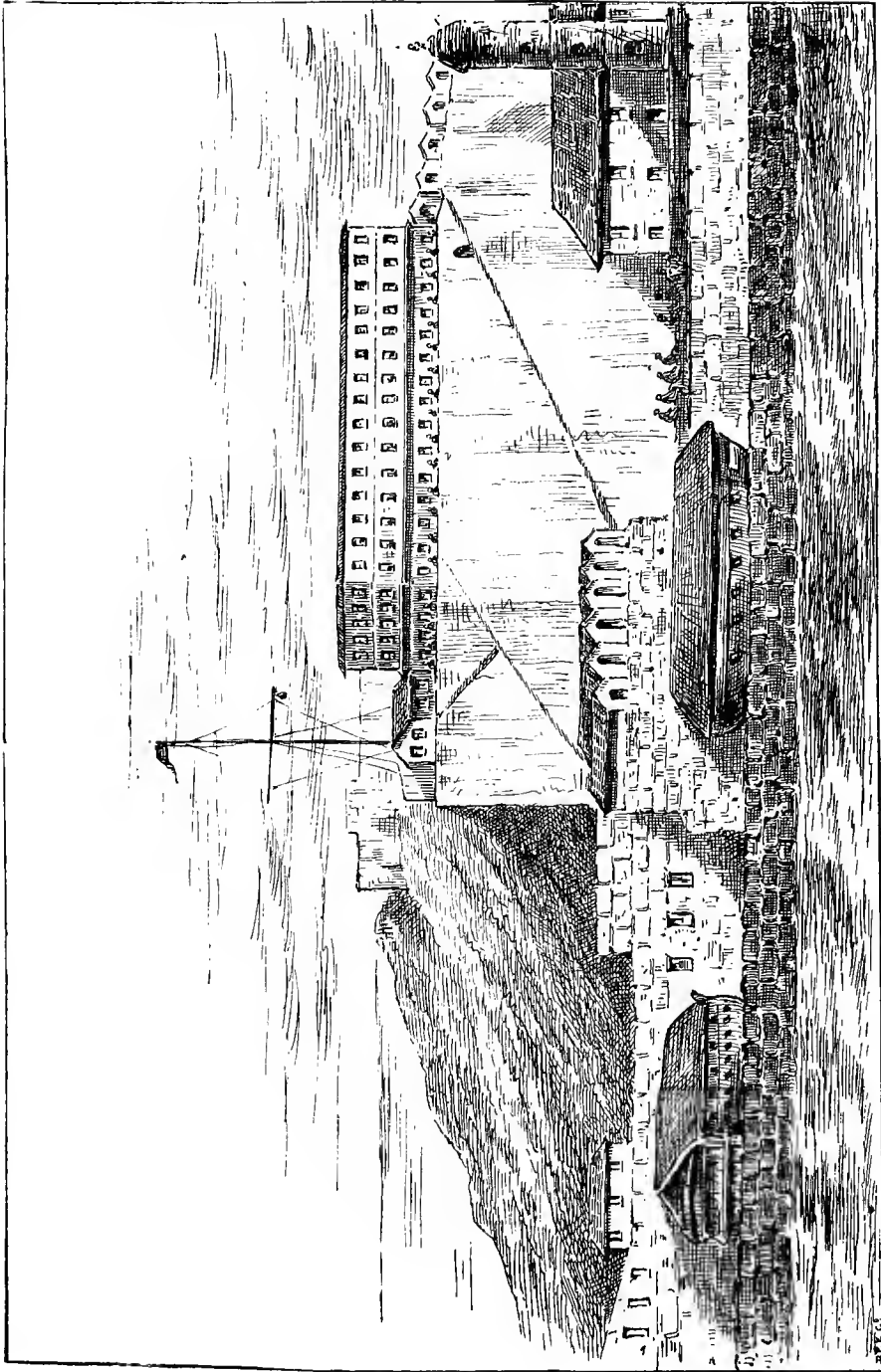
Soon a slight noise — through the fearful hubbub — proclaimed the main-topgallant mast snapped off at the cap, and the yard, with remnants of sail attached, accompanied it in its descent. One of the main-topmast stays was next carried away, and the spar began to quiver ominously. Though the night was pitchy dark overhead, yet the ship appeared to be illuminated all around by the reflection of the foaming waters. The helm had been lashed "a lee," and this kept the sea about abeam, but the waves now and then made the vessel tremble all over when they struck her. After one of these blows had shaken her more than usual, the boatswain appeared aft to report that the ship must have started a butt end, as he could hear the water rushing into her and washing backwards and forwards about the hold.

After much trouble the carpenter was found, and told to sound the well, but this would not give the amount of water in the ship, as it must have rolled over on the port side, and become inaccessible to the sounding rod; he therefore, at much risk, descended to where the tanks of fresh water were stowed, and soon discovered that they caused the alarm, for their lids — not having been properly screwed down — had given way to internal pressure, and permitted the water to escape. This, then, was

what the boatswain had heard, and from which he had derived his terrible conclusions.

The hours of the night passed slowly away, all hands remaining on deck in momentary expectation of some great catastrophe, either that the masts would go by the board, or the ship herself be engulfed in the raging element; and so little were these ideas unwarranted, that it afterwards became known the latter fate actually befel the United States sloop-of-war *Albany*. She had left Brooklyn Yard for Bermuda the day previous to our experience of the cyclone, and must have sailed into its vortex, for she was never heard of again, and probably went down, with every soul on board, not far from where the *Boscawen* lay at the mercy of the storm. This had gained its height about daybreak, and from that time moderated, so that by 10 A.M. men were enabled to go aloft and send down wreck of spars, sails, &c., and swift the rigging in to steady the masts.





H.M. DOCKYARD AND BARRACKS, WITH CONVICT HULKS AT IRELAND ISLAND, BERMUDA.

MEG

CHAPTER XI.

DEMERARA AND THE ESSEQUIBO IN 1856.

ON Sunday morning, the 24th of February, 1856, the quiet of Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, was broken by the arrival of a small steamer from Demerara with news of serious disturbances occurring in that colony, and with a requisition from its governor to the general at the above island for the immediate aid of 200 troops, coupled with an application for the presence at Georgetown of any men-of-war that might be lying in Carlisle Bay.

H.M. brig *Mariner*—then under my command—was fortunately at hand, but with orders to proceed to the northwards. These, however, I took upon myself to put aside, and sailed, without delay, to the scene of disorder.

The Guiana coast is extremely low, with long shoals running off from the mouths of its many fine rivers. Upon these a vessel might be swept by the strong westerly currents that prevail, without having previously obtained a glimpse of the land. The *Directory*, therefore, advises that a S.E. course should be steered from Barbadoes, so that the bolder coast to the east of the Demerara river might be the first landfall.

However, the *Mariner* having on a former occasion fetched to the eastward of the Demerara from Barbadoes, by steering a S.S.E. course, it was deemed advisable to try the same again, so as to make the shortest possible passage to Georgetown—the capital—a matter of great importance when lives and property were at stake.

To prevent delay after arriving, ball cartridge was served out to the marines and small-arm men, and the field-piece prepared in readiness for landing, during the voyage.

On the Tuesday morning all were anxiously on the look-out for the land; but, whilst straining our eyes in vain for what, by the dead reckoning, ought to be in sight, the brig suddenly went from soundings in seventeen fathoms to six fathoms. Not a moment was to be lost in hauling the vessel to the wind; and on obtaining the longitude by an observation of the sun, immediately afterwards, it was found that we had been set by a westerly current twenty miles during the night, and

were now amongst the dangerous shoals that lie off the mouth of the Essequibo river.

A forenoon attended with much anxiety followed, as, feeling our way cautiously with the lead, the brig was worked to windward out of her perilous position. The exertions of the crew were rewarded at noon by finding themselves in comparatively deep water. The latitude was taken, and this enabled a course to be shaped, and soon tops of trees and chimneys of sugar mills began to appear above the horizon. The water, which had been discoloured for more than sixty miles off the coast—now assumed the appearance of agitated mud, and the light-vessel anchored twelve miles from Georgetown hove in sight.

Passing under her stern, we roused the slumbering pilots by the discharge of a 32-pounder, and an active little darky quickly answered the summons. Then the brig bore away for the Demerara river with little more than a foot of water to spare under her keel, and anchored off the court-house at Georgetown before sunset.

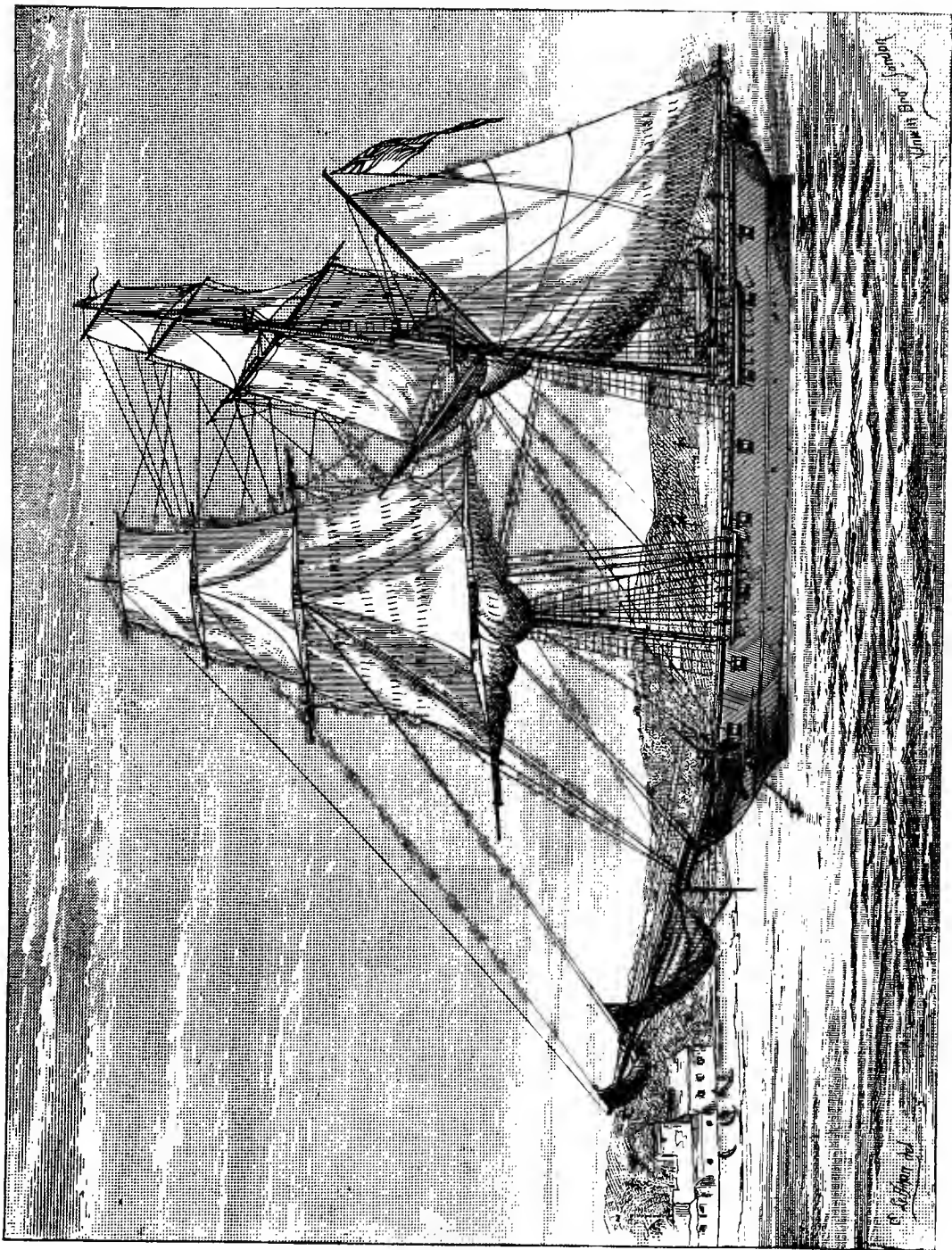
The energy exerted by the Governor—Mr. Philip Wodehouse, afterwards Sir Philip—had already suppressed the riots, and we found little to do but awe the unruly by our presence, and protect adjudication in cases of culprits taken in the act, these already amounting to some thousands. The gaol being filled up with prisoners, old hulks, lying in the river, became floating dungeons; but the arrests continuing to be numerous, an Ordinance was passed, authorizing magistrates to put in force the summary punishment of flogging, to the amount of thirty-nine lashes, in all cases where the offenders were taken red-handed.

The origin of the outbreak appears to have arisen in the great jealousy the negro population entertained towards the Portuguese, who hold the retail mart of the colony entirely in their own hands. They are an industrious, penurious race, chiefly from the Madeira island. On their first arrival in the Guianas they work upon sugar estates, until a sufficient capital is raised to purchase or rent a shop and stock it with comestibles and liquors.

The want of energy and intelligence in the blacks precludes their competing with the Portuguese, who thus attain a real superiority over them. But this is totally ignored by the negroes, whose consummate conceit leads them to assume a degree of *hauteur* in their dealings with these immigrants, and whilst looking upon them as aliens, pride themselves upon being the rightful inheritors of the deserted territory of the Indian.

To a train of feeling like this, a clever villain applied the match. One Mr. Orr, or John Sayer Orr—a creole of Demerara, but better known in America and England by his claim to be the Angel Gabriel, and being branded in Scotland by the title of “Wicked Knave”—by out-door preachings inflamed the negro mind, first, in a general way against popery, and afterwards, becoming more local in his attacks, vituperated against the nunnery and Roman Catholic chapel in Georgetown.

The Colonial Government now thought it high time to interfere, and summoned Mr. Orr to appear to answer a charge of having on Sunday, the 10th of February, 1856, caused an unlawful assembly to be gathered together, and with having used inflammatory and seditious language, calculated to provoke a breach of the public



H.M. BRIG "MARINER," 12 GUNS, WEIGHING FROM CARLISLE BAY, BARBADOES.

peace. The result of the magisterial investigation was the defendant's committal for trial before the supreme court of criminal justice. Mr. Orr, not being able to find bail for his appearance, was sent to prison.

This examination took place on Monday, February 18th, Mr. Orr having been prevented from delivering his usual address to the people in the public market on the day previous, by the interference of the police. He had then retired to his mother's yard, and there addressed the crowd assembled to hear him.

Immediately after this meeting the disturbances commenced by the negroes attacking one or two Portuguese shops, and pelting the Portuguese belonging to the neighbourhood. This row was suppressed by the police; but next day, after the committal of Mr. Orr, the people almost immediately commenced their attack upon the Portuguese shops in the outlying part of the town. By midnight there was not one in those districts that had not been completely gutted of its contents; in fact, a most formidable riot ensued.

Troops were called out, special constables hastily sworn in, and, if it had not been for the humane order of His Excellency the Governor to the commanders of these forces, blood must have flowed freely.

From what afterwards transpired, it is unquestionable that emissaries must have started at the same time from Georgetown to various rural districts, exciting the people to follow the example of their brethren in the city, and, what is more extraordinary, asserting they were carrying out the orders of the Governor in doing so, and in many instances read forged papers to that effect.

A special meeting of the Court of Policy was summoned by the Governor at 12 o'clock on the same day, and an Ordinance was passed to make provision for more effectually repressing the disturbances. The provisions of the Ordinance were stringent, and parties convicted of breaches of the peace, or making use of abusive language, were rendered liable to a fine of a hundred dollars, or to be imprisoned with hard labour for any period not exceeding six months, or to be flogged with thirty-nine lashes, or any two of the said punishments.

The third section of the Ordinance provided that, "No sentence of flogging shall be carried into effect until the same shall have been confirmed by the Governor"; but this was afterwards extended by a subsequent Ordinance, empowering the magistrates to carry the sentence into execution on the spot.

The Ordinance at first was confined to Georgetown, but, the disturbances spreading, a proclamation was issued extending its provisions to the East and West coasts and river districts, which were reported in rapid succession to be in a state of disturbance.

On the receipt of the news of the outbreak at the adjoining Dutch and French possessions, a man-of-war steamer from each Colony was immediately placed at the disposal of His Excellency, both of which did good service, the one in conveying troops to Berbice, and the other by ascending the Demerara river with a portion of the Georgetown garrison, who cut off the retreat of the rebels, and captured many prisoners.

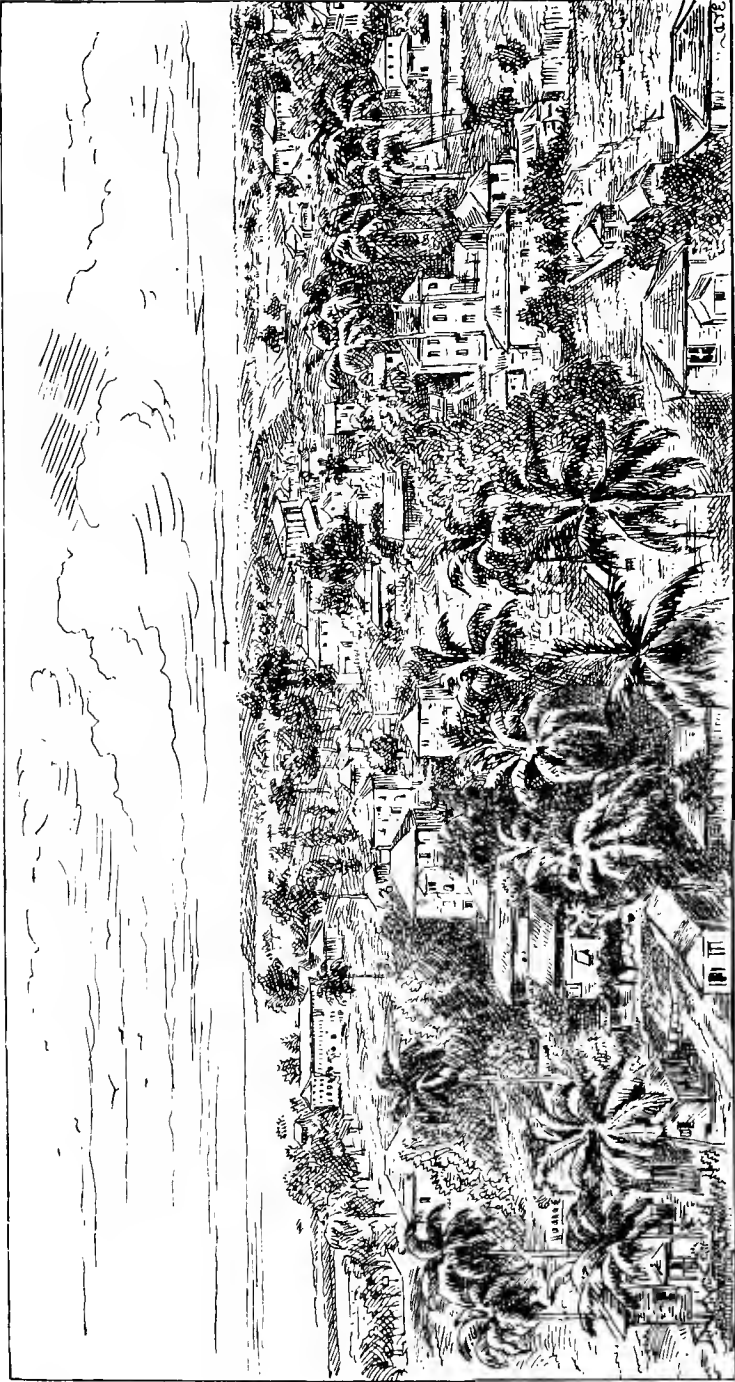
The loss of life was altogether small, one policeman and four or five negroes comprising the casualties.

The latest news from all parts which the authorities had been able to reach reported everything, at the time of our arrival, quiet; but an evident bad feeling was still existing in the minds of the people who had been worked up to these outrages by designing villains from Georgetown, of many of whom traces had already been obtained. The origin of the disturbances, as I stated previously, was a deep-rooted dislike on the part of the coloured and negro races towards the Portuguese.

The arrival of the man, Orr, and his rabid animosity to the Roman Catholic religion—which the most part of the Portuguese profess—pointed him out to the ringleaders as a suitable agent, and their plans were so far successful as to occasion a vast destruction of property, the loss of some lives, and the exposing of a large portion of the rural population to the miseries of starvation and disease, as also the creation of a rancorous feeling of dislike, which would not only cause much discord among the people themselves, but might materially affect the general prosperity of the Colony.

I shall here quote an extract from a work published the previous year (1855), entitled, *The History of British Guiana*, by Henry Dalton, Esq., M.D., and leave the reader to judge of the author's feelings when contrasting his ideal negro of 1855 with the real negro of 1856. Speaking of the Portuguese, he says:—

“Their example and conduct have not been unproductive of good to the Creole negro, in whom have been excited feelings of emulation and rivalry. It was a new thing for the newly-emancipated slave to find placed on the same level as himself strangers from a European and civilized country—to witness the white man competing with him in the labour of the cane-fields, and to see him subject to the same necessity of manual labour and drudgery. It was a new era in his life to test his powers of intelligence and endurance with the European labourer; but still, *no marked feeling of distrust or jealousy was awakened in the good-natured bosom of the negro*. He had marked the introduction of the stranger with an indifference bordering on apathy. *His self-interest had not materially suffered by the competition*. His position in society had not been injured by the contact. His own path to independence and comparative affluence was too clear to occasion him any fear, and, naturally *good-natured*, and sensible of justice, the Creole negro seemed devoid of the lively excitable temperament of the inhabitant of most warm climates; and although violent when roused, was, and is, generally stoical, and passive in his philosophy. He would laugh at his new arrival, and was sometimes ashamed by his superior activity and intelligence, but rarely opposed him with a serious attempt to do him mischief. Secure in his own self-conceit, the negro affects to despise the mercenary and hard-working Portuguese. He taunts him with the appellation of ‘white nigger,’ and pretends to be his superior in education and good breeding; indeed, it is not an uncommon thing to hear the Portuguese address the negroes as ‘Sir,’ ‘Madam,’ and the terms of ‘black lady,’ ‘black gentleman,’ are commonly made use of by them.”*



VIEW FROM GEORGETOWN LIGHTHOUSE.

On February the 29th, His Excellency received a deputation of the heads of the disaffected negro villages, explained to them his views in the present crisis, and informed them of the disagreeable fact that they would be taxed to indemnify the Portuguese for their losses, which were subsequently ascertained to amount to the heavy sum of £280,000, giving them also to understand that in the event of a similar outbreak, martial law would be proclaimed, and the troops ordered to fire upon the rioters.

Among the assembled black faces there was a fair share of intelligence observable, which displayed itself most acutely on the scheme for indemnification being announced.

The Portuguese seem to have submitted very tamely to their maltreatment. Only one instance of self-defence came to notice, and in that case the attacked shot two men, and was afterwards nearly killed himself.

The brig's further presence being unnecessary, the Governor agreed to my leaving for Barbadoes on the morrow, but informed me that he should require my return to Georgetown on the 15th of April, when the trial of the prisoners would commence.

With this arrangement I was much pleased, as I wished to become better acquainted with so important a colony, and, if possible, ascend one of its splendid rivers, and get a glimpse of Indian life in the far interior. The tides were now in their neap, and some doubts were expressed as to the *Mariner* getting over the bar. However, the attempt had to be made; so the anchor was hove up at the last of the flood, and then commenced a long beat against wind—of twelve miles—out to the light vessel in the offing. For five or six miles of this distance, the water shoaled $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms.

The brig at this time drew 14 ft. 6 in. aft, thus leaving something less than a foot of keel to be dragged through the mud, which rose to the surface in large masses in her wake. Nevertheless, the lively little craft dashed through it all, tacking every five minutes to avoid the mud-banks on either hand. Once, and only once, was she in jeopardy, and that in approaching a buoy which the master-pilot had inconsiderately shifted without informing his subordinates of the fact. The helm was put down, but the sluggish manner in which she answered the summons proved how hampered her keel must have been. A little trimming of weights on board was necessary to restore the brig to a better flotation; but the delay was momentary, and she arrived safely at the light-vessel, to the wonder of many who could not understand a vessel beating to windward through mud.

A short stay at Barbadoes, then a run up to Antigua, and back to the former island, then a cruise with the Governor-General of the Windward Islands on board, paying his official visits to St. Vincent and Granada, and we find ourselves again *en route* for Demerara.

However, to while away a tedious passage against wind and current, I will relate an incident that amused us much on our visiting the island of St. Vincent. Many, doubtless, are not aware that there are only a few favoured British islands in the West Indies at which troops are now stationed. Forts, guns, barracks, hospitals, and all the apparatus of war, are to be found everywhere; but its pomp and circum-

stance have vanished these many years past from our islands of secondary importance. These expensive relics of more prosperous days are, in many places, silently succumbing to the hand of time. Usually standing on lofty heights, they have become fit monuments of that general decay which succeeded the advent of Emancipation.

The island of St. Vincent is no exception to the above rule; yet it is expected to do military honours, and adorn itself in the outward garb of jubilation, on the arrival of so great a personage as the Governor-General.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the island, aware of his chief's intended visit, had, with the small means at his disposal, made the usual preparations for His Excellency's reception. The black police had donned their best uniforms: flags were hoisted on every staff; the old guns in a fort high up on an eminence outside the town had been loaded the previous day—I was told—by a few blacks and their wives—living in the neighbourhood—and under the careful superintendence of the acting Aide-de-camp to the Governor. The said Aide had now arrayed himself in his brightest plumes for the coming great event, but his master's apparel I failed, unfortunately, to understand, for, on the brig anchoring, a little boat, rowed by two darkies—with a figure in her stern sheets decorated with silver lace—pushed off from the beach.

The uniform was undress, and, as I had not seen the like before, I came to the conclusion that its wearer must be the Chief of Police, as an *avant courier*, and was not a little surprised on discovering the individual—when on board—to be the Lieutenant-Governor himself.

Apologizing for a certain remissness on our part in consequence of the mistake, I handed him over to the Governor-General.

Now, it seems, orders had been given to the negroes in the fort to commence the salute when the Governor-General should put his foot upon the shore; and we could see them, match in hand, waiting in intense anxiety for that delightful moment to a negro when he finds himself able to make more than usual noise. All the inhabitants of Kingston—the capital—were on the beach awaiting His Excellency, and a gay, laughing set they appeared. The dusky fair ones wore their gayest bandanas for the occasion, in many instances looped in front with some sparkling ornament. These were set jauntily on the head, and beneath their ample folds escaped the few woolly locks that were capable of being plaited together. The ladies seemed brimful of delight, and outvied each other in clamour.

The Lieutenant-Governor's dignity having suffered considerably by his means of transit to the brig, I ordered our largest boat to be put at his disposal for conveyance to the shore, where, in all due form, he was to receive the Governor-General on his landing. In my innocence I was not aware this might be the means of leading to a dire mistake in the Lieutenant-Governor's magnificent arrangements; but, when, on his departure, we prepared to give him the salute to which he was entitled, and he had hailed me in the most imploring accents to desist, pointing at the same time with an agonizing gesture to the fort, I began to be aware how easily his raw artillery-men and women, without the use of a telescope, could be mistaken in the personage about to land. His progress was, therefore, watched with some anxiety;

our suspense was not, however, of long duration, for the moment the boat's bow touched the beach, a bright jet of smoke issued from the fort, and the report of the first gun in honour of the Governor-General's landing came bellowing down the ravine.

The labour of hours was puffed away in as many minutes, and the *chef d'œuvre* of the reception thus blown to the winds, whilst the high official, for whom it was intended, was quietly enjoying the joke behind the bulwarks of the *Mariner*. The Lieutenant-Governor, however, whose ideas upon outward formalities were of the highest order, considered this unfortunate *contretemps* as anything but a joke, and despatched the Aide-de-camp on his best horse, with orders not to pull rein until he reached the fort. He was then—after hurling a few anathemas on the thick skull of his chief gunner—to divest himself of his finery, and commence, with the assistance of the motley group assembled round the guns, the operation of reloading them.

A note was also shortly placed in my hand enclosing the following:—

“Do not let His Excellency land, on any account, until you see that the guns in the fort are ready.”

Our glasses were, therefore, turned to the quarter thus indicated, as our only hope of release from this official durance; but the scene that presented itself was anything but cheering in this respect, although, as a military spectacle, its uniqueness could not but raise our risibility.

The poor Aide was seen, stripped to his shirt-sleeves and rammer in hand, vociferating for powder to a group of negresses, who were standing round the magazine-door with their aprons extended ready to catch the cartridges as they were thrown out to them. Half-naked niggers moved sulkily along in the vicinity of the guns, evidently wrangling about their late mistake. Sounds could not reach us, yet appearances proclaimed a perfect Babel to be there.

One half-hour had already passed without any apparent progress having been made towards the renewal of the lost honour. The Governor-General became uneasy, and demanded to be landed. In vain were my arguments used to delay him. He was to hold a *levée* at 12 o'clock, and it was now past 11. Our yards were therefore manned, and the *Mariner's* guns pealed forth the announcement that His Excellency was on his way to the shore. How that sound must have sunk into the heart of the unfortunate Aide-de-camp!

Our Lieutenant-Governor hastened to the beach, turning a look upon the fort, pregnant with hope, alas! to be disappointed. No booming gun marked the first footprint of the Governor-General on the sandy shore. Etiquette and formality had received a decided shock, in the opinion of the highest authority upon the island. What would the Governor-General think of his Lieutenant receiving honours in his presence and their being withheld from his own person?

The *Mariner* is once more at anchor in the Demerara river, after a three weeks' passage from the island of Grenada. The trial of the prisoners taken in the late outbreak had already commenced, and all was going on quietly in the Colony. And here, perhaps, it might be instructive to take a cursory glance at its geography.

The north-east coast of South America is famous as forming the embouchures

of numerous rivers, some taking rank amongst the largest in the world. A look at the map of these regions will show that four of the above run through the heart of British Guiana, whilst a fifth divides it from the Dutch possessions. This is the Correntine river; the others are the Berbice, Demerara, Essequibo, and Mazzaroni. The latter empties itself into the Essequibo, and swells that river to large dimensions at its mouth, creating a division in the Colonial seaboard, the shores on either side being designated as the east and west coasts.

The other boundaries of the Colony are less clearly defined. We know that a certain Fort Joachim, about nine hundred miles up the Mazzaroni river, and in a southerly direction, is in the hands of Brazilians, and in the west that one of the many branches of the great Orinoco separates British territory from the neighbouring republic of Venezuela, whose frontier, in the interior, is better marked by the Mazzaroni.

The cultivated portion of the Colony lies entirely on its coast-lines, and from them, for certain distances, along the banks of the rivers. The extreme depression of the land facilitates the construction of canals; and, as few plantations are to be found above tidal influence, water carriage can be obtained for the produce of the soil at trifling expense and small amount of labour.

The surface of the earth is so sunk in the immediate neighbourhood of many parts of the coast that the spring-tides reach above its level, and are kept from inundating the country by a natural barrier of sand and other marine deposits, thrown up by the action of the sea under the influence of trade-winds and currents always moving in the same direction.

Georgetown is, however, exceptional in this matter of barrier. Even strengthened as it there is by artificial appliances of piles and masonry, it cannot resist, at certain seasons, the combination of extraordinary high tides and furious trade-winds. A few years ago the waves, bursting through the sea-wall, inundated the greater portion of the city and destroyed much property. The well-cemented and massive stone-work which now replaces the old structure it is confidently hoped will prevent the recurrence of so great an evil.

The cultivated part of the Colony forms but a small proportion of that still remaining in the wild hand of Nature, who has adorned her share with a luxuriance of vegetation only to be met with in the primeval forests of tropical regions—a luxuriance that has attracted the wonder of all strangers, from the early seekers after “*El Dorado*” until the present time. The aborigines have retired before the white man’s clearings, and now occupy the central and upper portions of the river districts. A few of them remain on the outskirts of civilization, and have been brought under the influence of the missionaries settled in those parts, but who, I fear, have not met with that decided success amongst the Indians to which their zeal and devotedness entitle them.

With this brief sketch of the localities of our Colony I now refer to my Journal, kept during an ascent of the Essequibo river, professedly to view the Penal Settlement lately planted there by the Government, and, if practicable, afterwards to extend our tour through the Indian country as far as the pond where Sir Robert Schomburg

discovered the *Victoria Regia*, in hope of seeing that queen of lilies flourishing in its native waters.

April 17th, 1856.—His Excellency having kindly placed the Government schooner *Pheasant*, Captain Hollison, at my disposal for conveyance to the penal settlement, and also having provided me with a letter of introduction to the manager of that establishment, Mr. Jeffries, I started on the proposed expedition with three companions—namely, a captain and subaltern of the 2nd West India Regiment, and the assistant-surgeon of the brig.

We sailed from Georgetown at 2 P.M. The tide, being high, enabled the schooner to take an in-shore passage between the numerous banks and shoals which lie off the mouth of the Demerara and Essequibo.

A fair fresh breeze placed us in an hour and a half's time at the latter river, and up which we rapidly sped, having the island of Leguan on our right and the main coast on the left.

The spirits and appetites of the party rose with smooth water, and we now enjoyed, on the schooner's deck, our first meal of the voyage. I had brought a very necessary appendage to a trip like the present, in the person of a Malay cook, and the military had provided themselves with one of their black soldiers, used to river work in Africa, both of whom we found willing hands, and useful at the paddle.

Leguan was soon left astern, and, with a fine moon for our companion, we glided by the bushy shores of the different islands that stud this noble stream. The woods rang out with the chirruping of insects, while the tinkling of the bell-frog rose high above the din, and to which, at intervals, the sonorous croak of his brethren in tree and marsh added a not unpleasant bass accompaniment.

