



A Year in the Andes

OR

A Lady's Life in Bogota



BY MRS ROSA
CARNEGIE-WILLIAMS





A YEAR IN THE ANDES: OR, A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN BOGOTÁ

4th. ed. London 21422

169 + 162

Seite 113/4. 7. u. 1. Seite 160/3!

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OR,

A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN BOGOTÁ.

THIS BOOK
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO MY FRIEND
DON CARLOS HOLGUIN,
MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AND ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY
TO THE HIGH COURT OF MADRID.
IN MEMORY OF SOME PLEASANT DAYS SPENT
IN HIS NATIVE LAND.

Mrs. ROSA CARNEGIE-WILLIAMS.


LONDON:
LONDON LITERARY SOCIETY,
376 STRAND, W.C.

A YEAR IN THE ANDES;

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NORWICH:
PRINTED AT THE "ARGUS" WORKS.

UGUST 2ND, 1881.—We started from Southampton by the Royal Mail Steamer "Don." It was a fine summer day, and the sail down Southampton Water was very pleasant. After a few hours we passed the Isle of Wight, where the blue sea was studded with many a white sail belonging to the yachts off Cowes. On nearing the Needles the pilot left us, conveying last letters and farewells to be posted from the ship that night; I availed myself of the opportunity to send cards to my mother and sister, having written them on deck. About eight o'clock I was compelled to retire to my cabin, finding the motion of the Channel chops too much for me, leaving my husband on deck.

August 3rd. We did 256 miles to-day, but as I never quitted my cabin, and both my husband and myself, as well as Hills, my maid, were too ill to go on deck, we were unable to attend to the usual routine of the ship. At night we were in lat. 49.13 N., and long. 7.00 W.

August 4th. On the whole the day was as fine as could be wished, though a little rain fell in the morning. Captain Woolward says he has not started from port with finer weather for years. We did 279 miles to-day, and reached in the evening lat. 47.17 N., and long. 13.10.

August 5th. The sun shone brilliantly, and I was awoke by the ship's bell sounding six o'clock. Still feeling very doubtful of my strength, I breakfasted in bed, whilst my husband was out on deck enjoying the sea and sunshine. Encouraged by his example, I also then struggled on deck. The day was beautifully fine, though the sea heaved about the ship in long-continued rolls throughout the day. We were followed by five or six of Mother Carey's chickens, little black birds, in

appearance somewhat resembling swallows, and supposed, by superstitious seamen, to be the departed spirits of drowned sailors.

We accomplished a distance of 288 miles by noon, and found ourselves in lat. 44.49 N., and long. 19.07 W. Towards evening the sky became varied and beautiful, and the sun set in golden streaks in the west, giving place to the moon and her attendants, the stars.

August 6th. Much warmer to-day than yesterday, and I was thus able to spend my time on deck and also to walk round and visit the sheep, ducks, chickens, not forgetting a fine white donkey which was to be taken out to Honda. It was very pleasant to watch the deep blue of the waves, crested every now and then with foam, as they swept alongside the ship. We did the same distance as yesterday, and hope to sight the Azores to-morrow.

Towards nine o'clock great excitement prevailed, and all glasses were raised to watch a full-rigged ship on our port side bearing the red light, which they are all obliged to carry. In the afternoon we had fire-practice amongst the sailors.

August 7th.

“ Far o'er the glowing western main
His wistful brow was upward raised,
Where like an angel's train,
The burnish'd water blazed.”

—*Keble.*

We steal gradually into warm, bright weather, and in spite of Mother Carey's chickens the weather continues all that could be desired. Towards 2 o'clock p.m. we sight Corvo, the most northerly of the Azores. The island is covered with a beautiful verdure, and is a healthy, warm resort in the winter. The cliffs are bold and rugged to a degree, and descend precipitously to the sea. But the slopes of the hills are highly cultivated with groves of oranges and vineyards. Dairy produce is cheap, poultry being sold at half-a-crown a dozen, and eggs at a very low price per hundred. We passed the town of Oratava, nestled on the green slopes of the mountain, just where the land forms a natural bay.

Flocks of “boobies” flew round the ship as we passed the island; they are brown birds, about the size of sea-gulls, which they rather resemble. They are called “boobies,”

because towards evening they will perch upon the yardarms and allow any person quietly to catch them, without offering any resistance.

This bold rugged island, rising abruptly out of the sea, conveys the impression of a submerged mountain, the peak of which is alone exposed, or the remainder of what was formerly an ancient continent. As the rocks rise perpendicularly skywards, there is no safe anchorage for large ships, though the water is deep enough all round to float any vessel. In about half-an-hour we passed the beautiful island of Flores, and could distinguish several waterfalls gushing down the steep sides of the hills into the sea. The rocks here are less steep than on the shores of Corvo, and in one place a huge boulder covered with grass seems to shelter and fill in a little bay, where it stands in front as if hurled from the hills above by some mighty giant in his play.

The town of St Michael is much larger than Oratava, occupying more ground. As we steamed on, the island gradually faded from our sight and once more became enveloped in grey mist.

August 8th. The day was very warm, and even on deck little air was to be enjoyed. During the morning watch, some turtles were seen from the steamer, which were supposed to have come from the Azores. We signalled to a New York steamer, who returned our signalling. In the evening several bonitos and flying-fish were disturbed, and flew up in shoals, whilst large quantities of gulf-weed floated past. We are now in the latitude where the "Atalanta" was supposed to be lost.

August 9th. Our distance to-day was 294 miles. After tea at eight o'clock, when the most glorious moon had risen in the heavens, casting a long golden track upon the waters, some of the passengers on deck danced to the music of a wretched organette, and the effect was particularly curious. The figures moving to and fro, now in bright moonlight, and anon in shade, the rigging of the steamer throwing vague shadows upon the white decks, the jingle of the music mingling with the rush and ever-recurring roar of the sea; and above the clear, still, queen-like moon, majestically moving through

the vast heavens, calmly and peacefully contemplating the scene below, which was varied now and again by the hour and half-hour bells, and the cry of "All's well" from the look-out man.

August 10th. Sun brilliantly shining, reminding me of Tennyson's words:—

"The broad seas swelled to meet the keel,
And swept behind—so swift the run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel,
We seemed to sail into the sun."

We went through the usual ship routine: breakfast at 9 a.m., lunch at 12.30, dinner at 5, and tea at 7.30, and as a strong breeze rose we were enabled to make a good run with the additional help of our square-sails. I had a long conversation with Captain Woolward, a peculiarly earnest man, but still with a certain leavening of kindness in his disposition, and in whom all felt an entire trust. We have some very amusing people on board, of various nationalities—Spaniards, Germans, and French. Amongst the latter is a droll *petit* man, very stout, and the very picture of good nature, who brings out for exercise

periodically an odd little dog, which he trots up and down the deck, whilst the poor animal pulls frantically at its chain to regain its freedom, which the rules of the ship forbid. We have also two very nice naval men on board, both going out to join their ships; were it not for them I should not have many people to talk to, as the greater part of the passengers are engaged to fulfil some contract, and are going out to help with the making of the Panama Canal, a most unhealthy occupation, I am told, as well as terribly hot work. I fear few of these poor creatures will return.

August 11th. Really one day passes so much like another, that there are few interesting items to note. We did 295 miles, and had fine, bright, warm weather as usual. The Frenchman created some excitement by saying that he had seen the famous sea-serpent, of which he produced a wonderful sketch.

August 12th. Accomplished the same distance to-day, viz., 295 miles. We also amused ourselves with playing a joke upon the Frenchman, who is writing for a French paper, the "Nouveau Monde," an account of

his voyage in this ship, to include illustrations. A legend was told him, to this effect—that amongst sailors, when one of them is drowned, a blue light is occasionally seen over the place where he was lost. Accordingly a light was thrown upon the waters after dark, which emitted sparks for a considerable distance. Its appearance really was curious, and the deluded Frenchman commenced at once to write a long and detailed account of this remarkable occurrence. The light was composed of cyanide of potassium, but whether he was ever undeceived remains a mystery.

August 13th. We did 288 miles to-day, and now consider ourselves quite in the tropics, and about 300 miles from some of the West Indies; nothing of importance occurred.

August 14th.

"The wild winds rustle in the piping shrouds,
As in the quivering trees;
Like summer fields, beneath the shadowy clouds,
The yielding waters darken in the breeze."

—Keble.

A storm of tropical rain, torrents fell for hours, completely drenching the decks, awning, and

even the chairs, so much so that no place was dry, except the captain's cabin on deck, where I spent the greater part of the afternoon, and had my dinner in the open doorway. In the evening, when it was quite dark, the lighthouse of "Sombrero" was to be distinguished to the right of the ship, but the rain prevented us from seeing it distinctly. During the afternoon a deluded flying-fish came on board, and was captured. We retired to bed in the full hope of seeing land to-morrow.

August 15th. Hearing the firing of the cannon, we rose early, and gazing from the ports were greeted by the loveliest view I had ever seen. Imagine a beautiful land—locked bay, enclosed on all sides, save the entrance, by high, rugged, though grassy hills. Overhead clouds of the palest rose pink, tinted like the inside of a shell by the hardly risen sun, the hour being only half-past five o'clock, and the whole landscape bathed in the tender reflection. As we came nearer to the town we saw that it was built in three divisions, at the foot of three hills. The houses are chiefly of white stone or wood, with all the roofs painted

red. We started for the shore at 7 a.m., intent upon viewing the new wonders of this tropical island of St Thomas, which belongs to the Danes, and contains fine barracks for the accommodation of Danish soldiers. Our steamer was of course surrounded by negroes in boats, all anxious to secure us as passengers. Nearly deafened by the noise, we selected a boat, and set off for the shore. The beautiful fresh air was exhilarating, the blue bay was completely surrounded by bold massive hills and rocks, and the numbers of two-storied, gaily painted houses were mingled here and there with palms, reeds, coconut trees, oleanders, and acacias.

We landed, and then strolled through the streets to the post-office, which we found closed, so we walked on to the market, meeting crowds of negro women, dressed quaintly, yet with picturesque effect, and nearly all bearing gay coloured bandanas, or handkerchiefs round their heads, on the top of which were placed trays, containing mangoes, alligator pears, bananas, lemons, charcoal, tomatoes, and some of them bore some most unpleasant looking fish. In the market we

found all the women seated on the ground with a small piece of matting placed in front of them, on which were exposed for sale fruits of every description. I was much amused to see the way in which the donkeys were laden with reeds or grass, which they brought into the town as fodder for horses and mules. The poor donkeys are so laden as to leave only the head and feet visible, and not content with being thus burthened, the negro drivers were frequently seated upon the top. After inspecting the market, and crossing an open drain, which runs throughout the town, emptying itself into the sea, thus making the air not so salubrious as it might be, we walked down the principal street, with tall acacias growing on either side in front of the houses, and very poor attempts at pavement. The trees imparted a pleasant shade during the intense heat of the day.

We wandered into some public gardens, where a lovely picture unfolded itself to our view. All was so novel—the trees, flowers, birds, and fruits, which, though seen before in illustrations, amused the fancy and charmed the eye. The graceful acacia trees, with their

feathery leaves, headed by their gaudy tassels of scarlet flowers, better known as the silk-cotton tree, the sweet almond-like scent of the pink oleanders, the graceful bamboo canes, overtopping the travellers' tree of Madagascar, of which each leaf is said to contain half-a-pint of pure water. We seated ourselves under some palms and watched some tiny little birds skimming and twittering about, rather like our English wrens, but, unlike them, voiceless. The trees also contained another kind of population in the shape of brown lizards, some four, some eight inches long, darting their sharp little heads up and down, and then disappearing amongst the foliage above.

We also saw one or two butterflies, a black one with yellow marks around its wings, and a very fine one of a deep yellow colour. When tired, and also when very, very hot, we strolled back again, passing the Roman Catholic Church, which is reached by two flights of steps, and is a small, square building of two storeys, on the top of which is a small cross. Shutting it out from the street is a high hedge, composed of purple flowers.

and a stiff round little leaf of a rather pale, green colour, with a jointed stem from which the leaves and flowers all spring, growing finer towards the point. Proceeding to the Hotel de Commerce, we ordered some delicious drinks of raspberry syrup and iced water, which were most refreshing. Never shall I forget the open outside corridor of that hotel in St Thomas. It was paved with black and white marble, canopied with large arches, the pillars of which were painted red and had curtains, which could be drawn at pleasure over the openings.

We sat overlooking gardens filled with trees and flowers, behind which we could see the blue, blue waters of the Antilles; and higher and higher beyond, the rough and rugged hills varying in every shade of green, with their summits hidden in fleecy clouds, which merged into a brilliant blue.

We had breakfast in the corridor, for which meal we had to wait until half-past ten o'clock, so we amused ourselves with watching some negroes fill a very primitive water-cart, consisting of a huge barrel placed upon wood, attached to rough wheels, and drawn by two mules.

Some of the market women were seated at the corner of the street selling fruits or spruce beer, whilst others with their round baskets on their arms, and dressed in cotton gowns of the most wonderful make and colour, idled about or gossiped to their neighbours.

We noticed also some stores in a street going down to the landing pier, and the colours outside were wonderful. Red roofs, white-washed walls, black doors, blue doors, and green shutters to the windows, without any regard to arrangement. We went into some of these stores to ask for some collars, and were astonished at the exorbitant price they charged. Those which in England would fetch fourpence they asked one shilling for. Their prices were extraordinary, for this reason, that St Thomas is a free port, and there are no duties levied on goods of any kind; therefore I should advise persons intending to travel to have all prepared before leaving England, so as to make no purchases at St Thomas.

What I found invaluable on landing to-day was a good supply of "Zephyr," or rather gingham dresses, they being so particularly

cool on a melting hot day with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. After breakfast we returned to the ship, and had the pleasure of paying 1 dollar 50 cents (that is, six shillings in our English money) for our trip; as the man had taken upon himself to wait until we had finished our round of the town, and made us pay accordingly. The proper charge is ten cents (or fivepence) each way, from the boat to the shore, and the boatmen are liable for overcharging when they demand more, unless they are clever enough to contrive to wait for their passengers all the time they remain in the town, and these men are very cunning when a little money is to be made.

So it would be wisest to pay them their fare at once on landing, as there are any number of boats always to be had for either way. In the harbour we saw lemons carelessly floating about, a fact which shows how little this fruit is regarded in the tropics, for which in England we pay so highly. Divers came round the ship during the afternoon, diving deep below, and underneath the ship, adroitly fetching up any coins which were thrown to them. They were curious, bronze-

coloured looking beings, rather resembling seals as they came in and out of the water. In the afternoon I made a sketch of the town. In the evening I was visited by the first mosquitoes, and then found the benefit of having brought some loose yards of mosquito netting, which we stretched over the ports during the night to keep out those too troublesome visitors.

In the dusk we sat on the gratings round the after-steering gear, and watched one by one the lights come out like stars amidst the buildings of the town and on the hill-side, together with the lights from the Royal Mail going to Porto Rico, H.M.S. "Blanche," going to Antigua on account of the fever at Barbados, the "Solent," the "Tiber," and the "Eider," all these casting their long flickering shadows on the still, scarcely moving waters. It was a calm and lovely picture to contemplate, as the great heat of the day had given place to a cool pleasant evening, the stillness only broken by the Evangelical American Church bell, sweetly sounding across the waters, the songs of boatmen, or the chiming of the town clock every half-hour; in fact, its

echo was very like the curious old bell clock at Melrose Abbey.

August 16th. After a terribly hot night we arose at six o'clock, and hurried on to the cool, well-washed deck to see the new-comers and to finish sketches. Several of our party were on shore early, but we did not care to go, having seen all that was worth remark the day before.

About eight we got up steam and sailed out of the harbour, having fired the signal an hour before. We looked in vain for a glimpse of those monsters of the deep, the sharks, but were disappointed. The bay of St Thomas abounds in fish of all kinds—in fact, they were to be seen in shoals round the ship when in harbour. The best for table is the red snapper, which rather resembles in flavour a red mullet. A Frenchman politely presented me with what is called a “sea urchin,” one of the Echinidas, which seemed like a hedgehog on the upper surface, whilst the lower resembled a china aster.

After about an hour's sail past rocky isles of every conceivable shape, some all

rugged rocks, others white and glistening in the sun, and some even covered with a short, thick grass. We steamed near the Sail Rock, which an English man-of-war once mistook for a ship and bombarded during a whole night; passed Dead Man's Chest, Crab Island, Water Island, Little Saba, which was cleft in two fourteen years ago by the terrible earthquake of 1867, which did so much harm to St Thomas', the tidal wave destroying hundreds of lives and breaking up many of the ships lying in the harbour.

At nine o'clock we breakfasted, and what a strange collection of fruits presented themselves for our choice at table! We tried the alligator pear, which is more a vegetable than a fruit, and is generally eaten with pepper and salt, after peeling off the skin. The pulp is of a streaky green and yellowish colour, and is very soft and palatable to those who like it; I did not. There were some bundles of kanaps, curious fruits, resembling very much in appearance a walnut and leaf, only that the leaf of the kanap is stiffer, and of a darker green. The fruit is also green, but when the thick rough outside skin is taken off, a yellow

fleshy matter is found inside, in the centre of which is a stone as yet unexamined. It has a very sweet taste, and is a nice refreshing fruit for breakfast. We also had some genuine bananas—not the miserable fruits called by that name in the English markets, but luscious and delicious, like the richest melon, which melts as butter in one's mouth. Oh, give me a banana when thirsty and tired, and a glass of iced strawberry syrup from the Hotel de Commerce at St Thomas'!

We passed the island of Porto Rico, and saw the town of St Juan in the distance. Continuously during the day we passed islands, or isolated rocks, jutting out from the sea, all of no very great importance. In the afternoon a school of porpoises were seen sporting near the ship, and when the sun was setting, a large waterspout was distinctly visible high up amongst the gold of the clouds like a grey bar rising out of the sea. It did not last long, and gradually seemed to us to merge away into the heavens. We had sheet lightning vividly and continuously during the whole night.

August 17th. Rose at six and found our-

About three o'clock we went on shore and drove to Mrs Da Souza's house, where we took our rooms for the night, depositing our luggage; and I should advise every person who does not wish to spend a melting hot day on board ship, to land and lodge at this same place, where comfort, cleanliness, good food, and kind attention are to be met with. After arranging matters, we took my maid and enjoyed a long drive to see some sugar-mills, which were not then in work, but the management of which was amply explained to us by the blackest of black foremen.

The drive was wonderfully beautiful, and we rather relished than otherwise the furious driving of our Jehu, who pelted through the streets and lanes in a most astonishing manner; totally regardless of gullies, streams, stones, black pigs, ditto children, or any other obstacles. The vegetation we saw during that drive was something wonderful—bananas, scarlet flowers of the silk cotton-tree, quantities of wild pines, beautiful little wild blossoms, some like yellow stars, some waxy-white like stephanotis, some brilliant orange, others a dazzling blue, mingled all over with

the luxuriant vegetation of the different greens only to be found in the tropics. The strange appearance of the negroes' huts, made of wood, thatched with palm-leaves or shingles, outside of which might be seen a black woman seated, with a little mat in front of her, on which would be exposed for sale the yellow mango, the alligator pear, kanaps, even grapes, oranges, and pine-apples; and not far off this show of fruit, a family of black pigs contentedly munching some of the unsold remains of yesterday's wares. We stopped to gather some of the wild pines and tasted them, but they were acid and full of seeds. When the carriage drew up, some pretty little way-side doves, called in Spanish "*abuelitas*," kept flying constantly in front of us, and settling on some twigs and flowers. On account of their funny, old-fashioned habits, the Spaniards call them "*abuelitas*," which means, "Little Grandmothers."

We drove back to Mrs Da Souza, East Street, for dinner at 6 p.m. This meal, in the Spanish fashion, was all put on the table together so as to make it only two courses—

meats and fruit. We had a very nicely-served and cooked dinner, with plenty of ice.

But, alas! I must warn my readers seriously never to eat plentifully of tropical fruit. The consequences are disastrous, as many on board knew to their cost. Especially rich is a kind of stew called *guava con leche* (guava with milk), and "*nisperos*," a fruit strongly resembling in taste a rotten pear, and eaten out of the skin with a spoon. This fruit looks rather like a round, uncooked, brown potato, and is not to be eaten at night with impunity, and even in the morning requires caution in those who taste it for the first time.

After dinner we sat out in the verandah and drank coffee, attended by the noisy song of innumerable crickets. We had some nice companions, a Dr and Mrs Champlin, from the banks of the Hudson, whom we met at St. Thomas, and they were the pleasantest people we had yet seen, having travelled greatly both in the West Indies and South America. At eight o'clock our negro cavalier of the morning called again for us, and we drove through the now badly-lighted street, meeting here and there troops of women leading or riding mules.

and donkeys laden with fruits, sugar-cane, grass, bamboo, &c., for the great market tomorrow morning. After twenty minutes' drive, lighted now and again by fire-flies, and attended by the hum of numerous crickets flying close to us in our open cabriolet, we arrived at the band-stand, and waited to hear the picturesque regiment of the 2nd West India play.

They have a very good band and kept excellent time, though their numbers are much thinned by their late campaign at the Gold Coast, whence they have just returned (1881). It was very curious to see the grass mound lighted with candles, the brilliant uniforms of the soldiers, the carriages all round, the lightly-built hot country barracks, the black faces of the negroes, and numbers of bats flying overhead, with the starry heavens of the tropics shining above, lit up every now and then by blazes of summer lightning. The dress worn by the 2nd West Indian Regiment is most picturesque, consisting of large, baggy, dark blue trousers, white waistcoat and sleeves, loose short scarlet jacket, richly adorned with gold lace, yellow stockings, and blue gaiters.

August 20th. We were awoke by coffee being announced at six o'clock in the morning, and long is it since I tasted such a delicious cup of coffee, served with hot, crisp toast. After this repast we rose and dressed in such a funny-looking room, half the outer walls being constructed like shutters, just slightly open so as to admit any breath of air that might come in. The floor was wooden and stained brown. A low bedstead, beautifully clean, and stone water jugs to keep the water as cool as possible. After dressing we went down to thank our hostess for some most lovely flowers which she had sent me.

Our chamber led into a sitting-room, and that again to a winding stone staircase on the side of the house, covered only with stephanotis, which grew rambling at its own sweet will to the foot of the steps, until it was joined by clusters of pink and white roses, and the red coral plant. At the back of the house was a square courtyard, in which played a fountain, which some pigeons seemed to consider their especial property, for they constantly darted in and out among the falling spray. After inspecting the premises we said

adieu to our hostess and her three dark-eyed daughters, and drove to the market, Saturday being the best day on which to see it.

Here we inspected the fruit, and bought a large basketfull of oranges, three pine-apples, and some grapes, which a black boy carried to our odd-looking carriage of the day before. The market is very superior to that of St Thomas, and plenty of delicious fresh fruit is to be bought.

We were back at the ship at nine o'clock, and by ten were steaming out of the harbour, past Port Royal and a man-of-war lying there, until once more in the open sea. Being very ill for a few days, owing to the roughness of this part of the ocean, as now we are bound for the South American coast, leaving the West Indies every minute farther behind us — I shall pass over Sunday, 21st, Monday, 22nd, and commence again at

August 23rd.

“By sands and steaming flats and floods,
By mighty mouths, we scudded past,
And hills and scarlet-mingled woods
Glowed for a moment as we passed.”

—Tennyson..

About nine o'clock we stopped at Colon, on the extreme south-east coast of the Isthmus of Panama, and landed twenty passengers for the great canal which is there being constructed. The whole day long we were unloading cargo until ten o'clock at night. However, the air here was cool and pleasant, and just sufficient breeze to keep us from the intense fatigue we experienced with the heat at St Thomas.

The rainy season was well on, so that accounted for the decreased atmosphere and the non-appearance of crowds of greedy mosquitoes, though one or two of that voracious tribe continued to make their unwelcome appearance. We had lunch and dinner on deck, which was very enjoyable, and as there were only ten of us, we made a very cosy little party. The railway runs close up to the wharf where we were moored, so very little of interest was visible, except the undulating ground, covered with low trees, on the other side of the bay.

August 24th. Still at Colon. After a comparatively cool night we were awakened by the horrible noise of discharging cargo, and

it was a relief to be up and on deck, fanned by ever so soft a breeze. Very heavy rain fell for several hours during the morning, so we were only too glad to remain on deck; but after lunch we dressed, and, taking my maid, went through the wharves and unloading-sheds towards the American part of the town of Colon, on to a tolerably well-constructed road lying along the shore, running at one time all round the island; for this Aspinwall, or Colon, is divided from the land by the sea, though lying quite close to the American coast.

We passed a church, built of stone and brick, but very damp looking, as the grass all around it is almost a swamp, and it is only divided from the sea by the road. We had a long, long ramble, and gathered some lovely white lilies, orange-coloured flowers, and magenta convolvulus. Also we picked up a quantity of coral and shells; as the whole coast is formed by these industrious little animals, the corals. We were astonished at the numerous large blue land crabs, which scuttled away in all directions on our approach, to hide in the innumerable holes they had made. We passed a wood of cocoa-nuts, and in some

places where the trees were cut away we could distinctly see the mangrove swamps stretching far away inland; indeed, the greater part of the island is an entire swamp and very unhealthy.

Sometimes the road diverged to the edge of the water, and the beach looked like the purest grains of sand, and the water as clear as crystal. Returning to the ship, we saw several blue and green humming-birds, tiny little creatures, hovering over the open cups of flowers. We passed through the town, noticing the stores kept by a Chinaman, the wonderful shops of the negroes, dirty and lost and wretched to a degree, only brightened by the gaudy colour of some green and scarlet parrots sitting asleep on the balconies.

August 25th. We made steam again, and by twelve o'clock were lying off Carthagena, but as we only stayed there a couple of hours no one landed. It seems to be an ancient and most interesting town, with well-built walls facing the sea, some antiquated buildings, like castles in grey stone and red, and the buildings are intermingled here and there with palms and cocoa-nut trees, with a background of undulating green hills, which constituted a

picturesque view from the ship. Soon we steamed off once more, and by six o'clock were anchored off Savanilla, which was the end of our sea voyage.

August 26th. Nearly all the passengers landed early before breakfast, my husband, amongst the number, going on to the Barranquilla. Heat terrific the whole day, and very little rain fell. We were lying motionless outside the harbour of Savanilla, which was quite hidden from sight by a high rugged piece of land, on the extremity of which was a square-built white building, resembling a Grecian temple, and formerly used as the Custom House. There is also a large white painted lighthouse here, opposite where we are lying, which gives a very good light on the whole. We had a big clumsy lighter lying alongside all day, receiving cargo, and amongst other things we were not sorry to see the white donkey go. The poor animal had been on deck ever since we left England, just over our cabin.

After dinner we saw the most glorious sunset, great banks of purple and dark clouds, towering into the richest golden light left by

the setting sun, reflecting all around a pale pink, or a deep rose. The sea was bathed in yellow and red, and the little cloudlets in the distance were touched with pink, or a background of pale blue and sea-green, reminding me of those words quoted by Mrs Brassey:—

“Dipped in the lines of sunset, wreathed in zones,
The clouds are resting on their mountain thrones;
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise above the rest.
Thither the day with golden steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires.”

August 27th. About eleven o'clock torrents of rain fell, drenching the deck and awnings, a slight wind blew, and a little thunder and lightning attended.

The rain was very heavy, and seemed as if it would never be exhausted. It continued until one o'clock, when gradually it subsided and left the air considerably cooler. My husband returned about three o'clock, bringing some lovely roses, phlox, and what is called here jessamine, but in shape, smell, and colour it much more resembles a small gardenia. The lighter was still alongside, manned by four Colombians, whose chief amusement seemed

to be in teasing two poor little brown and fawn-coloured monkeys, setting them both to fight.

Dinner we have now served on deck, and the lamps attract the curiosity of the huge bats, which seem as if their eyes were made of fire when they come anywhere near the light. We also saw eight or ten pelicans flying home from north to south; it seems curious that they always fly from north to south, and then south to north, always returning about five o'clock, and flying in a line one behind the other.

August 28th. At half-past ten we had prayers on deck; the sailors brought the Union Jack on a cushion and laid the prayer-book upon it, from which Captain Woolward read the prayers and a lesson, the purser answering "Amen" loudly, almost before it was necessary. We have not as yet seen the snowy peaks of Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, the highest point in the Eastern Range of the Andes, but it is quite visible before sunrise from Savanilla. In the afternoon we amused ourselves with first writing letters home, and then feeding the numbers of fish which swam about after the bread we threw

to them. The "baracouta" was the largest we saw; it was about three feet long, and in colour brown, with rather a long head, and sailed along in a majestic manner. The "gar" fish is not quite so big, with a long, pointed nose, ending sharply, and big black eyes. The fins seemed green in the water, and the tail blue. Crowds of "catfish" were swimming about; they are distinguished by having a dorsal fin, like the gurnet, which are caught off the English coast.

August 29th. We packed up the remainder of our luggage, which was still in the ship, and made other arrangements for going inland. The heat of the day ended with a glorious sunset as usual. For the last three nights nothing could equal the intense richness of colouring of the skies, the orange and gold, relieved by deep crimson, pale blue, and some deep, dark clouds on either side. Lightning began about seven o'clock, and flashed continually over the hills on one side of the bay, with occasional gleams from fork lightning, where some storm was doubtless raging miles off.

