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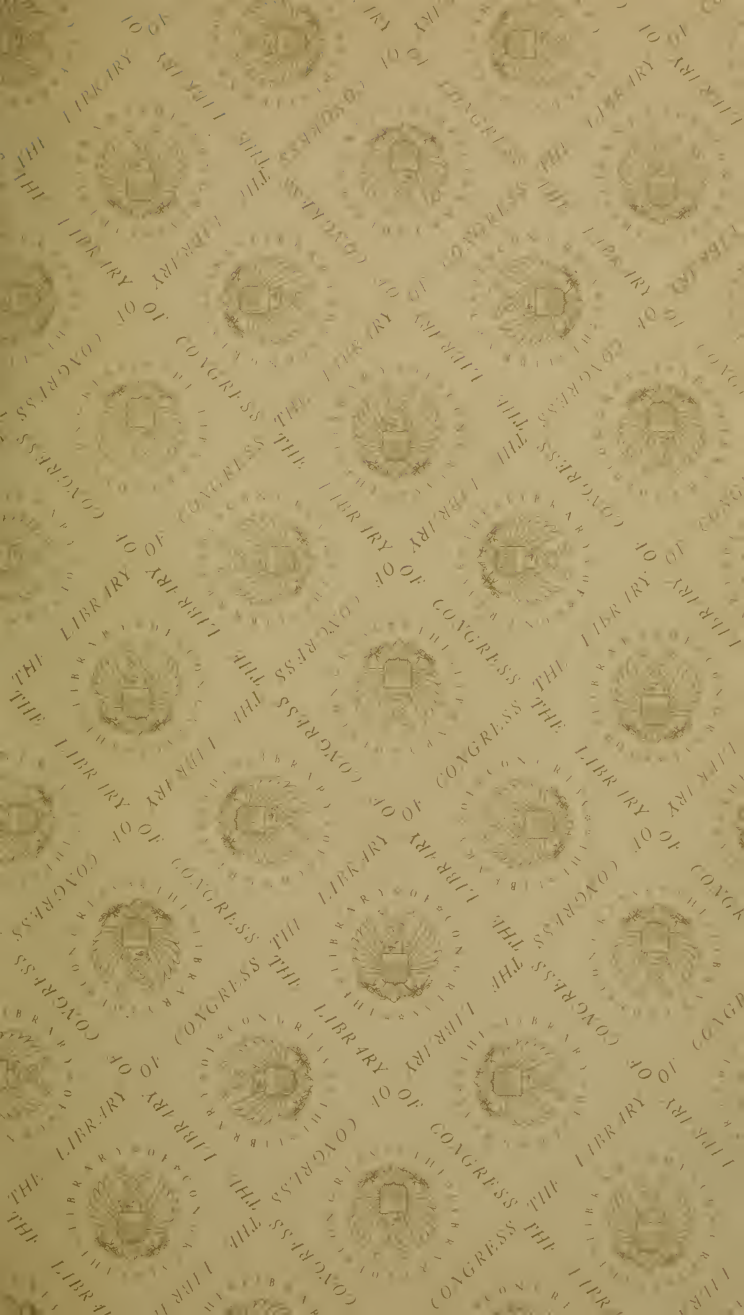
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A RAMBLE

IN

NEW GRANADA.

THE MAGDALENA RIVER.—THE MOUNTAINS.—TABLE LANDS.—
LLANOS.—CARNIVEROUS ANIMALS AND REPTILES AND OTHER
ENEMIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—MODES OF TRAVEL.

BOGOTA AS A WINTER SANITARIUM.

OBSERVATIONS UPON THE GENERAL ATTITUDE OF THE SPANISH
RACES TOWARDS THE MODERN TENDENCIES TO CIVILIZATION,

BY

ERASTUS WILSON, M. D.

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MEDICUS.

NEW YORK, 1878.

NEW YORK TO HAYTI
AND THE
SPANISH MAIN.

WE sailed from New York the 27th of October, 1877, shivering under our light overcoats, that cold, disagreeable morning, on the steamer *Etna*, a very seaworthy freight steamer, but with poor passenger accommodations.

Slowly we steamed down the bay, as if our craft shared with us our reluctant parting, though Boreas was thus early hovering over our northern home with his icy breath, and Jupiter Pluvius seemed in league with him to make us less regretful of our winter's absence.

It was past meridian before we were fairly outside the Hook and had turned our prow towards the sunny south. Twelve years residence in the metropolis of the Greater Antilles had already made us familiar with the attractions and some of the repulsions of the inter-tropics for a winter residence, and more willing to shrink from the winter of the north temperate zone, though its advantages in many ways are clearly obvious to all, except intellectual blindness.

After passing Hateras, our overcoats became superfluous, and in twenty-four hours more, insu-

portable ; the weather was admirable, and no incident worth relating occurred in our transit till we reached Gonaives, in the Republic of Hayti, on Friday evening, the 2nd of November. At this port we remained, discharging and taking in cargo, until Monday noon following, broiling under a most relentless inter-tropical sun, whose heat was almost insufferable.

Sunday was the anniversary of the patron saint of Gonaives, and a Haytian war steamer arrived on Saturday afternoon with President Canals on board to give the eclat of his presence to the feast. The ship bringing the President and suite, including the high officials of the Army and Navy, came to anchor near our ship, and after the ceremonies of debarkation, the chief engineer, Mr. Bushnell from Connecticut, U. S. A., came on board of our vessel and invited our captain and ourselves to go on shore, where we were introduced to the Presidential party and invited to the Ball to be given in its honor that evening.

The night, however, came on dark and gusty, and landing consequently dangerous, so we deemed it more prudent not to avail ourselves of the polite attention, though an official boat came off for us about 11 o'clock, P. M.

During our stay on shore we witnessed the military parade, composed of a battalion of infantry whose dress was rather multiform than uniform, as also the armament ; and the marching was by no means equal to the best European standards.

Indeed the whole affair seemed a laughable burlesque. Here are, surely, worn by the officers, military suits more ancient than the wearers, some of them, no doubt, antedating Toussaint l'Ouverture, being vestiges of the French domination. It is a curious spectacle, to be long remembered. The ebony privates straggling along in the most unsoldierly indolence, in step as discordant as the notes of the nondescript musical instruments which cannot be said to mark the time, the officers now and anon berating this want of harmony, to be scolded in turn, in presence of his men, by a higher officer, for excess of zeal; both clearly actuated by personal vanity seeking opportunity for exhibition of authority to admiring friends. To heighten the ludicrous effect, we were told by a foreign resident that during the Franco-German war an editorial article upon it in the leading newspaper of the capital, closed with the following apostrophe: "Courage, brave France, Hayti is looking on."

A SHARK'S LEAP AFTER INDIGESTIBLE FOOD.

As the German steamer lying near us drew up its anchor somewhat quickly with its steam windlass, and when it was about fifteen feet above the water a monstrous shark that had no doubt discovered from a distance the moving object in the water and pursued it, leapt after it perpendicularly more than its full length, some twelve to fourteen feet, into the air.

On Monday, Nov. 5th, we sailed from Gonaives and arrived at Port au Prince the same evening. We remained at Port au Prince until Friday, Nov. 9th, as all cargo has to be got out of and into the ship by means of lighters or launches; a long and tedious mode of handling cargo.

PORT AU PRINCE,

The capital, is situated at the head of Gonaives Bay, on the west coast of Hayti, about sixty miles due south from the town of Gonaives. It is located at the foot of the mountains that rise in close proximity to the bay, and contains about 20,000 inhabitants. Among these is a sprinkling of whites, the foreign element, engaged in trade; but these are under legal disabilities intended to prevent their becoming a permanent element of the population. The town is composed mostly of wooden, tumble-down looking houses, the streets unpaved, with surface sewage, and is in consequence, together with its climate, very unhealthy. Even the waters of the anchorage are offensive to the olfactories of strangers unaccustomed to their peculiar odors. This anchorage is so shut in by the mountains on the east and south that the breezes do not reach it, and the torrid sun is here so ardent that during the day we are sweltering under the canvas awning on deck, and at night are dreaming of "shapes hot from Tartarus," which cannot be far away.