In the course of conversation with our Captain, he told me that he had been employed for two and a half years at a wood-cutting establishment 250 miles up the Berbice, and related many curious stories in connection with the various tribes of the Buck Indians who largely inhabit the higher branches of the Guiana rivers. Among other tales was the following, demonstrative of their ideas of justice and stealthy mode of bringing about retribution.

It appears that the Indians frequently offer their services to the wood-cutters. One of the first who did so at the place where Captain H—— was employed was a man who, among the workmen, went by the name of Mackintosh. He had brought his wife and her sister and a boy, the son of the latter, all belonging to a tribe different to his own. A sad event occurred soon after their arrival. In a moment of irritation Mackintosh struck the boy with a piece of faggot on the head, and death ensued. The man was bowed down with grief at the occurrence, for he really loved the lad. However, time rolled on, and his wife's sister went back to her tribe, the melancholy incident being apparently forgotten.

When about two years had elapsed, Captain H—— was surprised one morning by the offer of thirty or more Indians, from some distant territory, to work on the clearing; an offer which was gladly accepted, as he was sadly in want of labour. They laboured hard and behaved with great decorum for some months, when they

requested permission to hold a party or jubilee, where they invite their friends, and spend the evening in dancing and drinking fermented liquors.

On this occasion the managers afforded them every facility to enjoyment, and then retired to their own houses. Great, however, was their astonishment on the following morning to find that both inviters and invited had decamped, nor did they hear anything more of them. Mackintosh had been at the festival, and had probably imbibed more liquor than was good for him, and had retired early to his hammock.

Captain H— missing him from his work, the day after the feast, went to his house and found both himself and wife embarked in a canoe, bent on a visit to an Indian doctor—or rather charmer—who lived a little way down the river. The man's face wore a gloomy aspect, and in a sad, calm tone he spoke of being doomed to die, as a spot had been discovered on his foot, which clearly indicated the presence of the deadly ourali poison.

After a little while Captain H— followed them, and on arriving at the charmer's hut found the prognostications of the poor fellow had come true: he was already a livid mass of corruption, and death soon put an end to his sufferings.

The manager subsequently discovered that their runaway Indians belonged to the wife's—and, consequently, the wife's sister's—tribe, and that they had taken the above extraordinary method of bringing about retribution in the case of her son.

April 18th.—Daylight saw us close up to the penal settlement, which is situated on a branch of the Essequibo called the Mazzaroni river, and distant fifty miles from Leguan. It contained, at the time of our visit, about four hundred prisoners, many of whom were among the late rioters in the colony. Opposite to this, on the promontory dividing the two rivers, stands a settlement of negroes and half Indians, called the Grove, having a church and school attached.

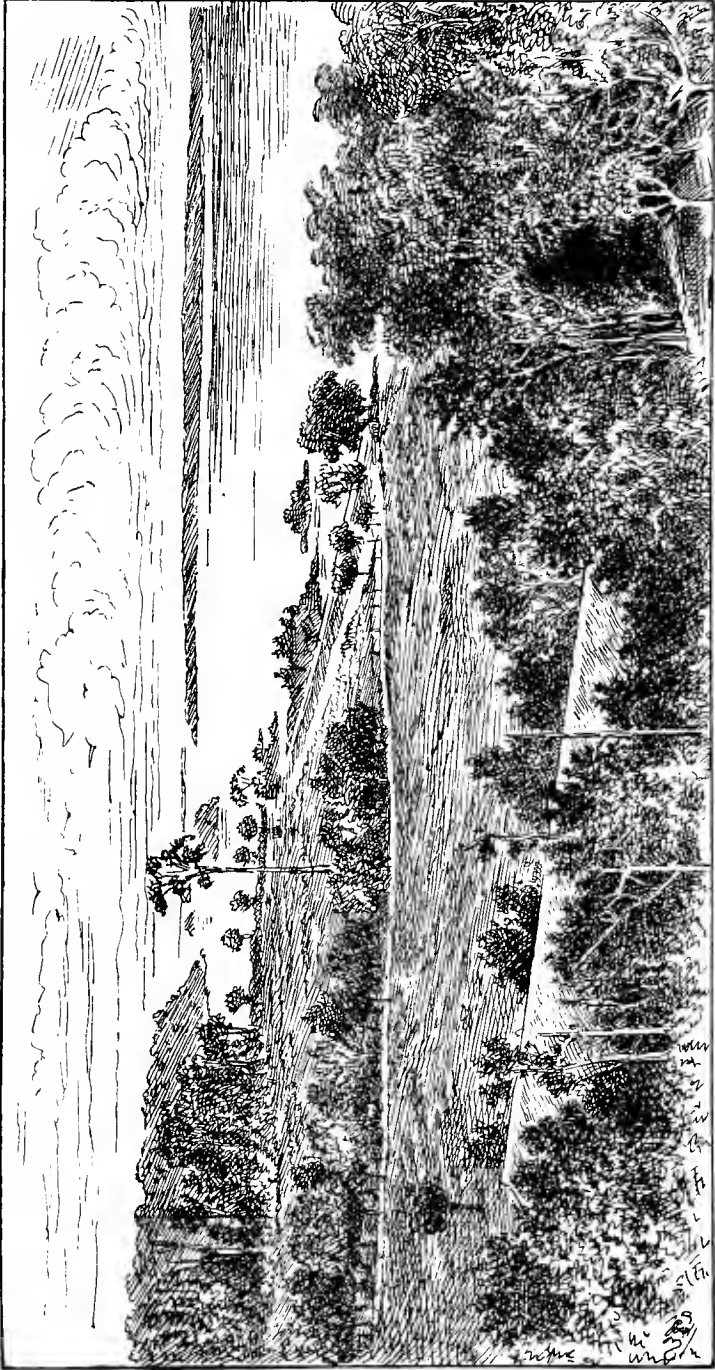
Scattered islands covered with dense bush form the leading feature in the character of these streams, and so conceal the course of their currents that it would be impossible for a stranger to trace the correct channels that lead up to their higher waters. Huge boulders of rock rear themselves at intervals above the surface in the more open parts of the rivers, whilst in the narrower passages peeping and sunken fragments render the navigation difficult even to the experienced.

On the schooner anchoring, we forwarded the Governor's letter of introduction to the manager—Mr. Jeffries—who, shortly afterwards, himself appeared and welcomed us to his penal domain. This consists of large buildings and extensive clearings, the latter producing every kind of tropical fruit and vegetable.

Visiting the cells, we found them somewhat in the "old style," but very clean; and then strolled to where the prisoners were at work upon a quarry, which supplied granite stone for the streets and roads of Georgetown.

The hours of labour are from 5 A.M. to 10 A.M., when breakfast is served. This meal is made up of salt fish and boiled plantains, after which the men get an hour's schooling, going to their work again at 1 P.M., and where they remain until 5 o'clock.

The usual precaution of walling the prison all round is not here adopted, as the



JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS ESSEQUIBO AND MASSARUNI, AND KAON ISLAND.

successful escape of a convict has rarely been known, on account of the antipathy the Indians bear towards them.

On one of the prisoners being missed, three guns are fired from the settlement, which rouses the whole country around to the look-out. The only chance left for the poor wretch is to secrete himself in the thickest bush, from whence he must sooner or later be drawn out by hunger, to seek food at the nearest Buck village, where, even should the men be away, the women easily capture him, and he is then marched back to the prison. An instance of this had occurred to a coolie convict a day or so before our arrival.

The Buck Indian, in former times, was employed to capture runaway slaves, and now makes an excellent rural policeman.

Some fine boats are kept at this establishment for river purposes, and can be propelled either by oar or paddle. Their bottoms are flat, like those of canoes, and without keels to them; they consequently draw very little water, and can ascend and descend the rapids with comparative safety, when properly managed. They have a canopy with waterproof curtains that, let down, covers in their stern sheets, which hold six persons with comfort. There is also a seat for the captain, or steersman, abaft of this.

In one of these boats, manned by six stout convicts, we prepared to pull up the Mazzaroni as far as the lowness of its waters would permit, and this did not exceed a distance of seven miles, to the third fall or rapid. At noon a start was made from the settlement, which remained in view for some time, when the tortuous windings of the river between curious wood-tufted islands shut it out from sight. The stream now began to narrow considerably, and we were enabled more closely to observe the varieties of the trees and shrubs of which the bush was composed. Among the latter, bending gracefully its bright red flower to the river, grew the interesting ourali, or worali, plant, whose properties, combined with the venom of snakes and ants, render it not only the most powerful poison but, in the skilful hands of Indians, subservient to their means of existence, enabling them to eat with impunity animals destroyed by its agency.

Wild fruits and pendent nests hung from trees enshrouded in orchids and climbers; these latter, seemingly having exhausted their adhesive propensities on the stout trunks and outstretched limbs of their hosts, fell on every side in verdant drapery to the ground, or, as they met the smooth surface of the stream, rose, refreshed with the touch, and turned their delicate tendrils again upwards.

Macaws, with their bright plumage, fled from island to island and roused the solitude with their harsh cries, whilst parrots and paroquets in numbers succeeded in making the welkin ring with their noisy jargon. The toucans sat on the bare branches of ancient trees, and, opening their huge bills, emitted a sound very like the guinea-bird's call. The little "Keskede," or "Qu'est ce que dit," so named from its peculiar note, never ceased asking, in the polite tongue, "What do you say?" A species of cormorant and a beautiful white crane, called the gauldin, occupied the rocks and shared the proceeds of the river with the "sun-bird" and sandpiper.

The absence of animals was remarkable. Not a four-footed creature of any kind was to be seen, although we knew the woods abounded with large game, such as the bush-cow, or tapir, also the peccari, and a larger sort of hog known as the "Warawara." Besides these there were several types of deer, whose home was the savannahs, or natural clearings, in the forest.

After a stout pull up the first and second rapids, we arrived at the third, a perfect cascade, effectually barring further progress during the dry season; but, when the rain has fallen, this river may be ascended to the distance of between six and nine hundred miles, a feat that was accomplished a few years ago by some Commissioners and soldiers appointed to settle the boundary between Brazil and British Guiana, and to put a stop to slave traffic in Indians which the former country had commenced by kidnapping the adults of the tribes adjacent to their frontier fort of St. Joachim.

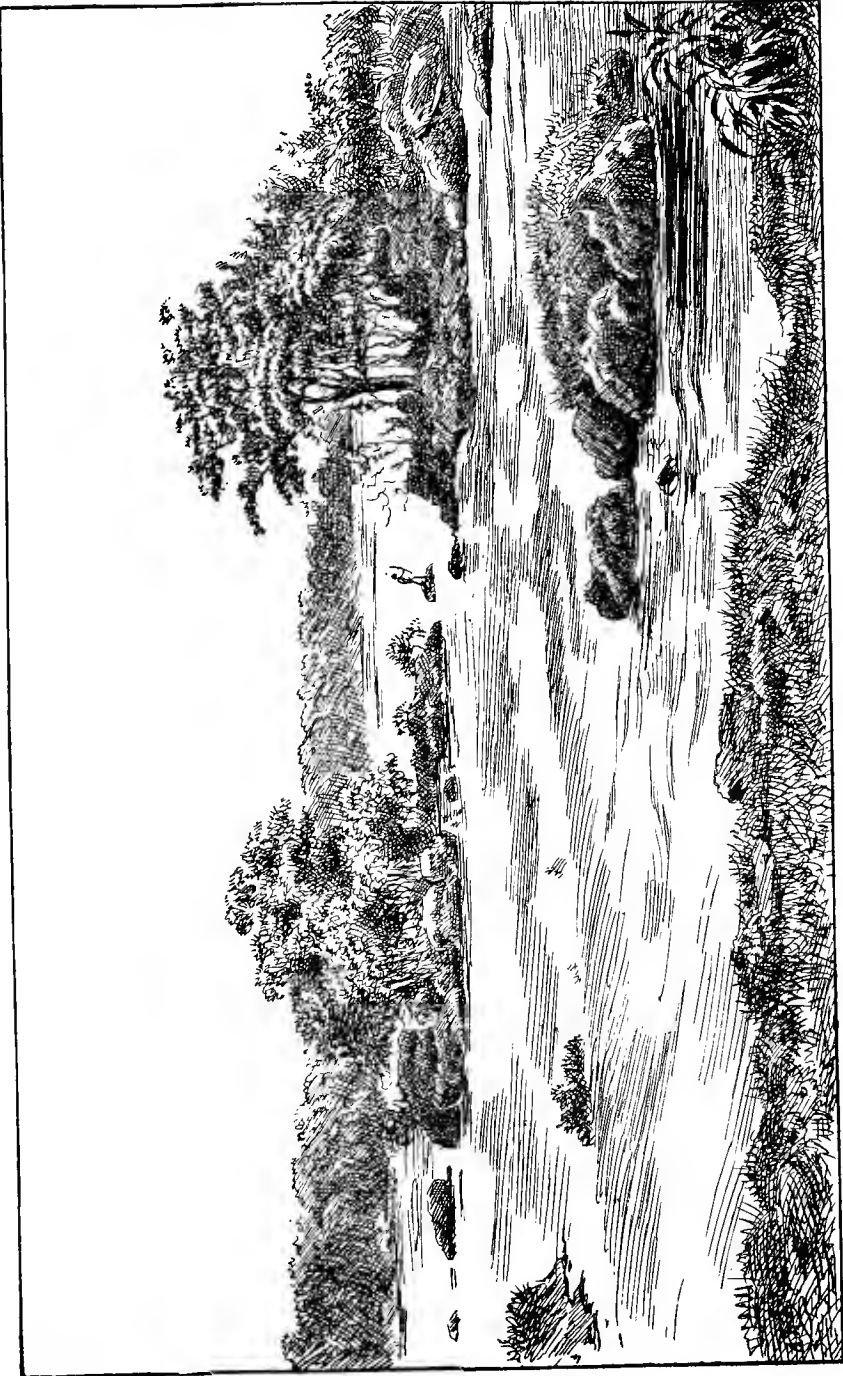
The scenery at this fall is enhanced by the stupendous boulders of granite that lie scattered amidst the rushing torrent. Landing, we lunched at an old native fishing-station, now marked by a few upright sticks in a patch of sand.

The pull back to the Grove was enlivened by *real negro* melodies. They consisted principally of old songs that lightened the labour of sugar-loading. The "Bobtailed Nag" and "O Susannah" may be taken as good specimens of their style.

Arriving at the settlement in time for a 7 o'clock dinner, we retired soon to roost, with the prospect of an early rising at 3 A.M., when we were to be joined by Mr. J——, who had expressed his intention of accompanying us in our projected expedition up the Essequibo in search of that wonderful water plant *Victoria Regia*.

April 19th, at 3 A.M., saw the party up and moving. A canoe had been despatched ahead with baggage and servants, and we followed in our boat of the previous day, provided with paddles as well as oars. A row of about forty minutes brought us into the Essequibo, up which the flood-tide was setting strongly. The river here was of considerable width, but, some three or four leagues farther up, it narrowed to less than a mile across. Some establishments for felling and sawing up the "green heart" timber, much used in the construction of buildings on account of its durability, lay scattered along its banks.

We were now soon to approach the region of wild men. An ascent of forty miles brought the habitations of the Bovimen, otherwise called Boomen or Bowmen, in view. They are a mixed race, between the Creole and Buck Indian. Retaining some of the qualities of civilization, they, at the same time, are adepts in all the rude arts of the aborigines, and form a channel of communication between the two. To travellers they act as interpreters, and are unrivalled in their capacity as "bowmen," a term combining the profession of pilot and steersman. To them is entrusted entirely the safety of the party, and to their unceasing exertions when dragging the boats up the falls, and to their quick eye and ready use of the paddle when shooting down these formidable torrents, we owe the practicability of excursions like the present. Their abodes, and different methods of obtaining a living, assimilate to those of the Indians, with this exception, that they are more industrious in the cultivation of the soil, dis-



THE ESSEQUIBO RAPIDS.

posing of its produce either to the white man for his shining silver, or to the Bucks in barter for their commodities.

The Bowmen we employed had their homes amidst a perfect labyrinth of islands and rocky shoals. To navigate between them would be puzzling indeed to the uninitiated. Here we came across Muscovy ducks in their wild state, but vain were our attempts to bring them within range of a fowling-piece. The captain, or steersman, of our boat—one Vanderheiden—himself a half-Buck, was related to the Bowmen by marriage, and had accompanied Schomberg in his wanderings about the Colony, besides conducting the before-named expedition to Fort Joachim, and keeping it supplied with provisions during its stay there of nine months. The Colonial Government recompensed his services by appointing him Ranger of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests, rather an equivocal term, seeing the impenetrable nature of his charge. His duties are, in reality, to prevent wood-cutting on the Crown lands that lie along the banks of the rivers, and in his performance of them he is said to show a keen eye for business. His plan is simply this: to allow the trespassers to prepare their timber for shipment, and then seize the whole, by which means a considerable sum of money is realised by the after-sale and, at the same time, his conscience is satisfied as regards his official duties. We found him of great assistance as a pilot, and also in our intercourse with the Indians.

At the Bowman's abode, bathing and breakfast occupied some two hours; when, leaving our oars behind, we prepared to storm the rapids with the paddle. Our negroes, unaccustomed to its use, made a sad bungling until they got into the proper handling of the tool by practice. The Bowman acted as their fogleman, and frequently relieved the otherwise monotonous stroke by a grand flourish of his propeller before giving a different time to paddling.

The first rapid—a most formidable rush of water—was soon approached, and a heavy thunder-shower breaking over it at the time added much to the sublimity of the scene. The rippling rain lashed the stream with a violence only known to the tropics, and blinded our crew with its pelting force; and now the Bowman's science came into play. Standing erect in the bow, he laid his plans at a glance, and shouted, "Pull, boys; pull!" In a moment more the boat was met by the furious torrent. Planting his paddle firmly in the midst of this foaming turmoil, he forced the boat's stem to meet it, and then sidled her over to a favouring eddy which his practised eye had already discerned. "Pull, boys; pull!" They struggle hard, but to no purpose. The roaring waters are again upon us, bubbling and boiling, as it were, into the boat as if intent upon our destruction. The Bowman then with rapid action skilfully guided her clear of dangers, and we reached some rocks upon which he leaped painter in hand, and so held us fast, whilst the astonished negroes were made to tumble out into the angry surge, and by sheer manual labour haul the boat by inches up the falls.

In this way, and by sometimes landing to lighten her, we ascended several rapids and came in view of our quarters for the night. This was an Indian-made house, and constructed for an eccentric individual rejoicing in the very Hibernian appellation of Rooney, and who had now, I believe, carried his mania for building to the island

of St. Vincent. In this instance he has conferred a great boon upon travellers, and it tells well for the honesty of the neighbouring Indians that the house, left as it is without supervision, should remain unmolested; for although the fabric is of little value, yet the materials would become useful to the Bucks when erecting their own huts.

Rooney Lodge was peculiarly well-adapted to our wants in having two outer sheds attached to it. One of these the convicts occupied, and the other was placed in possession of steersmen and bowmen.

The doctor and I had brought ship hammocks with us, a novelty, in this wild region that greatly excited the natives, whose settlement we could see on the opposite side of the river; but who, contrary to our ideas of etiquette, seemed determined on waiting for the first visit. This we postponed until the following day.

On examining our stores, the lamentable discovery was made that candles had been forgotten; we therefore tumbled early into our dreaming-sacks—this being a quaint term Jack has for his hammock—but were kept awake by the sharp, seething noise of an insect called the razor-grinder (*Cicarda*). It is wonderful what power it had, minute in itself—the bush rang with the sound of a dozen grindstones in full use. Luckily he labours only at certain times—namely, morning, mid-day, and evening, or about the hours of six, twelve, and six.

Scarcely had we got quit of this little monster when a baboon—at some distance—commenced his half-moaning, grunting cry, supposed to be one of pleasure, as he swings himself to and fro from the branches of the tree he occupies. I cannot say he made us share in his delight, and would probably have moaned to some purpose had it been daylight.

The next cry heard was later on in the night, and had more of humanity in it, while a touch of the brogue made us recognize the author in the person of our gallant friend the Ensign, who, having been struck by the way we sailors tied up our canvas hammocks, had endeavoured to imitate the example with the long cotton one he was using, and which should have been allowed to remain quite slack. Paddy had, however, stretched it out straight, and at a very respectable height from the ground, and then got inside. Now the Ensign was certainly not one of the lean kind, and there is a limit to the endurance of cotton. It had borne the unusual strain until about midnight, when an unlucky “turnover” of the unconscious subaltern brought matters to a crisis. With a loud noise the hammock rent open down the middle from head to foot. Then the cry was heard, and there was no mistaking who was the sufferer.

“Is it laughing ye are? By the powers of Moll Kelly, it’s my backbone that’s gone entirely. Lift me up wid ye, into Mr. Jeffries’ hammock, and let me die peaceably!”

The latter gentleman naturally demurred at the modest request, but compromised affairs by rigging up another hammock for the discomforted Irishman out of a large shawl he had brought with him.

Oh! the delights of a plunge after a troubled rest. So]said we all as, putting aside reports of alligators being in the vicinity, we leapt from the rocks into the refreshing stream. Nor was our friend from the Emerald Isle, with his broken back,

deterred from joining in the swim. He received our congratulations on his wonderful recovery with true Celtic humour.

“Recovered, ye spalpeens ! don’t ye see how I twist and turn in the wather this morning ? Bedad, it’s double-jointed I am made by that same hammock.”

Our stock of food did not admit of much variety. Three hams, some sardines, and potatoes were the only eatables we had brought. However, this day we proposed accomplishing our visit to the Victoria Regia pond, and afterwards seeking among the Indian villages for further supplies. The pond was yet fifteen miles up stream, and this presented a continuous rapid for some distance above our quarters, so that the convicts’ services were again brought into requisition to haul the boats by main force against the rushing waters, whilst we ourselves scrambled, as best we could, along the rocky shore.

Here we observed many stone embankments thrown up by the Indians for the purpose of enclosing fish, which they secure by their never-failing art of poisoning. A canoe-full of some deadly preparation is capsized into the encircled waters, when all the finny tribe caught in the trap float defunct to the surface, and are in a perfectly edible condition.

Having gained the head of the rapids, we again entered our boat and pushed on past one or two Buck houses; but intimated to their inmates that we should pay them a visit on our return journey. The scenery remained much the same as heretofore described, excepting that the river began to open in long vistas, and appeared to have gained its minimum breadth, or about a quarter of a mile across.

The boat was soon brought alongside a steep bank, and we were informed that the object of our search was close at hand. With the aid of ropes, the ascent of the bank was accomplished, and we found ourselves in a dense bush, with an Indian track leading into it. This we followed, gun and rifle in hand, with a hope of getting a shot at the Muscovites who had been known to frequent the pond. Our disappointment, however, was complete when, on arriving at the spot, neither water nor ducks were visible, and the far-famed lily had disappeared altogether, its place being taken by grass and sedge. Tearing up some of the latter, the seed of the Victoria Regia was found, but, unfortunately, in a decomposed state.

The heavy foot-prints of a bush cow (tapir) were quite fresh and deeply indented in the soft black soil; but to follow up these tracks was proved to be an impossibility, owing to the denseness of the bush through which they led. As it was, one of the party was nearly lost to us in the endeavour. In trying to retrace his steps to the pond he had become perfectly bewildered, and was moving off in quite a contrary direction when the sound of our guns caught his ear, and guided him in the proper course to take.

The stupidity or impudence of the macaw was here brought to our notice. One of these birds had lit in a high tree, and immediately over our heads, where he remained invisible, uttering such discordant cries that it was determined to dislodge him. This was, however, sooner said than done. Aiming at the place from whence the noise proceeded, we discharged our barrels, which had only the effect of producing a

mocking laugh from the gaudy bird, who put at defiance all our attempts to get rid of him.

Returning down stream, the negroes enlivened the way with their melodies. The favourite song—if we may so judge by its repetition—being “O fare ye well, Juliana; storm he gone away.” The solo part was a tale of unrequited love in the case of a coloured lady, and the chorus which followed threw vigour into their paddle strokes.

In this way we arrived at the nearest Indian lodge, where it was intended purchasing fowls. The occupants of this abode were a man, two women, and some children, all in a primitive state as regards dress, the sum and substance of that being a little patch of bluish cloth hanging from their loins both before and behind.

Their hut—or, rather, shed constructed without side walls—was roofed with the branches of the cocoa-nut palm and mountain cabbage; the leaves of these were so worked into one another as to render the fabric impervious to rain. The roof was of a moderate height, and reached to within four feet of the ground. A fringe was attached to it, to keep slanting showers from intruding. The whole was supported on uprights and cross-beams of hard wood secured together by sinnet made from cocoa-nut fibres. The flooring was *au naturel*, a dry sandy soil having evidently been chosen over which to erect the dwelling.

On the top of the cross-beams were kept their spears, bows, and arrows, blow-pipe, &c. &c.; and suspended to the beams were seen grass hammocks, deeply dyed with the red paint they use about their persons.

The Bucks residing on this part of the river belonged to the time-honoured Caribee tribe, the ancient lords and rulers of our present West India possessions; and a noble race they still remain: the men well made and athletic, the women plump and pretty; the former expert in the chase and dangerous in war, the latter industrious beyond what we had expected to find them. Amongst their accomplishments may be ranked hammock-making, from indigenous cotton, and the manufacture of pottery.

A young girl will turn three or four earthen vessels out of hand in the course of a day's work. Then come her more domestic duties of making bread from the sweet cassava root and casareefe—the well-known admixture for the Indian pepper-pot—from the bitter root of another species of the same plant.

On the present occasion one of the women was working at a hammock in frame, whilst the other was lying in one already completed, and giving nourishment to her baby. The man—a well-grown fellow, and painted up to the eyes—set about catching the fowls—no easy task, as they appeared, in common with the human bipeds, to be a wild set.

Failing in capturing the number required, he escorted us to a neighbouring village, where we were introduced to some really handsome young Bucks and Buckeens. Among the latter was the wife of a man who had been delivered over by their chief to the authorities at Georgetown on a charge of murder. He was under sentence of death; but the Governor subsequently informed me that he had commuted the punishment to six months' hard labour—the policy of which may be doubted; but the real fact is that the Colonial Government do not wish to



PURUMANA, THE GREAT CATARACT ON THE RIVER FARIMA.

bring the Indians under its band of law at all, but would be quite satisfied with their own justiciary proceedings, which are summary enough in cases like the present.

The very light habiliments before described as worn by both sexes, although suiting well the graceful forms of the young girls, make the appearance of the old ladies perfectly hideous, and this they unconsciously heighten, by their fashionable adornment of red paint, either applied in dabs on the head and forehead, or in streaks down the nose and across the chin. The lower lips of young and old are perforated, and a sharp-pointed pin protrudes through the aperture in a manner most inconvenient to the approaches of love. The necks of all are usually ornamented with a string of teeth, either of fish or beasts; but their climax of decoration rests in the head-dress of the men, and is only worn on their gala days. It consists of a crown of the brightest feathers, culled from the gayest birds of the forest, and surmounted by the long fiery tail of the macaw.

These they assumed in honour of our visit, and strangely picturesque they appeared. We are now coming to their principal settlement opposite Rooney Lodge.

Our negroes, elated by a judicious application of schnaps, exert their lungs and paddles in a wonderful manner, and seem to astonish the Bucks, who crowd from their houses to witness such uncommon energy displayed by the generally lazy blacks; but no sooner are our feet upon the river beach than they disappear like the ghosts in Hamlet.

By the time we had arrived in the village all was stillness and indifference. Their curiosity had subsided into an assumption of languor and shyness. Those not occupied in work betook themselves to their hammocks, and some of the juveniles scurried away into the bush. An air of indefinable listlessness pervaded those who came under our scrutiny.

We first visited the chief's or captain's, house, but its official owner was away upon business. Our attention was next drawn to two fine young women making pottery. One had besmeared herself all over with the red dye, and was rather amused by our trying if it would rub off. They both wore the knee and ancle bands in general use among this tribe. These are worn for the purpose of giving the calf of the leg an extra roundness, and produces an unnatural appearance. Fine long black hair hung down over their shoulders, and their hands and feet were delicately formed. They would look up occasionally from under their eyebrows, but otherwise continued working without taking the slightest notice of our presence.

In the next hut were three young women, lying in hammocks and attended by an old duenna. They were all three pretty, and one particularly so, but deigned neither word nor look.

English law objects to a man marrying his wife's sister after the former's death; but the Buck has no such scruples, as he generally weds two sisters; when one grows old the other is taken into favour.

The men were lying about, playing with their knives or making spears or arrows. The latter were called in aid to capture an old cock that would not be taken alive. A young Indian displayed his expertness with the bow by pinning him to the ground

at the first shot. There was a general disposition among them to be amiable, but I only saw one really smiling face, and that appertained to a fine young fellow who had accompanied Vanderheiden on his expedition to Brazils.

There must have been, altogether, about twenty houses in the settlement. In some of these we found people suffering from low fever—a complaint, I believe, common amongst them—but, otherwise speaking, they looked fat and well-to-do. The children also were healthy, showing that at present there is no falling off in the race.

Having satisfied our curiosity, we returned to Rooney Lodge, followed by a string of canoes containing most of the adults of the village.

A sly old Buck, who had lived in Georgetown some little time, and was, consequently, knowing in the ways of the world, became their spokesman. We soon discovered his aim was to get as much as he could out of us. We gave them gin, tobacco, knives; but still their cry, like that of Oliver Twist, was for more. At length becoming mutually disgusted, we separated, not to meet again.

Necessity is truly said to be the mother of invention. How to find the way to our mouths without light was the question of the moment. I hit upon an expedient which, our gallant friend from Ireland was pleased to observe, “dissolved itself into a most iligant rule-of-three sum, namely, given a box of sardines, a cork, and a cotton hammock, to find an illuminator.” A sardine-box was opened, the fish taken out, and the oil poured into a cup. The tin was then half-filled with water and the oil made to cover its surface. A cotton wick cut from the Ensign’s damaged hammock and threaded through a hole made in a slice of cork floated above all, and, when lighted, became a brilliant lamp.

Later on the moon came to our aid, and we sat out until midnight upon the rocks, enjoying the balmy air and talking over the events of the day.

April 21st.—At 7 A.M. broke up from our quarters, packed both boats, and prepared for our return. We were now to experience the exciting pleasure of “shooting the falls.” The Bowman approached them with caution, surveyed them at a glance, and laid his plans. He then gave the signal to paddle into the whirl of waters.

A delightful bounding sensation followed: rocks were passed with the speed of the wind; the torrent bubbled into the boat, but there the pilot stood, calm and collected, and prepared to check in an instant any deviation in our wild career that might cause destruction. Many lives have been lost over these falls, by the rashness of people undertaking what they know nothing about.

The skill of the Bowman is never more put to the test than in “shooting the falls.” He must know the exact position of every sunken rock, and take a particular course to avoid it. Should the bow of the boat or canoe show a tendency to point in any other direction, his paddle must be down in an instant to check the movement; and such is the terrific speed with which we are hurled along, that any mistake on his part would be certain annihilation to all on board.

With us everything went well, and to requite his services we handed him a five-dollar note, and then pushed on for the penal settlement. This we reached at

7 P.M. Taking leave of our host and jovial companion, Mr. J——, we set out again, the same night for Leguan, in a boat with fresh convicts who had been fed up for a day or two to meet this extra exertion.

At 6 A.M. on April 22nd, a halt was called at a deserted Indian house, for the purpose of brewing our morning's coffee, and we were lucky enough to witness a "passage of monkeys" over our heads. They were bound in an exactly opposite direction to ourselves, and were keeping to the river-bank. They moved with incredible swiftness from tree to tree, while some of the inquisitive ones stopped to see what we were about. Luckily for them, our guns were in their cases.

It was evident that the negroes were rather done up by their night's labour, so we gave them schnaps and called for its usual accompaniment—a song. This had the desired effect, and brought us about midday opposite Leguan, to which island we crossed under sail, and then pulled up inshore for the steamer's wharf. The vessel herself was seen steaming round the south point of land; and now came the tug-of-war—should we miss our passage or not? The steamer would only wait ten minutes.

More schnaps, more songs, and we arrive, neck and neck together, at the wharf. The steamer's deck presented a lively appearance, owing to the variety of native costumes on board. Coolies stood first with their showy dress and handsome features; then came Portuguese, with their broad straw hats held to their head by a coloured handkerchief being passed over their crowns and tied under the chin. The well-dressed Creole and gaudily-attired black woman were there, with comestibles for the Georgetown Market; and amongst the latter—in a live state—could be seen those large species of lizards called guanos, a reptile much esteemed for its delicate flavour by the Colonists, who were also represented on board by Englishmen and Frenchmen, planters, wives, and daughters, all very sea-sick.

At 5 P.M. we reached Georgetown.

NOTE.—On the *Mariner* quitting Demerara an official letter of thanks was sent on board from Governor Wodehouse for the prompt appearance of the brig at the scene of disorder; and later on, a letter of approval came from the naval commander-in-chief Vice-Admiral Arthur Fanshawe, C.B. (afterwards Sir Arthur Fanshawe, K.C.B.), on the matter of annulling his "sailing orders."