August 30th. Intensely hot again as usual. After lunch we had out the steam-launch belonging to the "Don," and with the remainder of our luggage, the chief engineer, and the purser, we bade good-bye to the captain, hoping to see him again some day, and steaming round the point, where at the extremity stood the white building of the now unused Custom House, we entered the Bay of Savanilla. After 45 minutes we were moored alongside an old "bongo," or native barge, from whence we walked to a few huts, which constituted the station. There sitting in a wooden verandah on chairs we waited for the arrival of the train. Punctuality is not a quality much developed in this part of the world. However, in time the train came in sight, or, rather, the engine came to take away the train which had been facing us for some time.

We took our seats, and with three hearty English cheers from all the officers from the "Don," the train bore us away from the last links of old England. Our road lay through continuous mangrove swamps, in which numerous wild birds were swimming or fishing; white herons, pelicans, vultures, and hawks

were sitting on the leafless branches of some stumps of trees. Sometimes the train went through pieces of reclaimed land—at least grass was to be seen in sufficient quantity to feed a few black-and-white cows and to fill some clumsy-looking carts, drawn by mules and led by Colombians, swarthy of hue and glib of tongue. Once we passed through a deep cutting, with high trees on either side, the long branches of which almost touched the train as we sped along.

In about an hour's time we arrived at Barranquilla, where we took a carriage drawn by two horses, and covered in at the top, and drove to the hotel, through deep sand and amongst huts built of stakes, and thatched for coolness. The hotel was kept by a French woman who spoke Spanish, and was built round a square, with gardens in the centre and baths on one side. We arrived in time for dinner, which was at six o'clock, and were very glad to meet with Mr and Mrs O——, English people, and our fellow-travellers from Colon to Honda, on the Magdalena. After dinner we went into the garden and watched the fire-flies, which thronged all the bushes,

and saw innumerable frogs, bats, and crickets. The evening was cool and pleasant after the heat, and our only annoyance was the mosquitoes.

August 31st. We had some very good coffee brought us about seven, and then adjourned to the bath-room. I had to walk across the gardens, under some cocoa-nut-trees and palms, and then to a long, low, white-washed building, containing six or seven baths, made of a dark-coloured stone and sunk into the ground. The water was quite brown, and, like the roads in Barranquilla, full of sand.

However, it was clean, and very fresh and cool. After dressing and reading a little, and gathering some sweet-smelling white flowers in the garden, at twelve o'clock the breakfast was announced, and we went in. Soup, fish (very nasty), beef, chicken (very hard), beans, delicious melons, iced water, and finally finishing with a tiny cup of chocolate or coffee—not the kind of chocolate that is made in England, but about a tablespoonful to each cup, and excellent milk.

Breakfast over, we talked from the doors of our different rooms, and a little after three went out in spite of the heat. We drove to some "Fotographia," and invested in two very well-mounted views to take home, and then drove to the Post Office to enquire why no letters had come from England, but could learn nothing. After that, drove to the Hospital, which we passed slowly, and then through some wonderful streets of houses built almost entirely of poles tightly tied together, and the roofs thatched with grass.

The children were the most miserable little objects, and had nothing whatever on, and are allowed to run about the streets, eating anything they can find, which in the end often kills them. We returned to Mdme. Hullé, and soon found that dinner would be ready.

An old Colombian General was very polite, and sent we two Senoras (Mrs O—— and self) some melon and claret, for which we bowed our thanks. After dinner a very heavy storm of rain came down in torrents, accompanied with thunder and lightning, so we were compelled to remain indoors all the

evening. The night was close and hot, and the mosquitoes annoyed us dreadfully, and, together with the barking of dogs, the crying of children, and the music of a peculiar, though pretty instrument, there was not too much sleep to be had.

September 1st. We rose about five o'clock and dressed to go out, though I found in one of the baths a wonderful little brown lizard with a red cap, which had to be turned out speedily. Subsequently we walked to some stores to get string and tin-tacks, and other etceteras, and drove to call upon Mr and Mrs D——, whom we found at home, in the upper storey of the house, for the whole of the lower part is a warehouse—a very common arrangement in Barranquilla. We next went to see the Consul, Mr Stacey, and his wife. He is English, but his wife Spanish, or Colombian, so the conversation on my part was small. The house was very cool, and the handsomest which I saw in the town. The floors paved with black and white marble, and opening out on to a corridor, which again had large green shutters overlooking a small red-tiled courtyard, in which were several storks, tame

turkeys, and chickens parading beneath some large trees. A wild duck of curious colours had domesticated itself in Mr Stacey's house, and walked about in a serious, thoughtful manner, with its head on one side, one eye shut, and one leg held up. We were also given some beautiful pears, which had come over from the United States, and after talking (at least my husband did) to about a dozen Colombians, we drove back to the Hotel Victoria to breakfast. Afterwards we drove down to the steamer, and got on board.

These Magdalena steamers are very curiously built. They are flat-bottomed, and draw very little water. All the loading and the engines are above water on the first deck. Above these is the saloon, with the cabins on either side, and above that again is the captain's cabin, surmounted by a pilot-house.

In front of the saloon are the two tall black chimneys, which tower high above all even the watch-tower or pilot-house, and in front of them a flagstaff. There are seats placed all around, and plenty of fresh air blows that way. We were supposed to start at three, but with Colombian, or rather

Magdalena steamer precision, we only went out of the creek to the entrance of the river, and there received more cargo before we finally left, which we did about eight o'clock, and when quite dark. We were all anxious to see how we should get into the current, which was running very strongly. However, though we floated down considerably, the steamer soon righted herself, and we were really off on the broad bosom of the Magdalena, which was here a mile and a-half wide. We could see very little then, but could only enjoy the delicious coolness of the evening breeze.

September 2nd. After a cool, pleasant night on our mats on the stretchers, and under the mosquito nets, we had coffee and biscuits at six o'clock, and rose soon after. After a very muddy bath, but beautifully cold and soft, we were soon on the outer deck, where we talked, watching for alligators until eleven o'clock, when breakfast was announced. It was a curious mixture, more like a hot lunch—however, better than nothing for hungry people. About mid-day I had my first Spanish lesson, given me by a Cuban on his way to Bogotá for a few weeks, who kindly offered to teach

me the language in a very short time. After "my lesson" we hunted over the boxes for my paint-box, which was soon found, and so I had some sketches of the village of Remolino, &c., very hasty. My husband had his rifle ready, and fired at some of the dozens of alligators which were lying along the banks on the sands with their mouths wide open.

We passed some very original canoes, cut out of a single tree, and manned by copper-coloured people, with shock heads, only attired in a white apron round the waist—a true picture of Indians. Several large grey herons and some white ones flew over the water, or watched patiently for their prey, and we passed numerous islands during the day, some covered with shrubs, some with grass and a few trees.

We stopped at Calamar to take in firewood, and bought some melons of the natives, who crowded round the steamer dressed in brilliant costumes. One poor man, who was deformed, and afflicted with St Vitus' dance, caught the money thrown him with his feet. We passed the village of Tenerife, where stands an old church, the last remains of a

once well-fortified Spanish town, and which had been the scene of a bloody battle in the "War of Independence." It now became dark, and so we went up above and watched the lightning, which was very fine.

September 3rd. It was very hot nearly all day, though we went on pretty well, with but few stoppages until eight o'clock. In the early morning we stopped outside a village to take in wood for the steamer. This was brought on by half-dressed swarthy Colombians, who were also selling a few flowers, chickens, eggs, calabashes (made from the gourd tree, and used to pour the water over the body in a bath), and spoons also made from gourds. We bought some eggs, which I was very glad to eat, boiled simply. Miles of plantain plantations were passed, with an occasional hut built on poles and thatched with palms, and the inhabitants attired in striped drawers, squatted on the banks or in their canoes. Once we passed a very rustic sugar-mill, worked by oxen, which turned the cylinders or rolls, made of wood, whilst women and boys poured the sugar-cane juice into big pans. Purple cotton seems to be the favourite

coloured gown of the native women, who have short sleeves, low necks, and a string of beads round them, or a striped kerchief. They are of the Mongolian type of countenance, and on the whole are not bad looking.

We saw many grey and white storks sitting silent and motionless, either on the banks or on a piece of floating log, watching for fish. Several alligators were disturbed by a few shots, and one unfortunate locust was captured. It was about three inches long, and something like a grasshopper, but with much smaller wings.

September 4th. A very un-Sunday-like day—indeed we forgot that it was Sunday until my diary reminded us of the fact. Intensely hot, but not unpleasantly so when the steamer was moving. We stopped at several villages during the day, taking in wood and unloading cargo. The scenery was very varied, tall trees—the Papaw, the Guayacan, the Holy Tree, which grows to a tremendous height, and only has flowers at the top, in which live great numbers of ants.

Natives rarely touch these trees. We noticed the plantain groves were quite

stripped of leaves by the locusts, which were swarming in all directions over the country, and doing great damage to the trees and fruits. We saw a couple of brown and red monkeys in the trees as we passed, and plenty of storks and alligators. In the evening we went on shore in a very poor small village, with only a few huts to be seen called Puerto Nacional, but still making a very pretty picture in the distance, with the huts built of bamboo canes, and thatched roofs. Some of the walls were painted white, and one or two with red roofs and white-washed outer walls, that showed out prettily, mingled with the mangoe tree, the tamarind, the papaya, with its clusters of fruits all up the stem, and the big gourd tree.

September 5th. Had a tremendous torrent of rain. The lower hills of the Andes were to be seen early in the morning stretching away across the river as we advanced, now clinging on one side, now on another. Close by was the store-house of La Virda. We went steadily on, passing little collections of huts and islands. Canoes were paddled by natives in striped red-and-white drawers, and some black wild pigs were seen on the islands near

the steamer. We stopped in the evening at the village of Paturia, or Bocadel Dique, and it being clear bright moonlight we went on shore and enjoyed a long ramble under the trees, and gathered some pale pink roses, also some large sweet-smelling ones. We moored here for the night, and intended going off again next morning at daybreak. The sunset was beautiful, right across the river, leaving the trees in deep shadow, and slipping behind the Andes, casting streaks of gold on all the surrounding clouds.

September 6th. We started again early, giving the customary three groans from the steam-whistle before separating. The woods looked lovely in the morning sunlight, and we startled some splendidly-dressed macaws in ruby, brown, and black feathers, with long scarlet tails, which flew, screaming, high up into an alcove of tropical green, surrounded and overhung by creepers of every shade, and flecked and chequered beautifully with sunlight.

On leaving Paturia, we passed by the new dredging, or rather snag-destroying boats that are now at work for the first time on this

river, and very useful they will prove if the work is only carried on consistently. At present Government makes all imported goods pay a tax at the rate of 2/ per 125 kilogrammes, so that something will be done to save the river from becoming utterly ruined. Every year the navigation becomes more perilous, owing to the enormous snags or trunks of trees which lie right in what is often the only available channel, and a blow from which would be sufficient to sink us in a very short time, although this boat is divided into sixteen water-tight compartments, so that we should not run so much risk as other boats that are not so constructed.

When steamers first ran on this river, big ocean-going steamers (at least, one was a steamer that before coming out here carried the mails between Bristol and Cork, and drew about 9 ft. of water) used to struggle up to Houda; now the boat we are in draws (loaded with passengers and about 100 tons freight) 2 ft. 6 in., and such has been the decrease in the volume of water that we shall be lucky if we can struggle up without an accident. A warning of what might be our fate if the

vigilance of our pilot, Eugenio, slackened was passed in the few sticks still showing out of water, when the steamer "Bismark" sank, owing to running on a snag in broad daylight; all her valuable cargo was almost entirely lost, as the natives, or at least those who own a canoe, consider a wrecked steamer much as a Turkey buzzard regards a piece of carrion.

Towards the afternoon we arrived at a place called Barranca Bermeja (or the coloured bank), owing to it being situated on a mass of ferruginous gravel, which with its quartz pebbles is very suggestive of gold, but no bed-rock is visible. Here lives a Canadian, a very intelligent man, and although buried as it were alive in a place like this he is anxious to know the news, and very glad to receive a newspaper. He confirmed the tidings which had been received, that a steamer called "Colombia," and one of the largest boats on the river, has been wrecked just above the town of Nare. She was, however, an old boat, and it is said that she broke up at once. When night came we arrived at the village of Carare, a point which, if opposing political influences had not proved too strong, would

have become a place of importance, as it had been destined to be the terminus of the Northern Railway, which would have extended from here to Bogotá; but such was not to be, although the contract being in the hands of the Public Works Construction Company was a sufficient guarantee that they would have been carried out.

At about 11 o'clock we were disturbed by a truly tropical storm, the wind tore through the trees, and the rain searched every crevice, whilst the whole was illuminated with incessant flashes of lightning. Soon shouts were heard, and we found that such had been the violence of the wind that two good hawsers, which were out at the stern, had snapped like packthread. The current then caught us, and whirled us round, fortunately at the bow were two good chains out, and they held us, whilst the captain, purser, and crew rushed out in the pouring rain and got us secured once more. Still it was an anxious moment; although nothing serious might have happened, we should have drifted into a sand-bank, and with such a wind would have been driven high up, so that it would have cost

some trouble and time to have got us off again.

September 7th. In the morning we compared notes as to the effect the storm had had on the various members of our party. Some with a sublime indifference, or rather stupidity, had not taken the trouble even to think about it; others had tranquilly slept through it. As far as this district extends the cinchona bark, or Cinch-Lancifolia, is exported, and owing to recent discoveries, in very large quantities, so large indeed as to have had a sensible effect on the European markets. Soon we came to a part of the river where the "tagua," or vegetable ivory flourishes. This two or three years ago was an article of profitable export, but now the markets are overstocked. It is a graceful palm, growing about 12 feet from the ground, and the nuts are found in a cluster at the base, enclosed in a hard, rough, dark brown shell, to the number of from five to twelve. When young and cooked with sugar it makes an agreeable sweetmeat. At night we stopped below the "Angosturas," or narrow, as its name implies; the river here narrows as it

runs through a rocky channel to about three hundred yards in width.

September 8th. Early in the morning we arrived at Nare, the principal place of import for the flourishing state of Antioquia, but in itself consisting of a miserable collection of huts. The object of interest here was the steamer "Colombia," wrecked on the 2nd inst. ; she is reported to have struck on a snag and sunk at once ; her stern is almost out of the water, so that the cylinders, &c., can be easily saved. As we arrived there quite early in the morning, most of the party on deck went ashore. We found a beautiful lemon tree covered with fruit, which we shook down in quantities, and conveyed away with us. After several unsuccessful attempts at catching butterflies, we captured a black one, with emerald green marks upon its wings, and gathered some beautiful flowers, a purple pea, some orange flowers, and beautiful leaves. There were some beautiful little humming birds flying here and there, and the shore below us was lively with canoes, well laden, carrying their luggage, with here and there fruits, grass for horses, or even passengers.

Towards twelve o'clock we were en route again, and after some hours' steaming we again stopped for the night at a place called Guarumo, where, when it was cool, we went ashore, and after following a rugged path, through shrubs and low trees, up a mound to some huts, we reached open ground, which a brilliant moon soon illuminated, and showed us a most primitive church, which was being lighted up by a negro with white hair for the festival of the "Natividad," although only the 8th September.

The pictures contained within were wonderful specimens of oil painting, and cracks, and several figures of saints were unveiled for our benefit. The font was an old Spanish one of black stone, and the pulpit of cedar. Several bats were flying round, attracted by the light of the candles, and we were not sorry to leave the place.

September 9th. In the morning we left before daylight, as the river had been falling steadily in the night, and there were grave doubts as to our being able to reach Honda. On passing a point called La Garzera it was evident that we should not have the

continued good fortune, and arriving at Conéjo the order was given to tie up and wait for the rise in the river; this was very aggravating as we were only 20 miles from Honda; however, we had to make the best of a bad bargain, and after breakfast we took our pencils, &c., on shore, and sketched, and were shown strange fruits and flowers for several hours. There was little else to be seen, although a ramble in the adjoining forest after dinner was an agreeable change to our cooped up life on board ship.

September 10th. Early in the morning we went on shore, as there were several interesting sketches to be obtained of Conéjo, where we had been delayed on account of the shallow state of the river. Clambering up the sandy, muddy bank, and sitting under a huge tree, we were surrounded by natives, who were deeply interested in the sketch. We had some very good palm-trees to study, and some most primitive-looking huts, roofed, as usual, with large branches of dried cocoa-nut leaves and bananas, which here and there catching the bright light of the sun, gave a picturesque appearance contrasted with the green behind.

Near Conéjo is a whirlpool, called Las Yeguas, which lies at the foot of some high rocks, just in a turn of the river; it is said to be the largest whirlpool on the river. In the evening we sat on deck and watched some pretty yellow and brown birds with orange tails; my husband shot one, and I took the three tail feathers, but had to throw the bird overboard. We had also a green parrot, which I was busy trying to paint, and by peppering some of the wings, managed to preserve them from the ants till the next day. We found some new green leaves with splashes of red and white upon them, and a long tap root; also an orchid with a dozen magenta flowers upon it, that we hoped would prove a new variety.

In the woods were some beautiful shells with a pinkish green lining. We had a ramble through the woods to gather ferns and flowers, catch butterflies, and shoot birds, &c. Found some lovely soft native cotton-wool growing in a pear-shaped cluster, on four or five brown pods of a very silky nature, and light brown in colour. We gathered some, and find it makes beautiful cotton-wool, and also were told that the natives stuff pillows with it; also we saw

several places where the trees had been burnt down and a clearing made for the planting of sugar-cane, or Indian corn, which seems to be used in large quantities here by the natives, and the corn-cobs make original and useful corks for bottles. It was very delicious to have some beautiful fresh milk given me. My husband got me a bottle full, also Colonel Queralta, a Cuban, who is en route for Bogotá, brought me some very sweet milk.

September 11th. We start from Conéjo early in the morning, though with customary unpunctuality; more wood had to be put upon the steamer before getting off, and we had proceeded a very short way before it was necessary to take in still more wood. We passed some very dangerous parts of the river, and in one place the vessel was raised high up in the air, whilst the other side of the steamer was almost level with the running current of water. We passed the part where it is unsafe on account of the rapids.

At last we arrived in safety at Honda, the end of our journey. Here the heat was terrible, the thermometer being at 102. After some hours rest we were able to leave the

“Victoria,” and to say good-bye to Arrosemena, the captain, who made up several very kind speeches about seeing us both again.

The sun was going down, and all looked soft and rosy in the fading light, the air being much cooler.

With our luggage for the night we got into a native canoe, constructed of the trunk of a single tree, and worked by flat oars, or paddles, rocking and tumbling about in all directions, with a strong under-current. However, in time we reached the shore of Honda, and found mules and ponies, with two habit skirts lent us, waiting under the trees. We soon were packed on, and after following a rugged, stony road, up and down from Caracoli, arrived at a hill, from which the view of the town of Honda was beautifully picturesque, embedded in high rugged mountains, at the junction of two noisy streams, the whitewashed houses, with their thatched roofs, some few red-tiled, with their tall, white-towered buildings like churches, and the whole town diversified here and there by the graceful cocoa-nut-trees.

Our road was sandy and under a complete arch of trees, with women dressed in red, blue, pink, or lilac skirts standing about, wearing large white Panama hats. Heavily-laden mules carried specimens of bark, bags of gold or silver ore from the different mines, or else laden with luggage ready to take up to the towns which were dotted about on the hills and mountains.

We went to the house of Mr H——, who gave us a kind and hospitable welcome, and there we spent the night.

September 12th. Next morning the sun streamed into our strange bedroom. A low wooden roof, with all the brown rafters showing, four white-washed walls, a red-brick floor cracked and uneven ; no window, but a folding wooden door opening into a balcony, on which climbed parrots, yellow birds, and tiny green love-birds among the large lemon-trees and pink oleanders. Ddsaiyuno, or early coffee and toast, was served at six o'clock, and it was long before I felt well enough to turn out, though my husband was up and in the river having a bath long before I made my appearance. However, the bath was very cold and

fresh, and Mrs H—— was kindness itself in allowing me to rest as long as ever I liked.

September 13th was spent in making arrangements for a trip to the central range of the Andes, where the mine is situated in which we are interested, getting saddles ready, and in fact beginning again the usual life in the country. Good saddle mules had been promised to-day, but of course they did not come, although, fortunately, Mr H—— was able to promise to accompany my husband on his excursion. All our remaining goods and chattels on board the steamer "Victoria" had to be packed and arranged for disembarking, and then brought up here.

September 14th. Early this morning, after his usual dip in the muddy Magdalena, my husband came and told me that our fellow-passengers had left for their new home in Malpaso. It was not until past twelve o'clock, in all the heat of the day, that he was able to leave in company with Mr H——. The start was very amusing, as the dresses worn by the two gentlemen were decidedly foreign.

Enormous white straw Panama hats, big ruanas of white material striped with red, and resembling bath towels sewn together, with a hole left to put the head through. Round the waist was strapped a formidable-looking dagger or knife, and huge baggy trousers reaching from the waist to the ankles, finished off by boots and great Spanish spurs, which clattered and clinked on the stone steps leading down to the entrance where the mules were waiting for their riders.

After seeing them off, we returned to our own region above to enjoy the pleasures of the heat until bed-time. Several people came in during the day, and it was interesting to sit in the front verandah and watch the bullocks being laden with goods to be conveyed into the surrounding country.

September 15th. Was ill in bed the greater part of the day, the heat being perfectly insupportable. In the evening I had some beautiful trailing pink flowers brought me; they are called *Bellissima*, and unfortunately will only grow from the roots, but will cover the whole of the side of a house when once induced to grow.

September 16th. Did some sketches, and painted a little, but had no walk out of doors, owing to the great epidemic of small-pox, which is dreadfully prevalent throughout Honda. The steamer "Victoria" returned to Barranquilla to-day, taking cargo and letters for the Royal Mail.

September 17th. We expected the return of the two travellers from La Bonita mines, but though waiting dinner some little time for them we were obliged to give them up.

In the night there was a tremendous storm, the rain poured down, and the thunder seemed to crash right over the house, whilst the noise of the river over the stones was increased to a perfect cataract, and as it continued for several hours, there was not much sleep to be obtained.

September 18th. In time for breakfast the two returned, having passed the previous night at a place called Malpaso. They were very tired and hungry, and glad to get something to eat, and dry clothes, having ridden through a fairish storm of rain. During the evening friends came in, and we had music and singing. My husband brought me a very

curious old earthen carved box, which had been dug out of some Indian's grave, also a solid heavy gold nose-ring, which is a valuable curiosity.

September 19th. We made every arrangement for leaving Honda, packing up all the luggage, and starting it off with seven mules, for the ascent to Bogotá, so that we only left out for ourselves sufficient for the few days that we hope to be upon the road.

To-day was much cooler, the thermometer only being at 77° in the shade, so for the first time I had a walk, and went to see the bridge where the river Gualí comes rushing and tearing below until it joins the Magdalena a few yards further on.

Just here it is so rough that it takes a steamer two days to proceed only two miles. We went round some parts of the town, and saw the ruins of the old stone bridge built by the Spaniards in 1600, also the remains of a decayed hospital, and a church, which is now used as a school.

Some of the buildings, and indeed all those built by the Spaniards, are exceedingly massive, and were originally constructed to

resist the earthquakes, which, however, destroyed in a great measure many of their fine buildings and streets. The natives never attempt to renew any buildings, but just patch them up with stones and poles, so as to keep them together, and make them barely habitable. The house in which we live was once a very large monastery, and must have covered a considerable space of ground. The walls are of solid masonry, and several feet thick, though the house has been altered many times before it arrived at its present condition.

September 20th. We were up early, coming down dressed *cap-à-pied* in riding habit and big hats; both Hills and myself wearing all grey tweed, as not attracting the sun, with yellow dog-skin gloves. We mounted on ponies and mules belonging to Mr H——, and bidding them all adieu, with many thanks for kindness and hospitality, we rode out of the square about seven o'clock. Down several dusty streets we went; they were filled with Colombians; passing an opening where was to be seen the river Gualí rushing over the stones, redly coloured from the mines, until we came to the banks of the Magdalena, where,

dismounting, the saddles were taken off the mules and put into a canoe, and we were paddled across in spite of the great rapidity of the stream.

On the other side were our own mules hired from Mr W——, and after about two hours' delay they were saddled, not before various mishaps, as one white mule turned so restive she had to be changed for another; then there were a grey one, two brown mules, and a strawberry roan for myself. Mr C——, a collector of plants in general, and orchids in particular, had arranged to accompany us all the way to Bogotá. At last we were off, and began our journey on a rough, stony road like the bed of a rocky river from which all the water had dried. This road was in some places almost perpendicular, in others with so narrow a footing as to be almost impassable for the mules, which had to go singly one after the other.

After leaving Honda for a short space the ground kept gradually falling, and we met several droves of mules laden with cargo running up the rocks with incredible speed and agility, but soon our path commenced a

rise which continued steadily until we had reached Consuelo, where we stopped about one o'clock at a small posada or inn, very stiff and glad to dismount for a short time. We were very hot and thankful to rub ourselves down with some "aguardiente," which took away much of the discomfort. The owner of the resting-place took very little interest in the preparations for our breakfast, but sat very contentedly nursing a small wild animal, called a "cahouchi," or peccary, which very much resembles a boar, only without the tusks, and is of a white and greyish colour.

Under his chair hopped a very tame old-fashioned little perroquita, something like a green parrot or a love bird. Our breakfast was not quite a success, and we were followed by a frightful breed of dogs, without any hair, and in appearance more like pigs than dogs, but not savage in spite of their frightful appearance. About three o'clock the cry was once more, "boot and saddles," and then began our up and down journey, with perfect confidence in our sure-footed little mules; thus the dangers of the narrow pathway seemed much lessened.

As we ascended higher it became cooler and cooler, and 4000 feet above Honda the change was delightful. As we wound round and round the steep sides of the mountains we caught glimpses of a most wonderful panorama of the valley of the Magdalena—the towering rocks, which rising haughtily to the skies were completely lost in the white mist, while far, far below the whole country seemed dotted with palm-thatched huts, and light green patches of sugar plantations, or the various tints of tropical forests.

As we neared Guaduas the evening sun was sinking redly behind the hills, and as we rode down the valley past a pretty new house in a coffee plantation, the mist was gradually rising around everything, and almost obscuring the heights which to-morrow we had to ascend. Over the Puente de Guaduas, or bridge, were a party of screaming Colombians, driving in mules to be unloaded and rested for the night, and we were glad to dismount and prepare for a simple dinner in the neat, clean "Hotel," which was cool and clean—two wonderfully new sensations. The floor was brick paved, and the walls papered ;

the latter is a thing we had not seen since we left England.

September 21st. We were up early, and started after one or two adventures, such as upsetting a heavily laden mule on the bridge, and nearly overturning an ancient swarthy dame, enveloped in a striped ruana, who was so intently watching "Las Inglesas," that we found a difficulty in avoiding her. We passed the white-washed church, and turned the road to ascend again ; the clock struck eight, so we hurried on in order to get as far as possible before the heat of the day. This morning we ascended 3000 feet, the highest point being called the Alto del Raizal, where we saw a neat little white-washed house, and the contrast against the sandy, ruddy rocks around made it look extra clean.

Here we found a cluster of splendid pale pink bignonias, which I tried to carry in my hat, but lost before the end of the journey. The scenery was as grand as that of yesterday, and of course the Alto being much higher ground, we seemed to look down upon a perfect circle of mountain summits, far down behind us, from which the morning mist

was slowly unrolled, leaving the rosy peaks shyly peeping out one behind another, until a brilliant sun illumined the whole picture, bringing out vividly every tint of misty distance. We then began to descend to Las Tibayes, down a nasty steep bit of road, I feeling very much as if I should come over my mule's head, and be pitched down amongst the precipices, protected only by towering heights grown with ferns of every description, orchids, begonias, some beautiful crimson alstromera, which Mr C—— gathered for me.

Halting at a kind of inn at Las Tibayes, we ordered breakfast, and whilst it was being prepared we shook down showers of beautiful fine fresh oranges, sweet and quite ripe, and had a rare treat before breakfast, and which was not the choicest, consisting of eggs, beer, horrible beef steak, potato chips, brownish white bread, and chocolate. However, we cannot expect the freshness and sweetness of an English farmstead in these half-Spanish, half-Indian inns. Setting off again once more, this time our journey was all downhill into the valley of Villeta, a descent of nearly 4000 feet.

We passed the fine sugar plantation and mill of Cune, where the quality of the sugar is considered very fine, and after a tiring ride were not sorry to reach the village of Villeta, and again prepare to put up for the night. Our mules had a good roll in the mud, in spite of the rain, which had just commenced as we landed, and then they amused themselves with eating some cloths which were hanging out. I was told, however, that having a good healthy digestion they would not suffer much inconvenience. Our room somewhat resembled the cell of a prison, and consisted of matting on the floor, a wooden shutter for a window, two stretchers with a sheet and two pillows, and a table; also a very tumble-down door, which could only be fastened by putting a long pole against it.