The day after our arrival an old sea captain (Ellis) familiar with these regions, now an agent of the Underwriters, and a passenger on our ship, borrowed the captain's gig and invited us and a fellow passenger to a sail about the bay in the hope of finding some sport at duck shooting, and perhaps some cool breezes farther out at the lobster islands. Delighted with the thought of such a possibility and armed with our sun umbrellas and two Remington sporting rifles, we set out on our cruise. Passing outside the anchorage north coastwise we are soon in clear water and gazing in admiration at the huge masses and varied forms of the coral reefs that spread themselves in threatening proximity beneath our keel, sometimes rising to give us a bump that seems to say: "Don't you see by the surface indications that you can't come here? If you are not careful we will stick one of our sharp points through your bottom!" Having an old salt at our helm we got no *dangerous* blows however, and although the coral bottom is always in sight and appeared to be near the surface we find by occasional measurement, with the oar, that it is generally a considerable distance beneath us.

Although we find the sea breezes very scarce, we, after a couple of hours sail, discover indications of ducks and get our rifles ready. Yes! there goes one up! steady the helm, there are more of them far in towards shore. Now keep to windward and run down on them quickly, we will get within rifle range as they will cross our bows in their rise.

All is now bustle and anticipation among us three on our little craft. Yes, there are seven or eight of them, and from our present position they are ranged so as to present a group to us. "Steady now," says the captain, "be ready, we are nearing them rapidly and they will soon get up. Now we are in range, take the large rifle and give them a shot before they rise," says the captain. Sure enough, they are now huddled together preparatory to their rise. "Take care, not a moment to lose; you will have a surer aim while they are sitting on the water." Glowing with the enjoyment of the critical moment of a sportsman's opportunity, we raised the long range rifle to our face, balancing ourselves carefully so as not to be affected by the movements of the boat. With careful precision we draw a fine bead upon our intended victims and fire. Our aim was only too sure and sent the necks of two decoy ducks flying through the air, and a wild hubbub on shore now discovers to us that our excitement had blinded us to the presence of a bush-shanty on shore, in blunderbus range of the group we had fired upon. We atone for our humiliating blunder by purchasing three ducks at half a dollar each, and go on our way wiser in the arts of Haytian sports, while the innocent pelicans had to suffer the consequences of our chagrin as we sped homeward towards the ship.

While waiting here we were graciously received, and hospitably entertained by our Minister, Mr.

Basset, at his house on the mountain side, some three hundred feet above the town. Mr. Basset has resided here nine years. He is a mulatto, 45 years of age, of good natural abilities, gentlemanly education and instincts, and, we think, makes an excellent and effective diplomatic representative. His residence is delightfully situated with a clear view over the town and bay, surrounded by shady walks, the atmosphere redolent of aromatic coffee plants, orange blossoms and oleanders, and in the absence of breezes the soft evening zephyrs play all their witching coquetries with the curly locks of his bevy of chubby children as they sport upon the wide porch in front. Mrs. Basset, a handsome and cultivated octoroon, does the honors of his house with charming frankness and dignity.

Coffee grows wild here in abundance and is the chief article of export. The oranges are not nearly so sweet and luscious as in Cuba and in our Southern states.

Our six days in Hayti tend to confirm what we had before strongly suspected, viz: That civilization in these regions must necessarily be of foreign growth and importation; a reflected light. The physical conditions here must ever prevent its becoming indigenous to the soil. We discover evidences that a higher degree of civilization has existed here and has ebbed away, is still receding, perhaps never to return. Decay is doing its work.

On the evening of the 8th, we departed south-

wards, arriving at Savanilla, New Granada, mouth of the Magdalena River, on the 12th. On disembarking here we took the rail to Barranquilla, fifteen miles up the river, where the Custom House is situated, and which is the real centre of commerce and foot of navigation of the river; the actual port, up to which all ships will go as soon as the bar is well surveyed and possible obstructions are removed.

Barranquilla is said to contain 18,000 inhabitants, it is situated on the 11th parallel of latitude, N., on low, flat, sandy soil, which absorbs the rains as soon as fallen, has unpaved streets, and is composed, in most part of mud houses. These houses are constructed by first setting up four posts, connected at top by poles, on which a thatched roof is woven. The space between the posts is then interwoven with split bamboo or cañabrava, and plastered over on both sides with mud. The bare earth generally serves as a floor, but in the better class of mud houses it is covered with a layer of bricks or stones. An unpainted wooden bench to serve the general purposes of a table, and some stools or chairs with a seat and back of rawhide, complete the furniture. A piece of straw or basket-work matting, spread upon the floor by night, forms the bed of the general run of mud houses, such as we are frequently compelled to lodge in while traveling in South America, as may be seen further on in our narrative, though the better class of these, here in Barranquilla, are

furnished with the luxury of cot-bedsteads and mosquito netting. There are, however, some large and comfortable private residences here, though not numerous.

The white sand in the streets gives a very cleanly and healthy appearance to the town, but it reflects the torrid sunbeams, making it very hot, except in the afternoon, in which part of the day we have had cool breezes most of the time we spent here; intermittents, however, are endemic.

As in all Spanish towns, the churches are immense structures, forming central figures in striking contrast with the general impoverished appearance of the houses. The inhabitants are a motley of colors; white, red, and black, *well mixed*; the red or copper color being perhaps the prevailing element, outside the foreign population. We have had to wait seven days at this port for the first steamer up the river, and the town is becoming monotonous, so that we are glad to be again afloat, even upon

THE MUDDY MAGDALENA RIVER.

Slowly our steamer crawls out of the narrow and crooked arm of the river, or canal, on which the town is built, just as Vienna is built upon an arm of the Danube, (if a comparison may be allowed between such widely different places), and dropped down about two miles, into the turbid and rapid main river, now swollen by rains in the

distant cordilleras, and turned the nose of our stern-wheel, Mississippi looking boat, up stream.

Fairly launched, we now turn to the contemplation of our surroundings. We have paid \$60, and \$10 extra for a stateroom, to convey us to Honda, the head of navigation, a trip of from 8 to 15 days when the water is high, as it now happens to be.

We find ourselves on an English built steamer, brought here in sections, with open lower deck, about eighteen inches above the water, on which are its two tubular boilers in the centre, and its two steam cylinders astern; the balance of space being occupied by huge piles of wood for fuel, and by freight that cannot be stowed below decks.

Above, an upper deck is occupied by a long saloon containing dining table for passengers, and ranged on each side, is a row of rough pine boxes with passage ways between and outside of them, utterly without furniture, except a rusty tin wash-basin and pitcher, and a piece of coarse canvas, stretched upon a wooden frame across one-half the space inside, to serve as a bed. One of these boxes is the "*Stateroom*" for which we have paid ten dollars extra passage money. Across the stern end of the saloon is a partition, hiding closets, with a wash-room on either side; each wash-room containing a public towel for twenty passengers. The captain, Bradford by name, an American from Alabama, was formerly a captain in the U. S. Navy, who went into the rebellion with his state, and at its close found himself wounded and

partially disabled, with his occupation gone. He is now in voluntary exile, content to win his daily bread for self and family in this wilderness of swamp and miasm.

He is a genial and polite gentleman, solicitous of the comfort of his passengers. The character of the captain, however, forms a striking contrast with the comfortless condition of his boat, the *Confianza* so called, and which, by the way it steamed up the now swollen and strong current, taken together with the evident indifference of its English proprietors to the comfort of passengers, told very clearly that strength and endurance in carrying freight was the prevailing thought that presided at its construction.

Preadvised of the necessity therefor, we have provided ourselves with a piece of straw matting to serve us as a bed, together with sheets, blanket, pillow, mosquito netting, towels, etc.; and although we found it impossible to sleep in the little wooden box called *stateroom*, we were furnished a cot bedstead in the saloon, on which we arranged our bed for the hours of sleep.