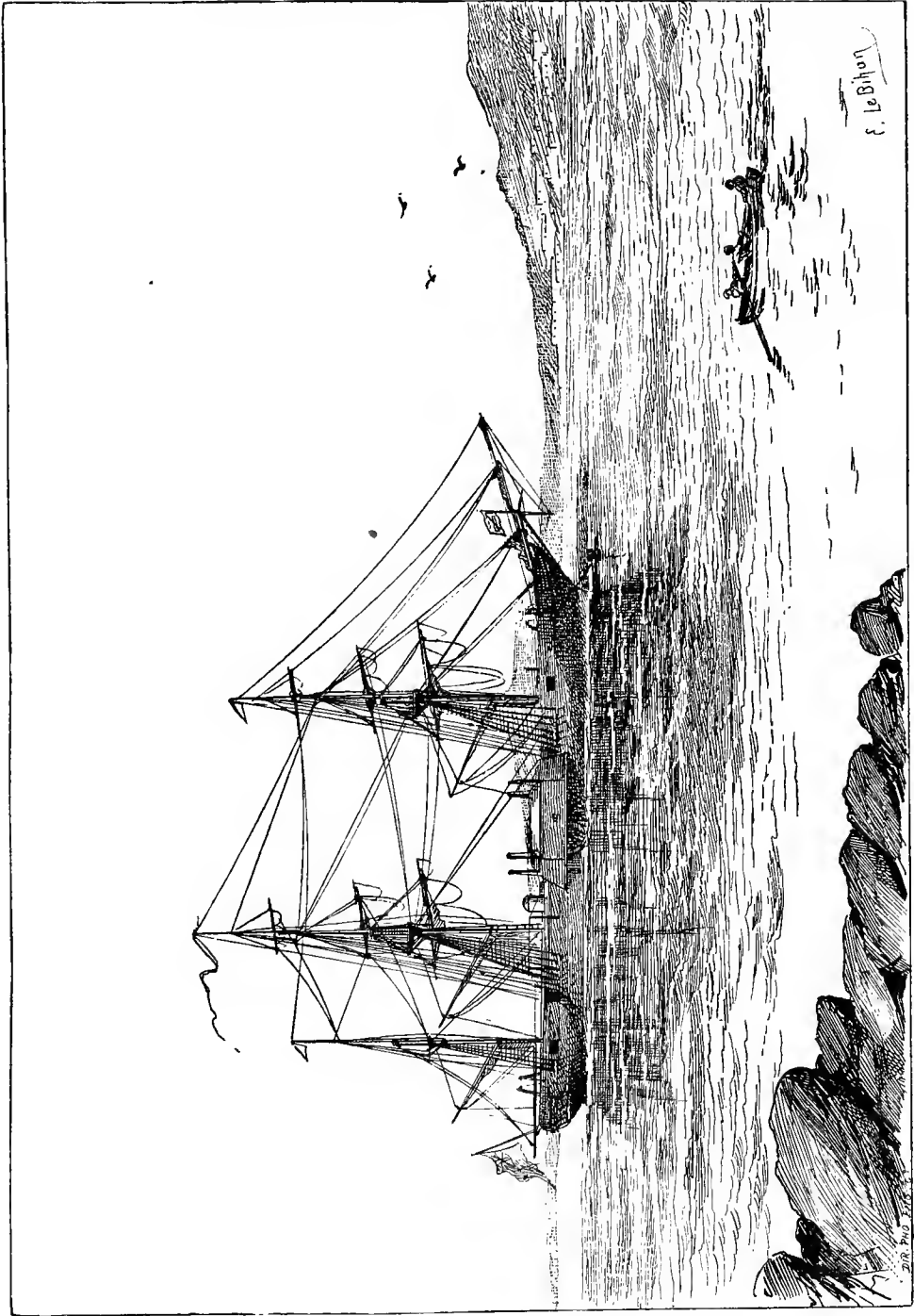
CHAPTER XII.

THE DISMASTED TROOP-SHIP IN 1858.

IN the summer of 1858 Her Majesty's steam paddle sloop *Argus*, mounting two heavy pivot guns, and four 32-pounders on the broadside, was lying at Spithead, waiting orders to proceed on foreign service. She had—a short time previously—been put in commission by the author as her commander, and was destined, during the three years she remained under his pennant, to be present at stirring scenes that have now become matters of history. Notes of these events were taken at the time of their occurrence, and have been carefully preserved.

The present relation of that which befell the hired troop-ship *Bombay* is taken from the earlier portion of the notes. It would here, perhaps, be interesting to remark the total change that has been effected in the construction of ships' armaments during the last quarter of a century. The guns on board the *Argus* in 1858 were composed entirely of smooth-bores, and are now, 1887, completely obsolete. Forward was mounted, on carriage and slide, and 95-cwt. piece of ordnance, discharging a solid spherical shot of 68 lbs. weight. This gun could be pivoted on fighting-bolts, either to fire on bow or beam. The after pivot-gun threw hollow spherical shot of 84 lbs. weight, and both were used for shells. The four 32-pounders were placed inside ports, and mounted on the then common truck carriage. Besides these were the boats' guns of brass metal, three in number, viz. two 24-pounders for the paddle-box flats, and one 12-pounder to be mounted in pinnace. The ship herself was close upon 1,000 tons burthen, and was considered a fine commander's command.

It was whilst thus detained at Spithead that I was suddenly ordered to receive on board 200 marine light infantry with their officers from Forton barracks, and proceed immediately for Portland to suppress a mutiny amongst the convicts there. Some of these men had risen upon the warders whilst superintending their quarrying stone for the great breakwater in course of completion, and which now protects the anchorage between the town of Weymouth and the headland known as the "Bill of Portland." The prisoners, for a time, seemed to have gained complete mastery over



H.M.S. "ARGUS," 6 GUNS.

their jailors, and great fears were entertained by the inhabitants of Weymouth that the small military detachment posted on the peninsula would be insufficient to prevent the mutineers crossing the Chisel beach, and paying their town a visit.

Power had been given me to use the authority of a Director of Prisons on arriving at Portland. I was thus enabled to make a short end of the mutiny. Landing blue-jackets and field-pieces on the Chisel beach to prevent any escape of convicts in that quarter, the marines marched upon the prison. This they did in skirmishing order, routing out, by the way, any prisoners that had secreted themselves in the quarries. The place was then surrounded, and the mutineers called upon to deliver up any arms belonging to the warders they had become possessed of, on pain of the consequences in case of refusal.

After these weapons had been thus secured, the ring-leaders were arrested and punished by flogging. The boatswain's mates of *Argus* applied the lash, and as these petty officers received five shillings for each prisoner operated upon, they were not unwilling castigators.

Sir John Dean Paul (Bart.) Strachan, and Bates, the fraudulent bankers, were incarcerated in the prison at this time, but were not at all implicated in the rising.

In November of 1858 the *Argus* was ordered on the disagreeable duty of cruising in the chops of the Channel to relieve any of the homeward bound merchant vessels that might have run short of provisions or water in consequence of being detained by the easterly gales then blowing.

I gather from *Journal of Argus* that my cabin was inundated with sea-water the whole of this cruise owing to the stern ports not being properly fitted. I also find a notice interesting to ornithologists. A Kestrel hawk, blown off the land by the prevailing easterly winds, took refuge in the rigging of *Argus*, but soon becoming aware of a chaffinch in a similar plight with one fell swoop seized him from his perch, and bore him to the main-topsail yard for gastronomical discussion. The sailors, in disgust at seeing a shipmate in distress thus disposed of, immediately mounted to the rescue, and so harassed the voracious bird by chasing him from yard to yard, that he eventually quitted the ship with his victim fast closed in his talons. However, necessity seems to be as much the mother of invention with hawks as with men, for without withdrawing far from the vessel, he continued hovering in the air, momentarily jerking his legs forward to enable him to reach the prey with his beak, and in this poised position to satisfy his hunger. In the end this extraordinary exertion proved fatal to the hawk's liberty, for, becoming exhausted by it, and probably also from previous fasting, he once more sought refuge on the yards. This Jack stoutly denied him. He then, apparently in despair, and to the surprise of the men, dropped into their midst on the fore-castle deck, and was there captured with the headless chaffinch still in his grasp.

On November 30th, whilst the *Argus* was lying at Spithead, a signal was made from the flag-ship to prepare for sea immediately, and that my presence was required at the Admiral's office. I there received orders to go in search of a vessel named the *Bombay*. She had troops on board bound for India, and was last

seen far to the westward of Ireland, and totally dismasted. Men-of-war from other naval ports were despatched on the same mission.

The furious easterly gales that had been raging up to this time had now given place to storms from the south-west, with thick drizzling weather ; and through these the *Argus* had to be forced down the channel and out into the Atlantic.

Our chances were not many of sighting the distressed ship, as the view around us was limited to something less than a mile. However, there was nothing to be done but steam as fast as the heavy head seas would permit for the latitude and longitude where the *Bombay* had been last seen.

On December 3rd, when about sixty miles to the westward of the Scilly Islands, and blowing hard from W.S.W. with a heavy sea running, a dismasted ship suddenly loomed out through the mist, and we found ourselves, by a bit of good fortune, close aboard the object of our search. She had a royal set on the stump of her foremast, and was heading for the Channel ; but the following seas caused the vessel to yaw so considerably that no proper course could be steered by her.

Having ascertained, by signal, that she was not in want of provisions or water, I placed the *Argus* well to windward, and then lowered a cutter, with men and an officer on board, and despatched them to the *Bombay* with orders to keep well out of reach of the heavy lurches that ship was making, and on no account attempt to gain her deck, but to lay off and find out, by hailing, what her wants were, and if she were prepared to be taken in tow.

In the meanwhile, the *Argus* steamed down to leeward of the ship, ready to pick up her boat again. By this manœuvre the cutter was enabled to perform her mission with comparative ease, as she had always the gale in her favour.

Having received the information that the captain of the *Bombay* was most anxious that his ship should be taken in tow in spite of the heavy weather, which rendered such a proceeding almost an impossibility, I was urged to make the attempt. As the ship was approached, the difficulties of the undertaking were seen to increase, for the *Bombay* was literally wallowing in the huge green seas which at one moment bore her on their crests, and in the next instant shut her out from view as she descended into their hollows. Her rolling motions were something fearful to behold ; without masts to steady them, and with a cargo of railway iron in her hold, badly stowed, she acted as a pendulum would that had been set to swing forty-five degrees on either side of its perpendicular. As her port gunwale dipped under water, the broad deck—with soldiers clinging for dear life to ropes passed along the bulwarks—seemed to stand up straight out of the ocean ; and, as she rolled quickly back again, her coppered bottom, nearly down to the keel, was exposed to our gaze.

How to put a line on board such a heaving tumbling ship, without accident, was the question of the moment. Bringing the *Argus* as near as I dared under the lee of the *Bombay*, I caused a rope, that had been previously coiled in one of our quarter boats, to be carried by her within reach of a cast from the latter ship. The two lines were then bent on together, and the men on board the *Bombay* were waved to



THE TROOP-SHIP DISMASTED.

haul them on board. To the end of the line remaining in the *Argus* was bent a new 8-inch hawser. It was my intention that this should be drawn on board the *Bombay*, but, unfortunately, in one of the heavy lurches of that vessel the line carried away, and darkness setting in prevented further endeavours being made that night.

About 11 P.M. the Scilly lights came in view. This much increased my anxiety for the safety of the dismasted ship, as the wind and sea were fast driving her in their direction. All that could be done was to keep the *Bombay* close company until daylight again broke, when another effort would be made to get her in tow; or, should she be in jeopardy during the night of being wrecked on the Scillys, to run all risks in an endeavour to pass hawsers to her.

Luckily the tend of the tide helped to sweep the ship clear of the islands, and with the first dawn of day I placed the *Argus* again alongside of her, and put a "hauling line" on board, to which they bent a 10-inch hawser of their own; this was successfully hauled on board the *Argus*, and by the line that accompanied it from the *Bombay* I sent back our new 8-inch. With these secured on either side to the bollards of the *Argus* I ventured to proceed slowly ahead, equalizing the strain on both as the first tug was felt. Hardly, however, had the full weight of the *Bombay* been upon them—as she dived head foremost into the hollow of a tremendous sea—when her hawser snapped like packthread, and as she crested the following mountain wave and towered over the *Argus* I was sure our rope would also give way, instead of which the bollards that held it were torn from their fastenings.

As both vessels had now a little way on them, I caused a hauling-line to be bent on to a buoy, and dropped over the stern of the *Argus*. The buoy floated under the bows of the *Bombay*, and was fished up by a boat-hook. We then signalled to her: "Haul in upon the line made fast to the buoy." To this our new 11-inch hemp stream cable was bent, and when they had got the end of the latter on board we hailed to secure it round the stump of their foremast. As apparently none of the fastenings in the *Argus* would stand the violent jerking strains the hawsers brought upon them, I ordered our runners and tackles, and other purchases, to be hooked to selvage strops passed round the hawsers, and also round the steamer's mainmast. The falls of these purchases were brought to the capstan, anchor bitts, and attended to by several men under charge of officers, who were told to watch for the moment when, by one vessel being on the top of a great wave and the other in its trough, the severest trial to the hawsers might be expected. They were then to cause the tackles to be eased up to prevent a sudden jerk upon them.

With these precautions it was satisfactory to find that our cables held, and that a fair speed was obtained by the two vessels, which soon brought the English coast in view. After sunset the wind freshened from the south-west considerably, and there came up with it thick driving rain; the sea assumed an angry appearance, and at times struck the *Bombay* with such violence as to force her ahead of the steady pace maintained by the *Argus*, and threatened to bring about a collision. As night set in—enshrouded in darkness and mist—with an increasing gale howling

through the rigging overhead, it was quite awe-inspiring to watch the near approach of this lumbering teak-built ship, as, borne on the foaming crest of some monster sea, she seemed determined on sending the *Argus* to destruction, by landing herself on the sloop's deck, and, indeed, on several occasions the revolutions of the steamer's engines had to be accelerated to avoid such a catastrophe. Then came the excessive danger of the towing cables parting by the violent jerk which was inevitable when they were again tautened, and the nearer the coast was approached the more this was felt, as it would have been a hopeless task to have passed fresh hawsers between the ships on such a night.

Thus the fate of the *Bombay*, and all on board of her, depended on the well-tested strands of these dock-yard made ropes.

A course was now shaped for Plymouth Sound, and first the Lizard and then the Eddystone Light was sighted, and the latter was passed in such close proximity that the boom of the seas which struck its basement rock and covered the lighthouse itself in a cloud of spray could be distinctly heard. As the breakwater was approached there was a subsidence of the waves, but the wind still broke in violent squalls over the two ships, and tended to drive them to leeward, so that it was as much as the steam power of the *Argus* could perform to tow her weighty companion through the western entrance to the Sound. She had then the by no means easy task left of threading a way through the many men-of-war and merchant ships anchored there, in a blinding darkness. Eventually both vessels were safely moored within sight of the lights of Plymouth at 3.30 A.M., on December 5, 1858.

Soon after daylight Captain Flamank, of the *Bombay*, and Captain Steel, of the 17th Lancers, who was in command of the soldiers on board the troop-ship, came to express their thanks for the timely aid given by the *Argus*, and then related the events that had led up to the disasters they experienced.

It seems that the *Bombay* had been refitting in the London Docks—after a return voyage from India—when she was called upon by her owners to fulfil a contract they had made with the Government, to be ready to convey certain detachments of regiments to Bombay by an early date. The work of refitting and stowing of cargo had therefore to be unduly hastened; the consequences were, that the lower rigging was not properly set up, and the railway iron for India, instead of being stowed diagonally on a platform in her hold, was piled fore and aft on the top of her keelson. In this plight—and after a portion of the troops she had to take out had been embarked at Gravesend—the voyage was commenced, under orders to proceed to Cork and there receive the remainder of the military, before finally leaving for her destination in the East Indies.

Strong easterly winds were blowing at the time of her departure, and these sent the ship spinning down the Channel with a rattling fair wind, which carried her right across to the Irish coast, and in sight of the light on the old Head of Kinsale. Not wishing to enter the Cove of Cork at night, Captain Flamank lay his vessel to off the port, with the intention of sailing into it at early dawn, but, unfortunately, during the hours that intervened, the weather had assumed a terrible aspect. The wind had increased in force until it blew a perfect hurricane from the N.E., which

obliged captain Flamank to take all square canvas off his vessel, and place her with head to the southward under try-sails, and in this manner she drifted away to leeward of her port; and the farther she was swept—by the furious blast—into the Atlantic, so the sea rose, and, breaking over her decks, washed away the boats, galley, and nearly every movable article that rested upon them.

In the meantime the labouring of the vessel was excessive, caused by the defective stowage of her cargo. The standing rigging also began to show signs of slacking, from the great pressure of the wind on spars and still unfurled sails, that the crew had been struggling with for hours.

In merchant ships, the canvas can only be handled by degrees, and the harder it blows the more men are required to gather up the sails, so that in the present instance nearly the whole of the ship's company of the *Bombay* had to be sent aloft to furl one topsail at a time.

The chief mate and twenty-four of the ship's best seamen were engaged in the above duty, and having stowed the canvas on the foremast, had proceeded to the main-topsail-yard, to gather in the splitting fragments of the sail there. Whilst so engaged, a monster sea struck the ship on her port beam, when she was already on her heavy roll to starboard, and threw the vessel completely over on her beam ends. She happily righted herself, but the mainmast was gone overboard with her best seamen and chief mate with it. The mizenmast—in the weather roll—shared the same fate. A few despairing cries were heard through the shrieking of the tempest, but the rushing waves soon overwhelmed these voices as they poured their great crests of flying foam upon the heads of the unfortunates. To succour them would have been an impossibility, even had the *Bombay* boats to be lowered, but these—as we have seen—had been washed away. A hand life-buoy or two still hung to the bulwarks, and were thrown overboard, more as a matter of course than in the hope of their being of any service to the struggling seamen, who disappeared one by one before the very eyes of their shipmates.

The wreck of the masts had now to be cut away clear of the ship, or she would otherwise beat herself to pieces against them. This was arduous work for the remnant of the crew, and then nothing remained to be done but to watch the horizon for some sign of a passing steamer, whose look-out might observe their palpable distress, and her captain be induced to keep company until the gale broke and enabled him to tow.

It was not until the *Bombay* had been driven by the easterly winds into mid Atlantic that signs of a change in the weather were noticed by a heavy bank of cloud making its appearance in the south-west; but by this time the foremast had also gone overboard, and the ship was a log upon the water.

A sailing vessel or two shortly hove in sight from that quarter, steering for the Channel with a fair wind. These spoke the *Bombay*, but, as that ship was neither in want of provisions nor water, they passed on, with a promise to report her condition at the nearest English port.

Captain Flamank had then endeavoured to get a little headway on his vessel by rigging up a short jurmast on the stump of the foremast, and hoisting a royal

there. In this he succeeded ; but to steer the *Bombay* was a difficult matter with only this one sail set forwards, so he tried to erect a jury mizenmast, and it was while constructing it that, perhaps, the saddest event of this disastrous voyage occurred. One of the men engaged in the undertaking was a fine old sailor doing duty on board as a quartermaster. He was working in the mizen channels, setting up the jury-rigging, when, losing his hold in a heavy roll the ship gave, he fell overboard. There was little wind blowing at the time, and the man being a good swimmer, no fear seems to have been entertained, at the moment, for his safety. There was one hen-coop remaining on the deck of the *Bombay*, and this was thrown over the stern. The man succeeded in reaching it, and climbed up out of the water, from whence he hailed, in a jocular manner, his shipmates on board.

The *Bombay* had now drifted some distance from the hen-coop, yet the man's face could be seen through a telescope, with no trace of anxiety on it, but evidently expressing a calm waiting for the boat to take him off. Poor fellow ! he had not as yet realised the fact that his ship had no boats. Better for him to have been lost with his shipmates of the other day ; theirs was a speedy death—his must be one long agony of suspense. As no aid approached him from his ship, the recollection of the lost boats must have flashed across his mind, for, when next he was viewed through the telescope, his head was sunk in despair.

Yet there was good hope in those on board the *Bombay* that some passing vessel might see him ; but as night set in without any sail appearing, and the wind freshened to a gale, they knew his chances were gone, and that he must perish miserably.

Imagination fails to conjure up the horrors that brave soul endured, until, weakened by exposure and his efforts to retain his hold on the hen-coop, he probably became a prey to the first strong wave that broke over him.

The following day after this melancholy event the *Argus* was sighted.

NOTE.—The above narrative of the occurrences on board the *Bombay* were written from an oral version delivered to the author the day after the ship's rescue. He has, however, recently renewed his acquaintance with (now) Colonel Charles Steel, who has kindly offered to place his manuscript, describing the disasters he witnessed, at his service.

H. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM.

STATEMENT OF CAPTAIN CHARLES STEEL, 17th Lancers, in command of the detachment of troops on board the hired freight ship *Bombay*.

“ I embarked with certain troops at Gravesend on the 6th of November, 1858, on board the *Bombay*, and we weighed anchor for Cork about 9 o'clock the following morning, to embark other detachments under orders to proceed to the East Indies.

“ About 6 P.M. on the 10th of November, we were within fifteen miles of Cork, and at this distance the master of the *Bombay* signalled for a pilot, but he would not approach that harbour any nearer, although the lights were clearly visible, and there was but little or no sea on at the time. As no pilot came on board, the ship was

hove to for the night, during which the wind increased so considerably, and the ship drifted so much to leeward of her course, that she was unable afterwards to recover her lost way, as the gale increased to such a height, with a frightful heavy sea.

“A succession of gales and hurricanes continuing with scarcely any abatement for about fifteen days, during which the ship laboured fearfully, losing all her top-masts, and tearing to ribbons every sail that was bent.

“On the 16th of November, the gale and sea still increasing, the main and mizenmast went clean from the decks, on which melancholy occasion the chief officer and twelve seamen were lost, out of twenty of the crew who were aloft at the time. On the 23rd of November the foremast also went overboard, thus leaving the vessel totally helpless, so that the rolling of the ship during the following night, when the sea was running mountains high, was from beam end to beam end, the sea striking her with such violence on each lurch that everyone on board thought she might down at any moment.

“It appeared to me that on the 17th, when a large steamer was sighted, a signal of distress should have been made, and I expressed myself to this effect to the master of the ship, who seemed to differ from my views. The other vessels which were spoken could not render any assistance. However, on the afternoon of the 24th of November, after all the masts were gone, an American barque bore down upon us. I then felt it my imperative duty to desire the master of the *Bombay* to beg the master of the American vessel to stay by us during the night, every boat having been either lost or rendered quite useless long before this. The master of the *Bombay* reluctantly acceding to this request, the American vessel lay by us for some time, but went away during the night, although the sea was still high, and, of course, our position not improved. After this, with great difficulty, small jurmasts were got up, and the wind having, providentially, changed, we were thus enabled slowly to make some advance towards land, and on Friday, the 3rd of December, we were picked up by H.M. steamer *Argus*, which lay by us till the following morning, when she took the *Bombay* in tow.

“I am of opinion, with nearly all the ship’s officers, that the gear and other fittings of the ship were, at the time of embarkation, of an inferior character, and not at all suited for a long voyage round the Cape at this season of the year. In support of this opinion, it will be merely necessary for me to state that everything got adrift, owing to the imperfect manner in which they were fitted up; and during the last fortnight the cooking for nearly 1,000 individuals had to be done in the gallery appropriated merely for the ship’s company, that intended for the troops being unavailable, and that even gave way within the last few days, as it was not properly fastened. There was no bread baked for the officers during the time they were on board, and the provisions for them inferior and scanty.

“It has come to my knowledge that the ship was condemned when first tendered to the Government, but afterwards accepted if she could be got ready immediately, and this, I believe, was done in five days by a Mr. Gladstone, the ship’s husband.

“The discomfort of the troops on board was great, resulting from the cargo—iron and its stowage.

“ There was, happily, no casualties among the troops, but their clothing, arms, and accoutrements were greatly damaged.

“ The conduct of the officers, and discipline of the men under command was everything to be desired during this long and trying period, and this was the more praiseworthy, considering the latter were all very young soldiers, belonging to different regiments. As regards myself, I was for nearly three weeks without taking off my clothes.

“ CHARLES STEEL (Captain, 17th Lancers).

“ Dated, Plymouth, December 5th, 1858.”

NOTE.—The commander of the *Argus* received an official letter of “ approval ” from my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for the service above related, and Captain Steel was awarded a very highly complimentary letter from his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, for his conduct in the trying circumstances under which he was placed.



CHAPTER XIII.

ANCONA AND ITS CITIZENS IN 1859, DURING THE FRANCO-ITALIAN AND
AUSTRIAN WAR.

COUNT CAVOUR, Italy's eminent patriot and far-seeing statesman, adopted a wise policy when he persuaded His Sardinian Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel, and the Piedmont Chamber of Deputies to afford material aid to France and England in their endeavour to crush Russian aggressions in the Black Sea, by the destruction of that nation's great arsenal at Sebastopol during the year 1854-55. From the landing of General Della Marmora's Corps d'Armée of 18,000 men in the Crimea may be dated the resuscitation and the eventual unification of Italy, as also the advancement to its present high place among European nations.

These beneficial results did not follow immediately on the close of the Russian campaign, nevertheless they continued to fructify as time progressed. What ideas were exchanged and what arrangements proposed by the Governments of France and Italy between the years 1856 and 1859 are but imperfectly known to the world at large, but, there is every reason to believe, no misconception existed as to the "pound of flesh" required from the latter country for French aid in expelling the Austrian from Lombardy, Venice, and other portions of the Peninsula where he had gained a footing. In fact, Cavour and the "silent man of the Tuileries" were in perfect accord on this subject, and doubtless, had the French Emperor carried out his share of the programme and freed Venice, few murmurs would have been heard when Nice and Savoy were ceded to France. It suited Louis Napoleon's purposes well—after a little time had elapsed—to again engage in a strife that would prove profitable to the French nation. These people had not been over well pleased at the enormous expenditure of blood and treasure in the Russian war, without receiving any adequate return when peace was made.

Ugly comparisons were being drawn between the tactics of the first Napoleon—who always made a successful war to pay at the expense of the defeated—and the shuffle out of the Crimea, upon terms as little injurious to the Czar's Empire as possible, by the great man's nephew, their then Emperor.

The French troops had, indeed, covered themselves with glory when in 1855 they

stormed and carried the Malakoff, and it shone all the brighter for an English repulse at the Redan on the same day, owing to the assault not being properly supported; and here I cannot refrain from relating an interesting anecdote connected with this failure. It was related to me by a quondam neighbour in retirement, who, now a Colonel, was then a gallant subaltern of the famous 90th, and shared the perils and defeat of that bloody fight with his comrades of the 97th and other regiments. It seems they were successful in entering the work by the aid of Sir William Peel's scaling-ladders planted by blue-jackets serving ashore. These fine fellows rushed from the advanced trenches to the rampart ditch under a heavy cannonade from the Russian guns. The storming party then mounted the breach and found, at first, little opposition from the enemy, so they pushed on, but were soon met by advancing Russians, who poured a murderous fire of musketry upon them, and this struck down our brave soldiers like nine-pins.

Here Colonel Hancock and Major Welsford of the 97th, with many other officers and men, met their fate. My friend, as yet, remained unscathed, so he went forward to try and stay the foe, supposing himself well backed up by his following. However, when on nearing the enemy he looked round for support, he found it only in the person of an Irish corporal belonging to his own company, who, in tones of remonstrance, exclaimed: "Begorra! is it loikely, sor, that *you and oi* can take the Redan?"

There was little time for further expostulation, as the Russians came on at the double, and after shooting the subaltern through the body, literally pitchforked him, as it were, into the ditch, from which, above the dead and dying, he crawled up to the glacis, and there had his ankle-bone smashed with another bullet, but managed to attract attention from the allied trenches and was brought in.

This officer afterwards served as a Captain in the same distinguished regiment, in India, during the mutiny of 1857. He was present at the first relief of the Residency at Lucknow, and afterwards fought under Sir Colin Campbell at the final capture of that city, when the dashing General Neil, as also the writer's brother, Colonel Ingram, of the 97th Regiment, who at this time commanded a brigade in General Frank's column, and many another officer and man, nobly fell at duty's call.

My gallant friend, modest as he is brave, remains to this day without pension for wounds, though he still suffers from their effects, and is undecorated save by foreign orders and the medals he so hardly earned.

After the fatal battles of Novara and Custoza, in 1848, King Charles Albert and his Piedmontese appear to have despaired of attaining success against the Austrians, who continued complete masters of the situation until 1859. On the first day of that year certain words were dropped from the lips of the French Emperor, at his reception of the Austrian Ambassador, that startled all Europe from its dream of peace, and were, in fact, the harbingers of immediate war between France and Italy on one side, and Austria as their opponent.

Louis Napoleon, in his manifesto, announced the intention of freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic; yet when the peace of Villa Franca was made—after the bloody battle of Solferino—Venice still remained under the harsh military government

of Austria, while beautiful Naples and her sister city, the lovely Palermo, groaned beneath the tyranny of the Bourbon King of the Two Sicilies. Rome, also with Perugia and Ancona, continued morbid in consequence of the unprogressive and hated Papal rule.

However, the following year, 1860, a deliverer was to appear in the person of Giuseppe Garibaldi, who landed with his famous 800 volunteers at Marsala, under the eyes of the author, who hopes to make that chief's then, and subsequent successes, the subject of another chapter.



ANCONA.

It was in the month of April 1859 that H.M.S. *Argus* reached Malta, having made a considerable stay at Gibraltar *en route* from England.

In May of the above year, the *Argus* was ordered by Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe, K.C.B., then Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, to proceed to Ancona under secret orders, and with instructions to forward all written communications to him and the Hon. Peter Scarlett—our Minister-Plenipotentiary at Florence—in cypher.

As England had proclaimed her neutrality in the war then raging in Lombardy, it was necessary to be cautious during our intercourse with the Italians at Ancona,

so as not to give offence to the Austrian Army Corps stationed there. Doubtless the sympathy of every true Englishman, at the time, was with the struggling nationality, and the officers and crew of the *Argus* were not exceptional in this matter. I therefore, as their commander, thought it expedient, before they were exposed to trying influences, to impress them with the probable mischief that might be effected if they allowed their feelings to go uncontrolled.

On the 21st of the month, the *Argus* arrived at Ancona, and was moored, head and stern, inside the Mole. I was at once called upon by the Vice-Consul for England, a Mr. G——. He came, not only on his official visit, but to advise me of a rule of the port, that vessels inside the Mole and carrying heavy guns were not to salute the Papal flag as they would do if at the outer anchorage. The reason assigned for this rule was the damage that would inevitably accrue to the citizen's windows by the concussions.

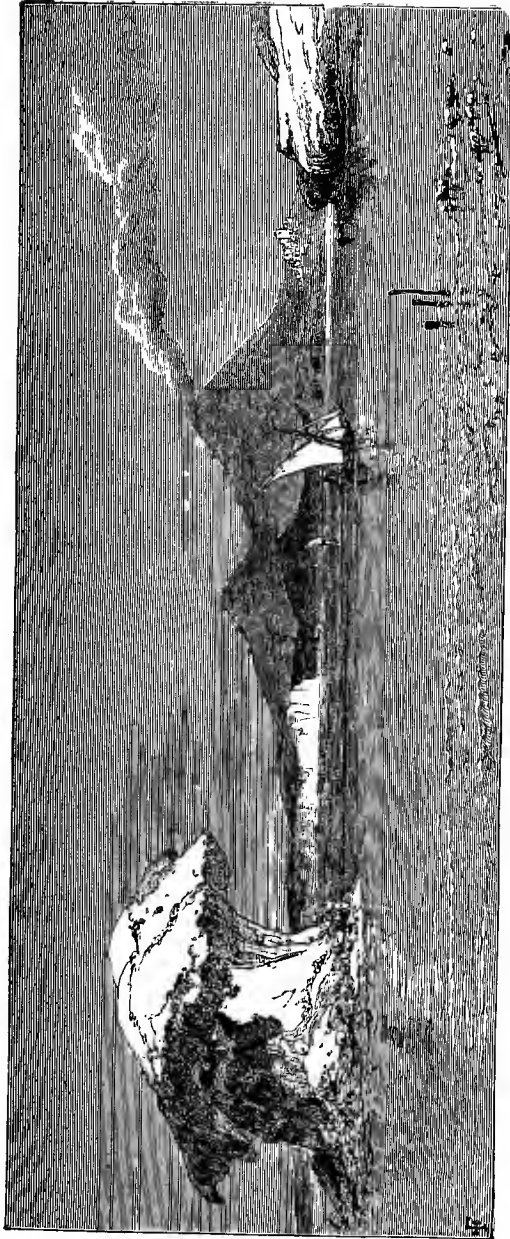
I was surprised to find the Vice-Consul a young, handsome, and full-blooded Roman instead of a countryman of mine own. His parents lived at the Papal capital, and moved in the best circles there. The mystery that seemed to surround his appointment as representative of British majesty and administrator of English law, was cleared up on my being told the history of his previous life by a mutual friend.

“A few years back Rome had been visited by an English family of high social rank, and stated to have been related to our then great Minister of the day, Lord P——. One of the party, a young lady of a certain age, had been attracted by the good looks of the youth G——, and regarded him with favour. Papa G—— was not slow in seeing the advantages to be obtained for his son if a marriage between him and the lady could be brought about; and, without consulting the young man's own feelings in the matter, made the necessary proposal. It was accepted, and the wedding shortly took place, only to prove the old adage that a horse may be brought to the water, but that he cannot be made to drink against his will! In fact, the love and the money were all with the lady, and the youth, without reciprocating the former, made as free as he could with the latter. Affairs did not remain long in this state, as the wife, becoming disenchanted on a closer intimacy with the Italian, her friends offered him terms of separation, one being the British Vice-Consulship at Ancona.”

Such was the story told to me, but I cannot vouch for its being true.

I found G—— a clever and agreeable official. His companionship was also pleasant, although our social ideas, from the difference in our national education, did not always correspond. He accompanied me, the day after the arrival of the *Argus*, when I went to pay my respects to the Pope's legate who represented His Holiness in Ancona, then part of the Papal States.

May the 24th being our gracious Queen's birthday, I had sent a lieutenant the previous afternoon, as is customary, to inform the foreign men-of-war of my intention to dress the *Argus* with flags in honour of the occasion, and received a reply from the captain of the Austrian war-steamer, at anchor near me, that he should be happy to do likewise. It was, therefore, with some surprise I found myself



BAY OF NAPLES.

awakened at early morning by a message from that officer regretting his inability to pay the usual honours to the day, as he had intended, in consequence of receiving instructions from his superior, the General in command of the Austrian troops, not to do so, as I had neglected calling upon him to report the arrival of the *Argus*.