At seven we retired to rest and slept for several hours, but were awake by an enormous cockroach running over my riding-habit, in company with a rat or mouse, some fleas, and small beetles and various others of the insect tribe. We were very thankful when the morning dawned, and we could once more feel free from these unpleasant insects.

September 22nd. The ground was still dripping after the night's rain, and as we were up at five o'clock the air was cool and pleasant, and after an early desayuno, consisting of chocolate, eggs, biscuits, and oranges, we mounted, and were very glad to ride out of unpleasant Villeta. First we had to ford the Rio Negro, which, fortunately for us, was not very high, though it was running rapidly, and the bed was most stony. The bridge above, which had been originally built by the Spaniards, had been broken down three times in five years, and was again under repairs, thus necessitating the ford. The ground began to rise steadily now with very slight descents every now and again, but the different scenes as we rounded the sides of the mountains were worth the difficulty and dangers of the road. The heat was very intense during some parts of the day. Once as we came up the steep steps of "El Salitre," as the road is called, being made of cobble-stones, rising gradually like stairs, we came to a beautiful cool path, which ran under the shade of great damp rocks, where grew ferns and moss, overhung by big branching trees, overtopped by palms, or

begonias, &c. The relief was very great at Chimbi; we stopped to have breakfast. Chimbi is now almost entirely devoted to the growing and exporting of coffee, which is of a very fine quality.

This village is prettily situated on the spur of the Eastern Cordilleras, up which we were slowly creeping, the summit of which we attained after a long ride, with the sun so powerful that it obliged us to take shelter in the Posada of Agua Larga. After resting here awhile we proceeded on our journey. Mr C—— had profitably occupied his leisure by purchasing a collection of most beautiful orchids, *odontoglossum crispum*, *chestertoni*, etc. This point is where the cart road from Bogotá terminates. Here numerous carts, drawn by magnificent bullocks of the Hereford breed, were loading and unloading.

I much appreciated the change in the character of the road, with the fields of barley, wild strawberries, common dock, and other familiar objects; and the peon said, "There's an end to the uphill."

We were then on the top of the Alto del Roble, and the gentle descent soon brought us

to our resting-place for the night. The Alto is at an elevation of 9000 feet above sea-level, and is one of the highest points in the Eastern Range of the Andes. We stopped at Manzanos, or "the Apples," for the night, and after leaving the hot country the cold was really very great at this elevation above the sea.

Our rooms were upstairs, and were all connected by a balcony, from the pillars of which hung numerous flower-baskets, in which grew many old friends, such as pelargoniums, geraniums, crysanthemums, cowslips, roses, and lobelias. Our room was decorated with illustrated papers, which acted in the place of wall-paper, and we were very glad to find blankets and rugs over the couches. We had dinner early, being so tired with the eight hours' riding, and, as usual, enjoyed some most excellent coffee.

September 23rd. I was late in rising, and had chocolate upstairs. The breakfast at eleven was not agreeable. However, Bogotá was before us, and the coffee was very good.

We had here a coach, for which we had telegraphed, and the fat, lazy, white horses dreamily crept along the road to

Facatativa. There we stopped for a few minutes near a large, new church which is being built. At another town, or rather village, on the road called Cuatro Esquinas, we changed the horses, and then on again for Bogotá.

The road, which was pretty good, though very winding, and in some parts uneven, was crowded with people coming from the Friday market in Bogotá, empty waggons drawn by red, black, and white oxen, women on mules and ponies, men in big Panama hats and ruanas, donkeys laden with fodder or milk-tins; every description of passengers were busily going or coming along the road. We passed over the low swampy ground near Bogotá, where snipe and wild duck are found, and by a turn in the road the pinnacles and church towers, house-tops, and eucalyptus trees came full in sight, gilded by the evening sun. The two hills behind the city, with their church-crowned summits, looked dark and gloomy, and the clouds hung heavy on the rocks above. We drove through several streets into a kind of square, where were waggons, stalls, men, women, and boys, making great noise and confusion, and after some little

difficulty we managed to get our coach driven through the narrow roadway up to Mrs Bowden's, where we propose to take a suite of rooms and remain for some time, if convenient. To partake of a thoroughly good dinner was a great treat, and bed, after refreshing tea, was, as we considered, very well earned.

September 24th. We began life in a new home, and found everything exquisitely clean and very comfortable. After dressing we sought to survey the outer world, and the first thing that attracted us was the gasworks, which are not very extensive, considering that the next intended improvement is to be the electric light!

We visited some gardens and green-houses, and were given a large bouquet of flowers of all colours and descriptions, which were truly appreciated in our rooms. After this we walked through the town, which has a most picturesque appearance, with its low white-washed walls, thatched, or red-tiled roofs, and projecting green-painted windows, latticed like those of a prison, from which peeped handsome, dark-eyed Spanish women, hidden in their mantillas. The gardener's daughter where

we got the flowers, persisted in imagining that I was only fifteen; this is the third or fourth time that mistake has been made.

September 25th. After a late breakfast we went to the Scotch Presbyterian Mission House, the only Protestant place of worship in Bogotá. The hymns were in Spanish, with some of the old Ancient and Modern tunes, and so distinctly sung that it was quite possible to follow the voices. The Bible was read in Spanish, and the sermon, given by a Mr Caldwell, was in English.

It was a curious, uncouth building to be a church, and had galleries on both sides, with two very high windows above a raised platform, where stood the reading-desk and the harmonium, and originally was built for a printing-office.

Few people were present, as Protestantism is looked upon with horror by the lower order of the Colombians, who consider that the souls of those who belong to such a religion are lost, and that very morning a poor woman had been to the Pastor and offered to sell her child to the Devil if Mr C—— would only give her the money with which to sustain herself.

In the afternoon several gentlemen called : our friend (of the river) Colonel Queralta, whom we thanked for the beautiful box of many coloured beetles which he had sent to us ; the American Minister, Mr Diechman, and many others, who will be mentioned, doubtless, hereafter.

September 26th. Trying to come to some arrangement about the rooms, found that we could not have the suite until next month, when some Baronessa de Wilson, to whom they are let, goes away.

September 27th. Received by private hand a letter from England, from Barranquilla, which should have been received a month ago. Walked to the Hospital of San Diego for the indigent poor. The convent and walls of the garden of San Diego were the head-quarters of the army which defended Bogotá when captured by General Mosquera in 1860. Being the key of the position, it was only seized after great slaughter. The old stone cross is still standing in front of the Hospital Garden, at which the Indians, during the Spanish rule, were obliged to kneel, and were there beaten for any real or imaginary fault imputed to them

by the cruel authorities of the Church. Here they were also made to repeat the Creed.

We met the American Minister on horseback, and passed the church of Las Nieves, one of the corner houses near being the first palace of the Viceroys of Bogotá. It was a wretched stone building, with high, gloomy windows, and open spaces below more like stabling for cattle.

September 28th. Did not go out at all ; tried to make our rooms more comfortable, and to unpack boxes which had been locked since June.

September 29th. Went out with Mrs B——, with whom we are living at present, to see about getting some furniture for our rooms. After long arguments in Spanish, and inspecting many inferior articles, we managed to select a wardrobe, and I ordered two footstools, having them covered with chintz, which I had brought out with me.

September 30th. Did not go out at all. Mr and Mrs N—— called in the evening, about nine o'clock.

October 1st. Colonel Queralta sent an enormous basket of flowers, roses, violets, &c., of every colour and perfume.

October 2nd. Went to the Mission Church, but as the sermon was in Spanish, it was not very (to me) intelligible. Rained hard when we left, which made the air very fresh and beautifully cold. Mr and Mrs B. K—— called. She is very handsome—of the type of a French Marquise—with a quantity of grey hair piled on the top of her head. All the flags were hoisted in the streets half-mast on account of hearing the sad news yesterday that President Garfield, of the United States, had died through the injuries inflicted by a cowardly ruffian who fired at him some months ago.

October 3rd. Went to return several calls. The C——s live in what was a huge convent, picturesquely built, and opening out into patios or small flower gardens below. Private entrances led into the church, which are now blocked up. The existing market adjoining, embracing upwards of 150 yards square, was originally the convent garden. The house is now used as a Protestant School. We afterwards called upon the B. K——s, who have a nice roomy house in the Calle del Telegrafo.

October 4th. We went in the evening to the K——s for tea and music. Their house is very comfortably furnished, and Mrs K—— is charmingly like a picture. We had tea served in a curious fashion, all the cakes and sweetmeats being handed round one after another; and when tea was over several dishes of cherries, guavas, and apricots were brought in, with glasses of water. We had some singing and music, and left about ten o'clock.

October 5th. The rainy season is now commencing, and torrents of rain fall every now and then, swelling the gullies and tunnels which permeate the streets in all directions, and in some cases coming with quite a rush and foam. We got out between the showers and went along the Zipaquira-road, stopping on our way at Alford's—a man who is a kind of "universal provider," and an Englishman. He hires coaches, has a brewery and sells good beer, a flower garden from whence he gave me a beautiful bouquet, and he also superintends the cooking of dinners. A pleasant, hospitable man, and one who proved very useful.

His wife is also English. We walked a good distance, and found the air cool and pleasant, and little dust, which had been all laid by the rain.

October 6th. We finished the letters for the English mail, and made a few preparations for receiving the gentlemen, Mr W— and Colonel Queralta and others, who came to tea, and I am afraid would find the entertainment rather slow, as they neither played whist nor smoked, though the wherewithal was provided; however, our first tea-party might have been worse, though there is little doubt but that it might have been better.

October 7th. We walked down to a small "quinta," which Messrs Shuttleworth, Carder, and Co., of Clapham, have purchased to grow orchids and plants, and to have them sent home to England. The plants are most curiously arranged. Short white sticks are covered with sphagnum moss, amongst which the orchids are all tied, so that the sticks resemble Jerusalem artichokes, all sprouting out of the white moss. These are then nailed into wooden boxes, and carried off over the mountains on mule-back to Honda.

October 8th. After a little rain, we walked to the cemetery along the Zipaquirá-road, and then turned off near some cottages to some large wooden gates, fixed into yellow-washed brick walls. We obtained the keys from a cottage near, and walked down a pathway between large rose-bushes, some few bearing fine flowers; also here and there an orchid was clinging. Bomareas and one or two tacsonias, large waxy, red flowers, opening like a star, belonging to the passion-flower family.

At the end of the path was an old porch of stone with a wooden gate, which we opened, and entered the last resting-place of many of our countrymen. There were several handsome tombs, and some well cared for, with violets, roses, and convolvuli climbing round.

A few monuments were of white marble, and one erected to a Dr Cheyne was a massive, handsome white one. We went all round, observing that the earliest date recorded was 1831.

The cemetery was first of all begun by William Turner, who was the British Minister in 1831, and all foreigners are allowed burial

there. Adjoining it lies the one belonging to the Roman Catholics.

We sat there for some time, and enjoyed the breeze blowing through the eucalyptus and willow-trees, and sweeping down the rugged hills, at the foot of which lies the town of Zipaquirá, famous in the history of the country for its salt mines, which have been worked for the benefit of the Government ever since the time of the Conquest, 1535; the Spaniards having found there, already established by the Indians, most extensive workings in the side of the hill above the town of Zipaquirá. At the present date these mines of rock-salt furnish the Colombian Government with one-eighth part of its total revenue.

I shall hope to make an expedition there to see them some day. In the evening we went to the K——s to dinner, and spent a very pleasant evening, amid a numerous assemblage, the German and American Ministers both being there, Mr K—— being the American Consul.

No London dinner could have been better arranged, or better conducted throughout, and no hostess could have looked more charm-

ing than did our picturesque lady. The flowers were lovely exotics, and beautiful little bouquets were placed for each guest at the table, and the *ménus* were decorated with pictures of fish, rabbits, ducks, &c., and beautifully done. We had music in the drawing-rooms afterwards, which are very large and airy rooms, and returned home late.

October 9th. After three-quarters of an hour of a Spanish sermon we went by way of refreshment to Agua Nueva, up the hill-side, for a very long walk.

The air was deliciously cool, and after a little steep climbing over a slippery, clayey path, we reached comparatively hard ground. Far below we enjoyed a beautiful view of the "City of the Plains," Bogotá lying snugly at our feet; tall churches, low long rows of houses, with their red-tiled roofs and white-washed walls, enlivened here and there by groups of feathery willows, or eucalyptus-trees.

We could see the road to Facatativá, and the water glistening white of the marshes lying alongside, whilst far, far away, was a line of blue hills, and the gap near the Alto

del Roble (or "Height of the Oaks"), where we rode through to Mansanos. The road along the hill-side was very picturesque, and we found plenty of ferns and flowers; amongst the number some quantities of very pretty pink flowers of the melastomacious variety, and some little clusters of pink Spanish roses, which were very sweet-smelling.

After several turns of the road we came to the *molino*, or flour-mill, turned by water, which is most picturesquely situated on the banks of a brawling, tumbling, mountain torrent, which eventually becomes the river Bogotá. The mountains seemed to descend into a gap here, and one or two huts are perched amongst the stones on either side, whilst to the left rises almost perpendicularly the rugged height of Mont Serrate, crowned by a church, of which more anon.

We descended a little to a rustic bridge, about twenty-five feet wide, composed of loose logs and planks laid together; here we sat and watched the course of the stream tumbling down over the big boulders amongst some rocks. Rather above the stream was a well, at which women and boys were filling great red

stone demijohns to strap on to a donkey to be carried down to the town; whilst further below, the banks were dotted by women washing clothes in the clear pools. Sunday seemed of little consequence to them. Thus we gradually descended again into the town. It rained a little, but we managed to spend the evening with Mrs P—— in the Plaza de San Francisco.

October 10th. We invested in some claret of a very fine kind, which came to-day. In the afternoon, between the showers, we called upon Mrs K——. Mrs P—— sent us a large box full of bocadillos, which are a square, sweetmeat, made up with sugar and guava into little blocks, and folded in a dried leaf of the bijau.

October 11th. Rose very early, at six o'clock, and dressed ready to mount. Two small horses were waiting at the door for our ascent up Mont Serrate. I rode a big strawberry roan horse without shoes, and we took the little brown pony to the Plaza San Francisco for Miss P——, who mounted, and then we started for the ride. After passing some of the streets, by the waters of Agua Nueva and

the Molino, our pathway lay to the left, and wound up a stony, grassy road, past a pretty quinta, built by Mr P— some years ago, with a fine growth of Scotch firs in one corner of the garden, and some stone steps and statues about the grounds. Half way up the mountain we joined the two gentlemen who had started before us—Colonel Queralta and Mr W—; they, walking, found it necessary for a little rest, on account of the wonderful rarefaction of the air.

When we joined them it was about 10,000 feet above the sea level. The path gradually became steeper and steeper and very narrow, winding now on the edge of a steep, rocky descent, now under a straight wall of stone, rising high above our heads. The path was more precipitous than many parts of the journey from Honda were, and at one place the horses seemed to require great exertion to rise from one stony platform to another. The poor animals felt the climbing very much, and constantly rested, panting and trembling. After passing the lower half, the air seemed to become cooler and more moist, and the road comparatively even and straight, though, of course, still ascending.

The shrubs and flowers seemed different about here—some melastomacia ferns, mosses of every colour, and a pretty feathery-looking bamboo, on which grew in bundles fine narrow leaves. We passed three halting-places constructed by natives in the sides of the mountain; they were of stone and were used as grottoes in which to say prayers and leave a cross as they journeyed.

At last we reached the top of the hill, and a splendid view of Bogotá mapped itself out at our feet, with the whole of the plain and the roads to Facatativá, Zipaquirá, and to the waterfall. Some of the lakes were to be seen in the distance, all completely shut in by the spurs of the Andes, whilst in the background the snowy cap of Tolima was distinctly visible. On the other side of Mont Serrate was a rugged view of mountains and rocks, covered with low shrubs and flowers. There was a winding path down the mountain side, over which was to be seen a woman leading a large black bullock by a string through its nose, both of them heavily laden, and their burdens wrapped in leaves. Further to our left was the higher peak of Guadalupe,

surmounted by a Roman Catholic Church. On the summit of Mont Serrate, which is 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, was also a small church with a few rooms attached, belonging to an old priest with a benevolent face. He showed us all about, and allowed us to have breakfast in one of his chambers, which were elaborately decorated with pictures of Saints, portraits of Popes and Cardinals, candles, a rosary, a library of books several hundred years old, and some real silver lamps in a very dirty condition. The chapel was once in the possession of the monks of the order of San Francisco, and was used as a barracks during the last revolution by the soldiers, who received notes and letters from the ladies down below in Bogotá. These letters in the end implicated many leading characters in the city who otherwise would not have been suspected.

After an unpromising-looking meal, and inspecting a tame gallinazo, or turkey buzzard, two cats, a dog, and some flowers, the priest took us to a place where pure clear water was obtained, near some pretty little caves, surrounded by ferns, moss, and flowers, of

which we gathered a large basketful to bring away with us. The gallinazo followed us solemnly on our walk and seemed to enquire into our business there. It was very hot, and I was more burnt in this short journey than the whole of the ride from Honda, on account of the burning winds off the plains; so I advise every one to wear a very large shady hat on going up Mont Serrate. However, we mounted, and two o'clock saw us *en route* down again, but the descent was so steep and my horse lame, so I preferred to walk down a greater part of the way.

When nearing the town I mounted again, and after leaving Miss P—— we made our way back to the house of Mrs B——.

October 12th. We had two of the little H——s to tea from the Colegio Americana School, one of them rather pretty.

October 13th. The mail came in with letters from England and newspapers, reminding us that home and country still existed.

October 14th. We called on the B——s, Colombians, very nice people; the daughter pretty, a bright intelligent girl, and has travelled much in Europe; she speaks several

languages and paints very well. The house was comfortably furnished with amber-coloured upholstery and many Parisienne and London bric-à-brac. The patio down below was full of plants and statues. It was being painted white and grey, looked cool and pretty. We went to survey a little house in the Calle San Juan de Dios, and partly promised to take it, but the owner wished to retain a room for herself and family to reside in.

October 15th. Pine-apples being frequently in the markets we often have a fine big one for lunch, giving about 10 cents for it—that is, fivepence. Native strawberries resemble much the wild ones of England, and are as yet in no way cultivated, consequently they are very little larger than currants.

They are sweet tasting on the whole, and grow wild in the country, about the hills, being gathered and brought in to the market twice a week by the country people. Oranges we have all the year round, very sweet and wholesome, and grown about half a day's journey from Bogotá at Chimbi. The cherimoyer is another common fruit, being of a dappled greenish brown colour outside, and

larger than a fine apple. The fruit is white inside, with a kind of sweet acid flavour, with large black seeds, enveloped in the white pulp, throughout the fruit. Here the bananas are small and woody, to the taste nothing like the rich buttery ones found in the hotter districts, though this may be a bad time of the year for them. Those I have seen have been yellowish in colour, and from five to seven inches long. The granadella, which is the fruit of one of the passion-flowers, when ripe is a yellowish green colour, in shape resembling an egg plum, about the size of a large egg, containing a green pulp full of black seeds, the whole of which can be swallowed without danger, leaving the hard outside of the granadilla like the two divided shells of an egg. The inside of the fruit-skin is white and slightly fibrous. It grows in the West Indies, Brazil, and the tropical parts of America; the flowers are only cultivated in Europe for their scent and beauty; some are white and some variegated with purple; they flower from July to September. The alligator pear or agua cate, as it is called here, is more particularly a native of the West Indies.

This fruit, which is the size of a large pear, is most delicious, the taste rich and buttery. It has a kernel enclosed in a soft rind, and the green pulp, which is firm, when eaten with salt and pepper, is most cool and refreshing. Of the three kinds, red, purple, and green, the latter is the best.

Birds and animals are also very fond of it. The squash, of the gourd species, is a delicious vegetable, of a yellow colour both without and within. The shape is round, and often flattened at either end. It is cultivated here as an article of food, and looks like very yellow mashed potatoes when brought to the dinner-table.

In our garden is growing a tree called the papaya. It has gained some height, and has a straight stem, marked in notches, and on the top is now a bunch of finger-like leaves, whilst along the stem, hanging downwards, are some green egg-shaped fruits, one below the other. This species, when from the hot country, has a delicious yellow fruit, which much resembles a peach, only not so juicy, and can be bought in the Bogotá Market.

October 16th. Went to church as usual, and after the service saw a christening, three boys and two women. One of the latter received the curious name of "Consolacion Torres." The water was applied to the top of their heads in a handful, and no sign of the cross was made; however, the service was solemn and serious enough.

We spent the evening with Mrs P——, and expected to hear the band play in the Plaza, but found the performance was over at six o'clock.

October 17th. Were going out for a stroll, when we noticed a nice little house to let. We accordingly investigated, and found the place pleasantly situated, with plenty of rooms, a patio and garden, stabling, good kitchens, &c., and in every way well worth taking, which we did for 60 fuertes (£12) a-month, also partly furnished. It was very dirty, and would require unlimited applications of soap and water before being habitable. Heavy rain fell.

October 18th. Great rainfall continuing during the whole day. Rising slowly as a mist over the tops of Guadalupe and Mont Serrate, it rolled down the hills' sides until it

burst into torrents over the city, swelling the numerous runnels in the streets, and sending them raging and foaming along.

About three o'clock we heard from the patio, where we were sitting, a loud roaring noise, and in the streets the cry of "Cresciento, cresciento"—the flood. Running out, we saw people hurrying to the bridge near our house, where a crowd soon collected, and the water became suddenly transformed from an insignificant, narrow stream, to a rushing, muddy, turbulent torrent, carrying everything before it. Horses were carried away, poultry floated off, several people drowned in their houses, and many only escaping with their lives. All the washing laid out on the banks was entirely carried off, and one poor woman lost several dozen of gentlemen's shirts, which she had been starching. In one place some gentlemen, wishing to cross the stream, found it an impassable flood, a cart, yoked with two oxen, and the driver, all being mercilessly hurried away.

The wave near our bridge rose nearly nine feet, and it was confidently expected to carry all before it. Nine years ago, in 1872,

such another flood was experienced, but this one was the more disastrous of the two. The reason of its sudden rise is the large body of water gradually accumulating in the mountains, which at last bursting a way for itself above the Molino at Agua Nueva, tears down in resistless force, and as in its course it passes where much of the linen of the city is washed and dried, woe betide those whose belongings are exposed to its ravenous course!

We walked to the different points of the river to view the catastrophe; in one place a bridge had entirely disappeared, and men were ready with lassoes to rescue cattle or pieces of floating timber; in another spot furniture was being carried hurriedly out of those houses in danger, and some of the bridges were so unsafe that riders went roundabout ways home rather than risk a hasty descent into the muddy water below.

October 19th. Senora H— came at half-past 12, and gave me my first Spanish lesson. She is the grand-daughter of General Mosquera, who was once supreme dictator in Bogotá. Mosquera, who was a Liberal, deposed President Ospina, and seized the government of

Bogotá in July, 1861. He called a congress, and the states determined on union under the name of the "United States of Colombia," on the 20th September.

On the 11th March, 1866, Mosquera, by a *coup d'état*, declared himself Dictator, but the following May he was deposed by Santos Acosta, and exiled 1st November, 1867.

New Granada, of which Bogotá is the capital, was discovered by Ojeda in 1499, and settled in by the Spaniards in 1536. Venezuela (which was united with New Granada or Colombia in 1819), when the Spaniards landed there in 1499, was observed by them as a collection of huts, built upon piles by Indians, in order to raise their villages above the stagnant water that covered the plain, and this induced the conquerors to give it the name of Venezuela or Little Venice.

October 20th. Called upon Mrs S—, who lent me a book of Spanish poetry. Looked over the new house to see about repairs. Walked to see the orchid place. Went round to Mrs P—, who was not at home; returned here, meeting some Indians coming into the town, carrying in their hands blow-pipes, which are

long poles, hollowed out, and about seven or eight feet long; with these they shoot humming-birds in the country, bringing them into Bogotá for sale.

October 21st. Made numerous purchases for the new house, such as jugs, basins, bedding, estera, or matting, and many other comforts and necessaries. The expense of these articles is quite absurd; the most trifling objects, which in England would cost little or nothing, mount up here to something preposterous, as the charge for goods entering the country is so enormous, and the danger of breakage in the transit over the mountains by the mules so certain, that people are charged according to the amount of goods thus destroyed.

October 22nd. Went to see Dr P—, and was introduced to his wife, a dark specimen of Andalusian beauty. More furniture hunting, more wonderful, and, to me, unintelligible conversations in Spanish about roperos (for hanging dresses), camas (beds), canopes (sofas), &c.

However, the house is slowly but surely progressing, and with painters, paperers, and carpenters, and an old Englishwoman to over-

look, we hope to get in next week. After dinner we played dominoes together.

October 23rd. Did not go out all day. My husband went to the Mission, and heard an English sermon. He took tea at night with the N—s, people from the United States.

October 24th. Very busy about the new house, carrying over the different articles, and getting them all arranged, also buying new furniture, amongst which were two blue-cushioned sofas and chair; also a dark and light wooden washing-stand, and ropero and escaparate, and a cedar dressing-table. Among our week's investments were two little black pups, very fine breed of dogs, and will be a good protection later on. Our room is to be dark blue, to match the wall-paper, with pale brown Madras, or figured muslin, and knots of ribbon to match; but it is not possible to get everything done at once; patience is a most requisite article in this country.

October 31st. At last we are in the house, but we do not find air-beds very conducive to comfort, particularly when the pillows during the night have the unfortunate habit of collap-

ping entirely, so that fresh pillows have to be administered at intervals throughout the night. Several new people called upon us, and we had the pleasure of seeing the interior of some very well-furnished houses, but *such* places they were outside—hardly any of them worth looking at again. We have ordered some very pretty furniture when it arrives; the dressing-table is to be of cedar-wood, and some sofas and easy-chairs, black polished wood and blue rep.

November 6th. More progress with the house. Have got in a good collection of orchids from San Victorino, and also some flowers in the patio below our part of the house.

Then our household is now made up of three Colombian servants, an Englishwoman, who acts as housekeeper, and Hills, my maid. We are hoping to get the glass into our bedroom and the dressing-room doors during the week, for the room is very dark to dress in, and cold as well when the doors are open, as the room is then all exposed to the open air of the corridor.

Downstairs the accumulation of dirt was appalling, quite impossible to imagine unless

seen, but after the rooms were well swept several times, and plenty of eucalyptus-leaves laid down on the floors, we hope the all-abounding nuisance of the country, viz., fleas, will be modified. I manage to obtain flowers every now and again to adorn the rooms, and I have made brackets, and table-cloths of brown holland and worked with wool, which look very pretty in our little tea-room, especially in the evening when the lamp is burning, the green cosey and table-cloth set off by the blue sofa, with our tea waiting on the board; and then a game of dominoes afterwards makes us feel home-like, and appreciate that word for which they have not a Spanish equivalent, "comfort."

November 13th. After the service we walked together with Mr P——, an Englishman, to the Barracks, and were shown some of the guns belonging to the Artillery of the Colombian Guard; these consist of a battery of Armstrong mountain guns, and some Gatlings, one of which has a history attached to it. During the last general revolution the Conservative party, who were opposed to the Government, received information that a Gatling gun, which ought to have been delivered some

months before the revolution broke out, was on the way, and as it would arrive in Honda whilst that town was held by Government troops, they adopted a plan which could only have been successful in a country where superstition, as connected with religion, is so strong. Their agents on the coast shipped the gun in a large case, and labelled it as containing a saint for the new church that is being built in Manzanares. On its arrival in Honda, they received early notice, and twelve strong men were sent to bring it up the hills to the Conservative camp. This they did in the coolest manner possible. First of all they brought it from the steamer, and laid the case in front of the church in Honda, where it was publicly blessed and sprinkled with holy water, in the presence of a battalion of the Government troops. It was then taken up to the central Cordillera, and in the battle of Garapata did an immense amount of damage to the very men through whose carelessness it had been allowed to pass. Besides these there are some old bronze carronades, one of which is an historical piece, as an inscription on the breech shows that it was taken by the

Spaniards from the French at the battle of Pavia. The barracks themselves are situated in the Plaza of San Agustin, the church of which is memorable as having stood a siege of three days' duration in the year 1861; it was mined in three places, but heroically defended, although the besieged were utterly without provisions or water.

November 24th. As it is now the height of the rainy season, the air is beautifully cool, and great heavy clouds hang over Guadalupe and Mont Serrate. When the mist rises up the gorge between these two mountains, the view is very grand, with the patches of sunlight here and there, and the two bold rugged sides of the mountains, enhanced by the pale advancing vapour behind.

The rain comes down in torrents, making a noise like a "cresciento" in our patio, deluging the flowers and ferns, and turning the channels in the streets into miniature rivers. We went for a delightful walk to the Agua Nueva, that is a little way up the hills behind Bogotá, towards Mont Serrate.

The ground was slippery, and wet in many places, and we had to scramble over

loose stones, mossy and slippery; in one part, as we were leaving, the streets, the waters rushing down, were crowded by women washing clothes and beating them on the large smooth stones, whilst some children washed their feet in the fresh water. The background of willow-trees and curiously-thatched huts and a rustic broken bridge made up a very striking picture. As we ascended, the air felt almost cold, like an October afternoon in England, and the sun was hidden by masses of grey mist on the hill-tops high above us.