But we are anticipating. It is now but 4 o'clock, P. M.; we are but just launched upon the broad river with our prow directed up stream. On our right hand side we have a low swampy island, on which sundry cows, up to their bellies in mud and water, are leisurely browsing; beyond them the low-lying town of Barranquilla, which we have just left; in its background, a low, flat coun-

try is skirted by mountains in the far distance; on our left and in front of us, is a wilderness of low swamp, extending farther than the eye can reach, and through which the muddy Magdalena comes pushing its tortuous way towards its mother waters. Abundance of floating plants that grow in lagoons or still-waters, strew the surface like the wreck of some fluvial garden that the high wandering waters have gleaned in swampy wastes, and are bearing back with them, to tell their wondrous tales to the deep blue sea.

The torrid sun, during the day, compels us to keep under the awning, and as night approaches, the dark, humid atmosphere warns us not to wander from the same protecting shelter, except at our peril, for we feel the breath of chills and fever, and see it staring at us from the banks.

It is nightfall; we have already tied our boat to the bank and taken in more wood for fuel, and as there is a passibly clear moonlight we are again under way to continue our course during the night, "for one night only," because numerous snags and shoals make daylight indispensable to the safe navigation of this river.

The *Confianza* being the champion time keeper, is expected, without accident, to make the trip to Honda in eight days, the usual time of other boats is said to be eleven, and from that to three months, according to the state of the river.

On our remonstrance against the entire absence of provision for the comfortable lodgment of pas-

sengers, we are told that the line formerly provided bedclothing, etc. ; but that it has been so much the habit of people after sleeping in them to carry them away, the company has ceased to replace them, thereby leaving all passengers the necessity of providing their own bedding, or of roughing it the best way they may be able to do.

We are informed by the officers of the boat, that the line is making from three to four thousand dollars profit upon each round trip, carrying each way from one thousand to fifteen hundred Cargas of freight, at 4 and 5 dollars per Carga, besides the passengers at sixty dollars each, and ten dollars extra for the closet (Stateroom) that only serves to lock up chattels in, which however, judging from the company's experience with their bed-clothing, would seem to be a necessary appendage. The night was sultry, and a bad cold rewarded our efforts to place our cot where we might get the relief of a moderate circulation of air.

The following day is interspersed with various grades of shower and sunshine, and on every side of us is a monotonous wilderness of swamp, forest trees and impenetrable jungle, and this monotony is only relieved by the lazy flight of wading birds as we pass, or the plunge of the alligators as the sharp crack of the Remington on board, awakes them from their slumbers to a realization of our, to them, dangerous proximity, also an occasional woodpile upon the bank, for the use of passing steamers, and sometimes a hamlet of

mud or palm-leaf huts, whose occupants mostly fish their sustenance out of the muddy waters.

Our steamer is obliged to tie up at one of these woodpiles twice during the day, and usually at nightfall, taking in the wood by candle-light, as much as she can carry, ready for an early start in the morning, as is the custom on our Mississippi, twenty to thirty cords being taken at a time. It is a curious and interesting spectacle to watch this operation by about twenty peons, whom the boat carries for this purpose, and for getting out and in the cargo.

First, rough tallow candles are lighted and stuck all over the woodpile, so that every moving thing may be seen ; because these piles are apt to be infested by venemous insects and reptiles.

The wood is lifted stick by stick by one peon, and loaded upon the shoulder of another, who has his arm and neck protected by a coarse, thick bagging, and about his wrist is secured the ends of a yard of rope, which he, when loaded, throws over the load and catches in his other hand to bind the load in its place while he carries it on board. From time to time a peon, when loaded, will suddenly dash his burden to the ground as he hears or feels something moving within it, or thinks he does.

Then all is bustle and excitement, a lively handling of clubs announces an attack upon and perhaps the death of some luckless intruder.

We are interested also in observing, when we

stop at a riverside hamlet, that the employees on the boat are also merchants on their own account, and in watching them, as also some of the passengers, as they peddle their small wares, such as combs, rosemaries and high colored cotton handkerchiefs among the dwellers in these slimy solitudes. Among them the Scotch-American engineer occasionally appears with Cincinnati hams, apples and half barrels of flour, luxuries rarely consumed here.

During our third day on the river, we reach Mompos, a considerable town of old Spanish origin, now containing two or three thousand inhabitants, an imposing church and numerous houses with tiled roofs. In its vicinity along the river banks, are several pieces of cleared land with cattle in considerable quantities grazing upon them. We stopped to wood up and a motley crowd of all ages, sexes and shades of color, gathered on the bank, many offering eggs, fowls, fruits and some specimens of coarse pottery for sale. At this point we received several accessions to our passenger list, among others a medical student returning to Bogota to continue his studies a fourth year. This young man is intelligent, and interested us by his frankness in conversation, the first native who has frankly acknowledged the mixture of races here. In response to my inquiry as to what proportion of the population of his town is of pure white blood, he promptly answered, "very small, indeed," citing himself as

an example of a mixture of white, red and black. His personal appearance left no room for doubt as to the rectitude of his assurance. His frankness pleased us and established at once a friendly intercourse between us as fellow-travelers. Another, in half-indian costume with knife and revolver in his belt, hauled his canoe alongside and came on board. He owns a large cattle farm one day's journey farther up the river, and is on an excursion buying up calves to increase his stock. He speaks a few words of broken English and informs us that he was five years at school in Jamaica, Long Island, some twenty years ago. He entertained us with many stories of wild life interspersed with those of tiger-hunting along this river, principally higher up, where the mountains and cattle farms are in nearer proximity and more frequent.

The next or fourth day we passed another town called Bancos, of about the same description as Mompos, rather romantically situated at the confluence of several rivers and strands of rivers. Two leagues above this point we pass the cattle farm of our fellow traveler, on the left bank of the river, and he points out to us in passing, his two dogs which gaze at us as we pass at some distance from the shore, and which, he assures us, are masters in the art of trailing the tiger and bringing him to bay while himself and comrades surround him with strong spears, upon which he rushes to his destruction.

These spears have cross pieces at the distance of eighteen inches from their points, in order to keep the fierce brute at a safe distance after he is penetrated by the spear. The hunters here fear to attack the tiger with the rifle, because if not hit in a vital part by the first shot they will inevitably destroy the hunter, because his terrible charge must unnerve the stoutest heart and steadiest aim, so that it would be only a very lucky bullet that would arrest his fearful onslaught.

The tigers have killed thirty-three cattle on the farm of our fellow-passenger during the last two years, and he and his assistants have killed twenty-one tigers in retaliation.

Their favorite mode of attack upon grown cattle is to stealthily approach and spring upon them while sleeping, and bite them through the nape of the neck, just as their smaller feline relatives do their prey; but they often dispatch horses and mules by a single blow of their powerful claws upon the head, after which they eat away the breast and neck, frequently returning for a second meal the following night. It seldom attacks man, and only when with great hunger or when the victim is found sleeping, then he cleaves open his skull with a terrible stroke of his powerful paw. When attacked, however, he does not fail to return the aggression with fearful earnestness.

Our Captain relates one of the former cases that happened to his knowledge during the last year,

viz: It is the custom of wood-choppers along the river when their huts are in isolated spots, to construct a high scaffold or garret, to which they ascend to sleep by a ladder which they draw up after them; but one who had not yet finished his hut, located at the confluence of a considerable creek with the Magdalena, had neglected the usual precaution of building a fire and keeping it burning during the night in order to frighten away the tigers that might be prowling about his camp. As it was a bright moonlight night he chose instead, to sit by his door with his rifle, on guard, while his wife slept. Towards morning the wife awoke and insisted on relieving her husband of the watch, in order that he might get some sleep and be fresher for the next day's labor. He consented, and when he awoke in the morning the wife was missing. Eagerly he sought and called aloud for his missing companion, but all in vain, till on nearing the creek he discovered in the sand a trail as if something like a body had been dragged along, and tiger tracks by its side, lent a painful probability to his horrible suspicions.