I gave the messenger to understand—but, of course, not in exactly the following words—that there could not possibly be two kings of Brentford; and as I found the Papal flag flying over all the forts and citadel of Ancona, I had paid my official visit to the Pope's representative, with a reserved intention of passing the same compliment, in a less formal manner, to the Austrian General; but, owing to his present uncourteous act, I should not now carry out my original idea, but report the circumstances to my naval and diplomatic chieftains at Malta and Florence.

As it so happened, the delegado, or legate, returned my visit on the 24th, and was received on board with manned yards and a guard of honour of our marine detachment. This must have been gall and wormwood to the General, whom I observed that evening scowling at me from a box in the opera-house exactly opposite to one I had taken for myself and officers, and where we appeared in full uniform, and accompanied by Vice-Consul G——, to show the deep respect we ourselves felt for Her Majesty's natal day.



OUR VICE-CONSUL AT ANCONA.

The Austrian troops were busily engaged in throwing up defensive works on all the heights around the city, in expectation of an attack from a division of the French army that had been placed under the command of Prince Napoleon (otherwise known as Plon-plon), and who was directing its march for the Adriatic seaboard to turn the left of the enemy's positions, whilst his cousin, the Emperor, with his Italian allies, attacked them in front, and worried their right rear with Garibaldi's Cacciatori delle Alpi.

The Prince, however, had no intention of laying siege to Ancona, when he could neutralize the 10,000 soldiers there by passing by the place, and cutting off their retreat. By this strategy he would prevent them joining their comrades in the north, and this, no doubt, he would have successfully accomplished, had not the victory of Magenta opened the gates of Milan to the combined forces, and caused the Austrians to fall back on the line of the Mincio, where they concentrated their army for the final struggle, and called in all outlying garrisons.

The care of British interests in Ancona was not a very onerous duty, and my instructions hardly mentioned them, as they were, in reality, confined to the persons and property of three or four English residents. The principal of these was a Government timber merchant, whose daughter had married Count Fasioli, and thus became Countess Fasioli (*nata Coomber*) and Mayoress of the City. Both she and her husband were strong partizans of Victor Emmanuel, and tried their utmost to force my neutrality, when time brought a revolution at Ancona in his favour.

I took the earliest opportunity of visiting the shrine of the black virgin or

Madonna of Loreto, and became acquainted with the marvellous story attached to it; and this was given me in printed form, headed by a rough woodcut of the holy mother and child seated on the roof of the stable of Bethlehem, and being borne, *in nubibus*, from Syria to Italy by some miraculous agency.

It is related in the body of the paper—on the authority of one Richard Coddington, an English priest—that the stable made its descent near Perugia, where it rested for some little time, but that the people there being found wicked and unbelievers, the stable, with its outside passengers, again took flight, but shortly landed itself at Loreto, where a magnificent church was built over it.

The fame of the Madonna soon extended over all Italy and adjacent Catholic countries, and has ever since remained a grovelling superstition to the priest-ridden people, who, for centuries, have approached the sacred edifice on hands and knees, and then crawled over its flagged flooring to the shrine itself, until the stones have actually been worn down by the passage of the myriad devotees who have paid their adoration in this manner.

A strong feeling of irritation crept over me when I read that a countryman of mine own—even in the dark ages—had promulgated so gross an imposture.

In my journal of June 2nd, I find myself receiving a visit on board from two lady politicians in the persons of Contesse Fasioli and Jeauvenelli. The latter being a most attractive revolutionist, I had to hug my neutrality pretty close, for fear of her filching it from me. I was, at this time, in correspondence with the Hon. Peter C. Scarlett at Florence, who—with the prophetic eye of a diplomatist—foresaw coming events at Ancona, and placed me on my guard with its inhabitants.

An episode now occurred which produced further complication in the unique dual government of the place.

On the morning of the 3rd, a French screw frigate appeared off the port, and a Papal boat went out to board her; in the meanwhile, the Austrians manned all their batteries to oppose her entrance, and when the boat returned with a message from the French captain to the Delegado, requesting permission to come into the harbour, it placed the latter in a very awkward position.

Ancona was, to all intents and purposes, a neutral port, the Pope being on terms of friendship with both France and Austria. The first country was supporting him on her bayonets at Rome, and the second keeping down revolution in the provinces. But France was now the ally of the Papal enemy, Victor Emmanuel, and this turned the balance of His Holiness's goodwill in favour of Austria, and he was not disposed, during the progress of the war, to do anything that might be offensive to her; so, when reference was made to him in respect to the admission of the French frigate into Ancona Harbour, he pronounced the neutrality of the port, and the right of the Frenchman to enter it, but at the same time warned him that he had no control over the actions of the Austrian general, who had stoutly declared he would open fire from all his batteries if the vessel attempted to force her way in. The frigate in the meantime had gone on to Rimini, but in a few days appeared again off Ancona.

The Austrians immediately manned their works, and I received a message from

the General, requesting the *Argus* might be moved to the outer anchorage. After the above officer's incivility on the 24th of May, I was not disposed to oblige him in this manner, and returned for an answer, that as my ship was in Papal, and not Austrian, waters, I should do nothing of the kind, and if she were injured by the fire of the Frenchman, in returning that of the batteries, I should hold the General responsible for commencing an attack which was clearly opposed to international law. Luckily for all parties concerned in this controversy, the commander of the French ship, possibly considering discretion to be the better part of valour, did not attempt to force an entrance, and thus the matter ended.

On June 6th we heard of a battle having been fought, in which the Austrians were defeated with great loss, and that the city of Milan had been occupied by the French and Sardinian armies.

On the 11th, news arrived at our Consulate, that the Austrian troops had orders to evacuate Ancona that night, and we could see them marching in from the heights around the town, which they had been busily fortifying up to the last moment. There was evidently urgency in the orders that reached these working parties, for their tools were thrown on the ground at once, and seemingly no further care taken of them.

At daylight the following morning, the Austrian army was seen in full march on the road to Rimini, after a ten years' occupation of Ancona, whose inhabitants now hardly realised their freedom from the foreigner, and to what best purposes it might be put. This hesitation proved fatal when, a few days later—on June 18th—a great demonstration in favour of Victor Emmanuel was made in the city. This was headed by the Mayor (Fasioli), and accompanied by a display of tri-coloured flags.

Some Papal troops had, in the meanwhile, been sent to Ancona, and had taken possession of the citadel, which completely commands the town. Its guns were now pointed on the processions of citizens, and orders sent down for the assemblages to disperse. This measure gave strong umbrage to the people, who had made sure of the military siding with them, and bloodshed was momentarily expected.

Count Fasioli managed, however, to throw oil on the troubled waters by promising to establish a provisional government, and to call out the civic guard. The Delegate was persuaded to retire to Rome, and a junta of four notables took the reins of government from his hands. The Pope's General, with all the remaining soldiers and gendarmerie, retreated to the citadel, keeping the Papal flag flying over its walls, while the tri-colour of Sardinia was to be seen hoisted in every part of the town. The revolutionists held out large inducements to the troops to desert, and many took these bribes, and joined the rebel ranks; but the majority held firm to the cross-keys of St. Peter.

I had received many pressing invitations from the Contessa Fasioli to come on shore and view their demonstrations, for the purpose, doubtless, of showing the people that England sympathised with the movement; but I was not to be caught in this fashion, and declined all the advances of the popular party.

I had offered our Vice-Consul to take up his residence on board the *Argus* during this crisis, that he might also be safe from female influences, and watch, without risking his neutrality, the turn of events. He accepted my invitation, and was much abused by his shore friends for doing so.

June 20th.—More deserters came down from the citadel; otherwise there was a falling off in the enthusiasm of the revolutionists, as rumours were in the air of a Papal army marching in the direction of Perugia, to suppress the rising there, and that it would afterwards advance upon Ancona. As this news circulated, a perfect panic prevailed in the city, and the General in the citadel took advantage of it to try and gain an entrance; but the citizens closed the gates of the town, and cut off all communication both with him and his troops.

I visited my British residents in the afternoon of this day, and gave them a bit of my mind about the conduct of the revolution, and the share they had individually taken in it by attending the demonstrations of Mr. Coomber's son-in-law, and warned them that they could not expect my protection if, by dabbling in such proceedings, they brought themselves into trouble with the Pope's Government.

The next day all the foreign Consuls went in a body to the Papal General, and requested to be informed if it were his intention to attack the town. He replied in the negative, but was evidently awaiting reinforcements. In the meantime the Junta had despatched deputies to Victor Emmanuel, to ascertain if they could rely on receiving material assistance from him.

On the 23rd a grand religious procession took place in the town, and to this I was invited by Madame Fasioli; but, making sure it was only another trap wherein to injure my neutrality, I declined. However, I learnt afterwards that the affair was got up more to appease the clerical party, and pave the way for the recall of the Delegate.

The following day the Papal forces re-occupied the city, and the Junta and custom-house troops fled to Ravenna. No arrests were made, but martial law was proclaimed. At the same time came the intelligence of a large force of Swiss soldiers, in Papal pay, being within a day's march of Ancona, after ruthlessly suppressing the revolution in Perugia—a stern measure that afterwards became known as the “massacre of Perugia.” Great was the consternation amongst the Anconatans, whose leaders now sought refuge in flight; and the Mayor (Fasioli), on the assumption that by marrying an Englishwoman he had a claim to British protection, applied to be taken on board the *Argus*, or, rather, sounded my opinion on the matter through a lady friend, a Miss W——. I replied that it was not my intention to receive any political refugees from Ancona on board the *Argus*, as the coast was quite clear for them to proceed elsewhere and land themselves on friendly territory. I also gave as my private opinion the necessity there was for the least compromised of the citizens to make their submission at once to General Kalbermatten, commanding the Swiss forces, so that Ancona might be spared the horrors that overtook the people of Perugia.

I also expressed my contempt for the weak conduct of the revolutionists in not at

once seizing the citadel and other strong positions on the departure of the Austrians, instead of making foolish parades with tri-coloured flags and shouting for Victor Emmanuel, who could not then send to their aid, but might have done so had they protracted the defence of the place by holding out the citadel to the last. I also observed that the leaders of such a badly-managed revolt could not expect much sympathy in their exile.

However, the above was not to be taken as an official exposition of my views about the revolution, as it would not be right for me to give it, but these few lines were to be considered as simply the contents of a private letter.

On June 26th news arrived of a great battle having been fought on the Mincio, ending, after immense slaughter on either side, in the retreat of the Austrians upon the "Quadrilateral" or the four strongholds of Lombardy and Venetia. This French and Sardinian victory was named the battle of Solferino.

An Ionian British subject had laid a complaint before the Vice-Consul of being insulted by the Papal patrol, and the case was referred to me. On calling on the Pope's General for an explanation, I soon found the tables turned upon the Greek, who was proved to have first insulted the patrol.

On the 28th, being Her Majesty's coronation day, the ship was dressed in flags, and I paid my official visit to the new Military Governor, General de Kalbermatten, whom I found to be a fine straightforward old soldier, and, like nearly all Swiss, an admirer of everything English, even to the language, which he spoke fairly well.

He had just proclaimed Ancona in a state of siege and had ordered a number of arrests to be made. Among these, of course, was that of the Mayor, who had been the spirit of the revolution, such as it was. Rumours had reached the General that Fasioli had taken refuge on board the *Argus*, and on the occasion of my dining with him the next day, he surprised me by rapping out in a half-jocular tone, before all his staff: "It is said, Commandant, that you have that rebel, the Mayor, on board your ship." To this I answered that it was doubtless where Count Fasioli wished to be, but where he was not; at which he gave me a knowing wink, as much as to say, "I don't credit that story, but I shall not say anything more about him."

On July 1st, H.M.S. *Lapwing*, Commander O'Reilly, arrived with the unexpected intelligence of Admiral Fanshawe's squadron being off the port, and the next day all Ancona witnessed the rare sight of five of the finest ships in Her Majesty's navy taking up their anchorage in the outer roads. The vessels were the *Marlborough* (flag-ship), of 120 guns, the *Renown*, 91 guns, *Princess Royal*, 91 guns, *Victor Emmanuel*, 91 guns, and *Euryalus* (frigate), 51 guns, all screw steamships.

I was received very cordially by the Admiral, who said he had brought the squadron to back me up in my troubles; but as I informed him they were, for the present, at an end, he sailed again on July 4th, leaving me still in charge of *our interests* at Ancona.

On July 6th I received an official visit from the Swiss General, who did not again allude to the refugee, but gave me news of Piedmont troops occupying Bologna, which, being Papal territory, he naturally considered a very serious step.

The following day I received an invitation from a Mr. Kane to his country

place for the purpose of witnessing a contadina, or peasant dance in celebration of the close of the harvest. It was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. The ball-room was the floor where the grain had been trodden out by the oxen. This being swept and garnished, with the clear blue sky for its ceiling, and the brilliantly dressed women and picturesquely clad men for its occupants, all in rapid movement as they in turn advanced towards each other with coquettish airs and then retired abashed, both sexes keeping time to the music in every attitude they displayed—was something to have seen and to be remembered.

On July 8th came the first rumour of an armistice being arranged between the hostile armies of France and Austria, and the next day the news was confirmed, and caused much discontent amongst the majority of Anconatanis, who had made up their minds that the French Emperor would not quit Italian soil until it was freed from the Alps to the Adriatic of both Austrian and Papal dominion.

Louis Napoleon, however, did wisely for his own interests in resting on the laurels he had gained, and in not risking a reverse by attacking the strongholds of Venetia, more especially as his army and that of his ally had been considerably weakened in the two well-contested fights of Magenta and Solferino.

He not only, by these victories, silenced the voices of his political enemies, but they consolidated his power in the minds of the multitude; and when he handed over to the French people the fruits of the campaign in the ceded provinces of Savoy and Nice, there were no bounds to his popularity. On July 12th the Pope's delegate resumed the government of Ancona, and the Swiss General took his departure. In the evening the *élite* of Ancona were assembled, by invitation, to a ball on board the *Argus*, which was kept up with great spirit until early dawn.

Many Italian beauties were there, but the belle of the party was a Señorina Yackamini, whose blandishments acted so powerfully upon our young assistant surgeon, that he approached her with the full intention of proposing matrimony; but, alas! his small knowledge of the Italian language proved unequal to the task, and caused such a mal-appropriation of words, that they made the Señorina first blush up to her eyes, and then run off in convulsions of laughter. The swain, it appeared, had intended to address his charmer as "Mia Adorosa" (my adored one), but his memory becoming defective at the moment, he commenced his love-speech with "Mia Odorosa" (my odoriferous one), with the result as above.

A few days after this social gathering, I accompanied G——, the Vice-Consul, on a visit to his landed property in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of viewing the primitive manner in which he collected his rents.

The small farms he owned were some twelve miles distant, and the road to them lay through a richly-cultivated country. The grain had already been gathered in, but the trellised vines still hung heavy with luscious grapes, and the yet unpulled herbs and root leaves, that grew in patches over the landscape, had a verdant brilliancy rarely seen elsewhere but in this land of sunshine and shower.

G——'s estate-agent had preceded us on the road, and now waited at the gateway of the first farm to be visited, in order, with the courteous manners of his nation, to assist the party in alighting from their carriage, and to introduce the

holder of the property, who stood, hat in hand, the very personification of humility, in the presence of his landlord. G—— gave his tenant a hearty greeting, which was responded to by a somewhat doleful capitulation of the many evils that had befallen the agriculturist during the growing season, how thunderstorms had laid his grain crop, and locusts had eaten his herbs, and worms his roots, to all of which G—— listened patiently, and then adjourned to the farm-house, where account-books would be inspected, and afterwards the cereals laid out in heaps. One half of these were apportioned to the landlord, and the other to the tenant; the former was taken charge of by the agent on the part of his master who, being of a liberal turn of mind, desired that a certain quantity of the grain should be given back to the tenant, on account of the hard times he had experienced. The man accepted the present with all the effusion of his race, placing G——'s hand to his lips, and pouring out his thanks with a flow of eloquence natural to Italians, be they of high or low degree.

The farm stock was then visited, and a valuation made of all the cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry of which it consisted, so that the landlord's proportion might be calculated. No disagreements arose during this trying process, which speaks volumes for the fair-dealing of both parties, who seemed in the height of good humour with each other. Before departing, a frugal refection of bread, cheese, and country wine was offered us by the Contadini or peasant holders of farms, as they came by turns under their landlord's inspection.

This was considered the proper thing to accept, however replete individuals of the party might have become by previous partakings.

On July the 23rd, H.M.S. *Vigilant* arrived at Ancona from Venice. Her commander, Armytage, had viewed the battle-field of Solferino, and gave a vivid description of the horrors of the scene.

July 31st, H.M.S. *Argus* took her departure from Ancona for Corfu and Messina, amidst the good wishes of many Anconatani friends.



CHAPTER XIV.

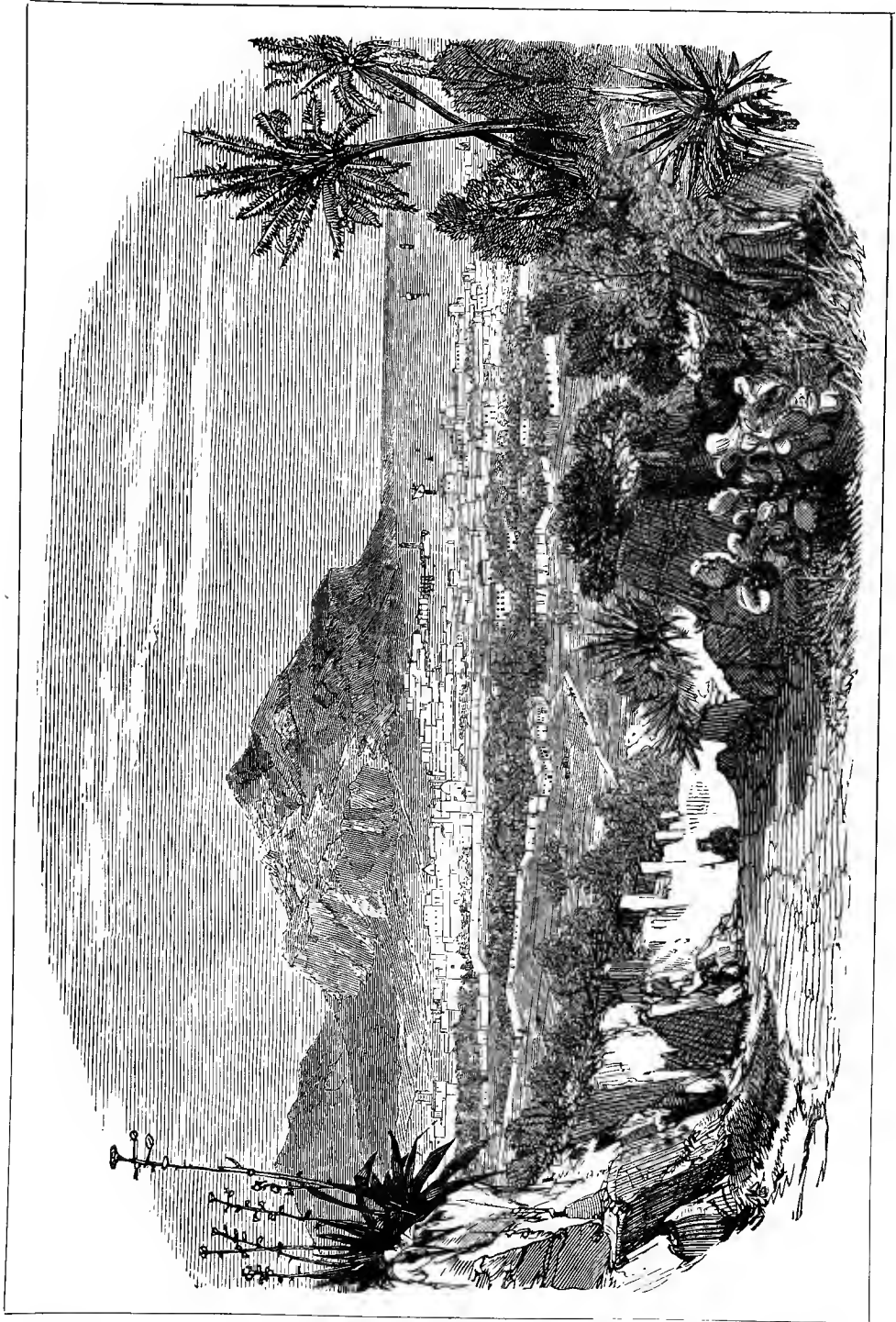
EXTRACTS FROM MY PRIVATE JOURNAL WHILE COMMANDING H.M.S. "ARGUS" ON THE COAST OF SICILY, IN 1860, INCLUDING THE LANDING OF GARIBALDI.

IN 1859, the arch-conspirator and revolutionist, Joseph Mazzini, despatched one of his emissaries—a certain Niccolo Fabrizzo—to organize a secret commission in the island of Sicily, and prepare its inhabitants for a movement, the object of which was their separation from the kingdom of Naples—a country, at that time ruled over by a young Bourbon Prince, who had lately succeeded his father, Francis I., better known to his subjects by the title of "Bomba," on account of an unpleasant method he had of replying to their demands for constitutional Government—through the cannon's mouth. As the, at the time, occupant of the throne seemed disposed to follow his royal parent's ways in this respect, the mantle of the late king fell upon his shoulders, and he was dubbed "Bomba the Second" by his suffering people. Government spies were to be found mixing with all classes, and denouncing those whom they heard speaking irreverently of the measures taken to coerce them into good behaviour while enduring all the evils of a grinding despotism.

The dungeons at Palermo, and other towns of importance in the island, soon become filled with political prisoners. In fact, a reign of terror was inaugurated amongst the inhabitants of the beautiful Concha d'Oro. No wonder, then, we heard—at this time—of arms being smuggled into Palermo, of secret meetings being held at the Convent of La Grancia in that city: but this was all, unfortunately, to no purpose, for a traitor was in their midst, and the incipient revolution was nipped in the bud.

Nothing daunted, however, Mazzini, the following spring, sent two Sicilians—Rosolo Pilo and Giovanni Correo—to keep the flame alive, and these were the pioneers of the Marsala 1,000—or rather 800, 420 of whom were gentlemen. Amongst them was Turr, the Hungarian—now a general of the Italian army—the three Cairolis, Tuckori, who was afterwards killed at the Porto Termini, Palermo, and the future statesman, Crispi.

In the latter end of the month of March 1860, the first muttering of the storm



PALERMO.

that was eventually to hurl Francis the Second from the throne of the two Sicilies, and blot out for good the scathing rule of the Bourbons from these fair countries, was heard in the Sicilian capital. And now, to put the reader in full possession of what was passing from day to day during this eventful period, I place before him dates and extracts relevant to the rising, as they were jotted down at the moment.

As early as March 18th, 1860, the *Argus* had arrived at Palermo from Messina, to look after British interests in that capital.

The Viceroy, or Lord Lieutenant, was away at the time, but returned on the 22nd of the month, when, as commander of the vessel, I paid him my official visit. The nobleman who held this onerous post was Prince Casteldicara, a distinguished soldier, but then a very old man, and quite unfitted to cope with the troublesome elements gathering around him. In his youth he had served in the English cavalry, having been an officer in our Inniskilling Dragoons and 4th Dragoon Guards. In the former he was present at the battle of Waterloo.

The Prince had, more recently, been Neapolitan Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James, and spoke English fluently, and without accent. In appearance and features he very much resembled our Governor of Malta at this period, viz. Sir Gaspard le Marchant. He was, shortly after my interview with him, recalled to Naples. On the same day—whilst visiting the great Marsala wine merchant, Mr. Ingham—I was introduced to the Marchesa P——, late Mrs. Fry and formerly Miss Frost, daughter of the noted Chartist leader.

On March 30th, I was asked to be present during a conference of English merchants, at the British Consulate, to take into consideration the threatening state of affairs at Palermo, and to hear one of their number, a Mr. Thomas, give evidence about the expected revolt. This gentleman considered a revolution imminent, and referred me to a Madame Celesti for further information respecting it. This lady—who was evidently “behind the scenes” in the drama about to be enacted—endorsed all Mr. Thomas’s views; and now I thought it necessary to make arrangements with our energetic Consul, Mr. Godwin, for the security of English life and property in the coming struggle.

March 31st.—Heard that the police had been searching English houses for arms during the night, and that many foreign families, and also native ones, were about to quit the city.

April 1st.—A report of 150 persons having been arrested during the night, and that great uneasiness prevails amongst the citizens.

April 2nd.—Marchisa Motto, a young man of fashionable appearance, came on board the *Argus* to ask if I would receive his uncle—some high personage—who was deeply compromised with the rebels, as a refugee. I was obliged to refuse, it being contrary to my instructions to do so. The Sbirri—or secret police—were showing great activity in routing out the leaders of the revolution.

April 3rd.—Outbreak of the revolt expected to-morrow. Received on board treasure on deposit.

April 4th.—Firing heard in the town at daylight about 5 A.M. Sent an officer (Mr. Coen) in cutter to learn the cause, and at 6 A.M. repaired on shore myself to find

the revolution had commenced. Not many armed people were in the streets, but hot work was going on at La Grancia Convent, which the rebels were defending. Troops, in companies, at the corner of the streets kept shouting "Vive le Rei," and the artillery were firing grape shot down the "Via Teledo." I saw one man killed, and found the consulate full of refugees. At 8 A.M. the firing had ceased. I then visited the British merchants, who declined going afloat, so I returned to the *Argus* at 10 A.M. At noon, rumours were prevalent of further disturbances to take place at nightfall. Sent an officer with letter to the Consul, advising British subjects who wished to embark to do so before dark. Mr. Thomas and family went on board a Danish schooner. The Whitakers, Marsala merchants, with their children, came to *Argus*. The firing recommenced towards evening, but was confined to the suburbs of the town. It is announced that the Friars of La Grancia Convent held out bravely, and had three of their number killed, but were finally overcome and made prisoners. The troops sacked the convent and hawked its books about the streets.

April 5th.—Fighting is still going on in the suburbs. Rumours reached the ship of great military losses. I went ashore to the Consulate, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth about it, and there met Messrs. Rose and Gardner, English merchants, who did not conceal their sympathy with the rebel cause. The new Viceroy arrived from Naples. An ominous stillness greeted his entrance into Palermo, all the shops were closed and streets deserted.

April 6th.—I received a letter from Consul Godwin reporting town quiet and enclosing a copy of Neapolitan proclamation by General Salzano, praising the citizens for their neutrality on the 4th inst. Ten thousand dollars were sent on board *Argus* this day for deposit.

April 7th.—Blowing a southerly gale. Three Neapolitan war steamers arrived full of troops. They were cleverly disembarked. Their presence will ensure the quiet of the city. No firing heard this day. A report was in circulation that two women had been killed at windows on the 4th.

April 8th.—A good deal of firing all round the town last night; the troops burnt down a house that had harboured rebels. The city remains tranquil, evidently playing a waiting game; no business of any sort is transacted, and the people seem much alarmed. I visited Consul and merchants; General Salzano had issued another proclamation in which he hopes that the Palermitans will regain confidence and return to their daily occupations. Received news of large bodies of insurgents being about nine miles distant, and troops said to be going after them. Bagaria has been evacuated by the military. Six young noblemen were arrested yesterday and marched through the streets with hands bound together; my friend, Prince Jardinelli, being one of the number. They were supposed to have formed the permanent committee of insurrection.

April 9th.—The town quiet; no firing took place last night or to-day. Two steamers and a number of boats crowded with people left the bay before dawn. I cannot get my dispatches taken to our Admiral at Malta. The *Hercules*—Neapolitan war-steamer—re-anchored from a night's cruise somewhere. She embarks women

and children for Naples. I sent my dispatches to her for conveyance, but they are returned.

April 10th.—See buildings burning in the neighbourhood of Bagaria. I walked up the Via Teledo and found a few shops open, and a good many of the lower class of the population lounging about the street. The people were not allowed upon the Marina; cordons of troops remained drawn across it, with artillery to support them. We hear that the fires near Bagaria were caused by the soldiers burning insurgent houses. General Salzano has issued another proclamation, in which he states that the troops defeated the patriots at St. Lorenzo, near Mr. Whitaker's country house. Many of the former—wounded—have been brought into the city.

April 11th.—Very little business doing in the town. Shops are still closed. English screw-steamer, *Milan*, arrives from Catania. She reports that town ready to revolt, and that the city of Messina was being bombarded by the forts.

April 12th.—Reports have been in circulation that the Neapolitan troops were defeated at a village four miles from Palermo, and many of them taken prisoners. H.M.S. *Orion*—screw liner of ninety guns—made her "number" from the offing, and signalled: "Have you intelligence for Admiral?" Answer: "Yes." She anchored in the evening, and I had communications with Captain Frere her commander.

April 13th.—Took a walk about the suburbs of the city, and found cordons of troops drawn across all roads leading into the country. The Viceroy rode to British Consulate, and assured Mr. Godwin that everything was quieted; hardly had he returned to his Palace when a great demonstration was made by the people in the Via Teledo in honour of Italy, and in disparagement of the Neapolitan Government.

April 14th.—Consul Godwin reports that the post for the interior had resumed its functions. Shortly afterwards we hear that the post-carts had been sent back by the insurgents with the Royal Arms defaced, and the post-boys livery taken from them. Neapolitan packet steamer refused to take my dispatches to Naples. Witnessed a sad sight. Thirteen of the insurgents taken prisoners on the 4th instant were brought down opposite the ship's anchorage, and shot. Their bodies were thrown into carts and trotted off to the Campo Santo for burial without Church rights. Hear that the Duke de Cesaro and his son, 16 years of age, had been arrested in the night and conveyed to prison. Call upon Signor and Madame Celesti—the former a Royalist. They tell me that Messina is quiet, and that the country people are bringing in their arms to the authorities. I doubt the truth of this news.

April 16th.—A rumour of further executions having taken place. Send off my dispatches by Sicilian steamer to Messina and Malta. The Neapolitan steamer *Capri* leaves the bay with troops on board.

April 17th.—H.M.S. *Assurance*, Commander Aynsley, arrives and leaves again for Messina. A large Royal force composed of infantry and cavalry march out towards Bagaria. Some troops went round Monte Pelligrino in the Neapolitan steamer *Hercules*, with shore boats in tow. Shortly afterwards some wounded soldiers were brought into the city hospital.

April 20th.—H.M.S. *Amphion*, Captain Thomas Cochran, arrives, our Admiralty

having ordered the squadron on the coast of Sicily to be reinforced. Admiral Fanshawe sends me a letter of "approval" on my being superseded as senior officer at Palermo.

April 21st.—Drive out to the Duke de Serra del Falco's gardens, and hear of a fight having taken place at Mon Reale two days since. Palermo is becoming much more lively.

April 22nd.—I visit the Favorita Gardens, and find the orange trees in full blossom. They fill the air with their fragrance.

April 23rd.—An American and French man-of-war arrive. A small demonstration has been got up in the town in honour of France. A Sardinian frigate anchored in the bay.

April 24th.—Neapolitan steamers actively conveying troops here and there along the coast. Called on Captain Palmer, of the American steam corvette *Iroquois*, and land with him. Found guards posted in the streets and sentries doubled. Little demonstrations were going on in the side thoroughfares, and cries raised for Victor Emmanuel.

April 25th.—All the shops in the city are again closed, the troops having orders to fire upon the people making demonstrations. I call on the captain of the Sardinian frigate.

April 26th.—H.M.S. *Assurance* arrives with dispatches and sails again for Messina. I receive a return visit from the Sardinian captain, and afterwards walk to Belmonte Gardens, where Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton once resided.