The road was crowded here and there by the natives and Indians bringing in their goods and fruits to the Friday market, and as we sat on the stone to rest, we had ample leisure to observe them, in their short black petticoats, no shoes or stockings, and white cotton bodices. Many wore beads round their necks, and a black shawl drawn partly over the head. Some also wore bands round the forehead, which held up the long queer-shaped baskets upon the back. Others, not content with their load, were carrying babies in front of them. In their baskets were oranges, a very few pineapples, vegetables of all kinds, charcoal,

potatoes, fowls, &c. Every now and then they led a great black or brown bullock by a ring through his nose and a rope attached, and on his back were bags filled with "miel," or coarse treacle, much used in the making of "chicha," which consists of fermented maize. The maize is well washed and bruised, and then tied up in leaves, which are boiled for ten or twelve hours until quite soft. This pulpy matter is then rubbed through a coarse sieve of the country, and the better material is put into barrels of different sizes, to which coarse treacle is added in different degrees, the proper quantity being thoroughly understood by those making the "chicha."

This ferments, and in a few days is ready to drink, but of course only a common kind, as the best "chicha" is made from the first deposits in the barrels, which are all worked up over again in nearly the same manner, whilst the inferior is sold to the Indians, who take it out to their little "haciendas," or farms, and use it according to their liking.

After we had sat some time we wandered on, and gathered some exquisite little ferns, small roses, moss, and bramble flowers, also

some variegated grass which I have painted. We soon reached the bridge over the stream of the "Agua Nueva," which was rushing down with a tremendous swirl and foam over the stones, being much swollen by the late rains. The view from here was magnificent; the sun was setting behind the Alto del Roble (or "Oaks"), far away on the distant plains, leaving gleams of yellow light upon the lakes, whence the Indians bring in the snipe and wild-duck, throwing some of the distant hills into shadow, wrapping some in blue mist, and some seeming to rise abruptly out of the lakes.

The plains were patched with sunlight on the grass, which glistened now on little huts, and now on water which had inundated parts of the so-called "London Road," whilst at our feet lay the town of Bogotá with its red-tiled roofs, narrow uneven streets, and dirty, and (to me) wonderfully dressed, inhabitants. We found it was getting dusk as we passed the fir-trees on our way down, and were not sorry to be in the house again, all the fresher for the cool breezes off the water and the delicious scent from the evening mist on the hills.

November 28th. My first experience of a sedan chair. Having been asked out to tea, and a dance being proposed fortunately we went dressed *cap-à-pied* knowing the ways of the land, and as the evening turned out wet, a sedan chair was ordered, which duly arrived at nine o'clock. Oh, the getting in to this tiny square box! and the shutting of the door and lid, against which I protested loudly; then the peep out through the glass windows, and observing the several friends who were seeing us off, the entrance of the house being lighted with candles; the novelty of the affair provoked much laughter.

But when outside we fastened the lid open, and then the bearers, lifting the straps belonging to the handles, went off at a steady jog, jog, and swing, swing, through the half-lighted, slippery, and watery streets. It was very amusing to be going to a dance in the style of our grandmothers, and to be so strongly reminded of the days of rapiers, cavaliers, duels, and fair ladies. However, no disasters occurred, and we had a very pleasant evening, and a large assemblage of people to celebrate Mrs C——'s birthday.

The rooms were filled with birthday bouquets, and the people in manner and deportment quite resembled a Parisian assembly rather than one in Bogotá. We came home early, about two o'clock, as the chairmen actually managed to attend punctually, according to their promise. The Episcopal See of Bogotá originated in 1563, and shortly after the edifice which was to be the Cathedral was built, but unfortunately fell down on the day that it was to be consecrated.

In 1572 they recommenced the work, which was finished on the 11th of February, 1607, and is the same building which now exists. The latter part was erected under the direction and according to the plans of a clever architect, the Capuchin monk Domingo Petrez, but dying in 1611, he entrusted the continuation and termination of the work to Master Nicholas Leon, who did not understand the idea of the former architect Petrez, and so did not carry out the design.

At a later period alterations were made in one of the towers, and ultimately the tabernacle was rebuilt, which is now finished. The façade of the Cathedral is placed on a base-

ment of square hewn stones, and raised above the atrio; above this basement there is a group of eight pillars of the Doric order, which form the entrances of the two doors of the sides; two fluted columns of the Ionic order form the central door. Above the first storey runs a fine cornice, and below this cornice and over the side doors in niches are statues by Cabrera, which represent the Apostles St Peter and St Paul. Above this cornice is raised the second body of the edifice, composed of eight Ionic pillars, which form a niche in which is placed a statue of the Virgin by Cabrera. Surmounting these pillars is the façade, which ends in an inscribed frontispiece, on which is an iron cross on a pedestal. Supporting the façade are two well-proportioned towers, 42 metres high, on the second part of which are three Ionic pillars, with apertures for the bells and the clock in each tower. The towers are canopied by two domes, having the episcopal emblems. The Plaza of Bolivar, which is the principal square in the city, extends 80 metres on all sides, and is of unique dimensions. It is the finest square in Bogotá, and has witnessed all the

vicissitudes which have begun or ended in the city. Thus it has witnessed Quesada for the first time unroll the Spanish flag, above the glorious wooden stand of the cross; the days of the Viceroy, the scaffolds and slavery; and Bolivar, the penon of liberty; the times of the new Granadian Government, and—*quel horreur!*—the market for provisions, and finally the definite Republican Constitution.

The growth of science, art, and religion has all emanated from its breast. In the Plaza de la Constitucion is a bronze statue which is nearly life-size, and is called "Heroic," serving to represent the virtues of Bolivar and to raise him above other men. The figure is dressed in military device and adorned with curious embroidery; hanging from the breast is the medallion of Washington. The head of the hero is uncovered. The statue is the work of the celebrated sculptor Tenerani, and was presented to the Congress of New Granada by Senor José Ignacio Paris, and the Congress requested that it should be placed in the "Plaza de la Contitucion," where it now stands. Another spot of interest is the Roman Catholic Cemetery, with the Protestant adjoin-

ing. It contains several handsome monuments, and is full of flowers, roses creeping all over, orchids here and there, and rich clusters of scarlet flowers. It seemed so still and quiet, with only a few trees, such as the eucalyptus, the willow, and datura waving overhead, and the great silent green hills beyond, and the plain stretching away, and only lightened by the fading rays of the setting sun—it seemed such a lonely resting-place for our countrymen in this foreign land.

PLAZA DE LOS MARTIRES.

For the Colombians the name of the Plaza de los Martires is united with the sad memory of many great patriots, councillors, politicians, and soldiers shot here by the Spaniards during the War of Independence. At the civic feast of the 20th July, 1872, Dr Manuel Murillo, President of the Republic, placed the first stone of the monument dedicated to their memory, which to-day raises itself so grandly in the centre of the Plaza. It belonged to Trujillo's Administration the honour of finishing it, aided by the skilful direction of the Italian artist, Mario Lombardi.

PLAZA DE LA CAPUCHINA.

On the eastern side is the College of Merced, the Church of the Capuchina, and some houses, and on the other sides private houses. A walk of eucalyptus-trees runs the length of the Plaza parallel with the street 5a al Occidente. The eucalyptus-trees, which are very fine, were the first ever planted, only fifteen years ago, in Bogotá, and are the well-known eucalyptus globulus. They flourish all over the city, and are now planted by thousands, adding an agreeable feature to the treeless plains.

THE PLAZA DE ARMAS.

The Plaza de Armas, close to the Church of San Agustin, is 256 metres from the Constitucion in a southern direction. The river San Agustin traverses the square from east to west, running the whole length of the Plaza, which is over 100 metres long. In the two extremes of the Plaza there are two bridges of considerable importance, especially the eastern one. On the two sides of the river run narrow streets about 20 metres wide, and on the north there is a pretty garden of an oblong form, on account of the irregularity of the course of

the river. On the opposite side another garden is being constructed, which is not yet complete. The south side of the Plaza is occupied by the Church of San Agustin, and on the east is followed by the large barracks, whose lofty walls are not worthy of any attention.

Here I propose entering a letter describing an up-country journey in the rainy season, which I found on turning over some of my husband's papers.

P—— and I, after a short consultation on January 9th, decided that as the steamer "Moltke," with Mr Weckbecker, would not come to us, we would go to her. The 10th was occupied in arranging mules, provisions, &c. As it was a trip that in order to make all successful the commissariat had to be studied, I, having travelled once before over those dismal plains, knew that as a rule the answer to any mild request for food would be answered with "No hai" (there are none). We agreed to travel in the following manner: First, a black boy named Sebastian Echeverri, on whose skull were wasted many bad words before the journey was ended; he was to ride a black mule, and to lead a baggage-mule.

The latter's load was made as light as possible so that we might travel rapidly, and consisted of some chocolate, four tins of sausages, six tins of partridge, one box of biscuits, two bottles of Vermouth, two bottles of brandy, one of the latter being mixed with quinine in case of fever. Each took besides one hammock, one pair trousers, two pairs socks, one flannel shirt, a few handkerchiefs, comb, tooth brush and soap ; besides these we carried with us on our saddles waterproof sheets and ruanas, these latter being made of cotton, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard square, and in the heat of the day are put on, the coat being taken off and strapped behind the saddle, so that when it gets chilly towards night you can again exchange.

We ordered our mules to be brought in at night so that we might start early in the morning, P—— having a fine black mule, and for exchange one of my saddle mules ; I had two mules also, so that there were six beasts, which made quite a cavalcade. At eight p.m. the men came back, saying they could not catch my little black mule, so we were obliged to wait on the 11th for them to bring her in, and

instead of starting at four a.m., it was twelve o'clock before we set forth.

Soon after one leaves Honda the extensive plains commence. They have a length of 300 miles, although the breadth is comparatively trifling. As we had started in the heat of the day the small clumps of trees giving a shelter from the sun were very agreeable, but unfortunately they are few and far between. In most instances their shade concealed a hut of some description, where we could indulge our dissipated natures with a draught of what is called "guarapo," a liquor produced by the fermentation of brown sugar and rice—not very intoxicating, but decidedly refreshing. Then crossing over some small streams, and having proved the perfect uselessness of our servant, in leading the baggage-mule, we adopted the system of sending him ahead, and by dint of using whips and shouting, we managed to drive our cavalcade along at a decent pace. At five o'clock we arrived at the village of Guayaval. Here I had a letter to deliver, and we found some good English beer; this we discussed with great satisfaction, and as we had almost full moonlight to

travel by, went on our way. Our first obstacle was the river Sabandija, which is wide and deep; but we were able to cross without a ducking, and after wandering about for two hours under trees, we reached the small village of La Union. This place is worthy of note, as what we rode over, although at the present time a plain, was before the year 1828 a series of small hillocks and valleys. The cause of this great change was a very severe earthquake, which devastated the whole country. Towards the west, and at the back of the village, are the foothills of the Central Cordillera of the Andes. Rising far above all, at the head of the valley is to be seen the snow-covered mountain of Ruiz, where an active volcano still sends out smoke occasionally.

Down the valley runs the river Lagunilla, the banks of which are exceedingly picturesque and precipitous, measuring 2000 feet in height, and often at an angle of 36° . I have explored the right-hand bank for gold a considerable distance, and in many places was obliged to hang on to the trees, it being so steep. At one time a particularly rich gold mine was

worked here, and is known all over the country on account of the stories told about its proprietor, who was in the habit of inviting his friends to dinner, for dessert presenting them with golden fruit! I suspect he did not do so very often.

During the earthquake the ground where the mine is situated, being doubtless loosened by the excavations, gave way, probably along the course of the lode, as simultaneously another landslip occurred on the other side of the river between them, completely damming it up. The enormous quantity of earth, stones, trees, &c., contained in these land-slides can only be imagined, but the magnitude must have been gigantic, as the river was thus dammed up for three weeks, and when it at last burst, it overflowed its former banks, carrying all before it, thus levelling and making the plain of La Union, but at the estimated cost of 500 lives. This fact alone, in such a thinly-populated district, shows the extent of the disaster.

An English gentleman in Honda (now dead) helped to save many lives by going with others and poling about in a raft amongst the

still liquid mud, and taking people off the tops of high trees, hillocks, and other places of refuge. We slept in a well-built house, and after taking chocolate were soon asleep. June 12th, at daylight, we were ready, but my grey mule was not, and impressed her convictions rather painfully, as whilst P— was thrashing her with a whip, she kicked him on the leg, breaking the skin, but fortunately no bone. Then we had to wade the river Lagunilla; this was deep, and our baggage got wet.

I crossed it on foot, and found great difficulty in maintaining ground during the operation, the rapid current knocking me against the stones. In an hour we arrived at Lerida, a place of no interest, but where we determined to leave my grey mule, owing to its being lame. Here we were delayed three hours, looking for a beast to replace it, and we were obliged at last to go on without accomplishing our object. The plain we next traversed was peculiar for the number of loose stones, weighing two or three pounds, scattered all over it. Then we passed the river Recio by a bridge, up an ascent of 500 feet, and thus reached the table-land of Vena-

dillo. This hill P—— persisted in climbing on foot, partly out of consideration for his mule, and the consequence was that he felt the sun fearfully, having a headache all the rest of the journey. We neither of us suffered otherwise than the natural fatigue attendant on twelve or more hours' continuous riding under the hot sun, and day after day.

From our elevated position we saw the village of Venadillo at some distance, and as it possesses a fine church, with numerous clumps of palm-trees, it looked very picturesque. Before arriving we passed under the shade of some tremendous trees, and then fording the stream, we were soon in the Plaza, unsaddled, took out our stores, and fed both beasts and selves. At 5 p.m., once more were on our way, and being wrongly directed, went considerably out of our road, so that at about 8 o'clock, finding that we were out of the track, and it beginning to rain, we gave up the idea of going on, asked and obtained shelter in a decent place, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances admitted.

P—— not liking the idea of sleeping in a hammock, took the floor. I rigged my ham-

mock, and although it was rather wet, by the bath it had had in the Lagunilla, by means of stretching P——'s across and turning in all standing. I did *not* get an attack of rheumatism.

June 13th. We were off in good time, and received instructions from our host that by following the telegraph we could not go wrong. By this means we soon arrived at the river Totare, which we forded, but then soon found ourselves wrong, as the telegraph passed over the river China, where it was so deep that there was no chance of fording, so we had to make a long circuit before we struck the right trail. Passing the river, we were soon at the foot of a hillock, apparently some 500 feet in height. It is surrounded by white ruins, which are discernible at a great distance. All the information to be obtained about them is, that they are the tombs of the Indio Galvez and his family, but when they lived, and died, is not certain; afterwards I learnt that these are quite recent. From below one can see that a wall ran all round the top of the hill, and large entrance-gates are still standing. Inside the enclosure two high tombs can be plainly seen; these owe their great whiteness of hue to being

made of marble, obtained at great cost from the United States. What the object of the worthy man was is a mystery ; whether it was ostentation or a desire to escape future deluge is unknown. The stream of Caima next attracted our attention, and then the village, where we were glad to take chocolate and rest the beasts a little. At about 4 p.m. we breakfasted, after having occupied ourselves in making another circle, and we had to make up for it by not reaching the scattered huts on the Gualandai plains before dark ; our guide mentioned some three houses as being the best "posada," but to our disgust these three had all miraculously disappeared, so that we wandered on and found a miserable hut, and there was nothing for it but to stop there.

After supper P—— and self made our bed together on my waterproof sheet, with slight inconveniences, as a kid walking over us occasionally, or a rat skirmishing overhead. Now, the kid, fortunately for me, evinced a greater affection for P——. The proprietor of the den being ill with toothache, we pretended to cure him by giving him two stiff doses of brandy, which, at any rate, made him suffi-

ently sleepy, and the chorus of groans gradually died off. The cause of our anxiety for his welfare was this : he had told us before going to sleep that he would most probably amuse himself by getting up in the night and taking a walk, and to achieve this it was necessary to pass over P——'s and my legs ; therefore I was not at all surprised by waking up and finding P—— holding one of my legs, and mildly suggesting that he did not enjoy being kicked.

June 14th. Precious glad we were to start, and after going down a stiff hill, and along a series of little plains, we found ourselves on the banks of the river Coello, which had to be crossed in a canoe, as the current is very rapid and deep. We shouted long and loud for the canoe, which was on the other side, and might have gone on doing so for a considerable longer period, when two men appeared leading mules laden with brown sugar, and they told us that owing to the heavy flood that was on, we should have to wait until a certain stone showed its head clear of the water ; so we decided to breakfast, and I had a bathe. The water was very cold,

and the flood went down rapidly, so that by the time we had finished breakfasting and packed our things the canoe had come over with its first load. We had to make arrangements to swim the mules across, as they could not be swum in this river, as is customary, alongside the canoe.

We then embarked with all our saddles, &c., and the force of the water soon sent us whizzing across. On arriving, they threw a rope to an antiquated specimen at the landing-place, which he caught, held tight for one moment, when snap it went, and there were we floating down the river without any control, over the big rocks that we could see below. Fortunately we seized some small twigs, which did not break, and then on to stronger ones, thus escaping from a position of considerable peril ; we then did some wandering through a drizzle, which made us feel doubtful whether to put on our waterproofs or not, and at about four o'clock arrived, as I thought, although with some misgivings, at Guamo, but afterwards we found it was Espinal, our guide having led us leagues out of the way. I had promised P— a half-

holiday to-day, so he decided to stay for the night, as evidently we could obtain something fit to eat, and I must confess to feeling a little done up, the country fever having taken too much out of me on previous journeys.

After a good dinner we felt refreshed, and went wandering about. Found a telegraph-office, went in and had a chat with the clerk, sent a message to Honda, notifying our arrival ; in fact, it was here that we found out that we were not in Guamo, by the telegraph clerk mildly requesting us to alter the heading of the telegram to Espinal, and not Guamo, as I had headed it. I could not understand the reason ; at last, after complying with his request, the truth dawned on me, and the roar of laughter I sent off startled him considerably, when I explained matters to P—. He had the pull on me on account of the mistake ; later on we found a billiard-room and played a great many games, and then to bed. P— agreed to sleep in a hammock, as it was softer than the table assigned as the other bed, and there being room only for one hammock ; I arranged myself comfortably enough.

P——, when he saw how I had settled, and never having slept in a hammock before, wanted to change to the table, but I, knowing he would be much more comfortable in the hammock, would not consent. The only trouble he had was that a tame sheep let off a ferocious baa close to him, which nearly made him spring out of his bed.

June 15th. Once more taking the telegraph as our guide, we crossed some streams, which after heavy rains are dangerous, on account of their bottom being composed of very fine gravel and sand. By some curious current the water creeps underneath this, so that to all appearance there is very little water; but the mistake is soon discovered when the mule suddenly plunges in up to his girths; the main body of water being below the sand. The river Luisa was just high enough to afford me some difficulty in getting across, as my mule was small. We then were in the town of Guamo, capital of the State of Tolima; here we found a shop where they condescended to give us some breakfast, and I enraged the proprietress by remarking on her reading the Bible instead of settling

our account. Whether it was to give her patience to treat with heretics like us, or to increase our bill, I know not; at any rate, I objected, as her attention was not entirely fixed on it, but varied between reading a few verses, and then asking questions; one of these questions was whether we were not two carpenters sent to repair the steamer! In the telegraph-office we had been told that the "Moltke" had met with a serious accident, which was bad news for us, but there was no going back, so after laying in a fresh stock of provisions, we left the charming place.

It is rather better built than other towns in Tolima, but, besides being the State capital, has nothing to recommend it. The women are reported as largely outnumbering the men, and are considered the most bigoted.

In two hours' time we were on the banks of the Saldana river, the biggest tributary to the Magdalena after the Cauca. Here we unsaddled, preparatory to another canoe trip. Two men with beasts were already waiting, so when the canoe came we had to cede the precedence, and P—— passed over safely in company with them, taking our "carga," one

mule, and other odds and ends. After a long delay the canoe returned, and the native servant, four mules, and myself went on board, but as the beasts were restive, I hired a boy to help to hold them.

I must here explain the mode in which mules are passed. They do not go in the canoe, but are driven into the water at the same time in which the canoe casts off, and are held there by means of their headstalls. As a rule they swim well, but this time a grey mule lent to us could not swim, and when we were in the worst part she went under water; fortunately, I was sitting in the stern, and caught her by one ear as she floated under the canoe, and thus managed to pull her head out of the water. During this performance the boat swung round, and the waves came dashing in and over us; however, we escaped with a wetting, as they managed to get her head round before she could swamp, although the quantity of water in her made it look like swimming. By means of a drink peace was restored, and we went ahead, and I suppose the riding prevented me from feeling any bad effects.

Such a piece of ground we passed, or rather waded, through! It was like nothing but going out of one pond into another, here and there seeing huts perched on the higher grounds; these were the Saldana plains that in winter (rainy season) are inundated, and in summer are so dry that the cattle perish from want. They are in the hands of a few wealthy families, who are in happy ignorance of their extent, or the number of cattle grazing there. When they want to collect a herd for sale, men are sent off on horseback, provided with jerked-beef for several days. They lasso the first beasts they can catch; and on getting these together more bullocks are lassoed and tied to trees; when a herd of twenty or more are thus obtained, and not without considerable difficulty, although the horsemen are most expert.

The cattle are as fleet as deer. As they are tied up for some days, they become quite tame, and are liberated. Then the drive begins as the captives form the nucleus; thus about a thousand or more are collected and driven to the enclosures, where the buyer picks his lot, and the rest are freed once more, to

undergo the alternation of plenty in winter and want in summer—rather an anomaly for England, but not for this country.

At about eight o'clock we found ourselves on the banks of an apparently deep river, without knowing where the ford was, and not being able to distinguish anything, owing to the darkness. Just as we had decided not to risk crossing by that light, a boy came by, who showed us the way over, and soon we were in the town of Purificacion. This town is prettily situated, and for strategical purposes must be a great point, as it commands the country for leagues, and being right on, or overhanging the Magdalena, the great artery of the country is at its feet.

Next morning (16th) we were detained until late by waiting for my saddle being re-stuffed at the hands of a country saddler, and the spare beast which we had hired did not arrive. At about twelve o'clock we started, reaching Anatagaima at six o'clock, having ridden six leagues in six hours. The name of this village is remarkable, but it is nothing in comparison to the title of one of the streams we passed, which rejoiced in the Indian name

of "Guaraguaocito." What it means is imaginable only ; but if you try to pronounce it you will doubtless translate it as I do—"The place of the broken jaw."

In the village we should have found some difficulty in getting accommodation, had not a man turned up who had once worked for me in Frias, and he gave us house-room. A very fine mule was brought for us to ride, and I liked the looks of the animal so much that after a trial I bought him, he being just the kind of brute I wanted, strong and big enough to give me a chance of keeping my feet dry.

June 17th. A late start made us pass the night on the other side of the river Patá. Very fortunately for us there had been no rain at night, so the rivers that we passed to-day were fordable, and all the risk and bother of a canoe need not be undergone.

June 18th. Before daylight we were off, and about six o'clock were once more on the banks of the Magdalena. There was rather a decent house, and a lot of cows waiting to be milked, so whilst waiting, I walked up to the house and bought a great bowl full of milk for P— and self. It was refreshing after our

morning ride. Having got so far into the good graces of the lady in command, I suggested that as she had been so kind, perhaps she would sell me some chocolate for the peon. This she declined to do, so I applied to the master, and he soon arranged matters, not only procuring chocolate for the peon, but for ourselves. We had to cross the Magdalena, and were informed that the "Moltke" had been repaired, and was on her way down. Receiving the good news with joy, we pressed on, and at ten o'clock were in the village of Villa Vieja, where the news was confirmed, and I saw at once that our only chance of stopping the boat was by returning to the river and taking our chance. This, after a hasty breakfast, we accomplished, and it being only half-a-mile from Villa Vieja to the river, we soon were there. We decided then that it would be better to take my saddle-mule across with us and try to reach the steamer, so P— and I crossed over an arm of the river, and walked over a small island, whilst the peon was passing the rest of the beasts.

I was conversing with an old fellow and asking him about the steamer, when he said,

to my amazement, "Oh, she has met with another accident, as I have just picked up some of her planking!" This was nice news for us, and you can imagine with what feelings we got ferried across and tried to find out more about the disaster. However, this was impossible, but it seemed too evident that something had happened, and that very morning, as it was known that the steamer had left the place where she had been repairing the day before. We were then in the village of Aipe, and as I had been there before, knew several people, one of whom obtained a guide, and P— went off on my beast, his own hired one having been sent back from Villa Vieja. About eleven p.m. the man with the mule returned, bringing a note from P— to say that the steamer had met with an accident, but would soon be repaired, and that Mr Weckbecker had at last become tired of his long voyage, and, being obliged to go to Bogotá, had had a raft made for himself, which was big enough for three of us, and would be down to Aipe next day or the day after. This was good news, and so I contrived to pass the 19th pretty easily, having everything

ready in case the raft arrived. It did not appear, however, until the morning of the 20th, when I saw P—— coming down, he having promised that I would be on board in a quarter of an hour, and as all the traps were ready, I had no difficulty.

P—— had to relate how on leaving Aipe he had wandered on with his guide until arriving at the river Batché, which he forded, and then by good fortune found a small canoe, in which he embarked, passed several small branches of the Magdalena, and landed on an island close by the steamer. He then shouted, but they paid no attention until he fired three shots from his revolver, when they thought it might be a foreigner, and sent the ship's launch, not having any idea who it was, owing to the darkness.

Mr Weckbecker, our new companion, had a great deal to relate respecting the long voyage they had made, the accidents they had met with, and the extraordinary hospitality and kindness shown to him by all the people. The enthusiasm must have been tremendous, not ten people out of every hundred ever having seen a steamer before, this voyage

being the first ever made so high up the Magdalena, and the obstacles to be overcome were seemingly without end; in fact, any other man but Weckbecker would have been disheartened. I think I have omitted to mention that he is the owner of the steamer, but his indomitable perseverance achieved its end.

The natives were not content to show their gratitude in mere words, but kept the steamer supplied with live stock of every description; 35 fat bullocks figuring in the list of presents thus received. Mr Weckbecker values what was thus so liberally given in at about £1000.

When the boat was ready to receive her cargo, the natives were all so anxious to show their confidence that they quarrelled over who was to ship in her, although they knew the return journey would be dangerous, and the freight would be higher than if shipped in rafts, as is the custom. She started down with about 640 cargas, or 80 tons, and had hardly left twenty minutes when she scraped on a sand-bank, owing to her wheel being below the level of the boat. This accident twisted the wheel, which in its turn did the

same to an eccentric, the wind all the time forcing her towards the bluff. The eccentric being bent, they were unable to back her, so with a fearful crash she rushed on shore, bearing down the overhanging trees, and grinding herself to pieces. Everybody was expecting the entire hull to give way under the blow, and the continual cracking seemed to warrant the idea. The crew got frightened, and some swam on shore, but the captain produced his rifle and stopped that game.

During the excitement one of the stewards came to Mr Weckbecker and said, "I will stay with you until she goes to pieces, and then can swim with you on shore." Luckily nothing serious was the matter, although the smash was sufficient to keep carpenters at work for many a long day. Again the natives showed their spirit, for instead of being angry, they sent a deputation to Mr Weckbecker, offering him a thousand head of cattle to do with absolutely as he liked. Their idea was that the steamer had been completely destroyed, and although the cargo was composed entirely of the valuable cinchona bark, worth more than the whole steamer itself, yet nothing was said

about it. Such generosity would be hard to find a parallel.

Our raft was a wonderful piece of naval architecture, being composed of a very porous wood, but of slight specific gravity. The logs are about twelve feet long, and of three inches in diameter, the main body or hull is composed of these logs, placed one on the top of each other, until a height of about twenty inches is gained, and a breadth of seven feet is attained, which, with the length of twelve feet, was about the dimensions of our raft. The whole is lashed securely with rope, while on the top of the body of the raft transverse pieces of wood are laid, three or four in number, and pieces of split bamboo above, which comprise the deck. Six green poles of a supple wood are bent over so as to form arches about four feet high in the centre from the bamboo deck.

On these arches was laid first a cover of white canvas, and over all a tarpaulin, these being arranged so as to lift up or let down at pleasure. We were five in number on board, and had nine packages as well, so that it required some skill to accommodate so much

in so small a space. However, we made a start, drifting down quietly with the current, the boatmen only being on board to keep us out of the whirlpools and in the swiftest current. They managed the unwieldy thing very skilfully with their long bladed paddles, the raft whirled round and round as the current swept it, and we lay smoking and telling our adventures.

Mr Weckbecker pointed out here and there the dangerous parts that he had such difficulty in overcoming, until a happy thought struck P—— that it was time to examine the provision-box supplied by the steamer. Within this box we found a glorious round of larded beef and a fine turkey. It being breakfast-time, we therefore decided on the beef, and kept the turkey for dinner—not that we ever finished either; they were too much for us, even including the two men, as they kept good until our last day on board the raft.

After breakfast we commenced to play dummy whist, P—— taking dummy; he gave us a good beating. This amusement prevented us from going to sleep, and after dinner we soon arrived at the place where we

intended to stay the night. P—— vainly looked for the house in which we were to sleep, not realising the possibility of all three sleeping in our narrow quarters. However, whilst he was wandering on shore, Mr Weckbecker and I soon arranged matters, by clearing the inside of the tent of all packages, then spreading my ground-sheet, with two new horse-cloths, a couple of sheets, and a counterpane. We turned in, lying side by side, I in the middle, with Mr Weckbecker's small portmanteau for a pillow.