Following the trail it soon led into the water, procuring his canoe and rifle he struck the trail on the opposite side of the creek, and not far away, came upon the mangled, half devoured remains of his missing wife, with skull crushed in, showing that death had probably surprised her so instantaneously that she had no time for outcry.

Knowing the habits of the fierce brute after

gorging himself, the husband peered about in the direction of the tracks, and soon discovered him asleep under the edge of the jungle. Creeping to a sure distance and taking careful aim he sent a leaden messenger of death crashing through its brain. With his own hands the woodman performed the mournful task of gathering the mutilated remains of his loved companion into his canoe, to which he also dragged the body of her slayer, and commenced his solemn retreat to the nearest hamlet.

A passenger told of another case he knew, of recent occurrence, in which a man and his son, camping for the night, had built the usual fire which the tigers seldom approach, wrapped themselves in their blankets and laid themselves down to sleep with their dog between them as guardian. Towards morning their fire had gone out and suddenly, strange, rushing, bustling and yelping noises and cries startled them from their slumbers. Springing to their feet and staring wildly about them nothing was to be seen, except that the dog was missing and, without doubt, had paid the penalty allotted to sleeping sentinels.

At low stages of the water in this river, the tiger tracks are very numerous upon the sand and we are told these animals are not unfrequently seen swimming across the river. The alligators which infest these turbid waters and which do not fail to snatch the luckless homo that falls into them, respect the presence of this august quadruped, per-

haps on account of the terrible weapons with which his powerful claws are armed.

Our Captain recently saw one of these respectable carnivora swimming the river but a short distance ahead of his boat, and gave him chase with the intention of running him down. The brute reached shoal water, however, when the boat was very near to him, and looked back over his shoulder at his pursuers with an air of dignified indifference.

A somewhat smaller animal that passes here as a lion, on account of its similar color and habits, also inhabits and roams through these forests and jungles. Though not as numerous as the tiger, they are said to be equally dangerous to men and cattle. We have inspected skins of these, at least five feet long without measuring the tail, and have also seen skins of tigers at least seven feet long, without measuring tail, which fact will furnish some idea of the power of these brutes.

For the sake of scientific truth we may as well say here that these two South American carnivora are both leopards and not lions or tigers at all. The smaller of the two, here called lion, is, notwithstanding the fact that he is unspotted, the "Leopardus Concolor" or Puma, and the larger, here called tiger, is the "Leopardus Onca" the *largest* and *fiercest* of the leopard species.

We passed Puerto Nacional, the point of departure from the river, for Ocaña, a town of six thousand inhabitants, seven leagues from the Mag-

dalena, and on the night of the 24th of November, we tied up on the right bank at a storehouse where goods are disembarked for a considerable town called Velez, six leagues back from the river. We found in charge of this storehouse a wanderer from the Nutmeg State. In a large bin in an out-house our attention was attracted to what at first sight appeared a round variety of Irish potatoe with the singular circumstance of being all nearly of same dimensions, about two inches in diameter. On closer inspection we find them to be the famous Tagua nut or *vegetable ivory*, which are here collected in considerable quantities and shipped to Nuremburg, Bavaria, where they are elaborated into a great variety of toys and other objects of art, which are thence distributed to all parts of the world that consume such articles. These nuts are the kernel of the fruit of the Tagua Palm, which ripen, fall to the ground and decay, or are eaten by the land-crabs, leaving these kernels thickly strewn over the ground.

South-east from this point the region in close proximity and extending back towards the boundaries of Venezuela, is occupied by the Carrari Indians, a tribe so refractory to the approaches of the Spaniards, that they are still in a perfectly wild state, unsophisticated by the arts of the pale faces. They fly in terror from all organized attempts to approach them, and hunt down and slay without remorse the straggling white adventurer, just as we would do to a dangerous wild beast of prey.

They have a curious custom, probably connected with their religious superstitions, of stretching the bodies of such victims out upon the ground, and pinning them down with thirty-four arrows, and there leave them to be devoured by the vultures, which are so numerous that all except the bones disappear in a very few hours. These Indians use bows of great strength, bending it with the foot and drawing the arrow string with both hands they shoot the missile great distances with remarkable precision.

On the 25th, although the mountains seldom appear to us at our standpoint upon the steamer, the country is, nevertheless, on both sides of us, evidently becoming somewhat higher and more varied in topography, the banks of the river occasionally rise into peñas or cliffs, and the monkeys more frequently chatter their, apparently to them, intelligible jargon, as they swing themselves from tree to tree as we pass.

When we stopped to wood up, a young civil engineer from Cincinnati, who came as fellow-passenger from New York, under contract to assist in the construction of a narrow gauge railroad from Puerto Berrio on the river, to Medellin the capital of the State of Antiochia, situated one hundred miles distant from the Magdalena, and who was armed with a new Colt's, insisted upon trying his shooting possibilities upon these unoffending progenitors of his race. We blush to confess it; we were weak enough to be induced, much against

our will, into complicity in the murder, by accompanying this young sportsman a few steps into the jungle. The trees were tall, but after two or three shots, the young Buckeye succeeded in sending a bullet plump through the body of an old female of the large brown variety, which, after a cry of pain, and hanging by the tail for several minutes, fell headlong into the chapparal below, while two or three half-grown children of the victim exhibited their agitation by cries and descent from limb to limb half way down to where the mother fell.

Elated by his success, our nimrod proclaimed a reward of ten cents to whomsoever would bring his game to him from the almost impenetrable jungle, which proclamation being duly interpreted by us to the woodchopper's boy, whom curiosity had attracted to the place of the firing, he instantly penetrated to the spot, and a continued series of commingled cries of the boy and the monkey marked his line of retrocession till he appeared, dragging the wounded quadrumana by its tail, its companions all the while chattering in great agitation in the branches overhead. The fatal bullet had passed through her abdomen, and, unable to stand or walk, she rolled her eyes as if imploring mercy. Seeing her wounded unto death, we directed a bullet through her brain to put an end to her sufferings. On the same day we reached Puerto Berrio, so called, consisting of some bluffs on which several shanties of the Antiochia railroad are located. We could not help noticing

the expression of bewildered disappointment that played over the face of our young Cincinnatian as he contemplated for the first time, his new home. This is his first experience abroad, and surely he has commenced it at the bitter end. We left him, and arrived the same evening at Nare, a collection of mud huts at the confluence of the Nare and Magdalena rivers, and the initial point of the mule path which constitutes the present highway to Medellin.

We tie up at Nare for the night, the native passengers go on shore to wander through the village, and we, for a time, entertain ourselves with watching curiously from the upper deck, the people going to and fro, each, with tallow candle in hand, intently looking along the ground before them. We feel a strong curiosity to know what is lost, and apply to our Captain for the desired information. He explains that nothing had been lost, but that the intent seeking is to *avoid finding*, when too late, that they have stepped upon the venemous Mapana serpent which is here numerous and its bite generally fatal to the genus homo, although the hogs hunt and devour them with peculiar pleasure, apparently suffering no inconvenience from its fangs. The larger ones which grow from ten to fifteen feet, are not, however, recommended as healthy to small hogs, as they sometimes turn the tables upon them.

Nare is at the head of navigation for the larger steamers of the three lines running on this river,

on account of the fact that, between this point and Honda there are several strong rapids which only the smaller steamers, with comparatively greater power, are able to ascend, except by putting a cable ashore and hauling themselves through; a tedious operation. Ours is one of those that go up. We receive on board four men and two women who have come down from Medellin bound for Bogota.

Antiochia is the richest State in New Granada, or the "United States of Colombia" as it is modernly called. It is the State in which the Ultramontane rebellion broke out against the Government last year, and which cost several bloody battles to put down. The Government is said to have had 40,000 men in the field during this outbreak, and foreigners who witnessed the battle of Garrapata report that both sides fought with desperation. One of our new passengers, about fifty years of age, of rough looking exterior and dogmatic expression of countenance, is addressed as General, and reported to be one of the most characterized leaders of the rebellion.