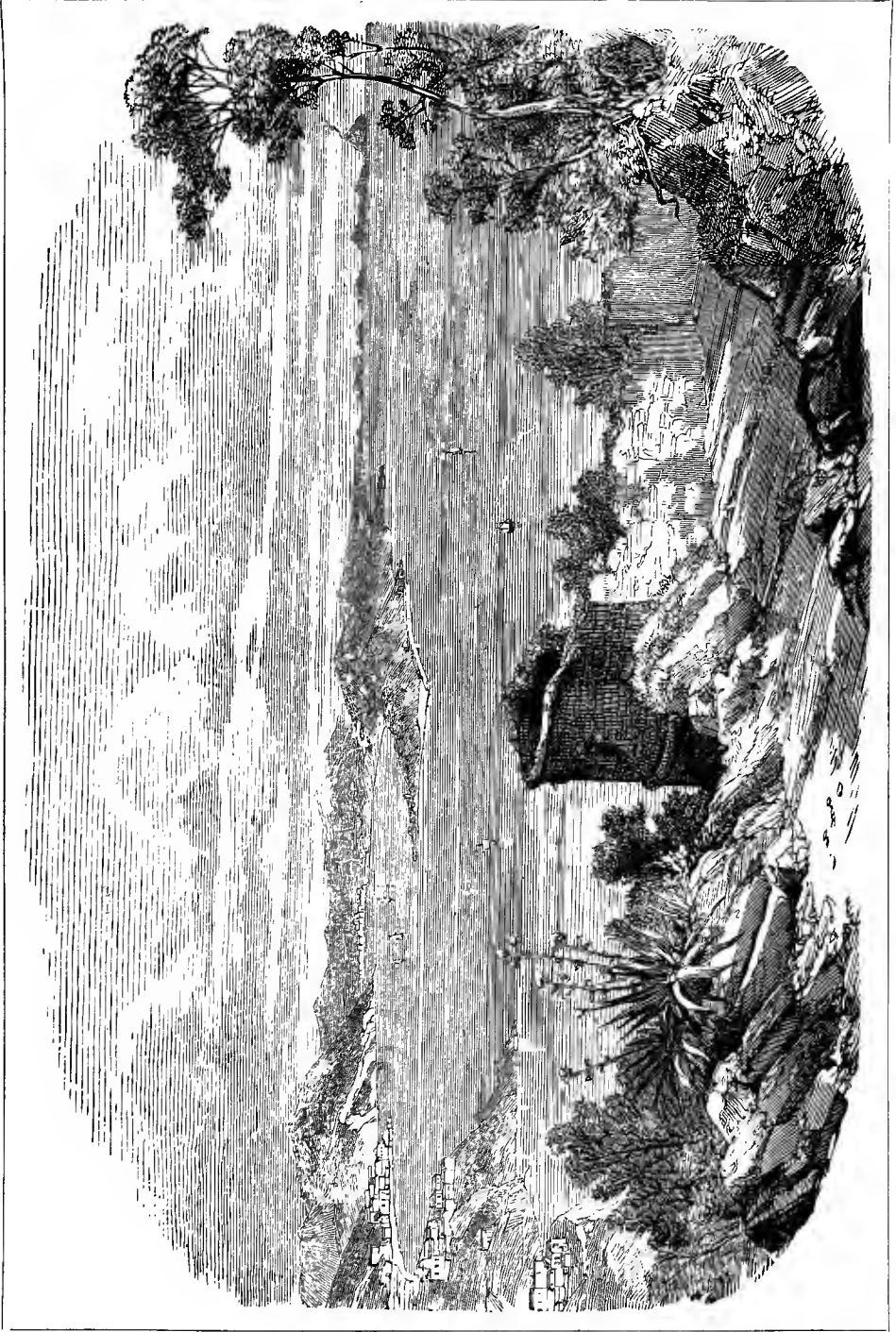
April 27th and 28th.—Demonstrations in the city continue, and all business is suspended. I visited the Campo Santo with Captain Cochran, and witnessed the method of burial. The ground is laid out in pits to the number of 365. One of these is opened each day of the year to receive the corpses of the poorer classes who may be brought there for interment. The bodies, placed in shell coffins, are conveyed from the city in small hearses, drawn by one mule, and on arriving at the pit's mouth, they are simply removed from the coffin and let drop through the round aperture that forms the entrance to this receptacle for the dead. At the close of the day a cart-load of quick-lime is emptied into the pit, and the covering slab of stone replaced over the hole and cemented down, where it remains until another year has elapsed, when it is removed that the cavern may again receive its ghastly occupants. A few bones and rags is all to be seen of the remains of those interred there previously. The bodies of five soldiers from the military hospital were thus disposed of during our stay in the cemetery.

April 29th.—Land with Captain C., and find soldiers patrolling the streets and in occupation of the Botanical Gardens.

May 1st.—A Neapolitan frigate anchors off the town.

May 3rd.—A steamer arrives from Messina with news that the Neapolitans had raised the state of siege at that place.

May 4th.—A proclamation has been issued by the Viceroy, forbidding the people from carrying arms on pain of death. The Inghams, Marsala wine-merchants, quit the island for England and America.



TOWN AND HARBOUR OF MESSINA.

May 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th.—Quail have arrived in large flights on these dates, and I shot great numbers on Monte Pellegrino and in shumack fields in the plain.

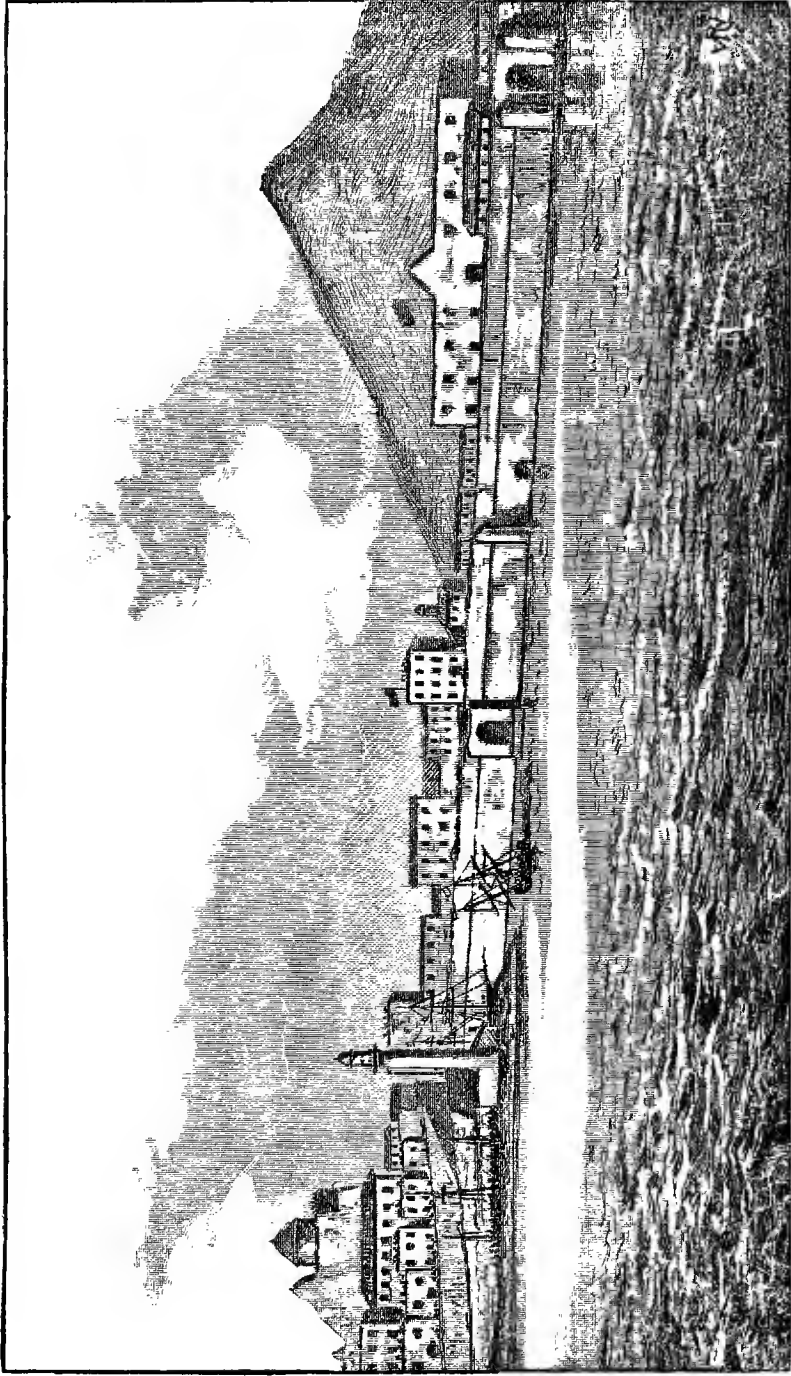
May 9th.—We invite the English residents in Palermo to a “play” on board the *Argus*. Many ladies, and also officers from the foreign ships of war, attend the party. Our principal actor, an ordinary seaman, excelled himself in the *Thumping Legacy*. A grand supper finished the evening entertainment.

May 10th.—H.M.S. *Intrepid*, Commander Marryat, arrived from Messina, and I received orders from Captain Cochran to accompany her to Marsala. We started at 8.30 P.M. The bay was alive with fishing-boats, and I found it difficult to keep the *Argus* clear of them.

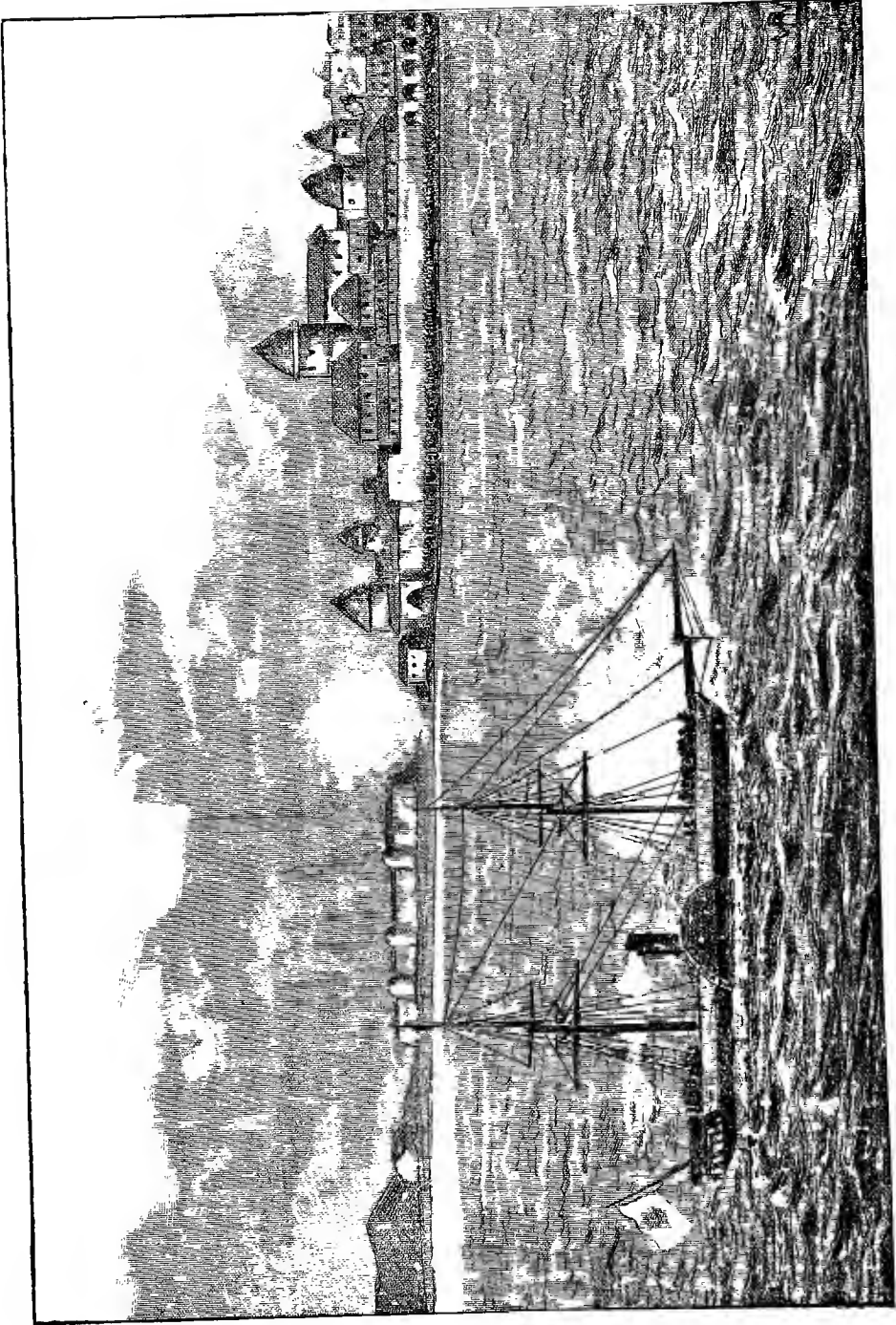
May 11th.—Steam between the islands of Levando and Favina and Sicily. Have the Porcelli and Formiche rocks on the port hand, and found the channel very narrow. Anchored off Marsala in nine fathoms, and about two miles distant from the town. *Intrepid* anchors inshore of us. About 11 A.M. I landed with Commander Marryat, and we both called on our Consul, Mr. Cousins, and Mr. Harvey (manager of Mr. Woodhouse’s wine establishment), to obtain information respecting the present political state of the country around Marsala so that Commander Marryat might convey the latest news that evening to our Admiral at Malta. Whilst conversing with Mr. Edwards (Mr. Harvey’s assistant), two Sardinian merchant steamers were reported to be coming in from seaward full of armed men. They steamed round the *Intrepid*, and then pushed on for the Mole. One of them got safely into the inner harbour, but the other grounded at its entrance. Shore boats came off to the latter vessel, and she commenced disembarking a number of red-shirted men, and landing them near the lighthouse at the end of the Mole. A Neapolitan war steamer and a sailing frigate were in sight to the eastward. The former, with signals flying, was rapidly closing with the Sardinian. It was a critical moment, and we asked each other’s opinion as to whether she should open fire upon that vessel before the men were clear of her, for, if so, we might witness a fearful slaughter under our very eyes, and at the same time stand a good chance of being ourselves struck by a ricochet shot. A doubt seemed to occupy the mind of the Neapolitan commander, for he brought his vessel to a standstill close to the *Intrepid*, and hailed that sloop to inquire if those were English soldiers landing. He of course received a reply in the negative, but was told that there were English officers ashore as well as the commanders of both British ships. Upon this, he requested that a message might be sent to recall those officers, as he was about to open fire upon the parties landing from the steamers. In the meantime, the Sardinians were putting ashore men, stores, and ammunition as fast as possible. The gunner of the *Intrepid* now joined us, bearing the Neapolitan commander’s message, on which we despatched him at once to the town to warn our officers, and at the same time requested Vice-Consul Cousins to cause the British flag to be hoisted on all houses and wine stores appertaining to Englishmen in and around Marsala. Presently, a boat was seen to quit the Neapolitan war steamer and pull towards the grounded Sardinian. She had not, however, reached more than half-way to the vessel, when a panic appeared to seize those in her, and a retreat was hastily made

to their ship, which now opened fire upon the Mole with her heavy guns. Commander Marryat, Mr. Cousins, and myself embarked at once in a gig of the *Argus*, and proceeded on board the Neapolitan to beg her captain to direct his shot and shell clear of the British wine establishments. To our surprise, we found that officer to bear the name of a fine old English Roman Catholic family, and to be complete master of our language. He is now (1883) Admiral Acton, and Italian Minister of Marine. He seemed much impressed with the responsibility of his situation, but promised not to injure British property, pointing out to us that his guns were laid for the Mole only, and along which the red shirts were seen making their way for the town as fast as encumbrances would permit them. We now left him, and were pulling for the *Intrepid*, when the Neapolitan sailing frigate came bearing down upon our boat, and her officers hailed and waved to us to pull faster. Hardly had they done so when a veritable storm of shot and missiles of all kinds, delivered from her broad-side guns, passed over our heads, but fell short of the Mole. One of her shot, however, entered Mr. Woodhouse's wine establishment, and nearly killed Mrs. Harvey, the manager's wife. The next vessel to arrive upon the scene was the *Capri*, a hired armed steamer in the service of the King of Naples. She commenced firing, but we could not trace the course of her shot. An officer from her went on board the *Intrepid*, with the cool request that one of the latter's boats should go to the Sardinian steamers and demand their surrender. He received a very decided negative reply. I now returned to the *Argus*, and shifted her anchorage nearer the wine-stores for their better protection. The Sardinian steamers being completely deserted, the Neapolitans sent in armed boats to take possession of them. They succeeded in bringing out the one that had entered the inner harbour, but scuttled the other that had grounded at its entrance. The Neapolitan steamers continued, during this operation, to fire heavily at parties dragging guns and ammunition into the town, but we only saw one man knocked over. The patriots stood fire splendidly, and appeared to be altogether a fine body of men. Hostilities ceased at sunset.

May 12th.—At 5 A.M. the officer of the watch reported that the red-shirted troops were marching out of Marsala by the south road, and that they numbered about eight hundred. Soon afterwards Consul Cousins came on board with the information that Garibaldi himself was with the landed force, and had sent a message requesting that I would receive on board the *Argus* the crews of the Sardinian steamers he had run away with from Genoa. This I declined doing, as it would have appeared a breach of neutrality. Commander Acton, of the Neapolitan war steamer *Stromboli*, next paid me a visit, to say that his senior officer in the frigate *Parthanope* had ordered him to destroy the Sardinian steamer remaining aground by firing shot at her, and, as she lay in a line with the British wine establishments, if I would send and warn the people there to keep under cover. I requested him to destroy the vessel by some other means, as he would now have no enemy to contend with, as General Garibaldi and his men were in full march on Palermo. He seemed surprised and disconcerted to learn that the great revolutionary leader was present with the troops, and went away muttering that he must obey his commander-in-chief's orders. I sent an officer ashore to warn the residents at the



THE SOUTH SIDE OF MARSALA, AND LANDING OF GARIBALDEANS. (From a Sketch by the Author.)



THE NORTH SIDE OF MARSALA. (From a Sketch by the Author.)

wine-stores, and also a lieutenant to the *Stromboli*, with my official protest against the proceeding contemplated by her commander. This, it would appear, had the desired effect, for he sent boats in to destroy the Sardinian instead of firing at her. Much alarm was felt at the wine establishments at the reception of my message, and 3,000 dollars (cash) was sent from Mr. Woodhouse's store for safety on board the *Argus*. The wives and daughters of the employers were also about to embark, when I was able to reassure them, and point out that their lives were no longer in danger. On landing, I found the crews of the Sardinian steamers and the Sardinian Consul waiting at Mr. Ingham's stores, to beg I would receive the former in my vessel. I explained that I could not possibly comply with their request, unless they could prove that their lives were in danger by remaining ashore. Failing to do this, I recommended them to follow General Garibaldi, who had—most certainly had—made himself their proper protector by taking them from Genoa against their will. I also found a Neapolitan Government agent sheltering at Mr. Ingham's stores, he being afraid of returning to the town on the chance of falling in with Garibaldians. When visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harvey at Mr. Woodhouse's wine establishment, I was introduced to the American Consul and his wife, who had taken refuge there, so as to be under British protection. They had, nevertheless, a narrow escape from the fire of the Neapolitan ships, a shot from them having passed close to the English flag flying over the stores, and another had gone through the wall of the latter and destroyed two large casks of wine. I put this damage down to the *Capri*. News reached us here of troops marching from Trapani. They turned out to be patriots *en route* to join Garibaldi. At the same time, a Neapolitan steamer, full of soldiers, passed by Marsala. The *Stromboli* accompanied her, leaving the *Parthanope* frigate cruising in the offing. The town remained quite quiet. The names of the Sardinian steamers, bringing the Garibaldians, were the *Piedmont* and *Lombard*.

May 13th.—The Neapolitan frigate was seen on the horizon, steering to the north. H.M.S. *Assurance* arrived from Malta and Girgenti, and quitted again for the former place with my despatches to the Admiral. The Genoa sailors tried hard to induce her commander to give them a passage to Malta, but he declined doing so on his own authority, as the Neapolitans would have at once denounced him as in league with the Garibaldians.

May 14th.—I decided to start again for Palermo, as British subjects there might soon be in want of help. On landing, to acquaint the English residents with my resolve, I was met by the crews of the Sardinian steamer, who fell on their knees and implored to be taken on board the *Argus*. All I could reply to the poor fellows was, that I would acquaint my senior officers at Palermo with their condition.

May 15th.—Arrived at Palermo at 7 A.M., and found the town much excited and many people wanting to embark. The royal troops were throwing up earthworks at the land entrances to the city, on the Mon Reale road. Two thousand foreign troops in Neapolitan pay had arrived the previous day, as it appeared native soldiers were not to be trusted. I received a visit from the captain of the Sardinian frigate, and told him the case of his co-patriot sailors at Marsala, but he was afraid of compromising his Government by moving in the matter. He told me that Garibaldi

had thrown up his official rank of general in the Piedmont army, so that the Sardinian Government should have no further control over him. I visited my old friends amongst the English merchants, who applied to their Consul to retain the services of the *Argus* during the impending crisis. I also had an interview with the Duke and Duchess of Serra de Falco. The latter was most effusive in her expressions of gratitude, as nothing I could say would persuade the lady that the *Argus* had not gone purposely to Marsala to assist her beloved Garibaldi in his landing on Sicilian soil. The citizens also seemed to be of the same opinion, for they followed myself and officers with shouts of "*Vive Argoose!*" whenever we appeared in the streets. I received orders from Captain Cochran to return again to Marsala, and weighed for that place at 9 p.m., when the hills around Palermo were ablaze with beacon-fires, kindled by the patriots to denote the positions of the various "Squadri" who had responded to Garibaldi's call to arms.

May 16th.—Looked into Trapani Harbour and saw a Neapolitan corvette and steamer at anchor there. Arrived at Marsala at 10 a.m., and had interviews with acting Consul (Harvey). We afterwards drove through the town where a demonstration was being made with tri-coloured flags in honour of Garibaldi. I visited two of his wounded men, and sent them medical assistance. I got a letter off to the Admiral at Malta by a Sicilian boat.

May 18th.—The *Intrepid* arrived at 3.30 a.m., with six months' stores for *Argus*; and I received a letter from the Admiral ordering me to write him a report of the occurrences here on the day of Garibaldi's landing, as he had received a telegram from Naples accusing Commander Marryat and me of hindering the Neapolitan warships from firing on the rebels. The acting Consul came on board with a man who had witnessed the first battle fought by Garibaldi after his quitting Marsala. It took place on the 15th instant, one mile distant from the town of Calatiformi "Five thousand Neapolitan troops were posted on a hill." Garibaldi had been reinforced by Sicilian levies; 600 had joined him from Castelletrano, and 700 mounted men under Joseph Coppla, came from Mount St. Julian, near Trapani. Marsala sent him 300, and many other towns forwarded their contingents, which raised the chief's army to something like 15,000, all armed with muskets or shot-guns. These "Squadri," as they were termed, attacked from the Salermi side of the hill, whilst the Garibaldi Piedmont volunteers were stationed at its foot, and on the left flank of the enemy, with orders not to fire, but to fall down on the Neapolitans, doing so as if killed, and then to crawl through the grass and brushwood up the hill, on their bellies. Joseph Coppla's men took the ground covering the right flank of the Royalists, and the remainder of the squadrons were well in their front. The Piedmontese, after getting close to the enemy, fired, and then rushed in with the bayonet. The Neapolitans at once gave way, and were shot down in retreat. Garibaldi's loss was supposed to be 53 killed and wounded. Young Garibaldi and Baron Saltanna, with two or three other officers, were among the latter. The Neapolitans lost 300 killed and wounded, but rallied again in a mountain to the rear of their last position. Garibaldi advanced his force and captured two pieces of artillery from them. The Neapolitans then reversed their arms and begged for quarter. Their General (Landi)

sternly ordered them to fight, upon which they all ran away, leaving him to his fate. They retired in confusion upon the town of Calatifimi, and many were picked off by Piedmont marksmen. The Garibaldians—worn out by the fatigues of the day—slept on the battle field. Their leader, receiving news next morning that the enemy had retired upon Alcamo, advanced through Calatifimi in pursuit. The above was the account given by the Marsala man who went to see his brother—one of the Squadri—and was present at the battle. In the afternoon a carriage was lent me to drive to the house of Mr. Gills, an English merchant, who had given quarters in it to the two wounded Garibaldians of the landing party of the 11th instant, and I there read an intercepted dispatch of General Landi's to the Viceroy. He commenced by urging instant help. "Help! Send us help immediately or we are lost." And then goes on to ascribe the loss of his recent battle as owing to the mule being killed which carried one of his mountain guns. He further declared that a colour of the enemy's had been taken; also that he had 62 of his own wounded with him at Alcamo, and doubted being able to defend his position there. He asked for a battalion of infantry and a battery of artillery, and gave an alarming description of the number of insurgents, who, he stated, surrounded him. H.M.S. *Intrepid* went to Palermo.

May 19th.—We heard to-day that Garibaldi had advanced beyond Alcamo, and that General Landi's army had dispersed. H.M.S. *Hannibal*—screw liner of 90 guns—flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Rodney Mundy, hove in sight, bound for Palermo. She signalled: "Where is Garibaldi?" I replied, informing the Admiral of the battle of the 15th. H.M.S. *Caradoc*—dispatch vessel, Lieutenant Buckle in command—arrived from Malta at midnight. He aroused me to obtain news, and then started back at once with it to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Arthur Fanshawe, K.C.B.

May 21st.—Nearly all Marsala were out to-day watching our gun practice, and we observed both male and female had tri-coloured ribbons pinned to their dresses. A rumour was abroad that Garibaldi had reached Mon Reale, and that the Royalists had returned into Palermo.

May 22nd.—Two Neapolitan steamers passed up from the south. A courier, accompanying a party from Marsala into the interior, had been taken up as a spy and sent back. I decided to go to Palermo on the morrow, and took Mr. Gordon of the wine establishment as passenger.

May 23rd.—Weighed at 8 A.M. and steered for Trapani. I landed there for an interview with the Neapolitan Commandant, in reference to the restitution of arms taken from the English merchants at Marsala by his orders, and which were now necessary to them for self-defence during the present disorganized state of Sicily. He gave me a promise to have them returned, and I then quitted for Palermo. We met with H.M.S. *Intrepid* off Cape St. Vito. Commander Marryat informed me that the news—regarding the taking of Mon Reale by the Garibaldians—was false.

May 24th.—Queen's birthday. Anchored at Palermo, and called on Admiral Mundy; afterwards we drove out to Mon Reale, where a small fight was going on in

the valley outside the town, and many houses burning. At night, insurgent fires were lighted on the adjacent hills.

May 25th.—I received on board *Argus*, by Admiral Mundy's orders, some Sicilian refugees, namely, a Señora Villa Reale, with one son and two daughters. Afterwards I drove out with Captain Cochran to Mon Reale, and found all quiet at the outposts.

May 27th.—I was awakened at 3.30 a.m. by the officer of the watch, reporting firing to be heard on the Bagaria side of Palermo, and, on reaching the deck, soon perceived that the city was attacked in force at the Porto Antonio, and that the citizens had risen upon the Royal troops and driven them from the streets into the Palace, Exchange, and Barracks. These buildings had been previously prepared for defence, and now held out against a combination of assaults led by Garibaldi himself. An incessant rattle of musketry could be heard in the town all the day. The Citadel and Neapolitan ships of war chimed in with the roar of big guns as they threw shell into that part of the town occupied by the Garibaldians, and several fires broke out as the consequence of their explosions. The bombardment continued until nightfall, and the Citadel afterwards confined its fire to throwing a shell into the town about every half hour, so as to harass the citizens, who had been engaged all day in an attack upon the Palace.

May 28th.—I was awakened at 5 a.m. by the officer of the watch, reporting that the Neapolitan troops were deserting their post at the Vicaria prison and running towards the Mole, and that the political prisoners and galley slaves—who had been confined within the prison walls—were making off in an opposite direction. On reaching the deck, I saw the troops embarking in boats, which were pulled towards the Citadel, and I also noticed that the people had turned out in great numbers and were plundering the prison and adjacent barracks, women and children being among those engaged in this genial task. Soon the Citadel and a gunboat opened fire on these parties as they scampered along under their loads, regardless of the shot striking the ground and throwing up dust all around them. The Neapolitans were evidently still holding out in the Palace and Exchange buildings, by the heavy firing going on in that quarter of the town; the people were, seemingly, pressing them very hard. The Citadel occasionally dropped a shell amongst the combatants. News reached the ship that Garibaldi, in person, was attacking the Palace. The Citadel discontinued its fire towards sunset, some fresh troops were landed there from steamers after dark. All the Neapolitan men-of-war put to sea during the night. The Royal troops remained in possession of the Palace and Exchange.

May 29th.—We received a deplorable account of the state of the city, namely, that the dead were lying about unburied, and the living dying of starvation, owing to the lack of food supply. The bombardment had done much injury to houses and churches. The citizens were still fighting to gain the Palace. The Royal troops had retired from Mon Reale and had occupied the Capuchin Convent just outside Palermo. We thought that Garibaldi had captured some guns, as the sound of cannons mingled with musketry was heard in the town all day. Reports of successes gained by the people reached the ship, but they were of doubtful origin. Two

steamers landed mercenary troops (Bavarians)—in the pay of the King of Naples—at the Citadel, from whence they marched during the night shouting and firing in the direction of the Vicaria prison. Admiral Mundy's flag-lieutenant (Wilmot) had seen Garibaldi during the day, and the General expressed himself as hopeful of ultimate success.

May 30th.—There were no sounds of firing heard this morning. Signor Villa Reale came on board the *Argus* to see his wife and family, and reported the citizens were desponding, not having guns to reply to the enemy's artillery. The Palace, Exchange, and Citadel were still in the hands of the Royalists. Later, I attended a conference on board the *Hannibal*, Rear-Admiral Mundy's flag-ship. It had been demanded by the Neapolitan General, Letizia, who was to meet Garibaldi there. All the captains of the foreign men-of-war were present at it, with the exception of the Austrians. There were six propositions moved by the Neapolitan General, all of which were agreed to by Garibaldi except the last, which was that the Palermitans were to express their regret to the King of Naples for their present conduct, and petition him to restore the constitution which had been granted the "Two Sicilies" in 1848, during his father's reign. Such humiliation was emphatically rejected by Garibaldi, and the conference broke up, after agreeing that an armistice should continue between the contending parties until 12 o'clock the following day. On Garibaldi quitting the Admiral's cabin, he took the American Commander (Palmer) on one side, and an earnest conversation ensued between them. When Garibaldi had left the ship, Palmer confided to me the tenour of what that chief had told him, and I was surprised to learn the straits the insurgents were put to for procuring ammunition wherewith to continue the strife. Garibaldi had implored the American to land the necessary supply from his ship, the *Iroquois*, under cover of night. Palmer had pleaded his neutrality and the fear of compromising his Government; but Garibaldi urged that the United States Republic should be sympathetic in such a movement as the one he was leading. Palmer was evidently perplexed by this unlooked-for request, and, whether he did or did not comply with it, I cannot say. Garibaldi's son, Menotti, was on board the *Hannibal*. He was a fine-looking youth, and much admired by the refugee ladies in the flag-ship. He had his arm in a sling, having been wounded in the hand at the battle of Calatifiimi. I afterwards paid a visit to Captain Barri, of the Austrian corvette *Dandolo*. He was very indignant at our Admiral receiving Garibaldi on board the *Hannibal*, and called the latter a pirate. I then went to pay my respects to the captain of the Sardinian frigate—a Marquis—and found him, in every sense, a stout patriot, and of a happy disposition. He was, of course, quite the opposite way of thinking to Captain Barri. We heard of Garibaldi's party being fired upon on their return from the conference, and when in the vicinity of the Citadel; also that Carini—an officer of the Marsala 800—had been wounded in the arm by this act of treachery, and that some Bavarian troops had taken advantage of the armistice to gain access to the town.

May 31st.—Many Neapolitan wounded were brought this morning to the city hospitals. Captain Cochran, Commander Marryat, and myself received permission

from the Admiral to visit the town. We were met, on landing, by Colonel Tùrr, the Hungarian serving with Garibaldi. He is now—1883—General Tùrr, of the Italian army, and has just obtained a concession from the Greek Government for cutting a canal through the isthmus of Corinth. He has visited England lately and renewed a friendship with the author which commenced this day at Palermo. The Colonel accompanied us in our walk up the Via Teledo, which we found barricaded at many points, as was the case with every other street we viewed. All the population were armed, and we saw Garibaldi, in the square before the Senate House, addressing and exhorting the people to make fresh sacrifices to obtain their liberty. Tùrr took us to a 36-pounder gun he had caused to be placed in position at a barricade. This cannon had been dug up from the corner of a street, where it had done duty for years as a post to keep vehicles from encroaching on the side pavement. It was now within easy range of the Palace, which faced this barricade, at the farther end of the Via Teledo, and his raw No. 1 artilleryman—who was on a par with this ancient piece of ordnance—stood with a lighted match in his hand, ready to open fire the moment the town clock struck the hour of 12. All classes of women could be seen on balconies or at windows, armed with Orsini shells, ready to throw down upon the Neapolitans should they try to force the barricades. The latter belligerents had just committed another breach in the armistice by firing from the Exchange, and wounding two Piedmontese soldiers. The Bavarian troops that had entered the city were now surrounded by the populace, who only waited for the hour of noon to destroy them. However, as we stood with the Colonel watching the movements of the Royal troops in front and inside the Palace, a white flag appeared over a barricade they had thrown up, and after it had been replied to by the Garibaldians, a Neapolitan officer approached, and Tùrr advanced to meet him. The two conversed together a short time, and then went to Garibaldi's head-quarters. It turned out to be a request from the Neapolitan Commander, that the armistice might be prolonged for three days, and to this Garibaldi agreed, thinking, probably, that he might recruit his exhausted ammunition during that time; but had he been aware of the desperate state of his enemy as regards food, he might have speedily brought him to terms by an unyielding attitude. The Neapolitans at once commenced embarking their wounded and provisioning the different posts they held on the confines of the city. Four officers only, from each English man-of-war, were permitted to go ashore for two hours. Those from the *Argus*, on returning on board, reported that they had been made much of by Garibaldi, who had entertained them at the Town Hall, where he resided. They also said they had seen no less than fourteen of the old Bourbon Police lying dead, having been shot in revenge for the life taken after the affair of La Grancia in April. There were also many bodies of the townspeople about, unburied, and the air around was infected by these decaying corpses. Many women and children took advantage of the armistice to remove to Monte Pellegrini, where they set up their tents. Old Ragusa, the landlord of an hotel frequented by English officers, and an uncompromising patriot, related, with indignation, how some of the Palermitan nobles had also endeavoured to get away, but had been stopped by Garibaldi's people.

June 1st.—Neapolitan vessels had been busy this morning landing provisions and embarking wounded men. The Royalist losses must have been very great. On going on shore I observed that the Neapolitan troops were made to skirt the town with their provisions for the Palace garrison, and even then a close watch was kept on them from Garibaldi's outlying barricades. I visited one of these at the far end of the Strada Maquada and found great excitement there, consequent on the discovery that the Royalists were concealing ammunition in their provision carts. On returning I met Garibaldi in procession. His head was bared as he bowed to the vociferous cheering of the multitude, and I recognized in the red shirt and handkerchief thrown over his shoulders the costume he had adopted when leading his legion to victory against the soldiers of Rosas at Monte Video in 1846-47. He gave me—smiling—a nod of recognition, and was then immediately engaged in delivering a stirring address to the Civic Guard that had been drawn up for his inspection.