In the night it began to rain, and one of the men trying to creep further under cover, tumbled my portmanteau on our heads. P—— did his best to keep me awake by hitting and kicking, and as he sleeps with his mouth wide open, mosquito-catching, I never felt more inclined to give any one a cigar-end to chew than I did him. Next morning a very heavy squall caught us as we were passing a nasty whirl of the river, and took us right into it. However, on the second attempt, the wind abating, we were once more free, and at six o'clock we were at Penaliza, where Mr Weckbecker was to disembark and ride up to

Bogotá. Penaliza is an interesting place, as it shows what can be done by energy in this country.

It is the property of a family called Nieto, whose father left this estate very much encumbered, but these young fellows (I believe there are six, although I only am acquainted with five) set to work to free it. They have succeeded in doing so, and to such a degree of perfection have they brought everything, that the estate of Penaliza is quoted by everybody. They allow nobody to reside on the estate who does not pay rent, and this rent is taken out in labour at a very cheap rate per day. As the estate comprises some square miles, the number of people on it is considerable.

They have built a village for their work-people, which last year was nearly destroyed by fire; but this experience has taught them greater caution, and they are rebuilding a far more substantial set of houses. These young men possess a very well mounted establishment for the manufacture of indigo, and are by far the largest producers of that article in the country; their greatest wealth, however, consists of tobacco, which their lands produce of

a very good quality. Besides this, they manufacture rum and aguardiente (the native whiskey) in great quantities. Their latest enterprise has been the introduction of machinery for the manufacture of sugarloaf on a large scale. Here in this sugar-producing country, strange as it may seem, we rarely see white sugar, and what we do get is obtained from the United States. After passing a comfortable night, we were ready to start early on the morning of the 22nd, but some delay was occasioned by our friend having to get out several things from his luggage. He obtained a horse, and went on his way to Bogotá. We went floating down the stream. The great attraction to-day was seeing the numerous groups of women, all hard at work, washing clothes on the banks of the river, as the great feast-day of St John was close at hand, and they were all determined to put in a clean appearance. If saints' days would serve that purpose always, it is a pity there are not a few more.

We also passed our time in vain shots with our revolvers at alligators, P—— doing the best, although not a single ball con-

descended to hit the mark. It amused us, and did the reptiles no harm. We were determined to reach Ambalema that night, and although the wind detained us, yet we were able to arrive at about eight o'clock. We went on shore, having arranged to return on board to sleep, as we proposed making an early start. After wandering about the streets of Ambalema, trusting to P—'s bump of locality, we arrived at Messrs Frühling and Goschen's house, where we had some business to transact. On concluding this we returned to our raft, and about 2 a.m. on the 23rd, in broad moonlight, we commenced our last day's journey. The wind blowing up the river was very heavy, delaying us greatly, but at seven o'clock we were as far down the river as our boatman dared take us, as with the wind blowing, a near approach to the dreaded Falls of Honda was not to be thought of. We stepped on shore, had all our packages placed in a canoe, and I went with them, whilst P— walked. In about ten minutes we were down to the Salto, and had finished our journey. It was rather a relief to think that all was over, and that one was not now obliged to speculate as

to how far we should journey the next day, etc., and that we were safe and sound in Honda after very quick travelling, arriving the very day on which we had promised to be back, much to the surprise of our friends.

December 8th. A grand feast-day, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, the patron saint of America, a papal benediction and jubilee in San Francisco and St John of God—so says my Spanish diary. And to judge from the rockets, fireworks, squibs, "tipleys" and an organ, and noises of every description, I can well imagine that it is the *Fiesta* of the *Patrona* of America.

This morning at nine o'clock, after being up early, my husband, with Mr and Mrs H— and a large party, started off for Honda; they were to drive to Los Manzanos, two coaches full, one containing themselves, the other with luggage, saddles, muchachos, bridles, girths, petacas; on their arrival they hoped to proceed on the journey at once, but may have been too late.

It was a splendidly fine day, and if not too hot, very pleasant for them. Yesterday we took a drive in a fashionable victoria, and

starting at eight o'clock the air was cool and fresh, clouds still keeping off the heat of the sun. We drove to the Puente de Aranda, which is a picturesque turning of the road, and was built by the old Spaniards in 1769. It is over a running muddy stream of little importance, but groups of willows encircle it, which were green and fresh from the late rains, thus making a very pretty picture. When we came to the turn in the road, and the whole of the plain of Bogotá lay before us, with endless mountains all around, the view was very fine, with the city lying at the foot of Guadalupe and Mont Serrate, and the surrounding rugged grassy slopes. [Owing to severe illness, I wrote nothing for nearly two months.]

January 29th, Sunday. My husband took me for a drive to Chapinero, three miles from Bogotá, and a much-frequented Sunday afternoon "paseo" for the inhabitants of the city. On the road, which was covered with dust, raised every now and then by horsemen, we passed the race-course, where sometimes very badly-conducted races are ridden by jockeys of unequal weight, on horses of all ages.

From the road we could see the opening amongst the hills, where is the Alto del Roble,

and the road to Honda and to "England," which proves the clearness of the atmosphere, the Alto appearing about ten miles off and in reality is *thirty*. We passed several "quintas" or country-houses, which are let about Christmas-time to the Bogotános. They are pretty little houses, brightly painted with blue doors, white walls, and red-tiled roofs, surrounded by plenty of trees, with gardens full of roses.

We passed the old Chapinero Church, and drove on to the new one up a fine avenue of eucalyptus-trees to an open space where we beheld what will be in the future the finest church in South America. It is the only one which is built of stone, and in the decorated style. We walked round it, and the different views of the arches inside, and the carved work, the lancet windows and Gothic pillars, made it singularly striking, with its background of azure sky. Returning over the grass to the carriage, we resumed our route homewards, meeting every description of travellers either going or coming, walking or on horseback.

January 31st. Was left alone, as the business about the mines in Tolima called my

husband away, and before evening a telegram came from him from Facatativa—some miles out of Bogotá, a place where he was to take the mule and continue onwards to Aqua Larga that night—the same road which we traversed on our way from Honda.

In the evening I went for a “paseo,” or walk, to the Pila Chiquita, which is a well whence water is drawn. Four tall trees (eucalyptus) grow on either side of the road, and low stone walls encircle the spot, which, if one or two Arab sheikhs were standing about with their camels, would look truly Eastern.

Instead, generally several mules are tethered there, nibbling the short grass, while resting from their long journey from Honda ; several donkeys, with their wooden pails full of water, plodding patiently along ; a cart drawn by a couple of fine black bullocks, yoked, after the Roman fashion, by their horns ; some women carrying chickens in baskets on their backs, and carding wool and making string as it passes through their fingers, chattering Spanish as fast as possible ; perhaps some handsome Bogotaná, in brilliant riding-habit and face concealed in a white

cloth, or a group of boys playing “cara e cruz,” which resembles the ancient English game of pitch-and-toss. Such was the scene before us ; and when we turned, the towering mountains presented themselves, and the mist gradually rolled down them and obscured from our view the different white churches built on their sides.

February 9th. This is truly a curious city ! Watch for one hour only at the window, some odd scenes and figures are sure to meet the gaze. There is a Spanish saying,

“Musica, miel, y la ventana
No es buena en la Mañana,”

which means that music, sweetmeats, and standing in the window are not the proper occupations for the morning, so we will suppose instead half-an-hour in the evening. Dinner over, I am quite alone, my husband being away beyond Honda in the mines, so I take recreation at the window. First, I see opposite two women, dressed in Bogotá style, in black, of course, wearing the usual cashmere mantilla, edged round with lace. They are watching from a door-way, and one of

them smoking a cigar with great contentment, evidently enjoying the music of a "tiple," or crazy violin and guitar, accompanied by some unmelodious singing, not compassing more than three or four notes.

These "tiples" are played all over the country, and at nearly every village coming up the Magdalena river we heard them, especially in the evening. When at Carare we found an old man surrounded by children, who followed him wherever he went to hear his music. A great many "aguadoras," or water-carriers, passed with the big "muchara" strapped on their backs, and everyone, without exception, looking as if they could very well do with a good scrubbing and plenty of water out of their red earthenware jugs.

Then some poor overladen donkeys slowly and patiently toiled up the street, carrying huge bundles of wheat or barley, and they were soon followed by a fine big mule trotting after the man who was leading her by the headstall. Afterwards a black bullock came dragging a cart, prodded every now and then by his driver, who carried a long pole with a rowel of a spur at the end.

Two children amused me very much with their gesticulations, exactly copying their elders with many shrugs of the shoulders and gestures of hands and arms. Dirty, lost little children they were, the boy wearing velveteen breeches, and an enormous Panama hat, whilst the girl was shoeless and stockingless, her hair in two long plaits, and a low dress of blue cotton. She was arguing very determinedly, and with Spanish politeness the boy in his turn reiterated, "No, Señora; no, Señora."

The courtesy of these people is wonderful; even when answering the dirtiest beggars at the door the servants generally say, "Pardon me, I have nothing, Señor."

Ospino, the man in whose house we live, also passed, and seeing me at the window took off his hat. What a fix I should have been in had he chosen to stop and talk, the usual custom here when the ladies stand at the window, which they do for hours, and even if it suits them shout out loudly across the streets to one another. I never shall forget the visit of a Señora who entered the house and immediately began to call in a loud voice for some one, and who astonished me very

much by not abating her tones even in the "sala." She was a lady, a direct descendant of a Marshal of Spain; however, the habit arises from their having no bells in any of the houses here (as well as no fire-places of any description); and so orders are shouted down the corridors and patios.

Soon I saw a man carrying flowers down the street, perhaps for sale, and a boy driving eight or ten fine turkeys for to-morrow's market, the largest of which he was selling for eight reals ($\frac{3}{4}$), for which four good-sized chickens could be bought, but as we had given 22 reals ($\frac{8}{10}$) to-day for eleven chickens (by no means a bad bargain), besides receiving a present of two Cochin Chinas from hot country, or "Tierra caliente," from Ambalema, I thought we had done enough in the farm-yard line. Next a child carrying a picture, which attracted me, and I soon saw it was one of the general style of pictures here, viz., "Our Lady of Lourdes," neatly framed. I, myself, only yesterday bought four of these same pictures, beautifully coloured, very brilliant, yet something peculiarly charming about them. I was surprised to see a very black negress go past,

an unusual type of face for Bogotá, the inhabitants generally being better featured, and hair long and silky, with brilliant black eyes.

This negress wore shoes, and was neatly dressed, for as a rule none of the servants wear shoes in the streets or houses, unless they are "alpagatos," or sandals of a coarse material, which is made of the fibres of the leaf of the aloe, "Agave Americana," called "figue," with long flat leaves, and a stem of great height, with abundance of small white flowers at the top.

Mentioning flowers, I was called to the window the other day by the loud ringing of a bell, and on looking saw a woman scattering rose-leaves in all directions; soon the people began kneeling down in the street, and crowding to the doors, all kneeling. Then a priest came, carrying the Holy Sacrament, and over him was held a large round umbrella; his vestments of silk were very beautiful, and the crowd round seemed in great awe, for he was the benevolent archbishop going to visit a sick person.

After continuing at the window, and seeing several more people pass, I noticed

the shadows stealing over Guadaloupe, and knowing the damp and the shades of evening were coming on, we drew the shutters together, and the lamp was brought, and once again I turned to my solitary occupations, having been alone since the 31st of January.

February 12th. Sent to the "Correo," or Post-office, for letters, but the mail had not yet come in, so there was nothing to bring from the box. The Post-office is a large square set of buildings, with a fine patio in the centre full of flowers, and a paved corridor.

The different entrances are generally guarded by the shabbily-dressed soldiers of this country, in their long blue coats, red trousers, and low black and gold or silver hats. They are a wonderfully dirty, untidy set of men, and lounge about the streets with their bayonets in hand, smoking. Alas! how little comparison can be made with our fine, brisk, clean, active army. This morning a trifling evidence of the superstition of the lower orders of Roman Catholics in this country came before my own eyes. My housemaid Dolores came to know if she might have a dollar of her wages, as her sister was

going to "present" her baby, which was supposed to be dying.

So accordingly she was given the dollar, and the two sisters, Dolores and Carmen, went to the priest with the baby. At first he refused to "present" the baby, but on being given all the money the girl had with her he muttered some Latin prayers over the child, and by these means ensured its entrance into heaven! and the two women left the church perfectly happily. The bigotry and ignorance of the poorer people is extraordinary. So long as they go to mass every morning, which they do most rigorously at six o'clock, they are then at liberty to do what they please, and a great idea amongst them is that they may work as much as they like on a Sunday so long as they have previously attended mass.

I have just been reading a book upon proverbs, where they mention those of Spain to be of an astonishing number, and a manuscript of proverbs which has been published is said to contain 30,000.

February 25th. After calling on Mrs Chapman, the British Vice-Consul's wife, where we had four o'clock tea, we walked up to the

Agua Nueva, up very steep, uneven ground, passing primitive cottages, built of poles and the walls of mud, the roof thatched with grass. These cottages rarely contain more than two rooms; one is always full of smoke from the fire being lighted in the centre and the smoke having to escape by the door. One cottage, or hut, had some miserable rags hung round on poles outside, and this construction formed a kind of kitchen, for the "olla," or "chorote," were on a fire outside.

Returning home, we saw a scene of great beauty which is called "Egypt." A white church stands out on a rock; whilst below was a pretty quinta surrounded by eucalyptus-trees and a fine willow, and all around grew barley which looked very fresh and green. The quinta had a balcony in which was placed a red-covered sofa; some flowers were growing below in a bright sunny garden.

We also watched some men making the sun-dried mud bricks of the country, called "adobes," the same which thousands of years before, Pharaoh commanded to be made for the construction of his mighty pyramids. The mud is taken out of the sides of the mountains,

puddled in water, and then taken out and exposed to the air; afterwards it is mixed and put into squares and piled in a stack to dry by the action of the sun and air.

I was delighted to find a group of fox-gloves growing on the side of the hill; they reminded me of England, so we brought home a large bunch. I am now keeping house with only three Colombian servants, and so I have an insight into the prices of all the marketing and what things really cost. Some of the expenses I give:—

	\$	Reals.	Cents.	English Money.	
				s.	d.
Bread for the day ...	0	4	0	1	8
6 Pigeons ...	0	3	0	1	5
4 Fish, 2 lbs. weight each	1	0	0	4	0
7 gals. Milk for a week...	2	1	0	8	5
Pair of Irons ...	2	9	0	11	7
Packet of Maizena ...	0	4	0	1	8
Plum Cake ...	1	0	0	4	0
Chocolate for Servants...	0	1	0	0	5
Water Carrier (Month)	2	0	0	8	0
4 lbs. Sugar ...	0	8	0	3	4
1 lb. Rice ...	0	1	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	0	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
1 Arroba Papas, 25 lbs.	0	8	0	3	4
Fish ...	0	2	0	0	10
4 Carrots and Platancs	0	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 lb. Flour (Harina) ...	0	1	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	0	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 lb. Butter ...	0	1	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sweeping Brush ...	0	1	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
6 Alcachofas (Artichokes)	0	1	0	0	5
Boy for Sweeping ...	0	2	0	0	10
Washing (Half-dozen) ..	0	5	0	2	0
4 Ducks (Patos) ...	1	0	0	4	0

	\$	Reals.	Cents.	English Money.	
				s.	d.
1 Coliflor (Cauliflower)...	0	1	0	0	5
Lechugas (Lettuces) ...	0	1	0	0	5
4 Beetroots ...	0	1	0	0	5
Celery (Apio) ...	0	1	0	0	5
4 Bundles Carrots ...	0	1	0	0	5
4 Bundles Onions ...	0	1	0	0	5
18 Oranges ...	0	1	0	0	5
8 Plantains ...	0	1	0	0	5
1 lb. Manteca (Lard) ...	0	4	0	1	8
1½ lb. Tomatas ...	0	2	0	0	10
5 Cooking Plantains ...	0	2	0	0	10
4 Small Turnips ...	0	1	0	0	5
1 Bottle Brandy ...	2	4	0	10	0
Cook's Wages per month	5	0	0	20	0
Housemaid ...	4	0	0	16	0
Chickens (3 months old)	0	3	0	1	3
Keep of a horse in livery stables per month ...	12	0	0	48	0

Any lady residing in Bogotá and wishing to be present at the ceremonies in the churches, should be well provided with cashmere for a mantilla and lace to border it. One of the absolute necessaries, and on that account most expensive articles to be obtained in Bogotá, is the ordinary mantilla, no one being admitted to church with hat or bonnet on, and anyone transgressing this rule would be requested to leave the building. The plainest of mantillas bought here costs £5 and upwards, whereas their value would be really a pound.

March 2nd. We had a most delightful walk, starting about two o'clock, and taking Miss P— and the C—'s on our way; armed with baskets and trowels, we ascended the Agua Nueva, passing the Quinta Bolivar, above Bogotá, to the left. After pausing on the bridge for a short time (where our walks hitherto had ended), we turned to the right and passed behind the Molina, or mill, which was surrounded by fine tall eucalyptus-trees, though only of four years' growth. We stopped some Indians coming in to the market from Choachi, and bought oranges, which they had in abundance, at six for 1¼d., or 25 for 5d. Our pathway was very beautiful, lying below high rocks covered with ferns, moss, and flowers, and down below the water was rushing over the stones, whilst the opposite bank of the stream was a precipitous rock rising higher and higher until its summit became merged in Mont Serrate.

We at last arrived at a place where the water had to be crossed by stepping-stones, so one by one we managed to get over, and found ourselves in a beautiful little creek, with water running on all sides except one, where

towered rocks covered with ferns, moss, scarlet, purple, and pink flowers, and beautifully variegated leaves. Here we sat and ate oranges, pleasantly shaded from the sun, which came out every now and then, and shone over the water a little way from us.

Some Indians came over to offer "uvas," or grapes, and we bought them, and after resting and enjoying the lovely scene, we commenced to dig up the ferns, with which we filled our baskets, and brought home five pots full of pretty fresh green ones.

We found a beautiful bright green emerald frog, which did not at all approve of our intrusion into its leafy precincts. Soon we became tired, owing to the rarefaction of the air, and started for our homeward journey, stopping on the way for tea at the C—s, who have done their house up very prettily, as much after English fashions as possible.

March 6th. We had previously made all arrangements for horses to take us to the great falls of Tequendama, and so the morning was principally spent in packing up two "petacas" (trunks), which were to be conveyed on a donkey, driven by a boy, whilst

José Maria was to accompany us to dig up fern roots and orchids. We also took a bed and bed-clothes, plenty of warm shawls, two chickens, two cold tongues, tea and teapot, bread, biscuits, and cake, as we were not sure of the reception we should have at Puerto Grande, where we meant to stay the night.

About three o'clock the horses came round—two chesnuts—and we had them saddled at the street-door, according to the custom, and having hurriedly taken chocolate and other refreshment, we mounted and started for a long ride across the Sabana, or plain.

The day was everything we could wish—a little wind and hardly any sunshine—so we soon left Bogotá behind and began a nice canter on a sandy road. Our way lay along the foot of some hills, about a thousand feet high, which jutted into the plain. The sides were covered with short herbage, and dotted all over by huge blocks of grey stone, which greatly resembled Scotch boulders. We passed over a strong stone bridge, built in 1756, over a small muddy stream, meeting mules and donkeys continually in droves,

either coming to Bogotá, laden with miel for Chicha, &c., or going helter-skelter, driven by boys, and carrying nothing but empty sacks on their backs.

We stopped at a posada and had some water, which was refreshing, and where a group of country people were drinking out of deeply-stained vermilion-coloured "totumas," or gourds, and nicely painted with black "curubas" and leaves. As we went along we started up several storks (white) and grey and brown herons, which were feeding. The whole plain was a beautiful landscape, with its hills rising up here and there, dotted by stones, rocks, in some places quite bare, bordering the road. The only growth to be seen was a numerous quantity of aloes, many of them shooting up an enormous long flower stem, and some covered with flowers.

These, together with the prickly pear, formed hedges round many small cottages or huts, and were the only shrubs to be seen, except in the village of Soacha, where a stream was running and nearly all the houses were surrounded by willows. We passed it to the right, and soon saw the opening amongst

the hills where begins the valley of Tequendama, and also the posada of Puerto Grande, at the further end of the plain. Passing the road for the fall, we soon arrived at the queer old place for the night, and with José Maria's help the air-bed was inflated and the room arranged; that is to say that water was brought in an old tin jug and basin, and we lighted our candles and looked round, but found it on the whole decently clean.

After an early dinner and a plate of "masamora" soup (potatoes and other vegetables), and our own chicken, tongue, and claret, I was glad to retire to get warm, as I found it bitterly cold after the exercise, and such a damp mist had risen over the mountains in front, and no fires were to be seen, so I did not sit up late that night.

March 7th. We rose, and after "desayuno," or early breakfast, of tea, and tongue, and eggs, we were off on horseback by eight o'clock. For some way we rode on up a long straight road towards the opening in the hills, passing the Quinta Tequendama of Don E. Umaña, through whose grounds ran a pretty stream and a waterfall, also the muddy river

of Bogotá, which here turned off into the valley. By a steep ascent the whole of the plains lay before us, with the river at our feet, in which men were fishing from a raft for a curious mud-fish, which is the only species of its kind extant, and must have been there for ages and ages, ever since pre-historic times.

As our road lay round the side of the mountain, we gained a glimpse of the lovely valley below, where the river broke into little cascades and foamed and jugged over the stones, the opposite mountains being wooded down to the water's edge.

We soon descended again, and, after passing under a huge overhanging rock, which seemed as if it would fall upon us at any moment, we began ascending gradually, losing sight of valley and river.

At last we wound along a road with tall rocks covered with shrubs, flowers, ferns, orchids, and small trees, to a streamlet clear as crystal, where we stopped to have a drink and admire a summer-house of tacsonia, or curuba, with its pink, bell-like flowers.

Here, in front of this sublime spectacle, we seated ourselves and had lunch, whilst José Maria and Benjamin grubbed up fern-roots, &c., with which to load the donkey, who was contentedly grazing with the three horses not far off.

We reluctantly left this wild and lovely spot, and walked slowly through the woods, gathering many beautiful orchids and plants on our way, and fortunately I had taken shorter petticoats with me, and so could walk with ease and comfort. One catastrophe which occurred to the donkey and the grey horse was very amusing, as they were both tied together, and the donkey got in front, the horse caught its foot in the rope and pulled one way, whilst the donkey, to whose tail the rope was tied, pulled harder the other; and then the horse gave in, and prepared to die in the most comical manner, with its front feet spread out and its head down. However, the absurd animal was soon released, and jogged on again quietly enough.

Being very tired with that day's work, I mounted my horse at the top of the hill, and soon we reached the hut, restored the chorote, and commenced returning in good earnest. A

few drops of rain fell, but on leaving the thick white mist which enveloped everything around us, and entirely hid part of the valleys below, we entered again on sunshine and lower grounds. As we rode along several blackbirds flew across the pathway, and near a small waterfall we startled some small "toches," whose yellow and black plumage looked like gaudy yellow flowers.

One part of the road was very steep, and covered with loose stones, but uphill riding is easier than down, and the horses were sure-footed enough. We stopped to get up a root of a lovely fern like a gigantic maidenhair in appearance, and we found a shrub they call "silva-silva," the stem of which is eaten to prevent toothache; it has an aromatic taste like sal volatile and is very pleasant. We found some purple flowers much resembling a butterfly with wings open, and also some wild fuchsia, which is a very graceful-looking red flower. The openings into this lovely valley, of which we every now and then caught glimpses, lightened by the long rays of the afternoon sun, were exquisite. In one place there was a considerable opening with a waterfall, the cup of which formed a beautiful

place to bathe in; we longed to stay a week there to enjoy it. At last we again passed the huge overhanging rock, and a little beyond saw the native style of thrashing and winnowing corn. A square place was fenced out, and in the inside were men and women with long spades or shovels, who threw the corn about in all directions, and the chaff was carried away by the wind, whilst the corn fell to the ground again. We were very tired when we reached the posada at Puerto Grande, and I retired at once to bed, rubbing myself well with "aguadiente" to keep off the stiffness.

March 8th. After a cup of tea, which was very refreshing, we went out and strolled down to a stream running near, crossed by a rustic bridge, where we amused ourselves by trying to make a bright emerald green frog which was basking in the sun, on the top of a post, jump into the water; also we gathered wild flowers which grew in great variety along the banks. During this occupation a sudden gust of wind which was blowing very strongly off the mountains bore my hat into the water, from where, however, it was rescued. I wandered round to the other side of the water,

where were some pink flowers and two washing stones, where the women bring down their clothes and, beating them against some flat stone at the water's edge, cleanse them. This mode is followed all over the country, and even at the sides of the "canos," or streams, in Bogotá, the women may be seen beating and scrubbing.

We started about two o'clock back again, and rode through the town of Soacha, in which is a very large market square, houses and huts built around. The wind and dust were so disagreeable that we were very glad to be at home again, though after any exercise in the daytime the evening is very cold and chilly, and there being no fireplaces in the houses, it is a comfort to have a thick warm cloth dress and a shawl to wear in the corridors when leaving one room to go to another. All the rooms in the Bogotá houses open into open-air corridors, and are thus dangerous, as a chill might be caught when leaving a warm room, unless a shawl is worn, and most men have warm smoking-caps on.

New Granada, discovered by Ojeda in 1499, settled by the Spaniards in 1536. It formed part of the Republic of Bogotá, estab-

lished in 1811; and combined with Venezuela and Ecuador, became the Republic of Colombia, 17th December, 1819. Its independence was recognised the 30th June, 1825. Venezuela separated from the alliance, November, 1829. After several revolutions, the Republic of New Granada became the "Granadian Confederation," which consisted of the existing States, with the exception of Tolima, 15th June, 1858. A Congress of the States determined on union under the name of the "United States of Colombia," September 20th, 1861. There are nine states in the Union: Panama, Bolivar, Magdalena, Santander, Boyaca, Cundinamarca, Tolima, Antioquia, Cauca. The capitals of these states are as follow:—Panama, Cartagena, Santa Marta, Socorro, Tunja, Bogotá, Ibague, Medellin, Popayan. These states all rejoice in separate forms of government, but since the Revolution of 1861 the Clerical or Conservative party have lost the dominating power. The capital of the country is Bogotá, so that in this city a dual form of government exists—that of the state and of the nation. Congress, which is composed of senators and representatives from the different states of the Union, commence

their sessions on the 1st February and terminate their labours generally at the end of May every year. These gentlemen receive a certain sum, according to the distance which they have to traverse in order to reach the capital, besides a daily fee whilst attending Congress. The President is elected nominally by universal suffrage, generally by being able to control local influences, either by bribery or else by the force of bayonets. He comes into office on the 1st of April for a period of two years.

March 30th. After trying several times to enter the Museum, we to-day were allowed to go above to the Library, which contains some wonderful works of great interest and value. The rooms were being repaired and consequently were filled with dust and confusion, and many of the old works must suffer by being piled in heaps and covered with dirt and white-washing.

Here all the journals are kept, the "Laws and Chronicles of the Mines" for 1784 to 1796, in which occur curious entries relative to those working in the mines, such as "so many pounds of Epsom salts for the niggers employed." Also many Spanish histories, and mineralogy, and natural histories in Spanish.

I found in the last new journal, "El Papel Periodico," a poem written by a gentleman in Bogotá to his beautiful lady love, "Elvira," full of poetic feeling as only Spanish poetry can be. Every one in the reading society in the city knew to whom the poem was written, and by whom; but here that is quite immaterial. I give the following verses :

ELVIRA.

Hay una tierra de flores
 Y armonia
 Que los arabes cantores
 Lloran en su poesia
 Noche y dia.
 Y donde el ave que pasa
 Y el aire que se respira
 Y el rayo del sol que espira
 Y hasta el leño que se abraza
 En la pira.
 Todo es una inmensa lira
 Que murmura que suspira
 Elvira!
 Y ese tierra enamorada
 Es Granada
 Que á Todas horas delira
 Por su Elvira.
 Los moros lloran por ella
 Y Ella
 Lloran por la mora bella,
 Que con los moros partio
 Y su cielo azul dejó
 Su favorita estrella!
 Su dulce nombre guarda
 "Sierra—Elvira"
 Y siempre al doblar su cumbre
 Voz de hombre, o' de aire, c' de lira
 Solloza con pesadumbre
 Elvira!

EASTER IN BOGOTA.

As my husband was away in Honda and the Tolima, and as Mrs C——, the British Vice-Consul's wife, had asked me several times to go up and stay with her, I finally accepted, locking up a great part of the house and sending word to Señorita H—— to give me my Spanish lessons at Mrs C——'s house in Calle Santa Anna. Their house is in the upper part of the town, well removed from the smells of the lower part, where our house is. The situation being higher, it is also much drier, and the scenery very pretty behind in the "Sola," or little mud-wall enclosed field.