Antiochia was originally populated by Israelites from Spain, who, like the ancient Irish race, after defending their original faith with great zeal and endurance, finally turned about and became more Roman than the *Romans*, and are to-day the most stubborn defenders of the Roman Church in this Spanish Republic. Their reactionary power is now believed to be broken, and many of them

have been expatriated ; but the sentinels of Father Beckx are wily and patient, and they may never be said to be vanquished till public education is beyond their reach.

The 26th, the mountains are appearing more frequently and nearer to the river, which now and then opposes to us a rapid current. The country looks more habitable, fever and ague is not so glaringly staring us in the face as we look out on either side. Patches of rude cultivation are now once in a while met with, in which chocolate trees among others appear. These, we are told, are the most profitable for cultivation in this country, because, after planting, they produce for many years without further attention than that of collecting its fruit and preventing their being choked by other growths. The coffee tree also prospers here with the same slight attention. We stop at a hamlet to discharge some bags of salt, (worth as much here as bags of potatoes with us), where a group of idle and squalid-looking boys are gathered on the bank against which our boat is tied. Suddenly, a wild commotion arose among them, and down they go on hands and knees apparently engaged in a hard tussel with something concealed under the tangled grass. Presently they rise up, drawing out and bearing away with them in triumph, a young Aligator, about a yard long, which they had stumbled over with their bare feet and legs, while it lay concealed, and which they now hold firmly grasped by its neck, legs and tail.

Proceeding on our way, from time to time varying our sensations by hurling a rifle ball at the huge reptiles as they lay sunning themselves upon the banks, we see a large gathering of Buzzards ahead of us, many sitting upon the trees, and others circling in the air over them. Whoever has lived in the inter-tropics knows that this means something lying dead at that spot. As we pass, we see floating in the water under the bank, the carcass of an Aligator that, no doubt, has fallen a victim to some traveling rifleman who has gone before us. We mention this circumstance in order to introduce a curious observation hitherto unknown to us.

Among this crowd of vultures, are several in size and form exactly like the rest, but in color, some are wholly, some partially, *white*. These are called here, the *King Buzzards*, on account of the deference shown to them by the common or black Buzzards, viz.: Whenever one or more of these King Buzzards alight upon a carcass, all of the black Buzzards instantly leave it and patiently await the good will and pleasure of the King to take his departure, on which they return in crowds to their feast.

We are meeting now with frequent strong currents, and as our woodpile on board is fast disappearing, we are on the lookout for woodpiles on shore. One after another of their usual sites is reached and passed, but no gracious woodpile consents to cheer us in our now fast-increasing

anxiety. What are we to do? When our wood is entirely consumed, we can make no more steam, and can go no farther up the stream. We will be compelled to tie up to the bank or drift down at the mercy of the currents. If we tie up we may remain many days waiting for a boat to come down and sell us some wood in passing us; we may cut green fuel with which it will be difficult to make steam enough to run against the swollen river; or what would be more practicable, we could despatch men along the bank up stream in search of a friendly woodpile to be conveyed down to us on a raft to be constructed for that purpose.

We stand for several hours with the Captain upon the upper deck, almost silently observing his increasing anxiety, as he, with glass in hand, stands scanning along the banks as each successive bend in the river brings new stretches into view, and hear the successive reports of the engineer, viz. : Wood for one hour, sir! Wood for half an hour. Wood for ten minutes more! and when, just in our greatest emergency we discover a diminutive woodpile, enough for a half hours' run, what a thrill of joy and relief ran through the minds of all, and as we reach the spot we receive the welcome information of another and more ample woodpile less than a half hours' run higher up. Our wood has held out remarkably, as if it comprehended our difficulty. We have steamed nearly ten hours since wooding, and when we got the welcome relief, we had consumed our

last stick. We could not have run five minutes longer.

After wooding at the two stations, we proceed, and at nightfall tie up at the entrance to a gorge and bend in the river, through which the water is rushing with great velocity. Scarcely have we secured our boat to the bank, when loud cries for help come down to us from the gorge above, and an overturned raft, half torn in pieces, with a man clinging to it, come rapidly sweeping around the bend. Quick as thought (for no time is to be lost) the Captain ordered a line thrown out to him from our lower deck, which, luckily he catches, and giving it two or three turns around some of the poles of the raft, it swings in by the force of the current so as to strike the side of our steamer, where the deck hands are in readiness to catch his extended arms and drag him on to our lower deck, scarcely eighteen inches above the surface of the river.

On a lightly constructed bamboo raft is a very common mode of descending this river, and often, cargoes of considerable value are risked upon these frail structures, notwithstanding the fact that, owing to its swift current the raft is overturned if it strikes any obstacle in its course, or, at least, it is very liable to this accident, thereby feeding its human freight to the Aligators.

In the present case, the Captain, who is a pious man, is copious in the expressions of his conviction that it was by especial Providential design

that he was with his boat just where he was at that particular moment of time, in order to save the life of this fellow being. This did, indeed, seem Providential; but on learning the history of the accident more fully, it proved that the man and a comrade upon the raft were safe in the middle of the stream until they heard or saw the steamer approach, and believing it would continue its course through the gorge of the river, felt themselves in danger of being carried by the swift current underneath the steamer's bow or paddle-wheel. They therefore pulled lustily at their oars to get near the shore. Here they struck the projecting limbs and bushes on the surface which overturned their raft, throwing them and their trunk, containing their little *all*, into the water. His comrade, it was found, had clung to the bushes and dragged himself ashore, while he had climbed upon the wreck and came down to us, as described. This history of the event exactly reversed the Captain's theory, placing him and his boat as the *cause* of the disaster, and we hear no more of Providential design.

During our eighth and last day upon the river, we climb a succession of rapids stronger than any heretofore encountered. The Captain has frequently boasted of his boat as the only one that could always go up these rapids without putting out a hawser on shore by which to haul through.

The time of trial came, and he begged us to no-

tice how his boat would behave when she fairly struck into the strongest rapids. We stand by him on the upper deck and watch her as she plows her way into it until the waters pour in torrents over her bows, flooding the forward deck and running over her sides. Steadily she presses forward under the highest pressure of steam she dares to carry (100 lbs. to the square inch) her progress each instant becoming less and less. The Captain stands motionless, and in breathless anxiety watching her movement with the attention of a man who feels his reputation interested in her triumph. We are three-fourths of the way through the rapid, but her progress is no longer perceptible. She is trembling in the balance, and the Captain's face betrays strong emotions, as if a serious disaster may be hanging over his steamer and all on board of her.

A feeling of strange uncertainty as to what this might portend creeps over us as we take in the situation, and venture an exploratory, "*She is motionless!*" to the silent Captain. "Oh, no! she is going through!" he so hastily replies as to betray how deep is his emotion.

But alas! notwithstanding his assurance, her strength is not equal to the herculean task. She is already losing ground, and it is clearly evident to all on board that she is being borne back by the current in the direction of dangerous rocks. It is a thrilling moment, and we struggle with our fears in order to collect all our wits to be ready

for any emergency. At this critical moment the pilot strikes the signal to shut off the steam, so as to let her drift with sufficient velocity to gain stearage way; when, lo! she shoots down stream like an arrow, clearing the rocks in handsome style and bringing up by letting on the steam when some distance below.

The success of this movement has a magical effect in relieving the painful anxiety of the passengers to whom it is a new experience, showing them that the situation was not as critical as it seemed. The captain is, however, very much chagrined at the temporary defeat of his favorite steamer, and evidently feels it severely.

The pilot again signals the engineer to go forward, and we again near the rapid for the second round, in what has now all the appearances of an unequal combat.