June 2nd.—All was quiet in the town to-day. Provisions were being conveyed from the Citadel to the Bavarian troops, who still remained in their advanced positions. I visited the Vicaria prison and barracks, and was shocked at the treatment political prisoners had evidently received. They had been cooped up in numbers within the walls of small filthy dungeons without much air or light, and with straw alone to lie upon. There was a dance in the evening on board the *Hannibal*, where I again met Colonel Tùrr and Menotti Garibaldi; the latter was evidently making the most of his time with the fair sex, and waltzed incessantly.

June 3rd.—This being the day when the armistice would expire, I received on board a host of refugees with their beds; amongst them was Father McGorman, an Irish priest, and a Baroness Juliana, with a number of nephews and nieces. These I had to put up under canvas on the upper deck; my cabin being already occupied by a family. In the course of the day it was known that the armistice had been prolonged indefinitely and fighting would cease at Palermo.

June 4th.—Landed with Father McGorman and walked to the Palace Square, but was prevented from entering the Royal precincts, where I had wished to observe the damage done to the buildings by the three days' attack on them by the Garibaldians. The Neapolitan sentries, however, had orders to prevent our doing so. We then repaired to the Bavarian advanced posts in the city, and were surprised to find them alarmingly close to the Via Teledo, the main street in Palermo. Armed citizens were keeping a close watch upon them. We afterwards called on our Consul (Mr. Godwin), who had pluckily remained at his Consulate during the bombardment, and given refuge to many poor people there. He informed us that General Letezia had gone to Naples for further instructions from his Government. Gaities continued afloat and the refugee young ladies had a good time of it on board the British ships.

June 5th.—The weather was now becoming sultry. I walked with Captain Cochran and Lieutenant-Commander Buckle to Monte Alto—a position that had been taken by the people from the Royal troops. It was a naturally strong place, but the Neapolitans had not any artillery there at the time of its capture. We afterwards went into the Porto Antonio, where Garibaldi had forced his entry to the city.

There was a barricade mounting two guns, and close by we saw an officer, who had deserted from the enemy, drilling a squad of the townspeople. We afterwards dined with Admiral Mundy on board the *Hannibal*, and met the Captains of the Spanish, French, Austrian, and American men-of-war there. Our brave old Consul, although a complete cripple, had managed to come to the invitation. He reported that General Letezia had returned from Naples.

June 6th.—We heard of a treaty having been signed between the contending parties through the good offices of the Swiss Consul.

June 7th.—A great day in the annals of Palermo, and a glorious one for Garibaldi, but a date that will always recall disgrace to the armies of Bomba the Second.



GARIBALDI. (From a Photograph taken in 1860.)

A force of not less than 20,000 soldiers—mostly mercenaries, but composed of the *élite* of Europe as far as physical qualifications were concerned—marched down to the Mole, and were embarked for Naples, whilst ragged, red-shirted, Garibaldian guards, who were posted at the city gates, turned out and presented arms as these Neapolitans passed by them *en route* to the boats. Too late—it was said a Constitution had been granted to the Sicilians by the King of Naples—now, nothing short of deposition would satisfy the outraged people, and the cries of “*Vive Victor Emmanuel!*” which resounded through the city, proclaimed their wish to become subjects of that constitutional monarch. At this moment the Admiral ordered the *Argus* to get up steam, and informed me that I should have to go to Cagliari with despatches. However, he

subsequently changed his mind, and bid me be ready to return to Marsala on the morrow. Having made the necessary arrangements, I landed once more to look at Palermo under its changed aspects, and was this time permitted to see the damage done to the Palace by the firing, and also to walk out into the suburbs beyond it, and view the positions so recently occupied by the Neapolitans. These troops, I found, had been tightly hemmed in between the Squadri or raw levies from the interior of the island, who were constantly harassing them from the direction of Mon Reale, and the Garibaldians and townspeople who were attacking from the city side. In fact, Garibaldi had performed a splendid piece of strategy, when, under cover of night, and leaving his camp-fires burning and a good force of Sicilians to occupy the attention of the enemy, he had marched with his famous 800, by mountain paths, round the left flank of the Royalists, and, when morning dawned, had reached their left rear on the beach at the outlying suburb of Missilmari; and from thence—as we have already seen—advanced to the attack of the Porto Antonio. In the meanwhile, the Neapolitans were befooled by the Squadri into believing that they had repulsed an attempt, led by Garibaldi, on Mon Reale, and were thus drawn farther inland and away from the city, which was soon made, by a system of barricades, too strong for them to re-take. They were also entirely cut off from obtaining provisions either from the sea or land, and must have succumbed to starvation if from nothing else, so long as Garibaldi held the city; but that chieftain was in sore straits for ammunition, and, had not the armistice been concluded, might have found himself suddenly without any. This the Royalists would soon have discovered, and the knowledge of the defence being crippled might have emboldened them in their endeavour to re-occupy the town. It was a curious feature in this struggle that both the attack and defence were on the point of breaking down from two different causes at the same moment, and this made either side desirous of a pause in the conflict. But Garibaldi, sanguine as he was as to his ultimate success, could hardly have anticipated so early and complete a triumph, and as he looked on whilst his enemies' splendid fighting material was being shipped, never to return to the *Concha d'Oro*, must have felt that the "God of Battles had been on his side." Garibaldi, on entering Palermo, had called upon all the adult citizens to take up arms, but from the appearance of those whom we saw mounting guard at the city gates, the response to his appeal must have come from the town gamins, for they were, indeed, mere boys. We met Captain Palmer of the *Iroquois*, who had just seen Garibaldi, and was told by him that he intended organizing a Sicilian army of 50,000 men, that he repudiated altogether the King of Naples, and if he found Messina with its fortresses too strong for him to take, he would pass it by, and cross the Faro into Calabria, and advance upon Naples itself. On returning to the *Argus*, I was delighted to find my cabin unoccupied by refugees, as they now, under the changed circumstances, had taken their departure for the shore.

June 8th.—*Argus* was ordered to leave Palermo for Marsala, calling in at Trapani *en route*. I landed to say good-bye to some friends, and found the people planting two guns under one of the windows, to bear on the Citadel, which, it seems, had not yet yielded to their demands for surrender.

June 9th.—We arrived at Trapani in early morning, and found Victor Emmanuel's flag—the tri-colour—flying everywhere. The British Vice-Consul came on board, and he accompanied me in my visit to the Civil Governor, Baron Adragna. We passed on our way crowds of people, who made demonstrations, shouting “*Viva Ingle Terra! Viva Reina Victoria!*” The Baron lent us his carriage to drive to a Carmelite convent, a little distance outside the town. It was famed for a miraculous image of the Virgin and Child, which had been brought from Cyprus in the year 200 A.D., and was a fine piece of statuary. The monks told us, with all seriousness, that the holy image cured every disease, and had prevented Trapani being bombarded by the Neapolitan ships. As a proof of her power in the former line, they showed us a room hung round with waxen representations of different parts of the human body that had been exposed to infirmities and made whole by this miraculous agency. They seemed pleased with the wonder expressed in our faces, never thinking that it could possibly be on their account, who, amidst the advanced civilization of the nineteenth century, dared to propagate such a hoax. The presents made to the holy mother by the heads of Catholic countries were numerous, and included one from an Archduke, which was truly unique, comprising, as it did, a pair of velvet knee-breeches with costly ornaments, such as diamonds and other precious stones, down their sides. It is fair to state that this particular gift dated from the darker ages, but there were many others, of a less pronounced character, that had been sent either as propitiatory or grateful offerings, by *devotées* in quite recent times. After quitting the Convent, we were driven to some beautifully laid out gardens, in which art the Italians excel. These left nothing to be desired in the way of good taste, which comprised the proper placing of statuary, so as not to offend the eye when taking in the delicious colouring of flowers, and the artistic arrangements of shrubberies and paths. The Vice-Consul informed me that the Neapolitan troops had quitted Trapani by sea on the third of the month, and that there had not been the slightest disturbance in consequence. He also said that the arms belonging to the wine establishments at Marsala had been sent there in H.M.S. *Intrepid*. The *Argus* left Trapani at 2 P.M. under sail and steam, and dropped anchor off Marsala at 5 P.M.

June 10th.—From this date the extracts become more or less intermittent, and depend in a great measure on the news received from time to time of Garibaldi's progress in the great work he had in hand.

June 13th.—A Neapolitan war-steamer came in view from Marsala, and then steamed away again in the direction of the island of Maritimo. We could see smoke rising from her guns as she fired at some object.

June 14th.—The Neapolitan steamer was still in sight off Maritimo, evidently watching for the reinforcements expected by Garibaldi to join him from Italy. I called on the Sardinian Consul, Signor Lepari, and was received by him in great state. He had borrowed rooms for the occasion, and refreshed me with tri-coloured ices. I told him that I hoped, under the new *régime*, he would become Governor of Marsala, a post, doubtless, he much coveted. He informed me that the last of the Naples troops would quit Palermo on the 18th instant.

June 16th.—The Sardinian frigate, *Carlo Alberto*, hove-to off the anchorage.

She had been, presumedly, cruising to prevent filibusters from landing in Sicily. Signor Lepari went on board her—*en grande tenue*—and was saluted with seven guns.

June 19th.—News reached here this day of 4,000 Piedmontese being landed from three steamers at Castelamare. No government is, as yet, established at either Marsala or Trapani.

June 20th.—The post arrived from Palermo after much delay. H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, 90, had anchored there, and *Hannibal* (flag-ship) left for Naples. There was also a rumour that 8,000 Piedmontese had landed in the Gulf of Salerno.

June 22nd.—News from Palermo stated that 800 Italians had been captured in an American vessel by the Neapolitan cruisers. A governor is, at last, appointed to Trapani, and includes Marsala in his district.

June 24th.—The Marsala people routed out from concealment four of the *sbirri*, or detectives, employed under the late Government, and led them about the streets of the town, with ropes round their necks. From Palermo we heard that the United States sloop-of-war *Iroquois* had gone to Gaeta, to demand the surrender of the American vessel captured by the Neapolitans.

June 26th.—A grand ball was given at Mr. Woodhouse's wine-stores; all the *élite* of Marsala were there, and a native poet composed an impromptu ode in honour of England. It was received amidst loud shouts of "*Viva la Reina Victoria*," to which a suitable response was made. We afterwards astonished the Marsalese by dancing "*Sir Roger de Coverley*" with the English contingent to the party.

June 28th.—As a caution to others, I quote from my journal of this date, the following:—"The steward bought some mackerel for my breakfast, and partook of some portion of them himself. Shortly after eating the fish, strange sensations came over me, and I felt my head swelling as though it would burst open; and on looking in a mirror, I was horrified to view my face in a most bloated condition, and of a deep purple colour. I instantly rang the bell for the sentry to call my steward, but the latter was not to be found. I then sent for the surgeon, who, at one glance, said: 'You have been poisoned from the same cause as your steward, whom I have just attended. You must take medicine immediately, and keep your head cool with wet towels round it.' This I did, and towards noon felt better, and quite recovered my usual health in the course of the day." We have a theory in the navy, that fish hung up or placed so as to absorb the moon's rays at night becomes unfit for food; and I have myself known an instance which goes to prove that the theory is correct. On board H.M.S. *Acteon*, whilst making a passage to Rio de Janeiro, her ship's company had been very successful in a day's fishing for albacore, boneta, and dolphin, and had hung the catch, by their tails, to the mainstays, where they were exposed all night to the rays of a full moon. A quantity of the fish was consumed by the men at their breakfasts the following morning, and shortly afterwards the surgeon reported to the captain that nearly half of the crew had symptoms of poisoning, and he could only account for it on the supposition that the fish they had eaten had become affected, in some mysterious way, by their exposure during the night to the moon's influence. Whether this had been the case with the mackerel of

which the steward and myself had partaken, or that some other cause had brought about similar results, we could not, of course, discover; but after what I witnessed in H.M.S. *Actæon*, I had no hesitation in attributing our illness to the fishes we had eaten, which, although apparently fresh and sound, must have absorbed poison during the night, while laid out in the Marsala market with a bright moon shining on them. It is for men of science to account for these facts, as I do not presume to have the necessary knowledge.

June 29th.—The sea to-day being unruffled by any wind, I was enabled to view the nature of its bed quite plainly through the clear water where the *Argus* was riding at a single anchor, and was unpleasantly surprised to see that anchor lying flat on a heap of shingle, which its fluke had, evidently, not been able to penetrate. As it was undesirable to remain any longer at such a bad holding ground, I started at once for Palermo, to which city I had intended returning in a day or so.

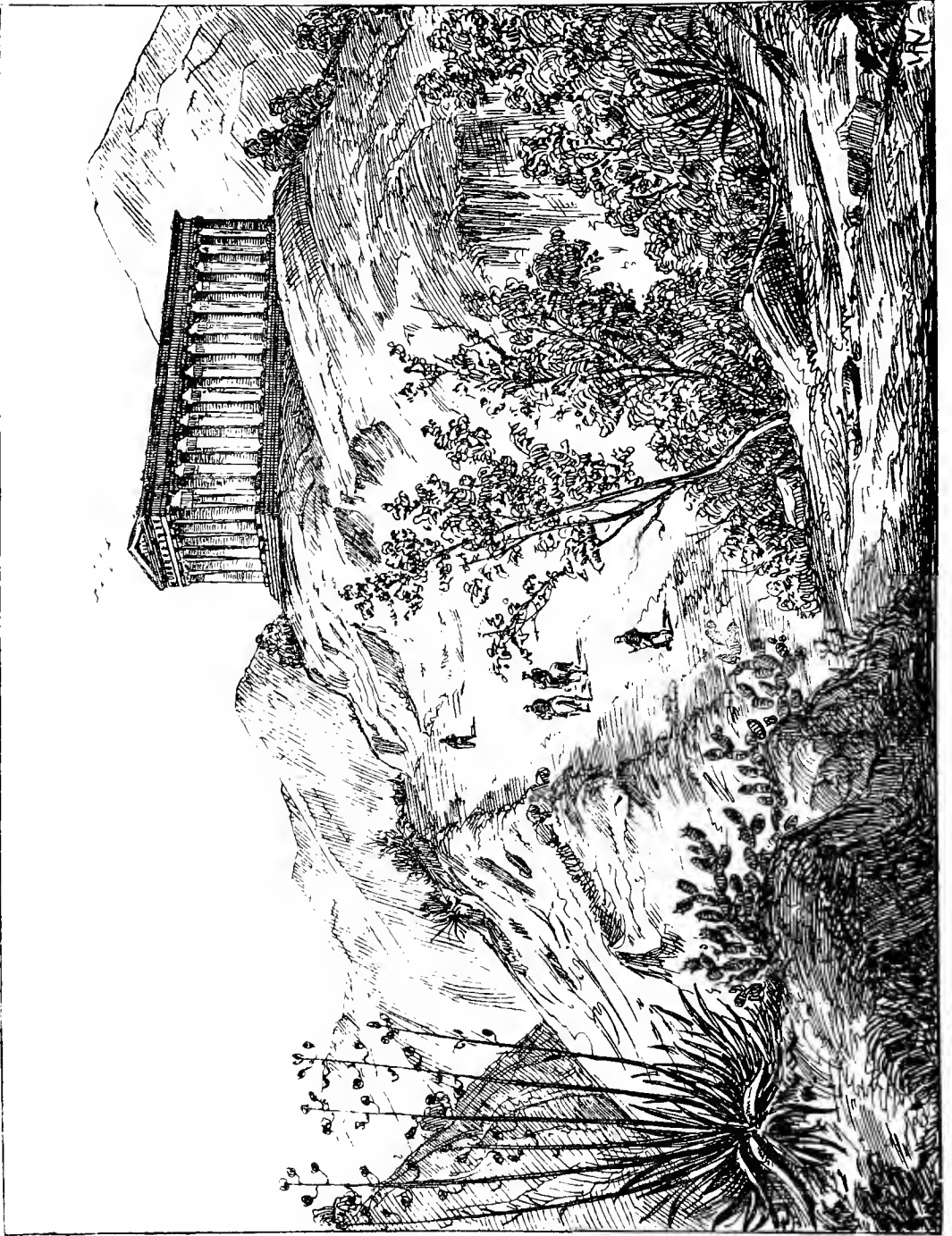
June 30th.—Anchored in Palermo Bay at 6 A.M., and found it full of war-ships. The *Hannibal*, line-of-battle-ship, and *Amphion*, frigate, represented the English force. A French admiral's flag was flying on board the 90-gun ship *Donawerth*, and there were also three Sardinian frigates at anchor, viz., *Carlo Alberto*, *Victor Emmanuel*, and the *Adelaide* (flagship). On going on shore I found the city very gay, and the people busy in destroying the Castelmare (citadel), which had taken such an active part in the bombardment of the town. Military bands were playing on the Marina, and all the beauty and fashion of Palermo were there in carriages to listen and talk of the great events that had restored peace to the lovely *Concha d'Oro* (Golden Shell), a fond native term for their beautiful bay and its surroundings. I there met Captain Peard, a Cornish gentleman of property, better known as Garibaldi's Englishman, who had, for the mere love of fighting, joined the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, in 1859, and, being an excellent shot, did much execution amongst the Austrians, who were attacked by that corps on the shores of Lake Como. He had now arrived in Sicily to again place his services at the disposal of Garibaldi.

July 3rd.—We left Palermo yesterday, and anchored at Trapani this morning. Our Vice-Consul, Luigi Marina, came on board and reported everything quiet under the new Governor, so I thought it a good opportunity to visit Mount St. Julian, and view the ruins of the ancient Eryx. Hiring a couple of carriages for myself and officers, we reached the mountain—or rather hill—after about two hours' drive, and climbing its steep sides we found ourselves among extensive Saracenic remains. Some of the walls were of great age, dating 200 years before the Christian Era; both Greek and Roman coin had been picked up in the *débris*.

July 4th.—The *Argus* anchored once more at Marsala.

July 13th.—News came from Palermo that three of the Neapolitan men-of-war, the *Volace*, *Elba*, and *Duke of Calabria*, had gone over to Garibaldi.

July 16th.—We made up a party to visit the ancient temple of Segestum, and drove, in the first instance, to Trapani, a distance of twenty-two miles. The country passed through was cultivated with vines and olive-trees. On arriving at Trapani, we put up at an hotel called the Golden Lion, kept by a reduced Sicilian nobleman, who had managed to exclude from his premises the three usual pests to travellers in the



THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA.

island, namely, B-flats, fleas, and mosquitos, so we were enabled to get a sound and refreshing sleep preparatory to an early rising the following morning. We were here joined by Luigi Marina.

July 17th.—Up at 5 A.M., and get away in four carriages. One of Garibaldi's captains begged to become one of the party, being a friend of Luigi. We drove to Calatifiimi, a distance of twenty-four miles, over a hilly road and through a corn country, arriving at our destination at noon; and here, it seems, Luigi's friend had looked forward to dining, but was much disgusted when, instead of doing so, we ordered horses and donkeys for ourselves to ride, and hired men to carry food the remaining four miles of the distance to the Temple. The road was execrably bad, but the country passed through made up in beauty for this defect. The land was scored with deep valleys formed, evidently, by volcanic upheavals at a remote period. The Temple was gained in an hour's time, and the party immediately set to work sketching and examining this splendid ruin. Thirty-six fine columns, each six feet in diameter, and of the Greco-Doric order, remain erect. Their bases, which had been buried by the drift of ages to the depth of five feet, had been unearthed. The capitals that surmounted the columns were without the usual embellishments of carving, and presented a perfectly plain appearance. The measured length of the Temple was 198 feet, and its breadth 68 feet. The comestibles brought with us were now spread out at the altar end of the ruin, where many a victim had been sacrificed to the gods of Romans, and there Luigi's friend, the captain, made ample amends for lost time. The remains of the old town were afterwards visited, and its theatre found in a good state of preservation. It is supposed to have existed from 300 B.C. A more picturesque site for a city it would be almost impossible to find, situated as it was over a deep chasm, or cleft, in the hill on which it stood. The view from this point embraced Castlemare Bay and the mountains near Palermo. We returned to Calatifiimi in the afternoon, and afterwards left for Trapani, driving past the hills that had been held by the Neapolitans when attacked by Garibaldi in his first battle on Sicilian soil, and which has been previously described. Their positions must have been very strong, resting as they did on the summit of very steep inclines, and it reflects great credit on the gallant 800 Piedmontese who drove them off such ground. We English should not, however, despise the Neapolitans for thus giving way, as it transpired, in 1881, that our own troops, strongly posted on the top of Majuba hill in Natal, were driven, like sheep, before a few determined Boers, who had crawled up, like the Garibaldians, on their bellies, and, being splendid marksmen, had picked off every soldier who appeared on the hill's crest to endeavour to stay their advance. Trapani was reached at 10.30 P.M.

July 18th.—After breakfast I called on the Military Governor, Saleta Rosalia, and then made some purchases of coral, for which this part of the coast of Sicily is famous. On reaching Marsala in the afternoon, we received news of Garibaldi's victory at Milazzo, a town and fortress held by the Royal troops, and situated on the coast about half way between Palermo and Messina. The old hero, it seems, had a narrow escape of being captured by some of the enemy's cavalry.

July 19th.—A grand festa took place at Marsala in honour of Garibaldi. It being

his natal day, salutes were fired, and 2,000 of the National Guard and Squadri were drawn up in the principal square. The latter were armed with fowling-pieces and pistols. They attended a *Te Deum* in the Cathedral, and then marched through the streets. At night there were illuminations, and a transparent picture of Garibaldi's landing might be seen over the gate by which he entered Marsala. The chief personages were accurately delineated by the painter, but he had given rather a stretch to his imagination when he portrayed the people of Marsala receiving them with open arms amid a perfect shower of shot and shell from the Neapolitan ships; for it was well known that Garibaldi had, in the first instance, been, from fear of those vessels, coldly welcomed by the Marsalese, who were conspicuous only by their absence at his landing-place. All the citizens were in the square enjoying a bright moonlight, and listening to the strains of two bands, one composed of string, and the other of brass instruments, which played alternately. Indeed, it was a grand day for Marsala, as, on ordinary occasions, there was little of life in her streets, and she might well be placed in the category of dull towns.

July 20th.—We heard of the fortress of Milazzo surrendering to Garibaldi, and of his advance on Messina; also of the arrival at Palermo of an English merchant steamer with volunteers from Liverpool desirous of joining the Liberator's army.

July 22nd.—Was notable, from the visit of a real nun to the *Argus*. She was on sick leave from the convent.

July 23rd.—Luigi Marina arrived from Trapani with a Maltese master of a barque, who was in trouble with his crew. I ordered a naval court of inquiry to sit at Trapani to sift the case.

July 25th.—Heard that an account of the battle fought at Milazzo had been written by Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist, in his usual inflated style.

July 27th.—Received news to-day that the Naples Government had ordered Messina to be evacuated on the approach of Garibaldi, who was marching towards it from Milazzo. The decision of the naval court, sitting at Trapani, condemned eight of the crew of the Maltese barque to imprisonment, and reprimanded the master.

August 1st.—I was awakened at 1 A.M. by the officer of the watch reporting two Maltese masters of merchant ships having come on board the *Argus*, complaining that their vessels, which lay in the inner harbour, were being attacked by a party of some twenty or thirty men from the shore, and, as they had money in their ships, they were afraid of being robbed of it. I dispatched the first lieutenant (Mr. Sterne) in the pinnace, and the navigating lieutenant (Mr. Coen) in the cutter, with the crews of the boats armed, to capture the rascals; but on their approaching the vessels most of the latter made off. Some five or six of them, however, remained standing on the Mole. Mr. C—— landed there with the cutter's men, and demanded their business at that hour of the night. They did not reply to his inquiry; he then told them to go away from the vicinity of the Maltese ships, whereupon they said they belonged to the National Guard, but would retire if he wished them to do so. It was evidently a case with the Maltese of "save me from my friends." At 10 A.M. I drove with Mr. Whitaker, of Ingham's firm, to St. Peter's Church, for the purpose of witnessing the Señorina Catherine Lepari—sister of the Sardinian Consul—take

the black veil. All the Lepari family were present, and conducted us to seats from whence a good view could be obtained of the gorgeous but saddening ceremony, that was to bring to a close the earthly hopes of their young relative. The interior of the church was brilliantly lighted, and this brought to our observation the beautiful mosaics that ornamented the walls. The chancel was screened off from the aisle by an open fretwork of polished wood, and a raised gallery occupied the opposite end of the building. In the centre of this, and immediately over the main aisle, was placed an oval and empty gilt frame capable of holding a life-sized portrait. Presently the organ pealed out some joyous music, and at the same moment the figure of a magnificently dressed lady, with a golden crown on her head, appeared as a picture in the gilt frame. The choir now joined their rich voices to the music in one grand *jubilate*, and after this was over, a priest mounted into the pulpit and delivered himself of a long discourse on the benefits to be derived from forsaking the world and becoming a nun. This concluded, the tones of the organ assumed more solemnity, and pungent incense was freely burnt around us. All this time the young lady in the frame remained as tranquil as any portrait, and might have easily been mistaken for such. She wore a ball costume of the finest silk, and costly jewellery enclasped her neck and wrists. As we gazed at this charming living picture, with mingled feelings of admiration and pity, the Superior of the convent took her place beside it, and gently lifted the crown from off the girl's head. This was brought down to the aisle for our inspection, and we then gave money towards the funds of the convent. The Lady Abbess now placed a scroll of paper in the hands of the candidate, from which she read her own renouncement of the world, and a promise of obedience to the rules of the convent. The Superior then produced a formidable looking pair of scissors, and with her own hands loosened the girl's lovely hair until it hung down and encircled her form to the waist, and, whilst an assistant held a silver tray to receive the precious freight, she sheared the head to its very scalp. The glossy locks in which, heretofore, the young novice had taken so much pride were handed to her friends, who passed them to their numerous acquaintances in the church, that they might view the great sacrifice she had made. The *Señorina* was in the meanwhile gradually assuming the nun's dress, and fervently kissing each garment as it was placed on her. Last of all the black veil was carefully adjusted over her head, and the same crown she had previously worn was set thereon. She then descended from the gallery and walked in a procession of priests and sisters, amid the sound of solemn music and much burning of incense, to the space behind the fretwork screen, where she knelt at the altar and received the sacrament. After this, the accompanying nuns placed her in an open coffin and covered it with a black cloth, thus showing that she was truly dead to the world. They then sat around her whilst the church bell tolled for the departed one. I was near enough to these recluses to take note of their features, and was sadly impressed by the melancholy and extreme pallor which rested upon them. Many showed traces of great beauty which had naturally faded under such ungenial treatment. I was told by Englishmen who had spent their lives in Sicily, that it was a common custom in native families to devote daughters, who had reached the age of twenty-five without contracting matrimonial engagements, to this sort of

life, as being an easy and inexpensive provision for them. The remainder of the sacred performances concluded with a *Te Deum* in which not only the organ but a string and also a brass band took part. The new nun's relatives and friends then passed through the church to the convent, "Parlatorio," where Miss Lepari had been brought to take a last farewell of them. It was a most doleful scene as they kissed and cried over her, whilst the young nun herself put on an appearance of extreme felicity, which seemed to me unnatural and forced. She received me with a face full of smiles, when I earnestly took her hand and bade her adieu; and as I turned away, words came unbidden to my lips, "A prisoner for life; better be dead. Poor thing! poor thing!" I went sorrowfully home, and these words kept repeating themselves until I found relief from them in other cares on board my ship. Amongst these was the affair of the previous night, and I now sent an officer with a letter to the Delegate of Marsala under the provisional Government established in Sicily, in which I requested he would find out and punish those members of the National Guard who had aided or abetted the attack on the Maltese ships, and I, at the same time, forwarded him a copy of the evidence given by my officers on their return from these vessels. In reply, the Delegate insisted that the delinquents did not belong to the National Guard, and that the whole affair must have been a smuggling transaction between the Maltese crews and some of the townspeople. This view proved to be correct, for shortly I received a letter from our Consul informing me that the consignees of the Maltese ships had requested that proceedings might be stayed; so I came to the conclusion that the masters of the vessels had been purposely frightened away, or, if parties to the nefarious act, had endeavoured to throw a blind over it to screen themselves should any steps be taken by the Custom House authorities against the smugglers. However, I heard no more of the business, so doubtless the profits made that night had been shared all round.

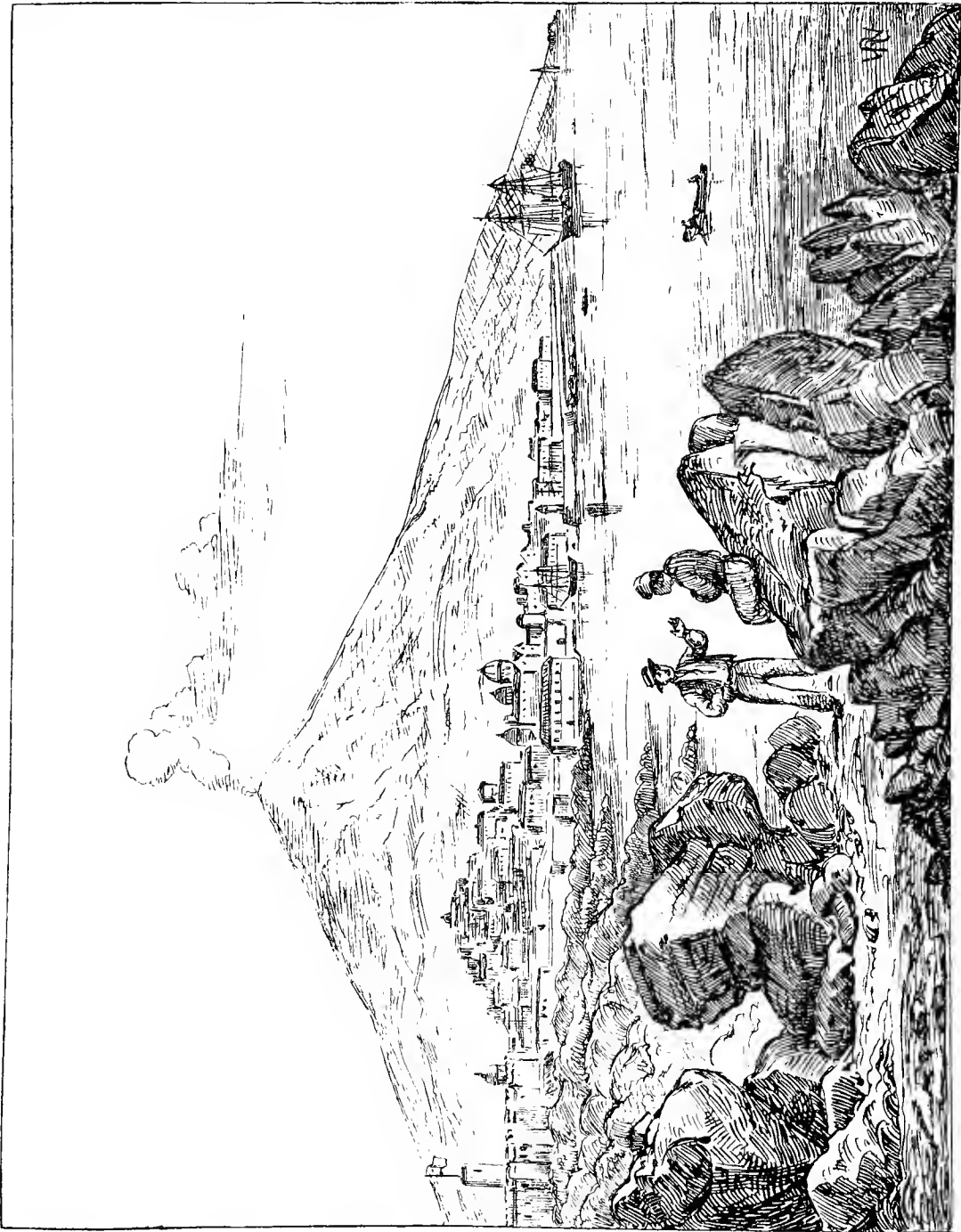
August 3rd.—Received news that the fort Salvatore, commanding the city of Messina, had been taken by Garibaldi's forces, and that the towns of Syracuse and Augusta were evacuated by the Neapolitans.

August 10th.—The post arrived, and from it we gleaned that Garibaldi intended attacking the citadel of Messina.

August 12th.—The above was evidently promulgated to mislead, for to-day we heard that the famous chief had crossed the Faro with his army and landed in Calabria.

August 14th.—A hot Sirocco wind blowing; ther. in cabin, 83 Fahr. A party of officers started to visit the ruins of Salinuncum.

Sept. 4th.—The *Argus* left Marsala for Palermo, arriving there under sail in the evening. Captain Cochran, of the *Amphion*, had received orders from the Admiral at Malta to employ my ship on a survey of Graham's shoal. This dangerous obstacle to navigation had been formed by a volcanic cone which, some years previously, made its appearance about thirty or forty miles S.W., and to seaward, from Girgenti, by throwing up, whilst in an active state, vast columns of water enveloped in steam vapour and intermixed with showers of lava. When its violent condition had subsided, a small island of scoria was found to have been left above the surface of the



CATANIA AND ETNA.

sea, and a captain of one of Her Majesty's ships had actually planted the British Jack upon it, and taken formal possession in the Queen's name. This minute island did not remain for long an English dependency, as it disappeared in a silent and mysterious manner quite out of keeping with its boisterous birth, and sunk, to become again the property of Father Neptune, to the depth of eleven feet below the surface of the Mediterranean. Years had since elapsed, and no tidings of the shoal having reached our Admiralty for some time past, led the officials there to suppose that it had become more and more submerged, so I was ordered to ascertain if such were the case or not.