April 1st, 1882. To-day I came up here in the afternoon, and we had tea at four o'clock, and then went out to feed the pig, the turkeys, pigeons, and chickens. There are two very pretty patios, one full of flowers all around the corridor, and the other with trees, ferns, forget-me-nots, roses, sweet peas, iris, lilies, violets, papayas, and a tree full of long yellow flowers. Almost every house in Bogotá contains a similar patio.

Beyond is a nice place for poultry and stables, and then the Sola, with some tall

eucalyptus trees, and far beyond a lovely view of the rugged sides of Mont Serrate and Guadalupe, with the Boqueron between the two. The evening sun was glinting on the rocks, and throwing long deep shadows along the slopes. My room was just between the two patios, the door being in the front corridor, and the window opening on to the flower-grown patio, full of sunlight in the morning, and with numerous little cucaracheros, brown speckled birds, like small thrushes, flying in the papayas and the Alcaparos. Above the high wall, covered with tiny pink Spanish roses, were to be seen the bright, clearly cut peaks, telling out sharply against the brilliant blue of the morning sky, and sometimes entirely hid by the rolling clouds of rain coming down into Bogotá. Again the rainy season has set in, and we look forward to two or three months of continued rain.

We dined at seven, and then retired very early, as most of these people do, many going to bed at eight o'clock and generally rising at six in the morning.

April 2nd. Palm Sunday, and the "Procession de Ramos" in the Cathedral. At half-past eight, after a desayuno of coffee and chocolate, bread and eggs, we attired ourselves in mantillas, which are hem-stitched pieces of black cashmere edged with lace, thrown round the neck and shoulder, and is the only passport into any of the Roman Catholic churches. Ladies found without a mantilla would be told to leave the church at once. These are always worn with a "saya," or black dress, trimmed according to taste.

At nine, thus attired, we went to the Cathedral, and found it already full of black-draped kneeling figures. Soon came in the "Seminario," or large public school here for boys either entering professions or designed for the Church. These were all attired in black gowns, with muslin, lace, or cambric surplices, and they filled the body of the Cathedral, so we moved away to a seat in front of a side altar.

After waiting a long time and seeing only crowds of dirty men and boys carry tall palms several feet high, cut into every imaginable shape, decorated with flowers, grass, &c., in

the shape of hearts and arrows, we left and stood outside, where were collected several hundred more, also carrying these tall palms, which were split and then plaited with fine broad plaits, or in festoons or arches, or any other shape; sometimes the letters A. M., or Ave Maria, were made of festoons of pink roses and leaves, and many little children were dressed up in white frocks, with white lace mantillas over their heads, and white gloves and shoes. They were carrying palms quite twice as tall as themselves, and waiting to have them blessed by the priests as they went down the Cathedral aisles. Some of the lace on the vestments of the boys, from the "Seminario" was wonderfully beautiful. This school contains over 600 boys who are being brought up as priests, and who come from all ranks, ranging from the highest even to the poorest with no education.

They wear a peculiar long dress like that worn by begging friars. Formerly any person could be a priest without passing any examinations or possessing much knowledge, consequently members of the lowest society in Bogotá became persons of importance in the

churches, and much wrong-doing and wickedness was the consequence. This school was instituted to prevent this kind of thing, as the boys are all obliged to understand more than a Pater Noster and Ave Maria. Some of the wreaths carried by the people were very lovely, and it was amusing to see the ladies with their attendants, who spread out small embroidered carpets on which the Señoras knelt and repeated prayers, all the while watching the moving, restless crowds of palms, crosses, and "ramos" or branches, all carried by the dirtiest and most untidily-dressed ruana men and boys. This moving troop continued so long, and as neither music nor singing was to be heard, and only a rabble of Colombians, we gave it up and walked back to Calle Santa Anna. Despite our unconcerned air, however, and pretending that we had worn mantillas all our lives, we attracted quite enough attention by our unusual fair hair and faces.

April 3rd. We passed a quiet, uneventful day, Mr C—— leaving at eleven, and we two having our different Spanish lessons during the morning; then lunching on some "caldo," or beef-tea, walking about the patios, arrang-

ing flowers, working, reading, and talking, till tea at four o'clock, and dinner at seven, and again early to bed.

April 4th. Anna Maria came from my home in the Calle del Norte, to say that money was wanted for the weekly bills; so I put on my mantilla and went with her, first of all calling on Don Miguel Paz, our kind and obliging agent and friend, for some money; but as he was not in, I had to go on and settle accounts as best I could. I saw that all was going on well in the house, and had the shutters opened, giving a little water to the orchids, and waiting until a very heavy shower of rain was over. I returned to Mrs C——'s about four o'clock, in time for her tea, and only escaping a thorough drenching by a few minutes.

April 5th. We passed a very quiet day together and did not go out early; only in the evening we went along the Chapinero-road, but dark clouds hung over the mountains and distant growls of thunder alarmed us, so we soon turned back.

April 6th. This day is a great day in Bogotá, and is called "Los Monumentos," relating to the Seven Stations of the Cross.

After an early breakfast Mrs C— and I started, with Matilde, her maid, duly enveloped in mantillas, to go the round of some of the churches. On this day it is the fashion for all the ladies to go dressed in their best, with embroidered mantillas, flowers in their hair, and wearing their best black elaborately-trimmed dresses. They enter all the churches in turn, saying so many aves or prayers in each, generally taking their children and servants, and having a piece of carpet and stools carried and placed for them all to kneel upon in each place where they halt.

After we left the house we walked into "Las Nieves," or the Snows. After making our way through a crowd of black-draped kneeling figures, all saying devout prayers aloud, we came in front of the altar, which was most brilliantly decorated and lighted by innumerable candles. The floor around the altar was all covered with cups, pots, basins, boxes, tins, jars, broken jugs, chorotes, etc., full of maize or wheat, which had just sprouted about three inches above the earth, and had been kept in the dark so as to blanch it; behind all this were larger pots filled with

geraniums, pelargoniums (novios), ferns (helechos), roses, pansies (pensamiento), etc.

In some pots were simply a collection of fruits, carelessly piled up, such as granadillas with their round green and yellow skins, and aguacates, like great green pears, oranges, figs, or grapes, cherries and plantains; behind and above these was a dome-shaped small tabernacle made of white, with gold paper stars on it, and further back still, to be seen in the distance was a small golden cross.

Above the altar were flags of coloured gauze, and streamers draped in festoons all around. In the centre was a square raised table a few feet off the ground, surrounded by maize and flowers, a wooden, almost life-size figure, of our Saviour kneeling, in a painful posture, represented as bruised and bleeding, whilst close by stood the Virgin, dressed in black velvet, stamped all over with gold grapes and vine leaves, and near her Mary Magdalen in blue and white, bearing an agonised expression on her face.

In a recess to the right of the altar was a grand piano, on which a woman was playing brilliant drawing-room music, a most incon-

gruous mixture, and anything but reverent to our notions. We left this church and walked to La Tercera ("The Third"), where pretty much the same kind of performance was going on; the only difference was a picture of our Saviour represented as being bound by two Roman soldiers, whilst the absence of the rattling music was a great relief.

The next church we came to was San Francisco, where was some very beautiful carving, which, however, we had not much time to observe. Here, instead of the golden Cross in the distance, was a small square casket, beautifully carved, but so far off in the vista of flowers and candles as to be very indistinct. There was also a wonderful representation of the Judgment Hall steps, whilst up above were to be seen the Roman soldiers leaning over the balcony overlooking the altar, and high above all, in the dome, was St Peter, with the angels, holding the keys of heaven.

The fourth church we saw was Santo Domingo. Here the effect was very pretty, as the whole of the drapery was a pale blue gauze, festooned and hung in long floating bands in all directions over the altar-piece. This was a

representation of a cock crowing, and on the right hand were three large dice relating to the Scriptures:—"And for my vesture they did cast lots."

After leaving this church we went to the Cathedral, where, behind the high altar, to the right, were several wax figures. The Virgin Mary was represented in black velvet, with pearls, holding a white satin handkerchief in her hand, trimmed with gold fringe; on her right was St Mary Magdalen with tearful eyes; and other figures were on the left. We walked from this a little to the right, and up some steps to a large place full of people, all kneeling, and there again was the same show of flowers, sprouting maize, and corn in every description of pots and boxes. Afterwards we went home up through the Calle Real, which was crowded with people in holiday attire. In one church a priest, waiting in a confessional-box, beckoned for us to kneel down and confess to him, which is needless to say we did not do, but shook our heads and went quickly out. Where religion is to be found in this, to me, mixture of tinsel, faded finery, with the sweet, sacred emblems of our doctrine, I cannot understand.

Good Friday, April 7th. To-day we did not go out, though a great procession took place from the Cathedral to the "Vera Cruz," where the body of our Saviour was apparently taken from the Cross, and placed in a coffin, whilst priests followed with the crown of thorns, the nails and hammer, and spear, with figures of the Virgin and Mary Magdalen.

All these are taken to the "Vera Cruz," and deposited until Easter Sunday, when they are carried once more in triumph to the Cathedral.

April 8th. To-day the "Lamentations of Jeremiah" are given in the Cathedral. This is a kind of sermon, and is attended by a numerous concourse of devout Catholics.

Easter Sunday, April 9th. There was another grand procession to-day, from the "Vera Cruz," back again to the Cathedral, but the streets were so crowded we did not care to go out, so spent greater part of the day in the house. In the evening Miss W—— came, and we three English ladies spent it together.

April 10th. I returned home to welcome my husband, who arrived from Honda about

five in the afternoon, thoroughly tired out with fourteen days in the saddle. About half-past eight a very sad event happened in Bogotá. Our English Minister, Mr Mounsey, who had been out here three months, died after only a few days illness, leaving Mrs Mounsey with three little children. The Government behaved very well, and gave him a military funeral, and amidst the firing of guns, the roll of the drums, and flags half-mast high, he was laid to his everlasting rest in the English cemetery here at San Diego. He was a very clever man, and by his kind affability had won everybody's esteem in the short time he was in Bogotá.

My husband gave the following account of his journey to the mines, which I recount in his own words as nearly as possible:—

In order to reach the mines, we leave Honda on horseback, and soon rise to what is called the first plain of Calunga, where during the rainy season a small stream flows down to the Guali, which we hear roaring away in its rapid descent to the Magdalena. The second plain of the same name terminates in a place called Padilla, where a respectable stream that never dries up even in the hottest and longest summer

is found. This is a kind of half-way house, and one generally stops to give the thirsty animals a drink, and very often to take the same oneself. Proceeding across La Ceiba plain, we arrive at Caracoli, so named on account of the grove of trees which here flourish, and having a fruit like a snail-shell, are so called.

At this place lives a well-educated man, I believe of Danish nationality, who has been stranded at this spot, and who now makes a precarious living by retailing spirits, &c. Here extends the Plain of Tres Palos, or the Three Trees, as in the centre three unfortunate objects are to be seen struggling for existence. This plain terminates in a westerly direction at the town of Mariquita—formerly intended as the capital of New Granada, and founded by the original conqueror, Gonsalo Jiminez de Quesada. Here he lived and died; the spot where his house stood is still known, but little remains except the door-way, which is made of dressed stone. The Mariquiteños, not using any mortar, few new houses other than that obtained from the destruction of these interesting relics are built. Curiously enough a few

beams which served formerly for window-sills are still there; perhaps the wood has so hardened with age that the industrious seeker after firewood prefers to go further rather than burden himself with these remnants of former grandeur, and that it must have been a grand place formerly can easily be seen in the existing remains.

I went inside a church of the Augustine monks, as the outer walls were very perfect. To my surprise I found that the superstitious dread usually predominant in this country was not evinced here, as a small hut with kitchen and garden was comfortably ensconced in what had been formerly the nave. This town was the central point from which all convoys were despatched, and to which came the long trains of chained Indians, bearing on their backs the treasure which came even from Peru and Ecuador; as the risk of the sea voyage in the Pacific was too great to be undertaken, these treasures were eventually forwarded to Cartagena, from whence two galleons sailed annually to Spain.

Nowadays the town is doing a little better, owing to the mines in its vicinity. On

leaving Mariquita, we cross the river Guali by a bridge, constructed by the only enterprising man in the neighbourhood, Don Pantaleon Gonsalez, and ride up the Lomas or bare hills, composed of auriferous gravel; after leaving there the road becomes much overgrown with brush, and when you have a bough in your face, and deep mudholes at your feet, you do not quite know whether you like to have more or less eyes. It has taken us three hours to get to Mariquita, and it will be between five or six more before we reach the village of Fresno. This is picturesquely situated in a hollow at the foot of a hill, which shelters it from the cold blasts that its neighbour, the snow-clad king, sends over the mountain-tops. The houses are principally built of plank, and are roofed with shingles, which gives it a far more trim look than the straggling thatched roofs of ordinary villages can ever hope to possess.

From here to Agua Bonita it is three and a-half hours more, and the further one gets away from the plains, the worse the roads seem to become. We are now a considerable elevation above sea-level, and go on rising

until Las Partidas, or Parting Place, is reached. Here the road to the left goes on to Manizales, whilst to the right is our road leading to Manzanares. We begin to descend, but it is a long hour before we arrived at the river Guarino, which is crossed by a very ricketty bridge, and then comes a tough climb and a road that makes one feel much safer on your own feet than even with a sure-footed mule.

After all these difficulties one finds oneself at the mine. The principal house is a fine plank building, about 90 feet long and 40 feet wide, but at night the noise is abominable, caused by the presence of rats, which are chased by cats that have gone wild and live in the woods, only coming out at night to this charming hunting-ground. As a rule, everybody is too tired to bother about them, so they pursue the even tenour of their way.

Before daylight the cooks are up and preparing the men's early breakfast, or desayuno, consisting generally of a cup of chocolate and an arepa or cake, made out of bruised maize, the tough outer skin of which has been removed by the application of wood ashes soaked

in water. The bell, consisting of a steel borer, suspended from a cord, is struck a little after five a.m., and by half-past all hands are at work. Breakfast is announced by the same means at half-past eight, and the men leave work for half-an-hour. Then dinner at one, when half-an-hour is all the time allowed, and work finishes at close upon six o'clock.

I had so much to do, that I used not to come up, but remain below and have my dinner after work was over, so that with a smoke and a chat about things in general and the mine in particular, one was very glad to turn in by a little after 8 o'clock p.m. This is how my husband seems to pass his time when away from Bogotá, and I have given it in his own words.

TRIP TO ZIPAQUIRA.

May 9th, 1882. About ten o'clock we started in Alford's covered victoria, Mrs N— and myself, with Anna Maria, my servant. We took with us cold chickens, tongues, ducks, also wine and cake for lunch, as we expected to be four or five hours on the way.

Our road lay through Chapinero, which I have already described, and wound all along

the foot of the hills right to the other end of the plain, from Tequendama. The first village we passed through was called Cajica, and possessed a church of considerable size. We soon came to the foot of a rugged and steep hill, which jutted down close to the road; this hill goes by the name of Torca. It was covered with low shrubs, and in some parts there was grass on which cattle were feeding. Huge stones, grey and moss grown, were lying about in confusion, as if some giants had been playing and had left their balls behind them on being startled. We stopped a few moments at the Hotel Santander, a way-side rancho, where was a confused conglomeration of babies, dogs, poultry, and rough donkeys. The roofs of the few surrounding huts were thatched with grass or reeds, and holes in the top formed chimneys, and grimed the thatch with several inches of soot.

High up the hills, just in a little "boqueron" or gorge, where the mountains dipped down was a very pretty quinta or house belonging to Señor Tamayo. It was nestled amongst trees, and herds of fine cattle were feeding on

the rough grass below, with little or no divisions of land excepting a few ditches to divide one property from another. The wild flowers along the road were in some parts lovely, and ferns grew in abundance. A large kind of myrtle tree, full of white flowers, and another tree covered with pretty pink blossoms, caught our fancy. In some low swampy parts were storks or herons watching for prey, and little brown birds flew across the road now and again, in shape and colour like sparrows. At last, on rounding the foot-hill Torca, we came to Puente Commun, where, at the widening of the road, considerably raised above its level was the posada or inn, where we stopped to change horses and to have our lunch.

The place was so crowded with men in ruanas, big hats, zamaros, as well as horses, mules, and several carriages, that we preferred to stay where we were. One man brought up a splendid horse, which he rode round in order to show off its paces. It was a present from Guzman Blanco, President of Venezuela.

In half an hour the fresh horses were put to, but they resolutely refused to move one inch, consequently, a boy who had come with

us on horseback from Bogotá had to fasten a lasso to them and pull from the front. However, he was soon dragged in a bundle off on to the ground—saddle and everything. One more trial at last started us, and then we set off at a good pace over the Puente Commun, by far the finest bridge I have seen in the country, built in 1792, in the reign of Charles IV. of Spain. The appearance of the bridge, which crossed some low, swampy ground, otherwise impassable owing to the water, presented a span of three piers, with a few trees between, and some round, low turrets at intervals on the middle span.

We turned entirely away from Bogotá in crossing this bridge, and drove between the feet of the mountains, as it were, through a neck of the Sabana of Bogotá, and then came out again into a wider part, where far off could be seen the trees of Zipaquira. To our right, over the mountains, were the Llanos of the Cassanare Indians; to our left the never-ending blue hills, one beyond the other, till the highest buried its peak in the clouds and was lost to sight.

Here, too, the scenery a little changed from rugged pasture land to cultivation more regular and abundant than on any other part of the plain. Here were potatoes neatly planted, maize also making a good show a foot above ground. Dotted all about were miserable mud-hovels, where all the family, including the black hog and the farm-yard fowls, inhabited the rooms. In front of these miserable homes Indians were washing and hanging out clothes, and lazy dirty men lolling and smoking, with children dressed in a few rags, tumbling about in the dust.

Poplar-trees grew in groups here and there, and enlivened the monotony of the levels. Great numbers of men, women, and children passed us, carrying on their backs and shoulders huge loads of losa, the red earthenware of the country. Such loads they were as only those brought up from childhood could possibly bear. For instance, one woman alone can carry quite as much as half the load of a horse or mule. Salt was also being conveyed to Bogotá, and children with bundles of faggots twice the size of themselves were toiling along; also waggons drawn by a

couple of bullocks, taking the whole family party ready for Thursday's market.

Our outrider every now and then kept up with us, coming up in flying haste with his saddle-cloth reversed and his ruana flying, a picture of wildness. About half-past four o'clock we saw the houses and chimneys of the salt mines, and entered the lower part of Zipaquira. The first thing I noticed was the black which pervaded all. However, the hotel where we were taken looked very clean and nice, and we had two large rooms and a sala as well; and after a pretty good dinner we retired to bed.

May 10th. A beautiful fine day, and we were glad to be up and out of the reach of the numerous fleas which covered the mattresses. We went after breakfast to see some lovely orchids which grew in a chicheria close to the hotel.

The woman had two, a fine orange and brown maxillaria, and a pretty pink one from Patcho. We were very anxious to buy them, but the woman asked 4 dols., or 16/ each, so we intend to have them, but at a much lower price. Afterwards we walked into the Market-

place and saw where the fighting had been a month ago, when General Morales was killed. The shooting had been across the Plaza, and two houses were well riddled by rifle shots.

May 11th. It rained the whole day, so that our expedition to the salt mine was put off as useless, and we found it very cold and miserable.

May 12th. About eleven o'clock Mr J. M. D—— came to take us over the salt mines. We walked up a somewhat steep road, and met several women loaded with salt, which they were carrying down on their backs, also several oxen in carts carrying pretty heavy loads.

First we witnessed the American and English processes of taking the salt out of the water, the American system comprising numerous iron tanks, the English merely one large one. Then we were shown the works, compressing the ground salt into solid blocks, squeezing out all the water by machinery with a lever at one end, forced down by men with two ropes. Tub-shaped blocks are made perfectly solid, and these are sold for five reals (2/) each. Sometimes a thousand arrobas (twelve

tons) of salt are sold before breakfast in the morning. (An arroba weighs 25 lbs.) We saw the house where the earthenware kettles are all fixed over furnaces, and the salt is evaporated into solid cakes. When baked, the earthenware kettles which contain the cakes have to be broken. A separate establishment is kept in the town where these are made; they cost five reals each, and are made of clay, the same as the "adobes," or bricks.

We afterwards walked higher up the road, a steep ascent to a flat place, obtaining a fine view of the whole of that part of the plain shut in by mountains. To our left was Nemacon, about six hours' journey from Zipaquira; and to the right was Sopo, just between the mountains. Here was the opening to the mine, and after a little delay for candles, we walked into the darkness, which was intense. Following the cart road, we entered higher chambers, with three or four columns, all of solid salt—above, around, and below, nothing but salt. To judge from the formations, the salt must have been caused by the ocean washing entirely over the part where we were then standing.

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Some parts of the salt were white and very sparkling, but as a rule all looked black darkness, and the blocks more resembled slate than salt in colour. In the mine was an image of the Virgin with several crosses shaped of crystals or pyrites, the miners always keeping lighted in front a candle.

The air was close and rather oppressive, and the darkness terrible, the tallow candles only serving to make the obscurity greater, and it was a relief to be once more in the open air, with the breath of heaven above us. We took away several white crystals, which were very pretty, and they promised to send us up some pyrites. Coming down we brought away some coagulated drops of salt which had fallen out of the kettles, and formed the most curious shapes, like frozen snow.

Once again in Zipaquira we went to see some gardens where they had some lovely flowers, but only one orchid, a *crispum* with pinkish-streaked petals, and an orange label-lum; this quite took my fancy. The pansies ("pensamientos") were varied and lovely, and we brought away two handfuls of different kinds. Zipaquira is celebrated for its gardens or patios.

May 13th. It was a beautiful hot day, and we went a lovely country walk, shaded on either side by tall willow trees, and water running in two streams along each side of the road. The banks were lined quite thick with nastursians of varied and rich colour. On several of the trees were parasites growing with leaves like ferns. We gathered some yellow flowers like dandelions, but with a quite different scent. Several bushes were growing covered with a pine-shaped yellow berry, poisonous, and called by the natives Piña de Diabala.

At a turn of the road we could distinguish the different roads about the country—one to Nemacon, about four hours from Zipaquira, another to the foot of two hills called Sapo, where lives a girl who carves very cleverly in wood figures and scenes representing Colombian life, and to the left was the foot hill, round which we had to drive to or from Bogotá.

We also saw something which disgusted us, but very characteristic of the country—the dead bodies of several dogs, round which the black, ugly gallinazos were gathered,

preparing to enjoy their hideous meal. The heat was so great that we were glad to return slowly, and have some tea at the hotel, and then lie down until dinner was ready at half-past five.

May 14th. As Mr J. M. D— had kindly obtained two horses for us, and had prepared a nice ride to a quinta, called "Juratena," we had nothing to do but dress ourselves, and about twelve we started. We left Zipaquira to the right, and taking a somewhat steep road, we soon turned round the hills and entered a short lane overhung with the pretty pink flowers of the "Racke," and the green berries of the "Esmeralda," the pink flowers of the "Uva de Monte," and other shrubs.

After leaving this road, our party, six in number, crossed a stream, which was running pretty strong, and passing through a gate we emerged on to the side of one of the hills. This we rode over, sometimes on the grass, other times on a road leading right over the side of the hill. Crossing several times over very unsafe bridges of stone over shallow-water, at last, far below us, in the valley,

appeared the pretty "Quinta of Juratena," whilst further off was the village of ———, and shut in far beyond the grandest view of hill after hill, towering away into blue distance, now hid in clouds, now standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, a fit retreat for eagle and condor to build their nests, and scorn the search of men.

The fresh green of the herbage and the pure air, were exhilarating, fine cattle were feeding on the grass, and below this little quinta, with its "tetcho de paja," or "thatched with grass roof," ran a stream bordered with eucalyptus. We rode down the hillside, and received a very hearty and kind welcome from the Señora Araos, and dismounting, we entered such a pretty patio, with a corridor running all round, and the thatched roof projecting on all four sides, affording protection to about twenty full of the blue lobelia flower, called in this place "Azul."

We were taken into a sala, matted with estera, but perfectly clean, and here we sat and talked, beguiling the time with music and looking in a garden full of flowers, where

every now and then green and brilliant "tumenejas," or humming-birds, darted over the roses, pansies, hortensias, violets, or fuchsias.

About half-past three dinner was announced, and we all walked into a room adjoining the sala, where was spread out the cleanest, prettiest, and nicest dinner I have ever seen amongst the Colombians since I came here. Each person had a little bouquet tied with blue, and bearing a pin ready to fasten it on. The bouquets were novel, being in some cases single leaves of flowers, pulled off to make backgrounds, verbenas, daisies, wild peas, pelargoniums, all indiscriminately mixed.

In the centre of the table was a fine roast turkey and several bottles of wine, brandy, beer, and chicha. The first course was soup, containing plenty of grease or colouring, and not very good. Next the mistress of the house cut up the turkey, which was passed to each one with pudding of maize, two potatoes, a piece of roast meat, and a salad of agua cate. When this was cleared away we had "Masamora," a kind of soup, which I do not care

for, and then a dulce of maize, flour, and sugar—plenty of the latter; on this dulce was written in white letters "Juratena," the name of the house; cheese, very white and good, but tasteless, and a piece of arepa, which is a cake baked on the ashes and made of maize pounded. Then came some chicha, which is fomented maize and not at all nice. It is of a yellowish white colour, the staple drink of the country, and is considered very strengthening. A dish of fruit, of oranges, followed with bananas and granadillas; these were passed round with glasses of water, and so ended a dinner in the country. Afterwards we talked, whilst the male part of the establishment drank their coffee and smoked.

We went round the house and saw the turkeys, geese, and guinea-fowls, also a beautiful white marble out-door bath just built, near a stream of clear running water, making little falls over the stones every now and then; this is where the family bathe in the warm season.

The rain began soon after this to fall in such torrents, that we found it quite impossible to return to Zipaquira, so after much debating it was agreed to remain where we were.

About eight o'clock, or a little earlier, was served another meal. Some took coffee, others chocolate, tea, or bread and milk. With this meal was served bread, arepa, cheese, and a dulce made of guava, covered with sugar, and also wafer-cakes with some sweetmeat inside, and the inevitable glasses of water after the dulce. How fond these people are of sweets and sugar! We then returned to the sala, and there being tripleys and the piano, we had several good "bam-bucas" played, and "passillos," and two of the children danced. Our host and hostess, Don Rafael Araos and his Señora, also rose and danced a "bambuca," which looked very pretty, she being a stout, good-tempered-looking dame, with very dark eyes, and he a nearly white-haired man, though still young. We retired to a clean, pretty room at an early hour. The beds were curtained with white muslin and pink ribbons, and lulled by the sound of the rushing quebrada, we fell asleep under the thatched roof.

May 15th. At six o'clock we were awakened by the singing of the blackbirds, and the twittering of the cucaracheros. Our

kind hostess came in to wish us good-morning, and to bring in desayuno in the shape of tea, arepa cake, and bread. About eight we rose and dressed, and looked round the garden, which was dripping after the night's rain.

The scenery was lovely, and the mountain sides were fresh and green, like the green of the Emerald Isle. At nine o'clock almuerzo, or breakfast, was announced, and we hastened to the meal, the Senora carrying in first a large olla, or earthenware jug, containing the soup, which was just off the fire. It was made of eggs, and plenty of butter, with fennel and parsley, and whole eggs boiled and put inside. Next we had cold meat, two sweet potatoes each, cold turkey, and slices of agua cate, or alligator-pear; then arepa and cheese, and the weakest of tea, with hot milk. The natives have no idea how to make tea, and mostly drink it as medicine. After breakfast we began to look for our escort to take us back, but we looked in vain; and the rain once more descended, and made us feel cold and miserable in riding-habits. Florita and her cousin, and Patchita, the little girl, came out with us when the rain ceased, and we

went to see the pig-sty, which is raised up on poles, and built over the water, thatched and well covered, but a most curious arrangement for a pig-sty.

The pigs were of huge dimensions, and of the black breed, with long hair. When sitting in the library window we noticed a fine long-tailed green humming-bird hovering over the fuchsias, and catching small flies. About one o'clock we grew desperate; however, "onces," or lunch, kept us quiet for a time, and soon after Mr W—— arrived, and when a good hard shower was over, we readily mounted, and bidding the kind family "adios," thanking them for their hospitality, we rode away over a very slippery, bad road, and enjoyed, however, the air, the view, the exercise, and the beauties of these lovely Colombian mountains around us.

The horses picked their way very cleverly, and mine was a most gentle, comfortable little chestnut. Soon we lost sight of the Quinta Juratena, and a dip down in the road over the stream shut out that part of the country from our view, and Zipaquira soon came into sight. We were glad to change our habits, and after

an early dinner we went out, first going over the Cathedral and seeing the new altar and the organ, which is being paid for by a gentleman in Zipaquira.

The Cathedral is a large building, but looks very empty; there are some fine engravings all round the nave of the "Stations of the Cross," and a fine oil-painting of some part of the life of our Saviour. We next walked to Mr W——'s house and saw his flowers, &c., and went to another place where likewise were some lovely flowers, though much battered about with the rain. I walked back to the hotel whilst the others went to see if they could buy some "dulces" to take back to Bogotá. In the evening Mr D—— came in for a few minutes to see how we had got home; also General Aldaña, formerly the President of the State.