The current looks to be, however, less strong nearer to the left bank, than where we had met with defeat, and the pilot brings the steamer up cautiously, keeping farther towards that side. He signals the engineer to put on all the steam it will be safe to carry, and again dashes into the angry flood. This time the struggle is by no means so exciting, the element of danger that seemed to menace us before with destruction, has disapeared in the demonstrated ability of the craft to retreat to a place of safety in case it is vanquished. We nevertheless watch its progress with much interest, as we are all desirous of finishing our trip to Honda on this day.

Alas! the second and third time we are driven back, and all, except the captain and pilot, are thinking of the recourse of running out a line on shore for the purpose of hauling the boat up, the recourse of other boats. On the fourth trial the pilot goes carefully upwards, very near to the bank, with sounding poles constantly going to avoid getting aground. Slowly the *Confianza* creeps along, feeling her way till she is fairly into the rapid, then turning her nose a little off from shore, she shoots diagonally across and is through the rapid just as she nears the opposite bank. A rousing cheer arose, letting off the pent up anxiety of the passengers, and an air of triumph illumined the countenance of the captain as he took his hat off to the pilot who had found a soft place in that powerful torrent.

The mountains are now near to us, and we are able to see that they are of sand-stone formation mostly covered with alluvium and well wooded up to their very tops. Only in some rare spots do they present bare sides, and these are perpendicular. Some of them stand isolated, with well rounded summits covered by a rich growth of forest trees and inter-tropical vegetation, then dropping in perpendicular walls on every side for apparently two to five hundred feet, thus giving them a castellated form, and at the foot of these perpendicular walls is spread out a well-wooded slope all around, then to fall again in bare perpendicular precipices. On the face of these precipitous

walls the strata are clearly visible in *perfectly horizontal* layers, showing they have suffered no disturbance since their deposit. Of the mode of formation of these isolated mountains we will have something to say farther on. They present an unique and striking appearance.

HONDA AND THE MAGDALENA VALLEY.

We reached Honda on the evening of the 27th, just eight days from Barranquilla, a remarkably quick passage, and but three days behind the *Murillo* which left Barranquilla ten days ahead of us, although we made scarcely more than twenty miles on the last day up the rapids.

Honda is a town of old Spanish origin now containing about three thousand inhabitants, among which is a German and North American element engaged in buying and shipping down the river, Quinia, Hides, Coffee, Chocolate, and other products of the country, to be reshipped out of the country at Barranquilla. The town is nestled in a narrow mountain gorge at the confluence of the Guali with the Magdalena, in five degrees North latitude; and many leagues up the valley of the Guali are extended curiously constructed table lands or *Uanos*. On our return from the capitol we will explore these *Uanos* and give some account of their geological characters. At present we are to take mules from this point for Bogota; but we now have the necessary data to enable us

to group into one view this vast valley of the Magdalena from here to the sea, which we have just traversed. In its broad expanse extending from the cordilleras of the Pacific States of Panama and the Cauca, east to the mountain boundary of Venezuela, and from the coast in eleven degrees north, up to Nare on the fifth parallel, it is a vast, swampy plain, but little above the sea level ; and at a time not very remote, geologically speaking, all within these limits has been an estuary of the Carribean sea.

The great heat of these regions evaporates and takes up into the atmosphere an abundance of water which the winds waft up the mountain sides, till the lower temperature of these upper regions condenses these vapors into clouds, which rising still higher, are, by the lowering temperature of succeeding elevations, and by the changed electrical conditions of the atmosphere, precipitated in torrents of water down the mountains' sides, wearing them away and ploughing them into furrows and gullies, and carrying down with them vast quantities of detritus, which the Magdalena, gathering up with its tributary waters from all the intricate masses and jumble of mountains up to and beyond the equator, has, during many centuries, been depositing as sediment until it has completely filled up this estuary with them ; an operation which is still progressing with astonishing rapidity in the anchorage at the present mouth of the "Muddy Magdalena." The captain of the steam-

ship *Etna* assures us that within two or three years, during which he has been casting his anchor here, the bottom has risen several feet; and that the water will at the present rate, soon become so shallow as to compell him to anchor further out or keep in the channel of the river which is clearly marked, by its turbid current, far out to sea.

This great plain of the Magdalena valley, as it gradually arose above the surface of this arm of the sea, was taken possession of by vegetable growths. Moisture and heat, the two chief instruments of vegetation; the one the *vehicle*, the other the *motor power*, both here so abundant, have spread over it a most luxuriant growth of forest trees and undergrowth, and matted them together with creeping and climbing plants, into one impenetrable mass of jungle; a chosen home of the *Crocodylia*, which find in its solitudes and lagoons the conditions favorable to their propagation. During the rainy seasons of the year a considerable portion of this extensive region is overflowed; consequently, in the succeeding dry seasons, is reeking in deadly miasms, quickly fatal to all except the strongest of those straggling natives, born and reared under their toxic influences. These are mostly dwellers along the river banks, attracted, no doubt, by an easy subsistence upon the fish which abound in its waters. These also furnish the principal food of the huge saurian reptiles of which we have spoken, and many stories are told illustrative of their sagacity in their modes of entrapping their prey.

We ourselves saw them ranged across the mouths of tributaries and in the eddies at the ends of sandbanks, with the huge upper jaw, or its nose, projecting above the water in quiet poise until some hapless "Bagare" (a large fish, 4 to 6 feet long) attempts to cross above the submerged lower maxillary, when, with a sudden gulp the victim is raised above the surface, a mangled and convulsive mass, and then disappears forever. These dangerous reptiles are also said to hide themselves just deep enough beneath the surface of the turbid water so as not to be seen, opposite the cattle farms, and lay in wait for the calves as they come down to drink, or for the children who come to fill their gourds for domestic uses; when with a stunning blow of their tail, or a sudden rush, they snatch and drag their terrified victims down to their slimy dens. A hut was pointed out to us in passing, where two children have been thus snatched away within a few months.

Two varieties of these reptiles inhabit this river. The true crocodile, with pointed snout, growing from fifteen to twenty-five feet long; and the alligator, with snout shaped like that of the pike, being usually from ten to fifteen feet in length.

It is a curious fact that on the mountain sides all around this vast home of pestilential fever, the Cincona, or Chincona tree grows wild and ever flourishing, elaborating in its bark that precious alkaloid which is their specific antidote; that priceless boon to humanity which is the chief article of

export from this country. The *Bane* and *Anti-dote* staring at each other in close proximity.

The Magdalena in its entire course through this sedimentary plain is divided into strands by a nearly constant succession of islands, varying in size from a quarter of a mile to twenty-five miles in length, and from a few hundred feet to ten miles wide. The formation of these islands is illustrated with singular clearness to modern observation by an island that was pointed out to us in passing it, as marking the site of the wreck of one of the first steamers placed upon this river, some twenty-five to thirty years ago. The steamer struck a snag and sunk in the middle of the river, thus constituting a nucleus for the accumulation of the detritus brought down by the current, and this accumulation soon rose above the surface, and has increased in size, until it is now a half-mile long and a quarter wide, and as densely wooded as are the opposite shores, which have been excavated by the currents to accommodate the growth of the island.

Very interesting illustrations of the process by which rivers tend to become tortuous more and more, especially in their course through sedimentary plains, are here to be observed. Water obviously flows in the direction of the least resistance, and in any deflection from a right or straight line, its current is precipitated against the concave bank, with greater force than elsewhere, consequently causing more attrition and wearing

away at that point. The concavity is thus constantly becoming excavated or deepened, while a corresponding filling up by sedimentary deposits is going on opposite to it on the other bank, the convexity keeping pace with the concavity. The increasing concavity deflects more and more the course of the current in a direction diagonally across the stream towards the opposite bank below, and against which it is projected, greater attrition and excavation at that point being the result, constituting another bend. This must be the chief factor in the meanderings of rivers through sedimentary plains or extinct estuaries like the one under consideration ; bending and doubling upon themselves until sometimes the concavities are excavated entirely through, joining the river at another point of the wandering stream, then by forming what is called on our Mississippi, a "cut off," also to be seen on the Connecticut at the foot of Mount Holyoke. One example of this shortens the Magdalena by several leagues. The currents, after making these amputations, throw sedimentary deposits into the mouths of these cut offs in passing them, thus building up sand bars and forming them into "bayous" very numerous on our lower Mississippi. In this wearing away of the banks large trees are undermined, and fall into the river, are carried down by the current until they get aground and become fastened by the sand which is soon heaped by currents around the part in contact with the bottom (usual-

ly the roots), and their trunks pointing down stream under the water become dangerous snags for a time until their locations become well known to navigators, and eventually many of them become nuclei around which islands are formed.