Sept. 6th.—Received news of Garibaldi's victory at Toriolo, and that 10,000 Neapolitan troops had been taken prisoners.

Sept. 7th.—It was stated that 30,000 Sardinian soldiers were marching on Rome. Mazzini's democrats seemed to be getting the upper hand at Palermo.

Sept. 8th.—A telegram reached us, announcing Garibaldi's entry into Naples without opposition.

Sept. 10th.—Mazzini's republicans struggle hard to put aside the Sicilian annexationists, but I trust they will fail. The island wants a strong government that can keep down brigandage. A placard appeared in the Via Teledo, denouncing forty-nine persons as spies of the Neapolitan Government.

Sept. 11th.—Received orders to take *Argus* to Messina and then on to Malta.

Sept. 12th.—Left Palermo for Messina, passed Milazzo the following morning and anchored in Messina harbour at 1 P.M. Found a French line-of-battle-ship, the *Imperial*, and H.M.S. *Scylla*, Captain Rowley Lambert, lying there; the latter, later in the day, left for Naples. A Sardinian frigate, the *San Martino*, arrived. She had rifled guns on board, and was supposed to be going to Ancona to join their Admiral in an attack upon the place. The Neapolitan troops still held the forts which face, and, indeed, command the town of Messina from the opposite side of the harbour on which the latter stands; however, they did not molest the Garibaldians under Colonel Dunne, who occupied the city.

Sept. 17th.—Received news that the Papal States were in insurrection. The excitement in Messina was intense and affected some of the crew of the *Argus*, who made an attempt to desert to the Garibaldians, and this caused me to take stringent measures for their safe keeping.

Sept. 21st.—H.M.S. *Scylla* arrived from Naples and reported that Garibaldi had received a check under the walls of Capua, but it was believed to be a slight affair. Left in *Argus* for Catania, Syracuse, and Malta; arrived at the latter port on the 23rd, and found a hot Sirocco wind blowing over the island. Ther. in cabin, 84 Fahr.

Sept. 26th.—Drove out with Hobart—now, 1883, a Turkish Pasha and head of that navy*—to Marsa Scala, at 4 A.M., to shoot quail, and killed ten brace by 10 o'clock, when the great heat made us desist.

Sept. 29th.—Left Malta with the Marquis of Downshire's yacht in tow, and cast her off outside the harbour; the *Argus* then shaped a course for Girgenti.

* Since dead.

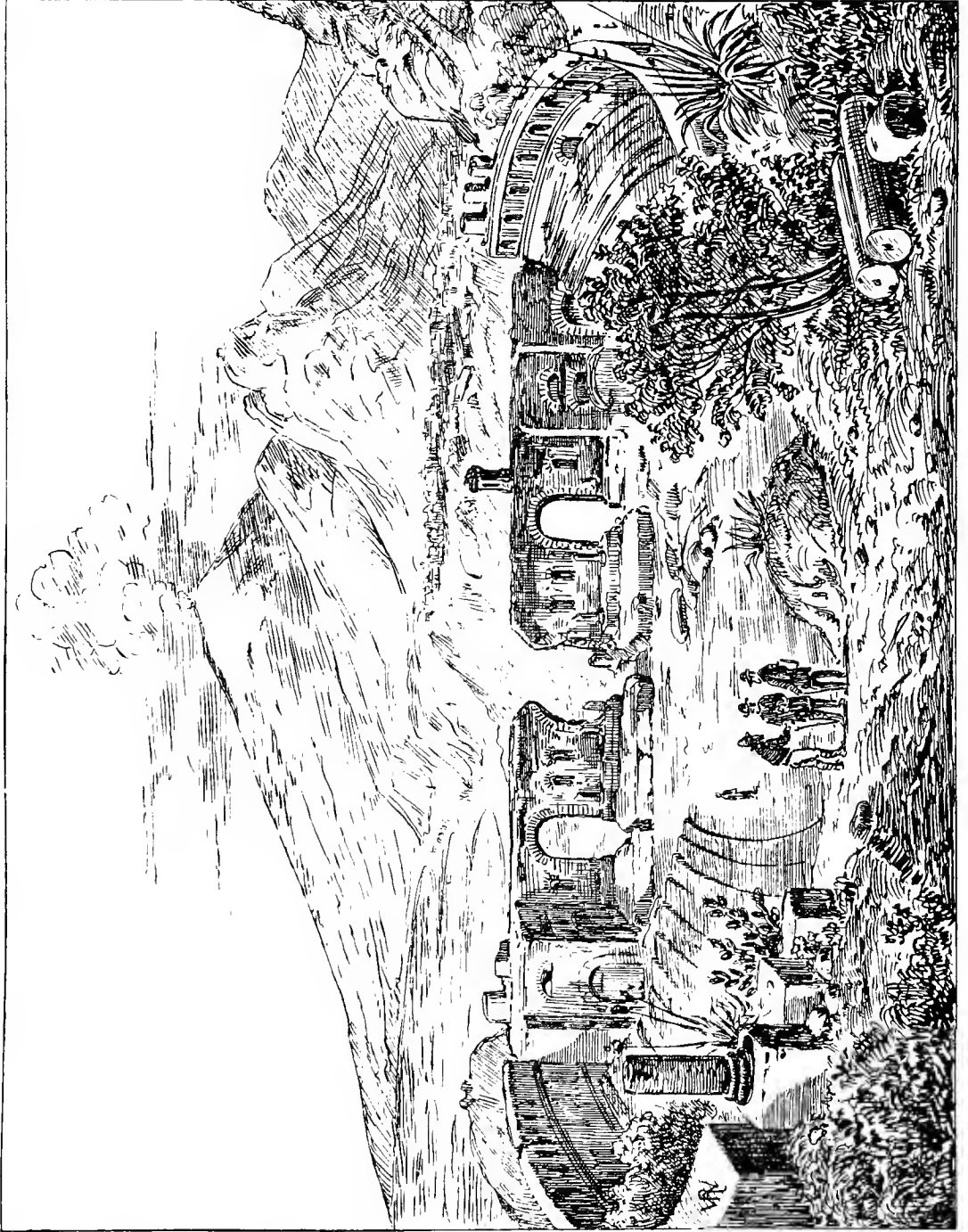
Oct. 1st.—We arrived off Girgenti at 8.30 A.M., and got cross bearings for position, and sights to test chronometers, and then steered for Graham's shoal, thirty-seven miles distant. At 2 P.M. tried for soundings, and struck them in 65 fathoms with a bottom of sand and shell. Sounded every half hour, getting 70, 80, and 90 fathoms with different bottoms; the least water found was 64 fathoms; the land bearings were invisible. Kept the hand lead going after dark, and steered for Cape Granitola light on the Sicilian coast; sounded across the position of shoal without finding bottom.

Oct. 2nd.—The morning found us between Mazzara and Cape Granitola. Took a cross bearing of these places, which put the ship two miles off shore. Afterwards got sights for longitude, which agreed with the bearings, making the shoal twenty-one miles distant. Commenced sounding at 10 A.M., but did not strike bottom until noon, when the *Argus* was in the exact latitude and longitude of the shoal as placed on the chart. Soundings were then got in 80 fathoms, no land being visible at the time. We then steamed slowly to the eastward, and shortly came into 39 fathoms, probably passing pretty close to the site of the shoal. Turning the *Argus* round, I caused her to be steered backwards and forwards over the spot where these soundings had been obtained, but could not find any less water. During the first night watch, however, soundings were suddenly struck in 22 fathoms; but it was discovered, by working out a star-lunar, that the ship had been set, by a current, on to a patch of shoal accidentally found by H.M.S. *Terrible* when she cruized in these waters.

Oct. 3rd.—A swell came up from the westward during the night; a sign of wind approaching from that quarter. Kept the *Argus* dodging about on the *Terrible* patch, to enable her position to be placed on the chart by cross bearings of the land in the morning; however, such a haze hung over the island that its shores were not to be seen. Soon a fresh breeze sprung up from the westward, and the sea rose fast; this, with a falling barometer, induced me to steer for Girgenti, where we anchored in six fathoms off the Mole. The weather had now become very threatening, the wind blowing in gusts from all quarters, and accompanied by thunder-storms.

Oct. 4th.—Heavy thunder-storms continued with much wind and rain, and the air felt quite cold. I received a letter from Mr. Oates, our Vice-Consul at Girgenti, stating that the Sicilian pilots and fishermen declare Graham's shoal to have disappeared entirely.

Oct. 5th.—The weather clearing a little, I was enabled to land and visit the ruins of the ancient Agrigentum, and saw the remains of no less than five magnificent temples—namely, that of Juno, Concord, Hercules, Jupiter, and Castor and Pollux. The two first were smaller, but more perfect than the rest, especially the temple of Concord. The colossal pillars of the temple of Hercules were all prostrate, said to have been overthrown by an earthquake. Jupiter, the largest of the temples, had never been complete. The massive capitals that were to have adorned its columns lay about, but the latter were not there. A stone human figure, fifty feet in length, was prostrate on the ground. It is supposed to have been intended for one of the side supports to the grand entrance of this temple. Castor and



RUINS OF THE THEATRE OF TAORMINA.

Pollux had thirteen pillars erect on either side of their temple, and six at each end of it, but the dimensions of these were small as compared with those of Hercules. The carvings over the façade of this temple were perfect, being composed of beautiful frieze representing lions and other beasts.

Oct. 6th.—Weighed at daylight, and proceeded again to the latitude and longitude of Graham's shoal. Its land bearings were all visible, and we brought them on about 10.30 A.M., when soundings gave 105 fathoms. The steamer's head was then put to the south, and she moved slowly, getting soundings in 80, 65, and 28 fathoms. At noon the ship was once more placed on the supposed site of the shoal, and we continued sounding all the rest of the day, and through the night, with the same results as before.

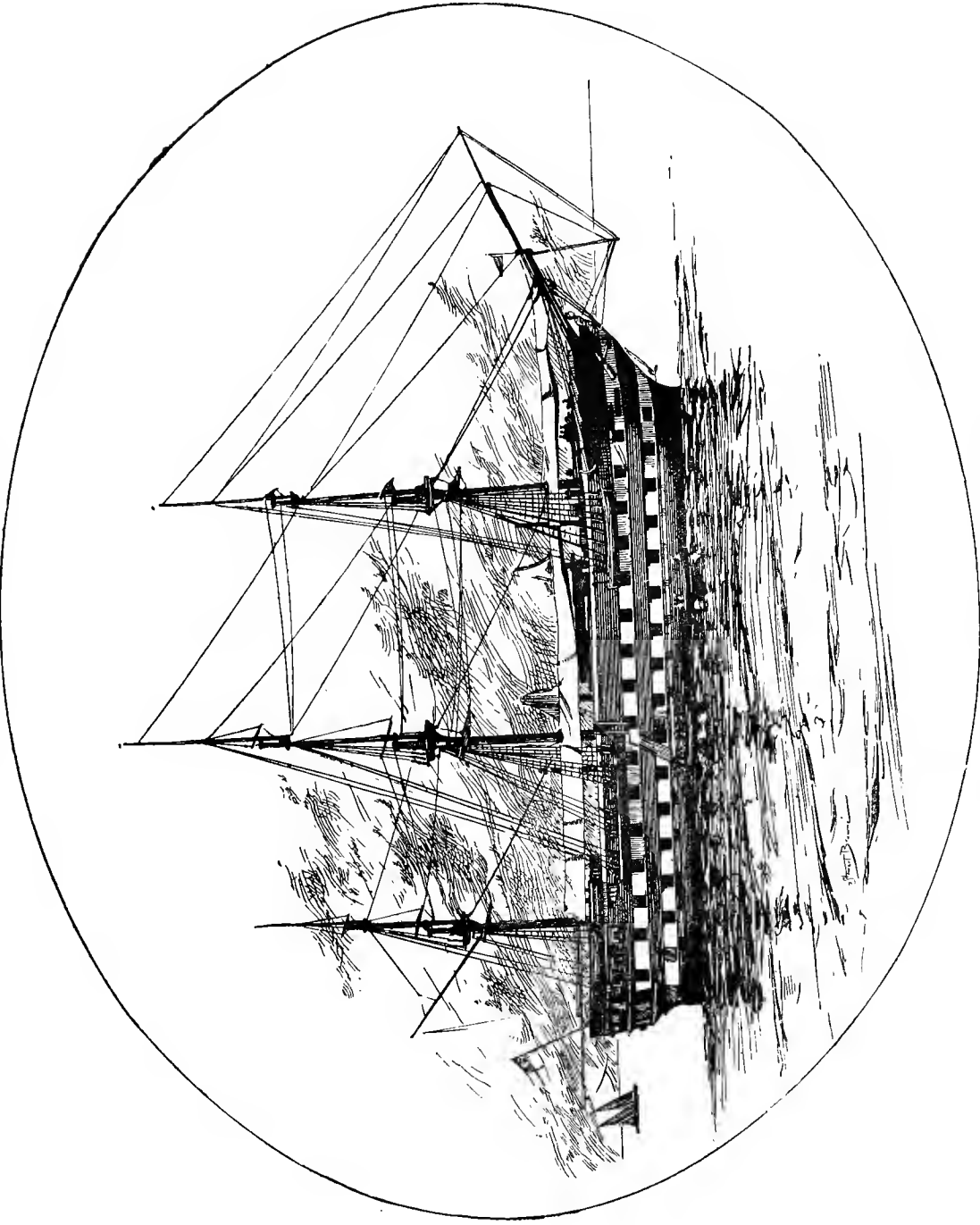
Oct. 7th. (Sunday).—After divine service, I steamed in for Sciacca, a fishing town on the Sicilian coast, and sent the navigating lieutenant ashore there to gain information from the fishermen, through our Vice-Consul, Mr. Inbernone, as to their knowledge of the shoal. These men stated that it had been dispersed three years previously during a heavy south-west gale. The coast about Sciacca was most picturesque.

Oct. 8th.—Thick weather came on, obscuring the land and also the sun. This prevented our correct position being ascertained. Presently a heavy thunder-storm broke over the ship, and the wind came in squalls from the north-west, bringing with them swarms of flies, thus blown off the shore. Quail and other migratory birds also kept flying round the *Argus*, as if for protection from the elements, which were doubtless unfavourable for their usual passage across the Mediterranean at this time of year. Vessels that had evidently been detained to the westward by foul winds and calms, now came by us in numbers, running before the fair breeze. They seemed regardless of any possible danger from Graham's Shoal, and scudded over the supposed site of the obstacle in a manner that showed an unbelief in its existence. In the afternoon, torrents of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, made things uncomfortable; and I was glad when the high Island of Pantelleria peered through the gloom, as with its bearings we were again enabled to steer for the shoal. The evening found us over our old acquaintance the "Terrible Bank," and we continued sounding through the night; but in the morning, the wind having increased in force considerably, I determined to bear up for Malta.

Oct. 9th.—Running before a westerly gale, sighted the Island of Gozo light. At 7 P.M. rounded the *Argus* to on port tack, steadying her with fore and main reefed trysails. At 3.30 A.M. bore up for Malta, with a strong gale blowing, and got into Valetta Harbour in time to breakfast with the Admiral, who directed me to draw up a detailed report of our search for Graham's Shoal, that he might forward it to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. This I sent in with an accompanying chart showing the different lines of sounding taken; and these appeared so numerous on the paper over the exact latitude and longitude of the shoal, that it would have been impossible to have crowded in any more. Thus, the diligence of the search was manifest to all who viewed the chart, and it seemed to be out of the question that a shoal should exist at the spot indicated by previous discoverers, having

only eleven feet of water on the extreme pinnacle of the volcanic cone that, in the first instance, produced it; added to this were the evidences of the fishermen and pilots at the ports of Sciacca and Girgenti, and these confirmed my belief in its disappearance. Judge my surprise then, when ruralizing in Worcestershire some two years subsequent to the above search, I read in the day's newspaper that one of our ships-of-war had again accidentally stumbled upon Graham's Shoal in the same place as heretofore, and with only eleven feet of water over it. In discussing this intelligence, a few naval men held the opinion that the shoal had been but recently reformed by further volcanic energy. I did not coincide with their views, but rather attributed our want of success, during the *Argus* expedition, to bad luck and the enormous difficulty of discovering a submarine peak of a few feet circumference, amid the vast area of waters that surrounded it. In fact, the search might be likened to the well-known similitude of looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Moreover, the great distance of thirty or forty miles from which the cross bearings of the land had to be taken, could not make them more than approximate to the position of the shoal; whilst the error of a few seconds in taking or working out the sights for latitude and longitude might place miles between the ship and the object of her search. Again, in the whole course of my ten years' services in the Mediterranean, I never heard of any merchant vessels having struck on Graham's Shoal, although I was an eye-witness to the careless manner in which many were navigated in its vicinity, thus showing how remote the chances were of their hitting this minute but terrible danger.





H.M.S. "EGMONT" IN RIO JANEIRO HARBOUR.

CHAPTER XV.

THREE YEARS IN RIO HARBOUR, FROM 1866 TO 1869, INCLUDING THE ARRIVAL THERE
OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

ON the 9th of February, 1866, I embarked with my wife and four children—all girls—of ages ranging from one to eight years, on board the Royal Mail steamer *Douro*, at Southampton, for passage to Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil.

I was, on arriving there, to assume the command of the *Egmont*, an old 74-gun ship, fitted up as a store and provision vessel. She also contained prison cells, a hospital, and a powder magazine. All these were to meet the requirements of any of Her Majesty's ships that might belong to the South-East Coast of America station or should touch at Rio on their way to China or the Pacific.

I was to consider myself the senior British naval officer in the above port, unless when, temporarily, an officer of higher rank entered it.

I was given the power of a "Director of Prisons," and was also authorized to conclude contracts on the part of the Government with local merchants for supplying our ships with certain provisions, coal, &c., and I had to conduct all courts-martial as their president, as well as to sit upon examinations of officers in seamanship, and to inspect all vessels commanded by junior officers, and to see that they refitted and were ready for sea again without delay.

My further duties involved calling on all foreign admirals and captains who brought their ships into Rio Harbour, and receiving the return visits, and although I had been refused table money by the then Admiralty for the entertainment of these officers, I should have exposed myself to the charge of meanness in not asking them to dinner. Here was shown one of the incongruities in the rules which guide our service in these matters; for instance, the flag-captain to the admiral on the station, who always sat at his chief's board, and had therefore no table expenses to keep up, was paid a larger allowance for the above purpose than the captain of the *Egmont*, who, in the absence of the flag-ship for two-thirds of the year from Rio, had to do all the naval entertaining at that port.

The old adage, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," assumed, fortunately, its justification in my case; for had not the war existing between Brazil and

Paraguay, during the greater part of my service at Rio, sent up the value of English gold to an unprecedented amount in milreis—the paper currency of the Empire—I should, at the end of the commission, have found myself a much poorer man than when I entered upon that term of three years' command.

If I recollect rightly, at the time in question, nine milreis to the sovereign was considered to be par; but the exigencies of a war conducted in a foreign country had raised the latter's value to twelve milreis and upwards; and as the expense of living at Rio had not increased proportionately, we, who received our pay in British money, were considerable gainers by its exchange.

The year 1866 had opened with violent atmospheric disturbances over the whole of the North Atlantic, and in the early part of January a fearful catastrophe had happened to one of our first-class mercantile steamships in the Bay of Biscay, during a hurricane or cyclone, to which she was exposed.

The *London* was the name of the vessel, and she had, a few days previously, left the Thames deeply laden with a general cargo, amongst which was railway iron, a load that has proved destructive on more than one occasion to vessels shipping it.

The *London* had also taken on board passengers for the East to the number of thirty or forty people of both sexes. When the hurricane was at its height, it was found that the dead weight of the cargo prevented the steamer rising to the fierce seas that assailed her. These came on board by tons, and, finding their way to the engine-room, speedily extinguished the fires. The ship's head could now no longer be kept to meet the waves, so she fell off into their trough and there wallowed from side to side. The rushing water broke everything on her decks, forced the hatchways, and then descended to the hold, which was soon full of it, and the vessel began to sink.

Most of the boats had been destroyed by the force of sea and wind, and, I believe, only one of them succeeded in saving its occupants.

A survivor of this shipwreck was now on board the *Douro*, endeavouring to reach the port he had set out for in the *London*, which steamer had foundered with those remaining on board shortly after his quitting her side. It was his cruel fate to experience a similar cyclone in the vessel into which he had now re-shipped.

The *Douro* quitted Southampton on the afternoon of February 9th, but her Captain (Bevis) not liking the look of the weather, and warned by a falling barometer, anchored for the night off Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. Early next morning she was again under weigh, and made good progress down Channel, steaming against a S.W. gale.

At 12 A.M. of the 11th I was awakened by the wind increasing and the ship's motion becoming very uneasy; I turned out of my bunk to visit the cabin where the children with their nurse were located, and found them all rolled out of their sleeping places, and lying huddled together on the deck, whence they gave vent to their feelings of discomfort in loud wailings. Pacifying them as well as I was able, I returned to my own bunk, and, for a time, listened to the roaring tempest overhead, which bespoke an exceptional state of things. I therefore put on the warmest clothing I could find, and groped my way on to the upper deck.

Once there, I immediately recognized, in our present situation, all the characteristics of the cyclone I had experienced in the *Boscawen* twelve years previously. The only persons I found on deck were the captain, officer of the watch, two helmsmen, and the survivor of the *London*, who, on the principle that a "burnt child dreads the fire," was taking anxious note of the surroundings, and carefully inspecting the boats that hung to the davits.

The chief engineer would every now and then come up from his engine-room, and, steadying himself as well as he could against the fearful pressure of wind he encountered, report to the captain the number of revolutions his engines were making, for on them the latter well knew our entire safety depended.

The *Douro's* grand saloon, some 80 feet in length, received light from above through glass skylights fixed in the upper deck, and these, having no protecting shutters, were liable to be smashed by the first heavy sea that came on board that part of the vessel, and then a catastrophe similar to that which overtook the *London* might be expected. It was, therefore, of the utmost importance that the ship's head should first meet the fury of the storm.

The *Douro* was a screw steamer of the latest construction, and of about 2,500 tons burden; she had, nominally, 500 horse-power engines: her boilers were in good condition, and enabled an amount of steam to be generated in them that worked the engines, on this trying morning, up to 1,800 horse-power.

Some idea may be formed of the enormous resistance the *Douro* met with from sea and wind, when the above propelling force proved only capable of just giving her steerage way through the water, and, at times, it even failed to do this, and then her head fell away from the sea and wind. So surely as it did so, the former came over her decks in volumes, and, on one occasion, washed a large boat away from its davits, and stove in the plate-iron protection to the cargo-ports on the main-deck. The following sea made a clean breach through the aperture into the ship, and so alarmed the lady passengers, that many cried out in their fright, whilst others knelt down in the saloon and offered up prayers to the Almighty to spare them the fate that befel most of their sex on board the *London*.

As daylight broke upon our little group on the upper deck, who were clinging for dear life to some support or another as a prevention from being blown overboard, the sight that met our gaze was almost indescribable. "Gaze," however, is a wrong word to apply to the surreptitious peepings between nearly closed eyelids, that were forced upon us by the cutting blast and flying drift that scoured our faces.

Looking out ahead, the huge waves could be but dimly seen as they hurriedly advanced on our stricken ship. They appeared shrouded in a white veil of driven foam that had been caught up from their crests, and was being hurled along at lightning speed, between spars and cordage, by the hurricane, which literally shrieked as it passed through these impediments. This spray pelted us most unmercifully, and soon the clothes on our persons began, through constant fretting from the above causes, to tear themselves away. The fore-part of the vessel as far aft as the foremast was rarely visible, for the waves succeeded each other with such rapidity that

they gave little time for the bows to emerge from one of their embraces before they were subjected to a repetition of the same rude deluge.

Our position on the deck of the *Douro* differed considerably from what I had experienced, under similar circumstances, in the *Boscawen*. In the case of the steamer, the fact of being able to keep the ship's head to the wind gave us no shelter from the terrific storm, whereas, in the instance of the sailing line-of-battle ship, she received its full force on her starboard beam, and thus the weather bulwarks became a screen for those who remained on her upper deck.

Having satisfied myself that every confidence might be placed in our captain and chief engineer, I descended to the saloon, and there witnessed a curious scene, demonstrating, as it did, the difference in temperament of three distinct nationalities in the presence of danger.

Many Portuguese were passengers in the *Douro*, bound either for Lisbon or the Brazils. The female portion of these had now assembled in the saloon, and were loudly praying to their various saints for protection. Some of the English of the same sex had taken possession of the quiet nooks of the great cabin, and were weeping in silence over their little ones. One stoical lady of my acquaintance, in spite of the depressing surroundings, was assiduously attentive to the breakfast-table, and seemingly urging her family to consume the viands, which were, perforce, prepared, but had small chance of being partaken of on such a morning. The lady was a German, and was married to an English gentleman on his way to take charge of a bank in Rio de Janeiro.

This cyclone, like the one I was in 90 miles north of Bermuda in 1854, lasted barely ten hours, for by 12 P.M. it had moderated sufficiently for the *Douro* to shape her course for Lisbon.

The morning sights placed the ship only 20 miles west of Ushant, and, as the wind was blowing directly upon that coast, had her engines failed, she must, if not previously overwhelmed by the sea, have been wrecked on the rocks that lie off the above cape. She was, however, reserved for another, and not less disastrous, fate. In the year 1881 or 1882 the *Douro* was run down in the Bay of Biscay by a Spanish steamer, and, though most of her crew and passengers were saved in boats, the vessel carried others down to the depths when she sank a few minutes after the Spaniard had struck her.

On arriving at Lisbon we learned, by telegrams, that the storm had done great damage both on the shores of France and England, besides making havoc in the wooded districts of those countries. Vessels had been driven from their anchors, telegraph-posts blown down, and trees uprooted by its terrific violence.

The remainder of the voyage to Rio was passed in all the delights of trade winds and sunshine. The beautiful scenery of Rio Harbour has been so frequently described in books of travel, that it would seem superfluous for me to dwell upon it. Yet, as memories of places are sometimes lost in the lapse of time, I will, at the risk of being counted tedious, note some of the principal features of the land which so pleases the eye of the stranger when he casts his first look upon it.

Supposing, then, his vessel to be approaching the entrance of the harbour, he

will have on his left hand a grouping of hills and mountains of various heights, and of such fantastic forms that they fairly astonish him. The "Sugarloaf," as being the nearest of these objects, will probably be the first to attract his attention, and he will see a granite mass of 1,000 feet in height, and of the exact shape denoted by the name it bears, rising almost perpendicularly from the channel which constitutes the portal of this noble harbour. It seems, as it were, nature's sentinel, standing guard at the entrance to the waters of enchantment. It has not, however, been adapted by man for offensive or defensive purposes; indeed, its summit has only been reached by a few daring spirits, either English or American.

Behind, and somewhat inland, as regards the position of the Sugarloaf, but distant not more than two or three miles from it, a clearly-defined peak stands out against the azure sky. It appertains to a mountain, whose northern side slopes gradually away in the direction of the city, and is mantled with an evergreen forest, while its eastern aspect faces the harbour with a bare precipitous front of granite, no less than 2,000 feet in height; this is the Cocovada.

Again, a little distance to the westward of the above, there towers up from amidst a chaos of strange-shaped hills, the beautiful peak of Tijuca. The elegant outlines of this fine mountain are frequently hid by a drapery of fleecy clouds, for at an altitude of 3,000 feet—which its highest point attains—the ordinary tropical cumuli are arrested in their course through the earth's atmosphere by this attraction, and to which, when once in contact, they seem to cling with a fond tenacity.

Near the Tijuca and to the S.W. of it, but of rather less elevation, lies the curious flat-topped mountain known to the Brazilians as the "Gavier"; its formation is in striking contrast to the sharp-pinnacled peaks which surround it.

More to the south, but belonging to the same strange group of upheavals just noted, rises a mountain developing such a prominent facial resemblance that it was named by the British tar of last century, "Lord Hood's Nose," his lordship being gifted, as may be seen by his portrait, with more than the usual proportion of nasal organ.

The land which, up to this point, had been trending to the S.W., now takes an abrupt turn to the N.W., and when again viewed displays itself wrapped in the blue tint of distance. We will now notice the features of the shore which lie on the right or starboard side of the vessel about to enter Rio Harbour. She will have left Cape Frio—the usual landfall for ships coming from the North—far astern, and will be in the neighbourhood of the Islands of Mai and Pai. These are of round conical form, covered with brushwood, and lie adjacent to the coast, which is here—in the first instance—low and intersected with lagoons. It then becomes elevated and dispersed into detached hills thickly clad with tropical vegetation, in which the stately palm is pre-eminent. Landslips have occurred in places, and these disclose a red sandstone formation. Pretty country houses peep out here and there from amidst the foliage, and they increase in number as the harbour's mouth is approached. Soon Fort Santa Cruz comes in sight, with the Brazilian flag hoisted over its three tiers of guns. These, in 1866, were of small calibre—chiefly 32 and 24-pounders—but I have no doubt heavier metal has since been added to the armament.

This battery faces the Sugarloaf hill on the opposite side of the entrance, and completely commands the latter, which is not more than half a mile in width; the passage is further restricted by a small island that lies in mid-channel. Thus, in time of war, an enemy endeavouring to force his way into the harbour would have to run the gauntlet of a murderous fire; but a modern ironclad would, no doubt, do so with impunity, and in return quickly dismantle this ancient fortification with her heavy guns.

A story is still extant of a 50-gun frigate of the olden days—and at the time commanded by a noble lord—having poured a shotted broadside into these works in return for a projectile fired over her by the Brazilians whilst the captain was taking his vessel to sea during the hours of night, a proceeding of which the former did not approve. The results were, the destruction of a watch-tower, erected on one of the angles of the fort, a diplomatic correspondence on the subject, which came to nought, and greater prudence for the future on the part of the artillery quartered at Santa Cruz.

The *Douro* had now got past these batteries, and one of the finest harbours in the world lay before us. On the right and left hand, respectively, could be seen the beautiful bays of Jura Juba and Botafogo, with clean white beaches and suburban residences fringing their shores, whilst scattered houses peered out from among a luxuriance of vegetation which covered the hilly background. In the latter bay the scenery assumes a grandeur by its being contiguous to, and in fact dominated by, those marvellous freaks of nature the Sugarloaf and Cocovada. However, as soon as the eye of the stranger is withdrawn from one attraction, it lights upon another in this realm of magnificence, until it at last rests on the noble Organ range of mountains with their serrated ridges rising 7,000 feet above sea-level. These seem to form the harbour's northern boundary, but they are, in fact, some ten miles from it, and between twenty and thirty from the Sugarloaf hill. The full length of the harbour may be taken at about fourteen miles, and its circumference at sixty, by measuring into the many indentations that are found along its shores.

The waters thus enclosed are studded with numerous islands, the principal of these are Governator and Paqueta. The former is about five miles long, and the latter takes not more than that distance to sail round it. Both islands lie towards the head of the harbour: Paqueta being twelve miles from Fort Santa Cruz.

The last-named island is a favourite resort of citizens from the capital, being a charming little spot, and accessible daily by a small steamer plying between the two places.

The climate of the island is also considered healthy, as the beneficial influence of the sea-breezes is felt during the day and the land-winds from the Organ mountains in the hours of the night. Its scenery is also pretty, composed, as it is, of curious granite boulders, white sandy beaches, and every variety of tropical vegetation. One side of the island is almost entirely devoted to the growth of the cocoa-nut palm, and this has frequently its roots extending below high-water mark without any apparent hurt to the tree itself. Numerous villas with nice gardens filled with bananas, plantains, and the pitanga fruit bushes are spread about, while large mango trees grow everywhere.



BOTAFOGO BAY, RIO JANEIRO.

The granite boulders here mentioned are most remarkable, and can be seen cropping up in the shape of small islets all over this part of the harbour. Some are split in twain, and others completely shattered by the expansion of the iron they contain, when acted upon by unusual heat.

The late Professor Agassiz attributed their presence to glacial movements at a very remote period in the world's history, and, indeed, their appearance would lead one to suppose this theory correct, for they look quite as strangers among other surroundings, and seem to have been dropped into their present places by the above agency.

Large-sized plants, in some instances, have grown out of the rents made in these rocks, and the small Brazilian oysters hang in clusters round their water bases. The view from Paqueta, looking towards the Organ range, is most picturesque—the intermediate sea, for about two miles, being studded with these boulders, and then a very gradual rising shore commences, and continues to the foot of the mountain some ten miles distant.

A railroad has been laid along this slope, which conveys travellers to the famous União Industria road, and by this they climb the hills in muled coaches. The gradients of the structure are made so easy by frequent zigzags that the drivers of these vehicles are enabled to keep their animals at a swing trot or gallop, and thus convey their passengers at a rapid rate to their destinations either at Petropolis, or Juis de Fora, or places intermediate between these towns.

Another short railway is laid from the right extremity of the harbour to Cashoeiros, a village that lies immediately in the shadow of the mountains, up whose steep declivities a road with many windings leads to Nova Fribourgo. This town is situated, amidst wild rugged scenery, some 5,000 feet above sea-level, and is a great health resort for those suffering from the effects of fevers or the enervating influence of the damp heat of the lowlands. The peaks on the summit of the Organ range here assume the form of jagged pinnacles, and are most fantastic in their shapes. They may, in some cases, be likened to monster human thumbs and fingers jutting out from a mitted palm, the latter being represented by the well-clad hills that serve as their base.

But we are straggling much too far from the *Douro*, which packet was last described as being on the harbour side of Fort Santa Cruz. She is now steering in the direction of the fortified island of Villegagnon, about two miles distant. On its left hand, and separated by a mile of water, may be seen the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro, formerly St. Sebastian, with its many suburban ramifications stretching themselves up shady ravines, or anon climbing the verdant hill-tops. These offshoots are in connection with the town proper, and together occupy an area of vast extent.