May 16th. To-day we made preparations for returning to Bogotá, and packed up the petaccas ready to go back. I went with Anna Maria round the maize and potato-market, a dilapidated-looking place, with a few old women selling their corn and "trigo," or wheat, under umbrellas, and several meat-stalls and chicharias.

Here I purchased a leather case for a knife generally worn by the Indians, and called a "machete." We went through to the Plaza, and as we crossed, there started up numerous pigeons, which are allowed to build in part of the church, and as it is forbidden to catch or kill them, and a fund is kept up for their maintenance, they fearlessly fly around the Cathedral. There was a fine thunderstorm over the hills, though we felt little of it in Zipaquira. Towards evening Alford came with his coach.

May 17th. To-day we started at about twelve o'clock, loading up the carriage, and getting comfortably settled. The road was in some parts very heavy with the late rains, and necessitated great exertions. The scenery was lovely.

At Puente Commun we again stopped, and this time read the inscription which was written on the four principal pillars. "This Bridge was built in the reign of Carlos IV., 31st December, 1792, by the English prisoners taken at the abortive attempt of Admiral Vernon to capture Carthagena.

We had lunch again at the roadside, and hoped to reach Bogotá without rain ; however,

we did not succeed, for at the Hotel Santander the rain came down pretty hard, and all around seemed soaked with recent showers. We passed Chapinero about twenty minutes past four, and so arrived in Bogotá at five o'clock, where we separated, and I drove into the Plaza San Victorino, and there we unloaded and walked a few yards home.

May 19th. Got up early and had a cold fresh bath, opened numerous parcels of books which arrived from New York by the Alisa steamer. About eleven Mrs C—— came to take lunch with me and spend a few hours before her departure to Barranquilla, where her husband is to take the Consulate and Mr Stacey to come here. Poor man ! after so many years in a hot climate, how cold he will find Bogotá.

We lunched at one o'clock, and exchanged our photographs and made all kinds of promises to write to each other, and then she went away. I went out to call upon Mrs P——, then I went to the jewellers about my watch-glass, which costs here 2/1, then to call upon J—— B——, where I stayed more than an hour talking, then sent a telegram to Honda.

to my husband, and tried to find the house of Vargas de la Rosa, Hermanos, photographers, who have some views of Zipaquira, but did not succeed, and so returned home to dinner about six o'clock. After dinner Don Miguel Pay came in and stayed to tea, leaving a little after eight.

Sunday, May 21st. Went for a very long walk with Anna Maria and the two dogs, which very much astonished the Colombian ladies. We chose the long straight dusty road from the Plaza San Victorino, called the "London Road" in fun by foreigners. The day was lovely and bright, and we found handfuls of grasses, flowers, and leaves. I brought home some fine flowers of the white datura stramonium, the odour of which is dangerous when inhaled at night, and found it was almost unbearable to have in the room. The uchuba grew along the road side in great abundance, the little green bags of which on being opened are found to contain a bright green bean like a pea, and this is made into a sweetmeat by the Bogotanas, who consider it very good. Many common English weeds grew in abundance on the road side, and under well-known

flowers lurked the greenest of green frogs, which fled in terror at the dogs as they gambolled on the rough grass.

June 7th. My husband returned from Honda and the hot country, very much exhausted with his days and days in the saddle, and living on chocolate or tinned meats. We are to prepare for leaving Bogotá this month, so "selling off" to inquisitive people, who only come to *see* and not to purchase, will be our next occupation.

EXTRACT FROM TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA, BY DON
RAMON PAEZ.

There is a bird among the nocturnal serenaders which impresses you with very different ideas from those possessed by the owl species: this is the Gallinetta de Monte, or forest hen, a most beautiful creature both in colour and shape, and not unlike a water-hen in appearance; the eyes especially are peculiarly pretty, being of a brilliant ruby colour scintillating like fire. These birds sing in concert, and their song—a lively chatter—has a mystic fascination which I am unable to describe. They are also considered delicate

eating; but unfortunately are very difficult to catch, for even after being shot, unless wounded in the leg, they can outstrip the swiftest hound. Although their wings, being very small, avail them little, nature, however, has provided them with long yellow legs for this purpose." These birds are found in the woods of the Tolima.

There are a great number of carrion vultures and other birds of prey constantly hovering around the houses, and corrals, attracted thither by the carcasses of dead animals. The most conspicuous among them is the chulu, or gallinazo, that constant companion of rude civilization in all tropical countries, but an indolent, greedy, and disgusting associate. As, however, they occasionally render service in the capacity of scavengers, they are generally tolerated among the foul of the farm-yard. It is a gregarious bird, and collects in large flocks on the roof and fences, where, with knowing glances, they seem to be scanning all the actions of the inmates. They build their nests in holes which they dig in the ground. Their young are white, gradually changing to black as they

grow older; only two are reared by the parent bird every year. (Some friends of mine watched them from the first building of their nest in an old house in Medellin, and were amused with the little white birds.) Although essentially carrion feeders, the olfactories of these birds are not so sensitive as to discover carrion readily—as many suppose—but their sight is very good. They fly to an immense height, and thence examine any portion of the ground below them. In doing this they may be often observed on motionless wing, whirling round and round in graceful evolutions. The "Rey de Gallinazos," or King of the Vultures, larger than the turkey buzzard, is the most beautiful of its kind. Its plumage, resembling down in its softness and fineness, is of pearly white, excepting the wings, which are tipped with black. The breast and neck, although entirely bare of feathers, are decked in the most brilliant tint of orange, blue, and red, while a sort of membranous crescent crowns the head, giving it a truly royal appearance. This King of the Vultures has also very aristocratic tastes, never associating with any, not even those of his own tribe. It is a remark-

able fact that when he alights upon a carcase amidst a flock of other vultures, all these last retire and make a circle round the banquet. When his majesty has dined, he flies off, uttering a loud cry, and then only his subjects venture to approach the carrion. (This I have witnessed personally on the Magdalena.)

“Swarms of tiny and brilliant humming-birds flutter amid masses of highly scented orange blossoms that perfume the air around us. Any one unacquainted with that bijou of the feathered tribe would mistake it at first sight for some of the metallic-coloured beetles which dispute with them the nectar of the fragrant, so brilliant is the lustre shed by them both.” For that peculiar charm which resides in flashing light, combined with the most brilliant colours, the lustre of precious stones, there are no birds, no creatures, that can compare with the humming-bird. Confined almost exclusively to South America—whence we have already gathered a collection—these lovely little winged gems are to the Indians the very quintessence of beauty. By these simple people they are called by various poetical names, signifying “the rays of the

sun,” “the tresses of the day-star,” and the like.

THE “CHIRI MOYA,” OR “CHERI MOYA.”

This fruit is likened to lumps of flavoured cream made ready to be frozen, suspended from the branches of some fairy tree, amidst the most overpowering perfume of its flowers, for it is in bearing all the year round. Markham (“Travels in Peru and India”), who has tasted the chiri moya and the mangosteen, gives the preference to the former, and says of it—“He who has not tasted the chiri moya fruit has to learn as yet what fruit is.” Dr Seman says the chiri moya on the slope of the Andes surpasses the taste of every other fruit, and Haeuke called it the “masterpiece of nature.”

THE “CURA” OR “AGUA CATE.”

Nature has provided a substitute for butter in the fruit of this fine tree. The English settlers in the Caribbean Islands call it the “alligator-pear”—I presume from the fact of its being indigenous to a country abounding in saurian reptiles. In shape it resembles a large pear, but the interior of its rind is lined with a marrow-like substance of a

greenish-yellow colour, which assimilates very nearly to butter, the place of which it supplies at the breakfast-table. It is, in fact, a vegetable butter.

Saturday. As we are now so soon leaving Bogotá, we made a sixth effort to obtain entrance into the Museum, about twelve o'clock.

We found it ready to be opened, and by the kind attention and aid of the Secretary, Señor T. Caicedo, by whom we had most of the objects amply explained. On entering a stone gallery, we were shown the portraits of many kings of Spain, including Philip III. There were also the Viceroy, amongst which was Solis, who died in Bogotá. Also several portraits of monks and priests, and an old lady, "Hija de Bogotá," or daughter of Bogotá. A fine Flemish picture represented a man watching cattle, and a woman milking a sheep. This was very well painted. I admired a "Flight into Egypt," copied from Velasquez, and having a very handsome old black frame, let in with large coloured stones.

A "Dying Magdalen," "St Jerenomo," "The Stoning of Stephen," "Jesus raising

Lazarus," "The Conception of the Virgin," and the "Baptism" of some infant by a priest, the surrounding figures attired in dresses of the 16th century, were those that took my fancy most. After leaving this room, where, I forgot to mention, were several sketches of the lying in state of General Bolivar in Caracas, in a wonderful temple, we entered another long room, full of the flags and trophies taken in the different wars with the Spaniards, and all more or less damaged or riddled with shot.

The first object to be seen on entering this room was the skull of Solis, the Viceroy, grinning horribly, and near this a stool presented by Dr Medina, on which the wretched patriots were placed during the War of Independence, in the town of Purificacion, in the Tolima, from which they were ruthlessly shot down by the soldiers of the Spanish king. Near this was the first map of the country, made on copper-plate. Then came some bones of the mastodon, and huge tusks, a bear's paw, the shells of armadillos, and a porcupine; several birds, a very curious blue and scarlet coloured duck, which had been

shot in the marshes near; and a white pelican. Some deformities in the shape of calves were also exposed, with two heads, preserved in spirits, and snakes large and small, scorpions, centipedes, and beetles with long pincers, some flying-fish and sword-fish, and the long matting-like nest of the oropendulo, which builds its nest at the end of a branch to avoid the snakes.

On a centre table were three hideous mummies of dead Indians, which had been discovered buried like the ancient Britons, with their knees up to their chins; near them were two large stuffed tigers, and beyond this, on the other side of the room, a case which once had been full of coins. Then came a display of minerals, with specimens of gold quartz, emerald, sulphur, and lava from the Ruiz volcano, a relic of the Egyptian pyramids, the matrix in which emeralds are found, porphyry, granite from this country, and a curious large piece of transparent stone, which may have been a fossil resin, resembling amber. The saddle of Santander, the great General, was also exposed, with spears, swords, and other weapons belonging to the old Indians;

feathers, head-dresses, and chains of teeth; a steel hatchet which had been dug up somewhere in Bogotá, and more poisoned arrows, besides a wonderful Indian ornament of quills and feathers, and the two keys of Cartagena, and also the large gold key of the Castle of Maracaibo, taken by General Padilla; a curious old wooden sun-dial made for Mutis, and used by Caldas and Humboldt, and which Mutis always carried about with him. In the centre of the room were several alligators of all sizes down to baby ones on the parents' back. Near here was a large stone bearing some arms of Colombia, an eagle and several pomegranates; above this was a stone placed by the French expedition sent to determine the meridian on a high pinnacle of the Andes. This stone was discovered, not many years afterwards, by some hunters, who thought they had unearthed an ancient treasure, and so they eagerly carried it down to Bogotá, aided by Mutis. On the wall close by were two good paintings of Humboldt and Caldas, the naturalist. On the opposite wall was hung a most elaborate blanket of feathers woven by Indians in the most brilliant colours,

orange predominating, and having birds, and trees, and flowers depicted—a truly curious and wonderfully wrought piece of work, quite worthy any exhibition.

Here also was the bed of the General Bolivar on which he lay when an attempt to assassinate him was made but fortunately failed. Opposite this was a chest containing Indian idols made of stone, and a very curious so-called almanac carved in stone, which was used by the Muisca Indians, covered with symbols, frogs, &c., &c.; some jugs of ancient and Egyptian shape and faces more like a Sphinx than an Indian, stone hatchets, earrings with stone birds, and some curiously-shaped stirrups. Among other things was a specimen of the first porcelain made in Bogotá, a large, handsome blue and white jug. What a pity that they cannot make anything now half as pretty, the porcelain of the country being of the very coarsest and commonest, only fit for kitchen use.

Thursday. Corpus Cristi. To-day we went out early, about ten o'clock, to witness a procession, starting from the Cathedral, in the Calle Real. We went to the Post Office in

Santo Domingo, and then into the offices of the Secretary for the Treasury, from whence we had a very good view of the whole Calle Real. At one end was erected a curious altar, made of bushes and trees, on which was represented the hanging of Absalom by his long hair in a tree (unfortunately they had represented the hair as black), and another figure dressed in kingly robes, shooting him with bow and arrows; it was a remarkably theatrical representation.

At the other side of the street was a huge cross, in height half as high as the houses. Further down the street was another altar with the history of Judith and Holofernes depicted on it—Judith dressed in a scarlet and gold gown, with a silver hammer and nails in her hand. Below this altar was a jug, and the emblems of the Crucifixion. We returned to the balcony, after seeing these altars, through the Calle Real, decorated in every possible form with floral ornaments, and intricate bands of green moss. After watching from the window for an hour, and criticising the numerous gay European dresses of the ladies who crowded the bal-

conies and windows, we saw a stream of men issue from the Cathedral on either side of the road, each carrying a long lighted wax candle. Hundreds must have gone past, when several youths in full evening dress, carrying long black crosses, entwined with purple and white flowers, walked up and down to clear the way; then came some five little children dressed in white silk and satin, with wreaths and satin shoes, and kid gloves, all white, which the people described as "nymphs."

After them came three priests carrying silver symbols, the mitre and cross keys of the Pope. Following these came others bearing several gold staffs, an Archbishop's crozier, and a handsome white satin banner, heavily embroidered with gold. The old Dean of the Cathedral walked behind, and several priests carrying a canopy of satin and gold fringe over the Archbishop, who bore the Host in both his hands, surrounded by priests, and accompanied by the Papal Nuncio, and five or six bands and companies of soldiers, playing gay military music, rather than religious. This closed the long procession, in which we were much interested.

HOMEWARDS.

June 15th, 1882. To-day, having packed up about twelve boxes and some orchids, ready to take with us, also having sold nearly everything in the house, we rose about seven o'clock, and ate early breakfast. It was as much as we could do to answer the summons of the numerous people who constantly belaboured the door, ringing the bell, and otherwise making themselves a nuisance.

By dint of a great deal of arguing and bartering, they bought the few remaining glass dishes, the cruet-stand, the braseros or iron heaters, and the white bed-cover, which were about the only things left to sell. In the midst of the confusion came Don Miguel Paz, the gentleman who has taken our house, bringing me a lovely bouquet of flowers, roses, dahlias, forget-me-nots, heliotrope, and verbena. Soon after four or five German friends came to say good-bye, and to tell us it was still not too late to start, and that we had time to remain, and countermand our orders; however, we are not so devoted to Bogotá as all that. Then the people sent for their furniture, the big bed, washingstands, wardrobes, and soon Mrs.

B— came in to say good-bye, and to claim her goods. Then good-bye had to be said to Zulu and Señora, and the cat and her family, and to Anna Maria and Faustina, who cried bitterly, and even wished at the last that they could go too.

And at twelve o'clock we went to the Plaza, where we met Mr B—, who had come to see us off, and in a few minutes were stowed in the victoria, and had bowled out of Bogotá, with our faces once more turned to our native country.

The day was fine and windy, and so we were neither too hot nor cold, and we journeyed very comfortably, until we arrived in Cuatro Esquinas, where we changed horses, and as the boy had mistaken the order, we here had to wait an hour until a fresh couple of horses had been fetched from a neighbouring quinta called San José. Here we made notes of the altitude by means of the aneroid barometer, intending to note during the whole journey, and finally once again started for Manzanos.

About four, passing through the town of Facatativa, we soon came to the hotel at Manzanos, where we alighted and had our

luggage taken upstairs. As they gave us a very small close room, we had our beds removed into the neighbouring sala, which was large and airy. After dinner, a truly Colombian production, we had some tea, and went up to bed and to the fleas.

After reading about an hour, we were comfortably hoping to fall asleep, when, horror of horrors, the wretched certainty dawned upon us once again, that the Manzanos beds were a resort of fleas; and so the only thing to be done was to endure the thousand torments, and patiently listen for every half-hour stroke of the clock until dawn crept in through the shutters, when tired nature gave way.

June 16th, 1882. A lovely fine day, with a fresh pure wind blowing. After early breakfast of chocolate, cheese, and bread, we strolled about, and enjoyed the view of the mountains and the fields, with the pretty quinta of the K—'s, called the Aurora, close at hand. Soon the boy Salvador came in very unhappy, to say that the horses and the mule had run away in the Potrero Grande, and utterly refused to have anything to do with him. So we went out into the fields, and saw

six men pursuing the two horses, chasing them all over the wide boundless potrero, stretching away as far as the eye could see, apparently without boundary or limit.

Up one hill side, down another, nothing but free grassy land, and no joke to hunt after two rebellious horses and a mule. When we came near the mule she quietly lifted her head and stared, but the moment any person moved, off like a bird she galloped, as wicked as possible. So we amused ourselves by a good breezy walk to the quinta, which we walked round and waited in the sala a short time, until the animals were driven into an enclosed pen and lassoed, and dragged off to be saddled.

Thus, we were only starting at twelve o'clock, when we meant to be off by eight or nine a.m. We rode the horses in preference to the jog of mules for the first day, the roads being not so hilly as they are further on. Several parts were familiar to me, such as the tall trees of the Alto del Roble, or Oaks, and Agua Larga, where once we stopped, and the tree once covered with the nests of the oro pendulo, but now quite deserted.

At Chimbi we alighted, and had our lunch of chicken and tongue and claret, which we carried with us, and then we went on again, meaning to spend the night at Bagasal. However, when we arrived there, a man was very ill in the house, and when we wished to halt there was nothing for it but to ride on. Coming to the Rio Negro, we found the torrents had so swelled the river that from a little stream which we had forded on horseback when we first passed, it had become a stupendous torrent, rushing over the rocks at a terrible rate, and black as ink in some parts.

Happily for us, the bridge was completed, so without delay we crossed and continued our journey. When we came to El Tambo, we found several people had already arrived before us, and amongst them a party of Sisters of Charity. To judge from the wet water-proofs or encauchados, they must have had a thorough wetting, which we had escaped, only coming between storms which were raging on the mountain tops on either side of our road, where down below it was still and dry. The effect of these storms was plainly visible beyond Agua Larga, but before Chimbi we

saw where a huge torrent, or more probably a waterspout, had washed up huge boulders of rock and stones, with trunks of trees, broken the fences, cut up the road into channels and runlets, and otherwise done a great amount of damage.

At last, not being able to get a room at El Tambo, we rode as fast as we could to Villetta, and meeting several men, we raced past them, succeeding in reaching the town in the valley before dark. Just in time, for in less than half-an-hour we had candles lit. Here we engaged a pretty decent room, and arranged our baggage with the help of Salvador, who came up with the mules soon after us. After a dinner of odd mixtures we went to bed, and slept very soundly, forgetting the horrors of the night before.

June 17th, 1882. This morning we were up early, expecting to be off before the sun grew powerful. However, in this purpose we were deceived, for the mules had to be shod, and we had to get another mule, so we were detained a couple of hours, which I occupied by copying or sketching some men who were bruising, picking, and cleaning coffee near a

cottage where sugar-canes were growing, fenced off from us by a bamboo railing. It was ten o'clock before we left Villetta, and the sun was pretty hot on our backs as we went up the hill side. We had changed our horses for mules, owing to the road being all up and downhill; our progress was slower, but yet we got to Petaquero without any accident, having learnt to be very cautious in passing the numerous mules laden with big boxes, crates, barrels, &c., on the road to Bogotá, as yesterday I had not been sharp enough in pulling my horse out of the way, and so escaped, but got the horse an ugly knock on the left hip-bone; but to-day my mule is far too skilful a veteran to be led into places where she might get hurt. After our usual breakfast was eaten, sitting on a queer sort of bed, and my husband on a stool, which served also for our table, and surrounded by an admiring audience of dogs and cats, we once more began ascending and arrived at the Alto del Trigo, then down into the pretty little valley of Las Tibayes, and on arriving at the posada of that name, we rested for an hour, eating some oranges, which we remembered as

being very sweet ; this, however, did not now turn out to be the case, as it is hardly the season for them at that elevation. We were soon on the top of the Alto del Raizal, from whence my husband was able to show approximately the diverse places, on the far-off Tolima mountains, where he was bound to go ; in fact, the atmosphere being so clear, and our elevation great, he was able to point out the large white-washed house in which the manager of the Tolima Company's mines lives, although even as the crow flies it could not be less than fifteen miles.

Guaduas now lay at our feet, and we gradually descended to it, stopping in the plaza in order to see what telegrams had arrived, as we expected to be informed of the state of the river at this point. Such was the case, for Messrs Hallam and Crane had both sent information ; so now we know that we shall have to go on the "Inez Clarke," a small boat, but light of draught, which is an essential feature with the river when the dry season begins.

June 18th, 1882. After a cool night in the clean, comfortable hotel in Guaduas, we

rose about nine o'clock, and had a lovely bath in the portable rubber, one which we carry with us, and by putting in a little aguardiente, removed all the stiffness which the constant riding of the day before brought on. After that they brought us desayuno, in the shape of chocolate, milk, and cheese of course. After dressing we had the horses sent down to the water to drink, and to be washed, and after writing, leisurely packing the things, we breakfasted at twelve o'clock.

We started again about three o'clock for Consuelo, where we hope to spend the night. Our road lay through a very pretty lane, overhung by creepers. There were palms, coconuts, bananas, creepers of all descriptions, bignonias, wild indigo, alcaparos, and many other tropical plants. The day was fine and hot, and here and there along the road were the Indians taking their marketing along on mules, donkeys, and any other beast of burden they found handy. We climbed the Alto del Sarjento, and on the summit, at a bend of the road, had a glorious view of the whole of the plain, the mountains beyond topped by Ruiz and Tolima, the former

18,000 feet high, and of course both summits covered with perpetual snow. Below were the mountains hiding Fresno, and on the side we could see a white house where are some gold mines, and where my husband once lived. The view was one of the grandest to be seen, and well worth coming from Europe only to look at. We passed some very pretty coffee plantations, with quintas built in the centre of them, and surrounded by gardens full of ever blooming roses, always in flower.

Near one of these places we stopped a peon, who got me a branch covered with coffee berries, red and rose colour, and some leaves, which I carried away with me, being very pretty.

June 19th, 1882. Monday. We arrived last night in Consuelo, or Consolation, as it is called, and found the place, as usual, in possession of dogs, cats, pigs, turkeys, and a mischievous but fine black-and-white goat, called Pedrito, or little Peter, who was very tame and quiet. Here we got a very good view of Ruiz and Tolima again before they put on their night-caps, and as the clouds lifted off for a few minutes we saw the snow lying over the top and up the sides.

We dined late in the evening, and passed a very bad night, tormented with cockroaches and rats, and when they subsided, some woman, unknown, coughed for about an hour, and then it commenced to pour with rain, which on a roof of thatch makes no small noise. So before six o'clock this morning we were up and dressed, and the horses saddled by half-past, bidding the host and his niece adios.

The road was down, down continually the whole day, and amongst the most lovely scenery, narrow passes in the mountains, overhung by trees and bushes, birds of every colour, yellow and black toches, the scarlet of the cardinal, tourpiales, humming-birds, &c., flying every now and then across the pathway. We stopped at Las Cruces to get a drink, and put down the height of the place, and then the sun lifted the mist and we did then feel the heat with a vengeance. We stopped again at a place where we ate some of our tongue and bread, and procured a glass of milk, which cost 5d., or a rial. Here we were only a couple of hours from the steamer, and were very thankful, as travelling was becoming tedious in its intense heat.

Very few laden mules met or passed us, only about a dozen laden with cinchona bark, in the sacks, or costales, made from the fibrous leaves of the aloe growing all over the country. Here we came to the railway, which is slowly, but surely, progressing, and the horses turned rather restive when we approached the great car which was carrying loaded stones and earth.

Going up a nasty piece of stone, Cisne, my grey, fell, but soon righted himself; my husband's bay bravely toiled up with no mishap. We rode along the course of the river for about an hour, and finally came down a road, under some trees, to the margin, where a canoe was waiting, and very glad I was to dismount my horse and get into the old trunk of the tree which is called a canoe, and be paddled across.

The stream was running very strongly, but the Indians took us quickly over, and then we went on board the "Inez Clarke" and took our cabin and began to arrange some few things. After resting awhile, my husband, who had gone to the town, came back to fetch me to Honda, for nothing would do but I must go to the H——'s house.

June 20th, Tuesday, 1882. After a cool night at the H——s, we were awake by the parrots and the dogs, and then the children, seven in number, all running about and screaming, so there was no more sleep to be had, and the only thing was to get up. Several people called, but the day was very hot and fatiguing.

21st, Wednesday, 1882. This morning rose early, bathed in a nice cool bath, which the H——s have made, and after a cup of tea, started again for the train from Honda to Caracoli. Here we got on board and I changed my riding-habit for a dress. After waiting more than a hour the mail from Bogotá arrived, and was put on board.

At ten we started, going at a fine rate down the river, while handkerchiefs and hats were waved as bidding a farewell to those left on shore; not such a sad farewell as it was eleven months ago.

We had breakfast soon after, and the owner of the steamer, Mr Cisneros, sat at the head of our table, a very clever, intelligent man. He gave us a free pass to Barranquilla, which was very polite. He goes with

us as far as Puerto Berrio, and there leaves. We passed Buena-Vista, the Vuelta de los Frailes, where, in the War of Independence, the frailes, or priests, were thrown overboard and drowned. We passed Conejo and the Rapids, and in two or three hours accomplished what had taken as many days going up stream.

Also we saw Yucalito, a rock in the centre of the river covered with bushes, and dangerous at night time. We hoped to get to Nare, but had to put up for the night about half-an-hour's journey before it. In the night such a storm came of rain, thunder, and lightning, so that we had to shut up the cabin windows and remain in the heat until it was all over.

22nd, Thursday, 1882. About four o'clock this morning the steam was got up, and after much noise and confusion, and ringing of bells, the steamer once more began her travels.

I had a muddy bath in the waters of the "muddy Magdalena," in a room where quantities of plantains were deposited in green bundles, just as they had come off the tree,

and two parrots of a brilliant blue, green, and orange kept watch and guard, screaming and whistling, quite at a loss to understand the noise of the steamer's stern wheel in the water. Soon after ten o'clock we arrived at Puerto Berrio, where we drew up to receive the mail-bag and leave Mr Cisneros, who had thoroughly charmed us.

THE MUDDY MAGDALENE.

(Written by CAPT. SUMMERS.)

In the wilds of New Granada, near the equinoctial line,
Where the summer lasts for ever, and the sultry sun doth
shine ;
There is a charming valley where the grass is always green,
Through which flow the rapid waters of the muddy Mag-
dalene.
On whose banks stand ruined cities, where the Spaniard
dwelt of old,
And revelled in the luxury of blood-begotten gold ;
But his reign hath passed away, and o'er his grave the
grass is green,
Still your waters e'er go rippling on, O muddy Magdalena.
You've the tiger in the jungle, and the cayman fierce
and free,
And the deadly serpent coileth beneath the stately
mango-tree ;
The broad-leafed, waving plantain, and pointed sugar cane,
On your margin ye have golden fruits, O muddy Mag-
dalene.
The snow on old Tolima by the avalanche is riven,
And down in torrid regions through the mountain gorges
driven
Rushes wildly down in torrents throughout the valleys
green,
To mingle with the waters of the muddy Magdalena.

The forests on your banks, by the flood and earthquake
torn,
Are madly on your bosom to the mighty ocean borne;
May you still roll on for ages, and your grass be always
green,
And your waters, aye, be cool and sweet, O muddy Mag-
dalene.

In ages past and gone, ere the white man hither drew,
No bark disturbed your waters save the Indian's light
canoe;
Now you've lordly steamers rushing swiftly by your
banks of green,
Whose prows disdain your current strong, O muddy
Magdalene.

The place has much improved since we came, and possesses several new white wooden houses. There was a confusion of voices, and a collection of all countries, niggers and Indians, on the shore, all employed in the building of the new railway of Mr Cisneros, which already goes twenty miles inland, and is intended to go to Medellin. The shop for the engines is a neat house of corrugated sheet-iron; in it are kept the engine and carriages, with cylinders, tools, wheels, and boilers to be used on the railway. It will make a great difference to the country when all these new projects are completed.

We landed here, and Mr Cisneros took us up the hill to his house. The sun was pour-

ing full down upon us, and the heat intense. At the top was a nice wooden house, well provided with appliances for coolness; a long verandah running round, from which is a very fine view of the river below, and the woods and hills all around. Mrs Yateman, who lives there, and is a nice pleasant lady, fetched me the last rose which the goats had not eaten. When the steamer bell sounded, we said good-bye to our friend Mr Cisneros, and had to go down again into the sun and heat, and run the risk of being frizzled.

We went on board, and passed the "Medellin," a large steamer which had run aground on its way to Honda, with a large party of actors and actresses on board, about 23 of them. They were Spaniards going to act in Bogotá, and there was such a tribe of dogs, monkeys, babies, dirty women, and half-dressed men. I felt very glad they were not on board the "Inez Clarke." That night we pulled up at Rompedero, where was only a wood station, and where the men got very excited because they fancied there was a scorpion amongst the wood. They eagerly hunted with their candles and sticks, and

much screaming was the consequence, but no scorpion; he, I suppose, had gone away.