HONDA TO BOGOTA.

We were kindly entertained in Honda by our fellow countryman, Mr. Henry Hallam, from Stonington, Connecticut, and his amiable family, and on the day following our arrival we took mules and commenced our four days journey to the capital city. Two native medical students were to be our traveling companions, and between us three we required seven animals, viz: three for saddles and four for our joint equipage, at ten dollars for each beast. The proprietor of the mules assures us that they are all of very superior quality, and judging from the general run of pack mules loading with imported goods for Bogota, we are inclined to believe his assertion.

From Honda, scarce 600 feet above the level of the sea, to the highest pass in the mountains, from which we are to descend upon the table land of Bogota, it is but thirteen leagues, in which distance we have to reach an elevation of nine thousand feet above the sea level by a rugged mule path, said to be the best public road in the country, and over which all merchandise for the capital is transported by pack mules. From the

above mentioned elevation a good carriage road descends to the plain, some five hundred feet lower, and across it to Bogota about eight leagues beyond.

As in all Spanish countries, preparations move slowly and it was nearly three o'clock before our train could be got into marching order and in movement forward. The path at first wound its rugged way over the flanks of the mountains that rise from the very banks of the river, one league after we started out from the "Bodegas de Bogota" about two miles below Honda upon the opposite or eastern bank.

The uninitiated mule rider, yet unacquainted with the sure-footedness of this useful beast, is soon and with frequency, startled as he finds his animal scrambling up a steep precipice and then on the brink of another to be descended only by help of the mule tracks worn into the smooth sandstone surface of the precipitous declivity. Carefully the patient beast works its way downward, with the skill of a mountain goat, and it is positively marvelous how the pack mules can make these ascents and descents with their heavy burthens without frequently tumbling with them to sure destruction. One "carga" or mule load is considered to be two hundred and fifty pounds, but they are often over burthened. We have seen them stagger under their heavy loads even on level ground and become so exhausted as to be compelled to drop with them upon the earth in

order to recuperate their exhausted strength, but their instincts of self-preservation always prevent their giving up at these dangerous places.

We proceed until darkness makes it necessary for us to seek the first available shelter; a mud house where some fifty mules have been relieved of their packs and are being turned into an enclosed bushy pasturage by the wayside. Our equipage, wrapped as is the custom here, in coarse tarred cloth to protect it from heavy showers liable to be met with on the route, is discharged from our pack animals and deposited as closely as possible under the projecting eaves of the thatched roof, our saddles gathered inside the hut to which we three are welcomed as the sole occupants for the night, of its only apartment, if we except one four by six feet partitioned off for the vending of "Guarapo" (fermented molasses and water) to the muleteers, served out to them at a *quartillo* ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cents) per gourd, through a square hole in the outer wall. Nearly all the huts by the wayside have this hole in the wall, or *Guaraparia*, as they call their stand, and this is apparently, with most of the huts scattered along the highway, their "raison d'etre." Some ten or twelve muleteers (*arrieros*) build little fires and cook and partake of their humble repast in the open space in front, after which they smoke the narcotic weed and dispose themselves upon their packs or upon the bare ground as best they can; but all of them exposed to the open air, which is damp

and chill with the condensing mists of this heated clime. Hardy as the brutes they drive, they seem to suffer nothing from this reckless exposure.

Our single arriero took our seven beasts to the pasture, and we went in to survey our quarters and inquire what kind of fare it might be possible to procure for supper.

Four bare mud walls, innocent of whitewash, about ten feet square with open doorway at front and back, (without doors) and a third doorway leading into the Guaraparia above described; a bare mud floor of well trodden native earth, a rough wooden bench to serve as table, two broken stools and a perch about two feet long across two of the corners two feet from the floor, on each of which a rooster is tied, describes our new quarters. The roosters are a welcome sight to famishing travelers, as it suggests eggs and perhaps chickens; but this proves a vexing illusion. A bowl of poor soup, a piece of tough, sun dried beef, from which it has been made, some fried plantains and a bottle of beer is our only consolation in these dreary surroundings, and a sharp appetite makes the best of it.

When our meal is finished and debris cleared away we immediately spread our straw mat upon the table, which although shorter than we, is less dangerous than sleeping upon the damp earth, especially as we are suffering from a bronchial affection acquired our first night on the river. Our companions have just spread their mats upon

the earth, as if quite used to such accommodation, when our muleteer appears and reports with agitation that one of our saddle mules has escaped from him and taken the back track for his home. This is unwelcome news, as over so dangerous a road, night pursuit is out of the question ; but we being but four hours upon our route we hear it without consternation, the proprietor hangs mats to close the doorways, and we dispose ourselves for the night. In doing so we suggest to the landlord that if we could move the table into the corner the wall would prevent our pillow from escaping from us during sleep : but the fowl and its roost, as well as a pile of rubbish under the table, prevent the suggested improvement, besides mine host ventures the thought that perhaps contact with the wall might expose us to be stung by a strolling scorpion or centipede, which kind suggestion is efficacious in making us content with the table just as it stands. Buttoning our traveling coat and drawing firmly on a silk cap, we roll ourselves in our blanket, draw in our feet which project beyond the table, and actually sleep, awaking several times to rest our aching bones by turning upon the other side.

Next morning we are able to procure an excellent cup of chocolate and then ascertain that the escaped mule is one ridden by one of our companions, and it was agreed that he should mount *our* beast, it being the first caught, and return for the fugitive, while we two await his coming back to us.

After his departure we went to the enclosure or bushy pasture to witness the finding and capture of the pack mules, and see them led out one by one past the landlord, who collects ten cents for each animal as he passes out, this being the price of their entertainment. This dime per diem is all these poor brutes cost their owners for their keeping. They bear their clumsy burthens from early morn till nightfall without further nourishment. As they file out one by one we notice three-fourths of them, at least, have large raw sores which the rude pack-saddles have made upon their backs. We could not help thinking what must be the sufferings of these dumb servants as they stagger through their long day's march in this mutilated condition; but alas! our sympathies can take no practicable shape and are therefore of no avail to them, except to those that were carrying the equipage of our own party. One of our beasts had fallen several times, the day previous, under his heavy load and got bad usage from our muleteer whom we discover is scarcely superior in intelligence to the other brutes. We, therefore, now add an extra beast to our pack-train, in order to make the load of each lighter, also an extra muleteer of somewhat more intelligence than the first. The hire of the mule is ten dollars for the trip, and that of the muleteer seventy-five cents per diem, he furnishing his own entertainment.

Our pack-train, reorganized as above, starts

onward about eight o'clock, A. M., and we and our remaining companion set ourselves upon the hard wood bench in front of the cabin or stroll about the premises to kill time while awaiting the return of our friend. Soon we discover that if *we* are satisfied to be left behind by our train, our companion's saddle mule is not, and he manifests his discontent by desperate efforts to break away from the wonderfully strong thong of raw hide with which he is fastened by loops about his neck and nose. So violent and continued are his struggles that we greatly fear he will either dislocate his neck or break away and escape, thereby causing us still farther and vexatious delays. Consequently we persuade our chum, though with some difficulty, as he is already demoralized by the fierce brute, to mount him and follow in the wake of our pack-train, leaving ourselves to wait alone, the return of our absent fellow-traveler. It is almost midday when he at last arrives, and we immediately proceed on our way.