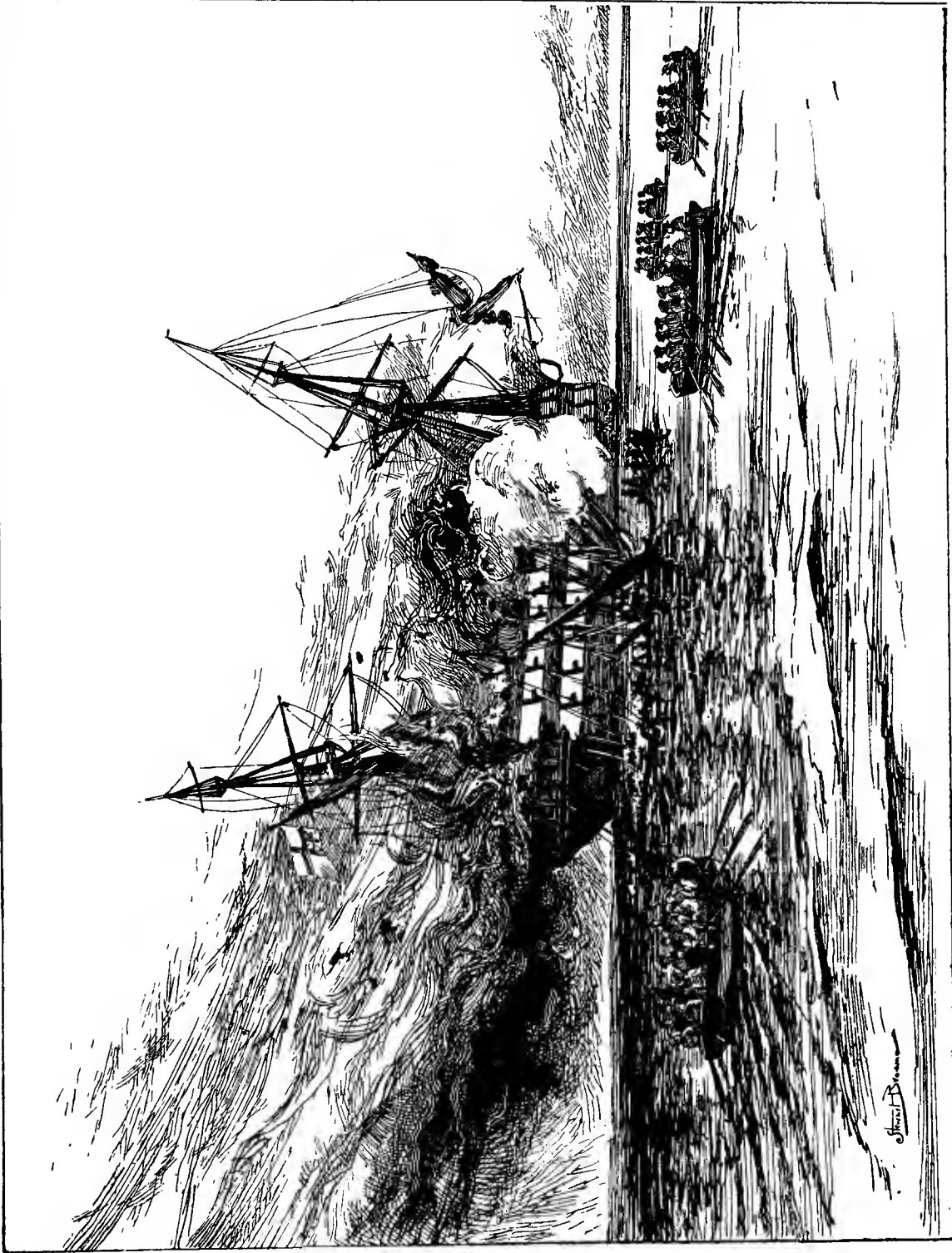
Rio being one of the best gas-lighted capitals in the world, I know not any such fairy scene presented elsewhere as the view from the harbour, on a clear still night, of the city and its environs. The shore seems in a perfect blaze from the thickly-placed lamps, while the dark background of hill and mountain appears hung with sparkling jewellery, as the lights—following the course of the curved streets and

roads—ascend the heights and shape themselves into monster necklaces and coronals.

On exactly the opposite side of the harbour to that whereon the city is built, and with about three miles of water between them, stands the old Portuguese town of Nictheroy, and once upon a time the Colonial capital. The place is better known, in the present day, as the "Praya Grande," and has a long strip of beach for its frontage. This, on one side, is bounded by the bay of Jura Juba, and on the other by the high land that looks down upon the Ponte d'Area. The town is composed principally of detached houses with gardens, and these are chiefly occupied by business men from the city, who are conveyed mornings and evenings to and from their offices by floating steam bridges. Behind these residences a pretty undulating country may be traversed, if the Rambler cares to delve into the many umbrageous paths that intersect it. These frequently follow the course of a rivulet, and are the home of the "Barbaleta," or butterfly. This pretty insect can be seen, in its many varieties, gliding over the streams, and exciting the cupidity of the pedestrian by their marvellous size and brilliant colours.

The *Douro* now passed through the man-of-war anchorage; its limits are bounded by the islands of Villegagnon and Cobras. The latter, for many years, contained a small English naval establishment, where our ships could be supplied with all manner of stores. These had, in 1863, been transferred to the *Egmont*. As we neared my future command, moored in the midst of war-ships of all nations, it could be at once seen that she belonged to an obsolete class of vessel, and, in fact, she was one of those 74-gun ships, on two decks, that, towards the close of our last war with France, had been built by contract; and in consequence of the gross manner in which our Admiralty were defrauded in their construction, they became for ever afterwards known to the service by the *sobriquet* of the "Forty Thieves."

Not far from the *Egmont* lay the British frigate *Narcissus*, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Charles Elliot; she had just come out from England to take the place of the 90-gun ship *Bombay*, that had recently been destroyed by fire off Monte Video. This vessel had weighed one morning for the purpose of target practice with her big guns. The crew had fired all the forenoon, and were resting during the dinner hour, with the intention of renewing the practice in the afternoon, when smoke was observed issuing from the hatchway leading to the after-hold. The fire-bell was immediately rung, and the men flew to their stations. Hose upon hose was passed into the hold, and floods of water pumped down, but all to no purpose. Volumes of dense black smoke came from the depths of the ship as the only result of these exertions, and it soon obtained the mastery over them, through the suffocating effects produced on those battling between decks with this frightful enemy. Fire quickly shot up from below the smoke, and, in a few minutes from the time the alarm had been given, this splendid line-of-battle ship was irrecoverably a prey to the terrible element. The flames, mounting to the upper-deck, seized upon the mainmast, and ran up it with lightning speed, destroying all the sails and cordage that came in its way. Bare time was given officers and crew to hoist out and lower boats, and cram them with a living



freight, before the *Bombay* was enveloped from truck to keelson and stem to stern in one fiery blaze.

The guns, which had remained loaded with shot and shell during the dinner pause in the practice, now began to discharge themselves, causing another danger to those embarked in the boats. The latter were, therefore, placed out of the line of their fire, and there awaited the closing catastrophe, which was not long in coming. At first, a dull rumble, which caused the waters to vibrate under the boats, proclaimed the powder magazine ignited; then, with a roar that might have been heard for many miles, the whole interior of the vessel mounted into the air. This was followed, at once, by the submergence of the *Bombay*, and thus a fine 90-gun liner, splendidly commanded and manned, was, in spite of the brave attempts made to save her, consigned by the attack of one devouring element to the everlasting keeping of another.

The *Douro*, continuing her course up the harbour, passed in succession the *Numancia*, a large Spanish ironclad, flying the flag of Admiral Mendez Nunez, who was to soon make himself famous by his daring attack on the strong forts of Callao, the port of Lima; the French frigate, *Magicienne*, carrying an admiral bearing the unique and long-winded surname of "Coupventdebois," and whose flag-captain, now Admiral Serre, became one of our greatest friends during the three years he was off and on in Rio harbour; then the American flag-ship, a monster corvette, mounting heavy "Dalgreen" guns, in shape like soda-water bottles, and with whose admiral (Godon) we were soon to be most intimate; and lastly, the ship of the Brazilian admiral (Tamandere), who distinguished himself in the war then in progress with Paraguay.

Many other vessels of all nations, commanded by captains, commanders, and lieutenants, were anchored in the intervals between and in-shore of the flag-ships. The *Jean Bart*, a French liner and cadet instruction ship of ninety guns, was one of these, as also the *Swetlander*, Russian school frigate, commanded by a Captain D——, who became well known to the "Egmonts" in his annual visits to Brazil, and in connection with whom I remember a somewhat amusing incident.

In one of the sweltering months at Rio, co-eval with those of frost and snow in England, the Russian frigate arrived on her yearly round, and Captain D—— having paid the customary visits to all foreign admirals, captains, ministers, consuls, &c., announced his intention to them of celebrating the Czar's birthday on board the *Swetlander* on a certain date, and asked all these officials to be present at a noon *déjeuner* in honour of his sovereign.

The commemoration day proved to be one of the hottest in the season, and the hour of invitation to the feast was the most fervent that could have been chosen; nevertheless, full-dress coats had to be buttoned up to the throat, epaulettes worn on the shoulders, and the heavy cocked hat mounted on the sufferers' heads. These combined soon produced a state of perspiration unpleasant in the extreme. At the breakfast-table, Captain D—— proposed toast after toast in rapid succession, and insisted upon full honours being paid to each, in bumpers of champagne, and set the example of draining his glass, and then holding it in his hand, inverted, a per-

formance all the guests were expected to copy. In this way the health of every crowned head had been drunk, and responded to by representatives of the kingdom over which he or she ruled. Then the Ministers of every nation, accredited to the court of Brazil, were treated in like manner, and afterwards the senior naval officers of the foreign ships present had to undergo a similar ordeal. This toasting had lasted for two or three hours, and its effects were to create a degree of moisture that left not a dry shred on one's person. This opening of the pores of the skin was doubtless a safeguard against any injurious tendencies arising from such rapid imbibing.

However, all things must have an ending, and, happily, the above proceedings were brought abruptly to a close by the President somewhat suddenly vacating his chair, nor was anything more heard of him during that day. The company were seen into their boats by the next officer in command, with all due formalities, and the affair was considered over.

This was not, however, Captain D——'s view of the matter, when the following morning dawned on his restored intelligence, and he became self-accused of a want of courtesy to his guests of the day previous by not being on the deck of his frigate when they took their departure.

To a man of such high breeding and keen susceptibilities—qualities our host largely possessed—the thought that he should have been brought by an excess of loyalty in the performance of one duty to neglect another, not less important, was most galling. He therefore, without delay, donned his uniform and proceeded in his galley, first on board the vessels whose admirals and captains had been present at his table, and afterwards pulled ashore to the houses of the ministers and consuls. To all he offered humble apologies, and excused himself by saying that had he brought his champagne from Russia, as usual, no mishap would have occurred, but they had been obliged to buy the wine at Rio stores, which could not be trusted to sell the genuine article. He also hinted that his guests must have shirked their share of the deleterious beverage, otherwise it would have affected them similarly. In the latter surmise I believe him to have been correct, if the wet state of the cabin deck under the festive board told a true tale.

However, the many serio-comic condolences Captain D—— received from his friends the invited, showed him with how little gravity they regarded his delinquency.

The *Douro* had now arrived at the coal depôt placed on an island a little beyond that of Cobras, and we prepared to quit the packet and take up our quarters on board the *Egmont*, which ship was to be our floating home for the next three years, and a comfortable and cool habitation we found her to be.

My principal apartments were under the poop deck, and consisted of a large after-cabin, with a stern walk and quarter galleries attached to it. In the former were placed easy chairs, wherein we and our guests would recline and enjoy the cool calm evenings and marvellous scenery by which we were surrounded. One of the galleries was fitted up as a salt-water bath, and in this—during the hot hours of the day—the children revelled. The spacious fore cabin was divided into two rooms by a

bulk-head running fore and aft. On one side of this were our sleeping apartments, containing a good double four-poster bed, and on the other the dining-cabin; each had two large ports in them, intended originally for guns, but they were now used as windows for imparting light and air, and in this they were aided by a skylight cut through the deck overhead.

We had not long been settled in our new abode, when climatic disorders began to develop themselves, and I was the first to feel their influence in a sharp attack of jaundice—a complaint that had prostrated me more than thirty years before when at Rio in my boyhood. In this instance, the weakening process was the same, and I was eventually carried up the mountains to Petropolis, some thirty miles distant, to see what the cooler temperature there would do for me. Hardly, however, had an improvement in my condition commenced, before I was hurried back to the ship, where my eldest daughter lay in a dangerous state from rheumatic supervening on scarlet fever. Happily, her youth and hot fomentations saved her life. But death had only been robbed of one child to prove victorious over another, and our little boy, Brazilian born, at Ponte d'Area, on the Praya Grande side of the harbour, after a short existence of six months, was taken from us.

Troubles were yet in store; one of the younger girls, while staying with her mother and little sister with friends on the island of Paqueta, was attacked with small-pox.

Our friends wisely decamped to Petropolis to avoid infection, and I had to put my family, myself, and the *Egmont* in quarantine for the same reason. Three out of my four children took the disease, and their mother was brought to a very low ebb of life by the assaults of climate, anxieties, and watchings. I had put them all into an empty house that was kindly placed at our disposal by people who had quitted the island, and I had now to furnish, stock, and daily provision it from the *Egmont*, ten miles distant. As all communication with the inmates of this refuge was forbidden, the different articles were landed and left within easy reach of them, so that after the boat's crew had retired to a respectful distance, the healthy members of the little household would sally out and carry the goods indoors. The disease went through its different stages, but, luckily, not in the virulent form it is wont to assume in colder climates, and, after a month or six weeks' isolation, my family was again restored to me, and from that time forward they were comparatively free from sickness.

Yellow fever, the scourge of the sea-ports in Brazil, happily, did not make its appearance in the *Egmont* during the years of my command; but it did so subsequently to our quitting Rio for England, and carried off some of our old shipmates.

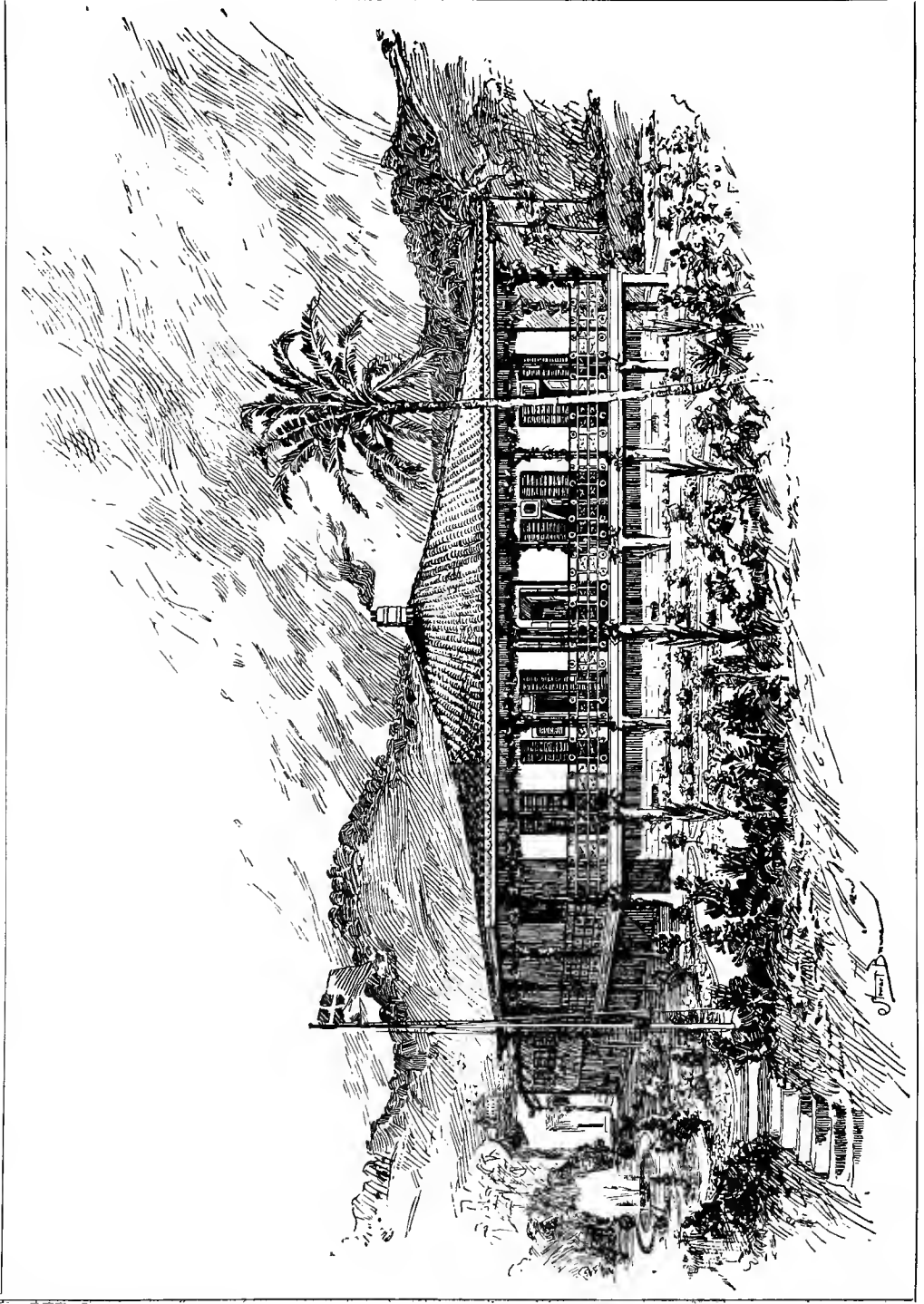
We had, soon after our arrival at Rio, made the acquaintance of a Scotch lady and gentleman, whose names became as household words to those Britons who of late years visited Rio on the Queen's service, or for their own pleasure.

In Lady Brassey's book, *Cruise of the Sunbeam*, and Mr. Lambert's *Cruise of the Wanderer*, Doctor and Mrs. Gunning are most honourably and thankfully mentioned, the latter yachtsman terming the Doctor his guide, philosopher, and friend. Doctor Gunning had quitted his native land for Brazil, seventeen years before the

time I write of, on account of his then delicate state of health, and, having taking his diploma at the Edinburgh College, was in all respects qualified to practise the medical profession in the country of his adoption. He chose for the scene of his operations the mining districts on the highlands far inland from Rio. Surgeons were much wanted there, and any services they rendered stood at a high premium. Doubloons flowed into the Doctor's pocket, and he soon became a man of capital; and then the question had to be debated in his own mind, what he should do with it. The good Scotchman was imbued with philanthropic ideas, so he came to the conclusion that his well-earned money could not be better spent than in the cause of emancipation. He therefore determined to help a number of slaves, who had begged him to assist them, to their freedom. He advanced the money to purchase this boon, and when the men were free, made a contract with them to pay back the amount in labour. Some of these he kept on his own purchased property at Palmerias near the town of Rodeio. It was a lovely spot situated on a range of mountains of about 2,000 feet in altitude, and fifty miles inland—by rail—from the capital. The trains were drawn up the steep inclines by powerful engines, called in the States "Bullgines," on account of their steam signals being given with a monstrous roar instead of the shrill whistle we are accustomed to hear in England and the Continent. The echoes in the hills, when these sounds issued forth, approached the sublime, and resembled a loud and prolonged peal of thunder, and at times might be likened to savage growlings of some Brobdignag carnivori.

The Doctor had built some half dozen eligible residences on his estate in a style suitable to the climate, and very much after the model of an Indian bungalow. All the rooms were on one floor, and a broad verandah ran round three sides of the houses. The fourth or back side of them was occupied by the kitchen, outhouses, &c. The small huts of the blacks were out of view some quarter of a mile away. The site of the residences was a plateau, partly natural, and in a measure artificial, on the side of the mountain, and about 1,500 feet above sea-level. The front of these dwellings looked down a steep descent that had been cleared of the primeval forest, and was laid out as a coffee plantation, but below this, again, the tropical wilderness resumed its sway. Immediately in rear of the little colony ran the railroad. It had been constructed with vast labour and expense, on account of the deep cuttings and numerous tunnels which were necessary in such an undertaking; added to these were the aqueducts of different sizes, which had to be made for conducting the many streams that sprang from this water-shed, in a manner to render them innocuous to the line.

Above the railway cuttings were dense woods holding many of the arboreal monarchs of these regions. Some of the indiarubber trees stood 200 feet in height, while those like the "Paroba," which is felled for house materials and ship-building, and the dark iron wood, were little less in stature. These were garlanded with orchids of various colours, while huge creepers twisted themselves round their stately stems and brawny branches, and finally hung pendant from the latter, so that the children evidently considered them as Nature's swings improvised for their special amusement. My little ones used also to take great delight in playing hide and seek



PALMERIAS, RODEIO, BRAZIL.

round the great roots of the indiarubber trees. These shoot out from the trunk at some height above the ground, and form solid buttresses all round it. They looked, in miniature, so like those seen at our older places of worship, that the children's vivid imaginations conjured the spaces between them into pews, and in these they used to spend hours "playing at Church." One of the beneficial ideas emanating from the Doctor's active brain, was to create in these hills a sanitarium for those suffering from disease, or the victims of the fevers generated on the coast, and the "Egmonts" can vouch for the great benefits they derived from periodical visits to Palmerias. In return for the kindness shown us by this charming couple, we would ask them to spend a time on board the ship, to enjoy the fresh sea-breezes which they could not get at their inland home. The forests around "Palmerias" contained abundant life. Monkeys might be heard at times, chattering to each other amidst the thick foliage. Tapir and deer were occasionally met with, reptiles abounded, especially snakes, which would sometimes find their way into the houses, to the great alarm of the inmates. Fortunately, the most formidable-looking of these creatures was considered harmless; but when one of whip-like form appeared, then the commotion was great.

During the stay we made with the Gunnings, Mrs. G. had a narrow escape of being bitten by one of these deadly snakes. She was sitting in the library with her back turned to shelves containing books, when, from behind the latter, a most poisonous viper issued, unnoticed, and entwined itself round the back of her chair. Mrs. G., having occasion to rise from the seat, became aware of the reptile's presence, and only just escaped a dart it made at her neck. She at once called her black servants, whose hasty appearance frightened the creature into a retreat. It was, however, pursued, killed, and then found to belong to the venomous class of snakes.

The large tropical lizards, known in Brazil as the "Iguana," were frequently met with. Some of them attained the size of a full-grown rabbit, and, in running through the bush, made more noise than that animal. Their flesh is not so much sought after in these parts as in the Guianas.

The marsh and tree frogs were numerous, and held high revel, during the early hours of the night, by indulging in strange croakings.

The representatives of the feathered tribe were of great variety, and their plumage beautiful. The parrot is a *rara avis* about Rodeio, but parroquets may be seen in any numbers. The "toucan" and the anvil or "bell bird" would be especially noticed by their peculiar cry. The jungle at times resounds with noises as though a dozen blacksmiths were hammering away at their forges—"Clank, clink, clank, clink," with a strong metallic ring in the note, is the nearest idea I can give of it. All kinds of humming-birds would flit round the verandah, and occasionally pause to sip the nectar of the honeysuckles, and other flowering creepers that grew about it. One little imp, clad in colours of green, sapphire, and gold, with a body not bigger than that of a humble bee, would, audaciously, come hovering on its tiny wings, within easy reach of one's arm; but when any person in the verandah made the slightest motion, it disappeared like magic. The velocity with which this minute creature effected its escape quite prevented the eye from following the bird's form,

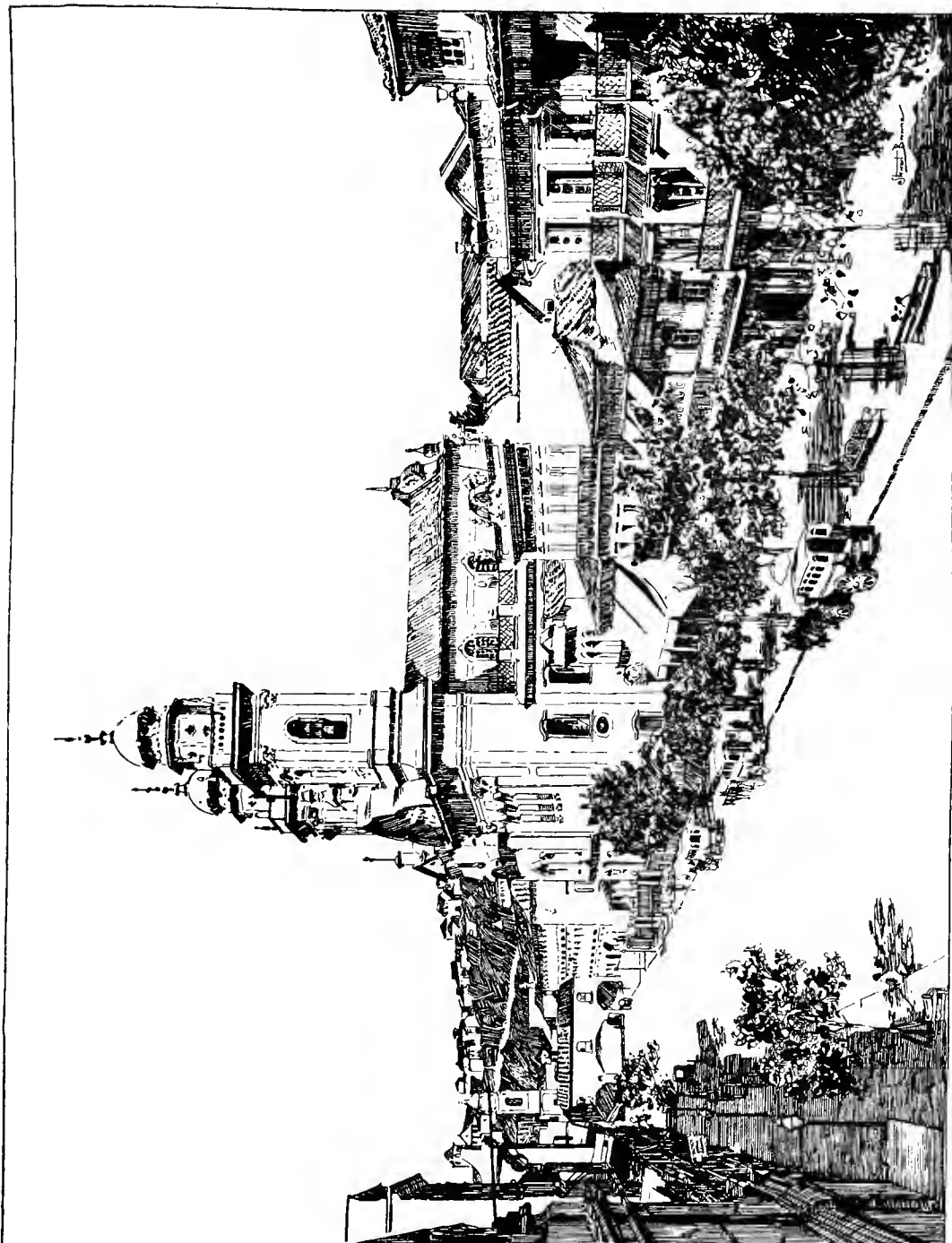
and a meteor-like flash through the air was all that became perceptible of its movement; in a second of time the brilliant little thing would be again poised at a safer distance, and apparently taking note of the many floral delicacies presented to its view.

The "gigantic humming-bird," with his shining green back and swallow-like tail, was also a constant visitor to the verandah. Insect life in this paradise came as a burden on the enjoyments of humanity. Mosquitos are a well-known plague in all hot countries, but here their plaguyness was as nothing compared to the bite of a detestable little black fly, known to the natives as the "borashouda." It would choose for its attack the most easily penetrated exposed part, which, in a person fully clothed, was a certain soft spot behind the ear. A sharp sting made the victim aware that the wee proboscis of the insect had effected an entry, and in a few moments a swelling, the size of half an egg, could be felt by the hand being placed where the skin had been pierced. Cockroaches swarmed in all the houses, but they had a deadly enemy in a black ant, called the "Coreson," which paid them periodical visits. These were looked forward to with great satisfaction by the Doctor and his servants; and the former hastily called me up one morning to witness the approach and attack of the destroying army. Looking over the verandah rails, a long stream of these sagacious insects could be seen advancing in military form upon the premises. They seemed to be under some control, for when their column had reached within two or three yards of the house-walls, it opened out to the right and left, and then rushed on to the assault.

"Now," said the Doctor, "you will witness a curious sight." The ants had invaded the building by every available nook and cranny, and we stood watching the result. Presently, numbers of cockroaches, both large and small, appeared issuing from the house, and endeavouring to effect an escape from their relentless foes, but few succeeded; the ants were too nimble for the terrified creatures, and fastened themselves on their legs so as to impede progress, whilst others mounted the bodies of the unfortunates, and plied their mandibles on the vital parts. These were speedily consumed by the swarms which now closed with the chase, and soon nothing was seen of the hundreds of cockroaches, that had made the house their home, but a few fragments of legs, wings, and skin. This slaughter and feast having been accomplished, the "Coresons" took their departure in the same orderly manner in which they had arrived.

But other ants that invaded the Doctor's domain did not, in any wise, befriend him. A reddish kind, for instance, would always construct their nests among the roots of his coffee plants, and it was two negroes' daily occupation to smoke them out, or, otherwise, the shrub would have been completely destroyed by this pest. The damage done by the white ant (*termites*) to houses and vessels in other countries than Brazil is well known to the general public. At Palmerias they had commenced upon the beams of the new dwellings with vigour, but their career was checked in time by a scalding process which exterminated them.

To give, if I were able, a catalogue of the thousand varieties of gorgeous butterflies and brilliant beetles that delight the eye of the visitor in his rambles



RUA DIREITA, RIO JANEIRO.

through this enchanting region, would be beyond the scope of the present sketch ; but two cases which we filled with them still remind us of the lovely forests and rushing streams we viewed while in search of those forming part of this collection.

My good friend, Doctor Gunning, has since been honoured by the Emperor of Brazil, who has appointed him a "Dignitary" of his Empire. His own countrymen have also conferred the degree of LL.D. in return for his liberal support of education in Scotland.

Our stay at Rio was enlivened in 1868 by the visit of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, then captain of H.M.S. *Galatea*.

The Admiral in command of the station, George Ramsay, C.B., afterwards the Earl of Dalhousie, had been warned that the frigate would touch at Rio on her voyage round the world ; so one fine morning the *Galatea* was reported entering the harbour with the Royal Standard of England flying at her main truck.

Immense was the stir among the ships-of-war of all nations ; boats were leaving their sides in charge of officers bent on obtaining from our Admiral the course he was about to pursue, that their squadrons might follow suit. Soon all doubt on this matter was dispelled by the *Narcissus's* guns belching out a salute of twenty-one guns, which was imitated immediately by the foreign vessels, until the anchorage was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke.

Admirals, captains, commanders, in fact all the senior representatives of the different navies whose head-quarters were Rio de Janeiro, at once started off, arrayed in gorgeous apparel, to do homage to our sailor Prince, and soon state barges from the shore were seen to move out towards the *Galatea*. These contained Imperial functionaries conveying the Emperor's welcome to Brazil.

Festivity succeeded festivity. Dom Pedro II.—a lover of science, and one of the most gifted monarchs in the world, who cared more for the study of astronomy than that of gastronomy—had to throw his palace at St. Christopho open to a series of dinner parties, which included many British officers. Return entertainments were given by the Duke on board the frigate, and the English merchants, resident ashore, capped all by the splendour of a ball given in their unrivalled rooms at the Casino.

His Royal Highness danced the "Highland reel" to the tunes of his own bagpiper, and much to the gratification of the Brazilian guests there assembled. These included the Emperor, Empress, and their two sons-in-law, Conte D'Eu and Count Saxe with their wives. Mrs. Gunning—as a native of Scotland—joined the Royal set, and footed it with a zest and zeal that proved that climate and long absence from the Land o' Cakes had not deprived her, in any way, of the power to enjoy the pastimes she had so appreciated in her earlier years.

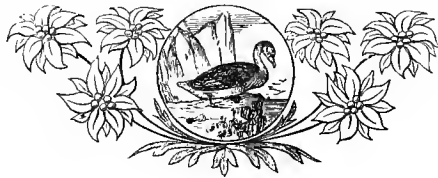
There is a great sense of humour in our Queen's sons. It is a well known quality in the Prince of Wales, and shows itself but little less pronounced in the Duke of Edinburgh, whom I witnessed plan a surprise for Dom Pedro on the occasion of his dining on board the *Galatea*. The Emperor had been received on her deck after dark. The ship was brilliantly illuminated by blue lights and port fires, which threw a ghastly light upon the faces of the men stretched out on the yards. A

salute of twenty-one guns, fired at the same moment, doubled the effect of this photogenic display, and the Imperial party retired, much pleased, to the Duke's cabins. At the dinner-table I happened to sit nearly opposite the Royal pair, and when the time came for proposing "Her Majesty's health" I noticed that the "Bagpiper" took up his position immediately in rear of the Emperor's chair, and on the toast being drunk with much effusion by the company, delivered himself of such an awful squirl that his Imperial Majesty, startled by the novel sound, instantly applied both hands to his ears and kept them closed, while Sandy, in full kilted costume, strutted to his own music (save the mark!) round and round the table.

I caught the Duke's eye during this performance. It perfectly beamed with fun, and I could see the difficulty he had in controlling further merriment.

The Emperor, after the first shock to his nerves was over, seemed much amused, and demanded many explanations in regard to this Gaelic custom.

The following year the period of my command expired, and I returned to England with my family in the packet *La Plata*.



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