June 23rd, 1882. We started early as usual, and some of the people amuse themselves by shooting at the alligators, who do not seem to approve of the sport, and so plunge out of the way into the water. A halt was made at Puerto Wilches, where another railway is being laid to Bucaramanga. Here the mail was waiting, with a crowd, as usual, of men, who seemed to have little or nothing to do; women in their purple or red print gowns—very favourite colours here—carrying on their heads totumas full of eggs or pine-apples to sell to those on board the steamer.

Later on we saw a group of wild hogs, or water pigs, which the men tried to shoot, but did not succeed. These were funny little brown animals rather like pigs, with a brown stiff hair, and known in the zoological world as *Capybaras*.

We passed the Brazo de Ocaña, and saw the cattle being driven into their pens (a fencing of bamboos), to secure them from the tigers which abound in the woods and come

out for the cattle at night, springing on their backs and fastening their claws and teeth into the nape of the neck, thus killing the poor animals.

Once a tiger at Barranca Bermeja fastened himself upon a mule which was feeding in a potrero near the house, and the animal taking fright, rushed for the opening of the corral, which, fortunately, was not closed, dashed through, and into the pen at such headlong speed, that the violent blow which the tiger received on the head from the top of the doorway killed the wild animal, and saved the mule, which was screaming with anguish. At Puerto Nacional the high road, as it were, for Ocaña in the mountains, where my husband says he once enjoyed the felicity of living for four years or more, the place in itself owed its prosperity in a great measure to the extensive coffee plantations, and the large quantity of fine Cinchona or Peruvian bark, which was found abundantly in the district. Now this has been almost totally destroyed, as the atrocious system of cutting down the trees without even replanting naturally must soon exhaust the most extensive

forests. Such is life in Colombia—that nobody cares, and the Government, even if there was any law to that effect, could never enforce it.

The town itself contains about 6000 inhabitants, and boasts no less than seven churches, two of which were chapels of convents in former days. The climate is temperate, but the character of the people is not in accordance with it, party spirit running high, and causing much trouble amongst them. It is about 12 leagues off Puerto Nacional, making it a long ride for one day; but the greater part is over plains, so that many often do it.

At this place we put up for the night, and amused ourselves by going on shore for a little walk to the end of the village, which was a very wretched place. Only a few huts composed it, and a warehouse, called La Union, where any one could sleep.

To-morrow being St John's-day, all the women were in their best cotton gowns, standing about, and the children rejoiced in no dresses at all. To reach this place we had to get into several canoes, which were in a small

stream running up one side of the village, and as the canoes lay one beside the other, it was necessary to step into each separately. The evening was enlivened by frogs and mosquitoes, or "sancudos." Returning, we gathered some white flowers with long brown spikes protruding, from which hung the seed-pods; they had no scent, but were rather pretty.

June 24th, 1882. We started again early this morning, and passed the opening to the Cauca river, where it joins the Magdalena. Here it becomes much wider, and here and there is dotted over by a kind of water-lily, with round green stems and flat shiny leaves, having a pretty blue flower, and called "cauca-weed."

We stopped beside the steamer "Isabelle," and a few people went on board, but we were off again directly, passing two other steamers lying alongside. One of these was the old "Tequendama," which was considered a first-rate river steamer until they spoilt it by altering the engines. The heat was very great all day, and gave place to a lovely moonlight and starlight night, illumined by lightning every now and then. We were delayed at Magan-

gué for a short time, to land a passenger, opposite Mompo, a town of considerable importance. Here they were selling dulces, totumas, eggs, chickens, and fruits, such as mangoes and star-apples, and some very pretty losa bottles for water, painted with the arms of Colombia, and pots with lids, all very pretty.

To-night we ran on until quite late, and only when the engineer was too tired to proceed did we stop. The river here is wider and deeper, and has not so many trunks of trees or snags, which are huge forest trees that have fallen into the river and there become grounded in the mud with all their branches spread, and very likely to knock a hole into the bottom of the steamer.

June 25th, 1882. Going again, and pretty briskly too, stopping early, about nine, at Calamar, where crowds came down to sell some big water-melons, which looked very juicy. They also sold some pretty little yellow birds, like canaries, which come from the mountains behind, and can be taught to sing, they say.

The river is still wider this morning, and the banks rise into hills every now and then, covered with trees, and some large flowering shrubs in full bloom. We passed Remolino, where is a white church resembling the Capuchina in Bogotá, and a pretty considerable-sized town, with the usual straw-thatched roofs and naked boys and babies outside, and the canoes with Indians paddling along.

At the town of Sitio Nuevo a new church is being built in the centre of the Plaza, facing the river, with a tall tower on either side and some fine trees on the banks, full of leaf as usual in this never-fading summer climate.

“Ye tropic woods of unfading green,

Where the palm tapers and the orange grows,
Where the light bamboo waves her feathering screen,
And her far shade the matchless Cieba throws.”

At Calamar we stopped for wood again, and several people came on the steamer to beg for alms. One poor paralysed man had money thrown him which he picked up with his feet very cleverly, not being able to use his hands. Soon a splendid breeze sprang up, blowing off the sea, and great waves rolled

under the flat-bottomed steamer, and the spray dashed up so high as to wet those on the upper deck. It has been known to be so rough on this part of the river that the steamboats have had to seek harbour and wait until the breeze shifted. About four o'clock we came very near in good view of Barranquilla, which had the appearance of quite an imposing town, and then, taking a turn, we entered the caño, and soon were pulled up at the wharf, where the usual confusion began.

Men and boys were clamouring to carry away the luggage. We waited quietly until the confusion was over, and then set off on shore in some of the curious covered carriages they use here, and sending Salvador on with the petaccas to the Hotel San Nicolas, we soon followed along the sandy, hot, coconut-fringed road.

At the hotel we had nice rooms given us upstairs, well provided with mosquito-nets, and more room to move in than the cabin. Mrs C— soon came up and insisted on our going to dinner with them, and we passed a very pleasant evening; they are quite disgusted with Barranquilla—neither good food

or servants—and are most desirous to get back to Bogotá.

June 26th, 1882. Early in the morning, about six o'clock we rose, bathed, the boy bringing me plenty of nice fresh water in the indiarubber bath, and at nine I went round the corner, across the burning sand in such a sun, near the Cathedral, to Mrs C—s, and had breakfast with her. We idled away the morning in hammocks, reading books, and after two o'clock went out to hunt photographs of Barranquilla.

Fortunately, they had had enterprize enough to take some, and we found about a dozen pretty good views, and some of Calamar on the river, for all of which the man asked a peso, or $\frac{3}{4}$ each, which seems a high price just for views without any recommendation, excepting that they are of South America, the most unknown country in the world.

However, I bought a few, and as they were badly printed the man offered to reprint me some fresh copies. It was too hot to walk far, and on our way back to the house we went to another photographer's, who had several pictures of an Indian in a kind of Roman

toga, scarlet, with golden fringe, but I did not believe very much in the history of the man, so refused his photograph.

At four o'clock we had some coffee, and I went to fetch my husband from the Hotel San Nicolas. Mrs C—— had arranged some green leaves and flowers for the dinner-table, and to our utter astonishment out of them crept a green and very peculiar animal, with six legs, and a curious little head, with the habit of constantly putting its two front feet together, as if in prayer. And this, we were told, is called the Praying Mantis. We thought he was rather a hypocrite, so turned him out of doors. The night was very hot and breathless, and about one o'clock the rain came on in torrents, pouring and pelting down as if it had never rained before. The R.M.S. "Don" is due to-morrow.

June 27th, 1882. Our American neighbours woke us pretty early, and by seven we were dressing, and having an early breakfast of very weak tea, and too much milk, all smoked. After leaving our room in order, I watched my husband finish arranging the

boxes, containing our orchids, to be sent off on the "Severn," and then we had breakfast. By eleven I went over to Mrs C——'s house, and we whiled away the hours with books until four o'clock, when, after coffee, we two went out for a drive through the town. Streets of mud, huts, sandy soil, and hot atmosphere, with only a few tall trees here and there. Naked and unshapely children lying sleeping in the sand together with dogs and pigs, donkeys and cats.

On some of the roofs were perched parrots screaming loudly and haranguing the people below, looking very wise, but making a horrible noise. We drove at a furious rate, jumping in and out of holes, up and down, with very little concern as to what might happen, and greatly to the danger of the wheels. The people here are nearly all negroes of the blackest possible colour, and hair quite woolly. There are two churches, one at some distance from the principal square. It is small and white-washed, with a low, round tower for the bells. The other is a large building, and of more imposing appearance, with two towers at the entrance and large doors. This being in an open

place will be very useful in time of revolution, the churches here being generally a mark for shooting at.

We passed some gardens called La Floreta and had glimpses of the Magdalena every now and then across the swamps and low ground surrounding Barranquilla. In the evening we walked round the Plaza, and saw the Southern Cross very distinctly over the side of the Hotel San Nicolas, a constellation which does not come up to the great description of its beauty and brightness, falling far short in my opinion.

June 28th, 1882. To-day I went over early to Mr C—s, and my husband went off to the steamer to take our passage home and Englandwards. It was very hot, and very little life was stirring, and that principally amongst some tame and very impudent black-birds in the patio—a bird in appearance rather resembling our English friend, but with a longer tail, and brown legs and beak. They act as scavengers, and are not so offensive as gallinazos. A negress brought me an armadillo to buy; the poor creature was tied by the neck, and very tame, being

quite young, and only about a foot long. It is a curious-looking animal, rather resembling a pig, but covered with a hard, scaly coat of a black colour above, and pinkish underneath. Another woman came also to sell a pretty wild-duck, which was black, with dark fawn-colour, caught in the swamps around, and rather good to eat. We went with Mr C— for a drive to Paraiso, Don Collante's garden.

In it was a large, high, white stone cistern, and from it we had a fine view all round, with a nice breeze off the sea. The garden astonished me, it contained so many flowers, some beautiful pink oleander-trees, full of blossom and smelling deliciously, some white lirios, or tube-roses, waxy and snowy-white, quantities of all-coloured marigolds, yellow, orange, pink, scarlet, magenta, purple, violet, &c.; rich coxcombs, stiff and large, verbenas, purple creepers, called adonis, the lovely pink bellissima, roses, aji, or a strong pepper, with red berries, verbenas, variegated collions of yellow and red. We carried away a large packet of seeds and some flowers, and were sorry to leave the pretty flowers and the bright coloured birds flying about.

June 29th. At breakfast I enjoyed a fruit called "sapote," which is most delicious. The outside is as large as a small cocoa-nut, and of a brown colour; this skin is easily broken, and inside it is a most delicious sweet pink pulp, which is eaten with a spoon; in the centre there is a bright hard stone, dark brown, beautifully polished, and shaded dark and light, from which the young tree sprouts. My husband was busy making a kind of claret cup from a fruit called "guanavano," which resembles a large bright green melon, and the inside is full of sweetish acid white pulp, and black seeds. This fruit is very pleasant; it tastes like cream sweetened, with a few drops of lemon added, and when squeezed into a jug and all the juice extracted from the pulp, with soda water and claret, makes a delicious cooling drink in this hot climate.

Certainly to those who can enjoy them the fruits here are very delicious, in their strange shapes and forms. The heat is intense all day and night. At two o'clock a breeze gets up, and it gradually becomes slightly cooler until night, but if rain is hanging about then the heat is too oppressive and almost

unendurable. The Colombian troops were exercising in the Plaza, it being their monthly inspection, so we went out to see how they performed. The bayonet practice to the drum beats was very good, and they made quite a pretty figure with their bayonets, keeping very good time. In all there were about a hundred men, of four companies. General Chaparo, whom we met before here, was watching them from the balcony of the barracks; he is the General in command of the whole district, and a great man in that part of the world. Many of the men were from a cold country and evidently suffering from the heat of the climate here.

June 30th, 1882. The last day of Barranquilla, and consequently a pretty busy one in the way of packing up, sending off the luggage to the station, and parting with Salvador, who went back to Bogotá, also saying our final good-bye to the C——s, where we had received so much kindness and hospitality.

July 1st. Up at six o'clock, with luggage all off. I read some papers and otherwise passed the time until breakfast at eleven, and

after bidding good-bye to those we knew, drove off to the Victoria Hotel to say adios to the P—s, who came with us down the river; and so on to the station, where the C—s were awaiting us. Here all was noise and confusion, as the mail was going down to the steamer and several people were coming away with us.

At twelve the train started, and we passed again through the swamps; but now there was very little water, so that cattle were feeding wherever any short rough grass was to be found.

Great rocks, bare and rugged, stood up here and there, and the ground was strewn with the trunks of mangrove-trees, in some places resembling the bleached bones of dead animals. Very few birds were to be seen except the frightful gallinazos, and the only solace was the occasional glimpse of the river Magdalena which we obtained as it ran to join the sea.

At Salgar, where the train stopped, we had to wait outside a hut for a short time, and then went on board by a steam launch which was waiting to take the luggage and pas-

sengers, and in a short time we moved off from the shores of Colombia. The "Don," by a curious coincidence the same steamer in which we had come out, was lying some way beyond Savanilla bar—a low-lying reef running nearly across the opening of the bay, in some cases crowded by pelicans fishing, and too high in the water for big steamers to go over.

Captain Woolward welcomed us once more on board his ship, and we had the same cabins which we had occupied when we first came out. The night was very cool and pleasant, after sandy Barranquilla, and it was charming to sit on deck and watch the stars as they came out over the hills around the shore.

July 2nd, 1882. At two o'clock we started, a fine, fresh breeze blowing, the sun shining, and the Spanish Main as blue as ever. At twelve o'clock we were off Cartagena, where several of the passengers left us, and a tribe of nigger women and babies came on board.

One could only wonder that some accident did not occur to see the way in which the poor creatures were dragged up the ladder, and the children were carried up like dolls. The mail

was brought on board, and after a good view of the ruined walls of Cartagena, of the four or five churches, and the waving cocoa-nut-trees, we steamed away.

July 3rd. Arrived in Colon, and then began a terrible noise with all the steam winches lading bags of coffee until six o'clock. At night a dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain came on, but a usual occurrence in Colon at this time of the year.

July 4th, 1882. To Americans the glorious "Fourth," the day of Independence for America. Still the winches going all day without intermission until ten o'clock, save a few half-hours for dinner, &c. At last we got in several thousand bags of coffee, and started on Thursday for Jamaica.

July 6th, 1882. Such a sea, such pitching and tossing, and rolling; the only change we experienced was from the ports of the cabin, from daylight to dark. The furniture flew about, glasses and plates were broken, and confusion reigned around. We only arrived in port on Saturday afternoon after two days of sea-sickness.

July 8th. In the afternoon we arrived in Jamaica, where we had the pleasure of knowing that we were quarantined, and could hold no communication with shore, which was a great nuisance, as we wished once again to land, and have a peep at Kingston, but this time our view of it was confined to distance, and we were moored off Port Royal. We had a cool night, and release from sea-sickness, with comparatively calmer water, for the rest of our journey, having crossed the rough Caribbean Sea.

July 9th. Early this morning before the "Doctor," as the sea breeze here is called, sprang up, a crowd of niggers were sent ashore to the "Lazarette," as they call the quarantine buildings, situated on a rugged rocky piece of land opposite Kingston, and holding no communication with that town or Port Royal.

About nine o'clock the sea breeze came up, and rattled pleasantly through the rigging and awning. At night a passenger came on board, and no other excitement occurred except the loading of 4000 bags of coffee and some boxes of cocoa which had been thrown out by the R.M.S. "Nile" when she ran

ashore a few weeks back on a piece of land near a red buoy bearing a cross. Saw several sharks in the bay.

July 10th. Several other passengers came on board, and the captain's son came alongside in a boat from the shore to see his father. The view of Kingston which we had from deck was very pretty: the town lying on the beach; up above in the mountains the white tents of Newcastle, and towering beyond the peaks of the Blue Mountains. Some fine fruits, pines, and mangoes, and alligator-pears were brought on board, and a brig was pumping in fresh water the whole day. Of all the West India Islands this water is said to be the purest from Jamaica.

July 11th. To-day at five o'clock the usual bustle of departure began, and soon our cannon fired and we steamed out into the sunlight, and left Kingston, to follow the pathway of the man-of-war "Druid," which left yesterday, also being "homeward bound."

Leaving Jamaica, we passed Morant Bay, where in 1864 a serious rising of the blacks took place, the Governor at the time being a gentleman called Edward Eyre. Morant light-

house is at the end of this point. Owing to the spray which dashes up, and the heavy dew being attracted by it and falling on the ground, the grass is always green and fertile, when the other parts of Jamaica are dried up and barren.

The Albion sugar plantation, where the old Spanish system of irrigation is still, though the only place on the island, carried on, the sugar-canes look always healthy, and all the year round bear crops. Towards eight o'clock a storm of lightning came on, though not immediately near us, as we sailed passed it to our left hand.

We lost sight of land the whole morning, but in the afternoon came very close along Nevaşa, a low-lying, small, barren island belonging to Hayti, but now rented by an American company, who employ their time in taking out phosphates, which abound here.

They have a small town, or collection of huts, from whence they saluted us three times, and we returned their courtesies.

They have communication every week or fortnight with New York, and receive from the steamers tinned meats, fruits, vegetables, and

all the necessaries of life. No animals live here save a few goats, and so barren is the soil that it is questionable how even they find a sustenance. I do not suppose water is to be found here at all, and if it were not for the condensers nobody could exist. After dinner we ran alongside of Hayti, off the end of Cape Tyburon, where an engagement was fought between two fleets, English and French.

This huge island, once the property of the French, is now misgoverned, and in the hands of negroes entirely, great part of it being entirely waste and uncultivated.

July 12th. Still sailing along Hayti, we stopped there about eleven o'clock, at the town of Port au Prince, where we took up several passengers, all of the negro type. One was a sister of the President, who came on board escorted by aide-camps in pale blue silk livery jackets and red trousers, setting off their dark complexions! The heat as usual was intense here, and we were glad to leave again; for though the town is of considerable size, it is only inhabited by negroes speaking French, who constantly amuse themselves by stirring up revolutions. No white man is allowed to possess land here unless married to a negress!

July 13th. The whole day running alongside of Hayti, or rather the lower division of it, which goes by the name of Santo Domingo. A very mountainous, uninteresting land, with long tracts entirely uncultivated and almost uninhabited, few towns of any description, and a climate far too hot and oppressive to be agreeable. As night came on the land still continued in view. The island measures six hundred miles long, and is considerably larger than England.

July 14th. Early this morning by eight o'clock we sailed past once more the rocky island called "Sail Rock;" then we saw "Little Saba," which split up, part of it sinking into the sea in the terrible earthquake which shook St Thomas in 1867; past Water Island, where corals and pretty shells are gathered; past Santa Cruz, the vegetable garden of St Thomas, and also where many boats go for fishing, being only four or five hours' sail from St Thomas.

At nine we entered the harbour to the left opposite the "Lazaretto," or Quarantine House. Dr Adams came on board, and examined the passengers, giving us a clean

bill of health. It was amusing to see how all the boats were kept off from communicating with us, the harbour-master on the watch for delinquents, until Dr Adams declared we had no infectious fevers on board.

Here Mrs G——'s father came on board to fetch her off, and all the deckers were dispensed with. Before eleven o'clock we started for shore; the row there was delicious—such a fresh breeze blowing off the land, while the ship was both hot and noisy with loading on of cases of cigars from Habana.

We landed and walked through the town half-way, round the port, and considerably above the town, facing the sea, but the heat was so intense that we had to return and go and rest in the gardens, which were beautifully cool, considering. The Madagascar traveller-tree has grown considerably since we saw it last; a year ago the scarlet flowers of the silk cotton-tree were in full beauty, with the white oleander-trees and the purple blossoms of a pretty little flower which grows here in abundance. Leaving the gardens, we met Mrs G——, who took us to her house and introduced us to her father, Mr M——. He

kindly showed us over the Atheneum, or Reading-room, very pleasantly and coolly situated, facing the bay, and possessing all the books and papers which could possibly be required—papers of every nationality, and illustrations. After this we took a carriage and engaged a long drive about the town, passing the numerous churches of Jews, Moravians, Catholics, Lutherans, &c.; also many vegetable-gardens, fresh and green, owing to their irrigation, the water being conducted all over the grounds.

We drove round below Blackbeard's Tower and to the Moravian missionaries' settlement; saw the school and the children, the gardens, and the curiously-built cemetery—stone after stone placed one above the other. In the course of our exploration we came to a large salt-pan, or pond, with a fairish quantity of salt lying on the sides, but owing, it is said, to some person having poisoned the waters, the salt lies there unused.

Turning a corner, we drove near an old sugar-mill which was formerly worked by bullocks, but now seems to have fallen into disuse. Thence we inspected the market, where

a very poor display of fruits—principally mangoes—was to be seen, but on passing a boy selling some splendid grapes, we bought them, and drove on the quay, where once more we embarked, and rowed over the bay to the steamer; again the sea was running pretty high, and we were well shaken about, but nevertheless it was delightful. In the afternoon fresh passengers came on board, and I had some lovely flowers given me by Mrs G—.

July 15th. To-day, after much confusion, noise, and bustle, we bid adios to St Thomas and sailed away amongst the islands and the sharks which abound here.

Suddenly, whilst we were all seated on deck, some of the passengers sleeping, some reading, and others smoking, there was a terrible cry raised, and a tremendous rush made to the end of the steamer: "A man overboard! man overboard!!" and there, sure enough, amidst the rush of the water and the whirl of the screw, was to be seen the head of an unfortunate sailor, who had fallen off the side from one of the boats which he was mending.

With the greatest presence of mind Captain Woolward threw a buoy overboard, and the Quartermaster also dropped another, which the poor fellow caught and put round him. Immediately the steamer was stopped, the boats got out, and a search seriously begun. After rowing about for twenty minutes the whistle re-called the boats, and hope was almost over, when the carpenter saw a seagull hovering over the water, and knowing the habit of these birds when any body is floating on the surface, the sailors once more rowed to the spot, and there picked up the man, hoisting a handkerchief upon a boat-hook, so that we might learn that he was safe. His rescue was wonderful, considering the terrible number of sharks which infest these parts.

On nearing the steamer, loud shouts were raised of "Hurrah!" and great was the rejoicing over the poor man thus saved from a horrible death. We ran on calmly after little more than an hour's delay, and no other mishap occurred that night.

July 16th. This morning was bright and fresh, and we had a good run of about 304 miles. Dr Austin, the Bishop of British

Guiana, being on board, we hoped he would conduct the service, but he deputed his son, the Rev. W. Austin, from Reading, to perform it instead. It was the first time we had heard the Church of England services for nearly a year. He gave us a short sermon, clearly and well delivered, and then we once more went on deck.

July 17th. Rather cooler weather now, which is a great comfort, though the heat of the day is still intense. We amused ourselves by going round to see the different animals which we have on board. Two very handsome birds called "curassows," from Cartagena, brown feathers, and black and white tufts upon their head, which they can erect when angry, each feather standing on end.

Then there are several parrots, perroquets, and a canary, a monkey from England come on a sea voyage for the good of his health, and a pretty tiny white woolly dog from Mexico of the Chihuahua breed, so small it looks, like a pup, though already eight months old. Another animal called a Perro de Monte in Colombia, something between a monkey

and a squirrel, with a dear innocent face, big bright black eyes, a long adhesive tail, and feet like hands, with which it clasps anyone's fingers and sucks them, not biting at all, took my fancy immediately. It has a long tongue like an ant-eater, and feeds greatly upon chickens, which it destroys in the night, prowling over the mountains in the Tolima. It is the kinkajou, though it is called on board a night-walker, on account of it being able to see better at night and sleeping during the day.

July 18th. Amongst the 100 passengers we had on board very few are really nice; those from Jamaica are much the pleasantest to talk to. We have a Spanish Marquis, his cousin and nephew from Cuba on board, but the manners of the former are not what might be expected. Fortunately there are few children; one is a very mischievous boy, who is quite determined to break his neck before the voyage is over, by climbing into the most dangerous places imaginable. We have Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards, Dutch, Danes, Haytians, and English on board, so all languages are to be heard spoken around.

July 19th. We have a Scotch girl here on board, who plays very nicely her own national airs, also a Spanish girl, who plays very well indeed. There is a lady with a fine voice, and another with a sweet soprano, so occasionally we have music, but never dancing, which is a pity, for the evenings are much cooler now, as we generally go about two degrees into cooler weather each day.

July 20th. I was not so well to-day, feeling the change of climate, and very glad I am to know that the intense heat we have been through is lessening, and soon a cool English breeze may be blowing.

A bird called the boatswain came and hovered over the mast, trying to settle down, but a gust of wind blew it away over the ship. Several porpoises were playing round the bows, and flying-fish in numbers flew out of the water. The collection and lottery was got up as usual over the length of journey or number of miles run, and some of the tickets sold for 50/, 30/, and 26/, which of course pretty well filled the pool, and as the fund for the Widows and Orphans took 10 per cent., we collected a large sum during the voyage.

July 21st. Amongst the other birds on board we had a fine blue and orange macaw, with a large hooked beak, and which screams horribly, and is very indignant at being smoked. We are also taking several tanks full of turtles; one from Jamaica is a splendid fine fellow, and he, being a present, is partitioned off from the rest of his species.

July 22nd. Sailing along very well, and hoping to be in before next Saturday. Owing to a little wind we were able to hoist sails, so we accomplished a longer and better run, the average number being 315 miles.

July 23rd. At noon to-day we were off the Azores—only two hundred miles north of them, so of course we saw nothing. As usual at this time of the year we got into a fog, which increased towards five o'clock, so much that we had the foghorn going every minute nearly for an hour. It is an unearthly sound, and makes one fancy that it has got the fog into its throat.

Several cases of fever are on board, but as the climate gets cooler the patients begin to

recover again, and we hope all will pull through, although we have had four or five deaths from it on board.

To-day the Bishop of British Guiana preached, adding a few very pathetic words on the death of the stewardess who came out with the "Don," and died from fever. We got up a subscription for the children, which was subsequently augmented to £26. During the night the fog-horn blew again, as the officer on watch became nervous and considered it necessary to sound it; however, the captain got up, and did not think the fog dense enough to require it, so the noise ceased. There was plenty of pitching and rolling, and it was almost impossible to walk on deck; we seemed to dip first one side dangerously near the waves, and then the other; however, the ship bravely righted herself, and once more rode triumphantly over the rolling waters.

July 24th. To-day the fog cleared, and we got into brighter and calmer weather. As the sun's rays are much hidden here, we had all the awnings taken down and the deck looked so very different. All the stormy petrels or Mother Carey's chickens which we

had flying yesterday after us, disappeared, and only one solitary straggler flew by us.

July 25th. Very near England now, and anxiously do we look at the report of the runs, so, if possible, to form some idea of when we shall be able to land at Plymouth if all be well. To-day we did about 309, which was rather slow, or perhaps if we had had more sail a longer run could have been managed. Here I subjoin two bills of fare of the "Don." They vary very little, and become in time very wearisome:—

Royal Mail Steampacket Company's
Ship "Don."

BILL OF FARE.

BREAKFAST.

English Pork Chops. Liver and Bacon. Irish Stew.

Curry and Rice.

Hashed Mutton. Haddocks. Salt Fish.

Grilled Ham. Grilled Steak. Eggs and Bacon.

Fried Potatoes. Baked Yam.

Dated 23/7, 1882.

FRED POWELL, *Purser.*

Royal Mail Steampacket Company's
Ship "Don."

M E N U .

SOPA.

Giblet and Ox Tail.

PESCADO.

Salmon au Gratin.

ENTRADAS.

Boiled Mutton and Caper Sauce.

COCIDO.

English Turkey and Ham.

ASADO.

Roast Beef.

SALADA.

Potato.

LEGUMBRES.

Boiled Potatoes. Baked Yams. French Beans.

ARROZAL "CURRY."

Pork.

POSTRES.

Plum Pudding. Swiss Roll. Fruit Tart.

SOBREMESA.

Oranges. Pines. Almonds. Raisins. Shaddocks.
Biscuits.

El July 23rd, 1882.

FRED POWELL, Contador.

July 26th. Great excitement prevails as we expect to land to-night, although at some outlandish hour; however, any time better than not at all. At four o'clock the Scilly Isles were sighted, and a lighthouse, and at nine we passed the lime-lights of the Lizard, and could faintly distinguish St Michael's Mount.

Then we stopped and took the pilot on board, and more intense grew the excitement. The winches began to bring up the luggage, and towards one o'clock a.m. we stopped outside the breakwater off Plymouth, and a tug came alongside for luggage and passengers. After about an hour they were ready, and at two o'clock in the morning we said good-bye to those on board, and started in the mist and darkness, in a noisy, hot little steamer to the wharf, where we were safely deposited, to await the inspection of our luggage by the Custom House-officers before being able to get off to our hotel. Some cigars which we had were laid under duty, and then we were allowed to go, very tired and sleepy, to take a cab and drive to a resting place at four o'clock in the morning, and once more to sleep in England, after nearly one year's absence, 6000 miles away.

After driving round Plymouth next day and witnessing part of the regatta, we took the two o'clock train for Paddington, where we arrived about eight o'clock, once more in London.

July 27th, 1882.

THE END.



W GREENING
Binder
-183-
FLEET STREET