We have now left the river and are soon climbing the mountains. Across rivulet and up rugged ascents, our path at first winds its serpentine course; then in sharp zigzags up steep acclivities we climb, till we find our saddles working their way gradually backwards and threatening to slip off with us over the sloping haunches. A halt is made to readjust matters upon a surer basis by tight buckling of the girths, and securing our saddles by means of a breastplate of rope, after which

we continue our march. Anon halting to enjoy brief glimpses of the expanding views that are occasionally opening behind us, we stride upwards and upwards in our precipitous path, now through deep gullies which the rains have washed out, now over broken pavements of rough stones placed there to prevent such gullies ; onward we climb in admiration of the wonderful endurance of our beasts, who appear little jaded by this heavy work. Sometimes our path is obstructed by descending mule trains, loaded with bales of Quinia bark bound for Honda ; but with few interruptions our progress upwards is continuous. Sometimes a dense bank of heavy mists or fog gathers round, warning us to don our rubber coats, and anon it comes down upon us in copious showers of rain. In vain we inquire at every wayside hut if the inmates could prepare us something with which to break our fasts, until at last, about 4 o'clock P. M., in the midst of a drenching rain, we reach a Posada that bears the promising title of "El Consuelo," where we rest for an hour and are able to procure a rude breakfast.

The shower has ceased, and a momentary break in the cloud below us reveals to our gaze a long stretch of the valley of the upper Magdalena, through which the river winds like a huge serpent, stretching itself out to many leagues away, now the clouds closing in, it vanishes like a dissolving view. We resume our saddles and climb onward. The mountain side up which our path

leads us, represents an angle of about forty-five degrees to the horizontal, and the slippery path, in its sharp zigzags, about twenty-five. This, in these steep places, is roughly paved to prevent washing away ; but our beasts prefer to scramble up in the muddy gutter on the inner side of the path. The atmosphere is heavy, and the yelling cry of the muleteers comes down to us, at regular intervals, from above. We are traveling in the clouds, and they wrap themselves around us and shut out from our sight all that wonderful panorama, extending itself in grander and more varied proportion, behind and below us.

About 6 o'clock we are above the clouds and looking forward, down into a vast, cloudless valley, apparently shut in by mountains on every side like a huge basin ; though a small river coiling through it explains at once why it is not a mountain lake. The mountain sides all around it are deeply furrowed into innumerable valleys, and these give signs of husbandry in the shape of scattering cattle farms and some fields of corn ; and in the bottom of the basin the village of Guaduas spreads its tiled roofs under our gratified eyes, although it is still two leagues distant, and, in the now jaded condition of our beasts, will cost us two more tedious hours to reach, down steep declivities and devious pathways.

It is quite dark as we enter the outskirts of the town, and there comes to us, from among the scattering lamplights by the wayside, a hail, in which

we recognize the familiar voice of our companion who had preceded us, mounted upon the fractious mule. This enterprising beast having gone thus far, has utterly refused to proceed farther, and not even the most violent forms of coercion yet invented for such cases, have availed to induce him to reconsider this determination. Our friend had succumbed to the situation, removed his saddle and sat demurely waiting for us to arrive, and, if possible, help him out of his humiliating difficulty. The Posada, or Public House, where we may obtain lodgings, is still a half-mile distant, so we order the culprit to be brought up and re-saddled, in the expectation that the companionship of his comrades might soften his stubbornness and induce him into sufficient amiability to accompany us into the town. We are not disappointed in this reasonable expectation, and we reach our lodgings without further obstacle.

We find Guaduas to be quite an important town for this country, with several paved streets, and said to contain from four to five thousand inhabitants, a public square or market place, etc.; but is very hot, owing to its situation in the bottom of a basin. We find a fair supper and good lodgings at the "Fonda," soon forgetting all the fatigues of the day in sound and peaceful slumber.

We have not yet overtaken our pack train, though it cannot now be far in advance of us. After taking our customary morning coffee we resume our march up the mountains, overtaking our

train about nine o'clock, at a tienda, where on enquiry, we ascertained they would be able to prepare for us a rude breakfast; but being assured by our arrieros that we might do better farther up, we imprudently credit the information and go forward with our train. Up and upwards we wend our toilsome journey, hours come and go while we anxiously enquire at every wayside shanty for the coveted breakfast, but all in vain. Not an egg, nor a chicken, nor a piece of bread and cheese is to be had for whatever reward may be offered. Moodily we brood over the thought of the unreliability of our informants as we toil silently upwards. A new gleam of hope now and again dawns upon us, as we, from time to time, meet a down coming mule train.

These arrieros can perhaps tell us how far it is to the next Posada? "Very near! About a half hour," is the stereotyped reply; but our confidence in these people becomes less and less as the hours come and go, while we still struggle onward with hope deferred. Two o'clock comes and we again, as yesterday, look down into a valley before us, which we have to pass through, and the town of Villeta is lying cozily at its bottom, though a long descent is intervening between us and the town. It cannot be reached before three and a half o'clock, and we are famishing for want of food. We descend but a short distance when three or four bright-faced children, all nearly of the same size, attract our attention to a small hut near the path,

beside which a thatched roof poised upon four posts, indicated the hopeful spirit of its occupants, aspiring to move into more ample quarters in the near future. As we ride up to the cabin an intelligent looking boy, about twelve years of age, returns our salutations, and the mother, whose face we have seen reflected in those of the children, stands in the background and kindly consents to prepare something upon which we can breakfast.

She has three eggs, she says, and she can fry us some plantains, and warm up a piece of cold meat and some potatoes; but we will be obliged to eat them with our fingers, out of one wooden plate, because the soldiers had stopped there, in passing from the capital, during the late rebellion, and carried away all her small store of dishes, after eating the food she hospitably prepared for them.

The hearty good will of this woman pleases us, and we gratefully assure her that her humble meal will be wholly acceptable to our famishing stomachs, and set ourselves down to converse with her children while she prepares our breakfast. Seven children, of which the twelve year old boy is the eldest, is her whole fortune. She and her children are squatted here upon the mountain side raising a few vegetables and chickens, while her husband earns a few shillings on the road as a muleteer. "You must have met him upon the road," she says, and tries to make us remember him by her description. She seems pleased to see us enjoy our repast, and when we ask the price of our break-

fast for three, she modestly replies, "tres reales" (three dimes). This price is too ridiculous for such a breakfast, so we give her ten, for which she exhibits marked gratitude and desires us to drink some beer at her expense, which we however decline. At 4 o'clock we arrive in Villette, a village of perhaps 2,000 inhabitants, and propose to our comrades to stop here for the night, in order not to expose ourselves to the risk of bad lodgings further on. They have been over this road before and assure us that in order to reach comfortably the point where the stage is to meet us to-morrow, we ought to proceed two hours farther to-day, and they think comfortable lodgings can be found at a point which they name. This plan adopted, our march is resumed. Our beasts are already jaded and we consequently make but slow progress as we toil forward for two weary hours, only to find, on reaching the appointed bivouac, that no entertainment is to be had, on account of the recent death of the head of the family.

Completely jaded and worn out as are ourselves and our pack animals, no resource is left us but to drag ourselves onward, until by sheer good luck we may find a friendly shelter. Seven o'clock has gone by, we can scarcely sustain ourselves in the saddle, and our pack mules are now staggering from sheer exhaustion. No human habitation is near us, and a long and precipitous stretch of mountain pathway, in sharp zigzags, lies directly before us. We council together and promise the

muleteers, who, as well as the mules, are begging a respite, that the first hut we reach shall be our lodging place, so we now all gather up our wavering resolutions for one final effort. All the way, as these poor mules stagger up this toilsome ascent, it seems to our guilty conscience that they are upbraiding us as a heartless task-master; but no pasturage is to be had in these woody mountain sides until we reach a cleared space usually surrounding human residences, and the beasts must be famishing and weak with hunger, we therefore "must be cruel only to be kind" enough to urge them forward to where they may find food. This we finally reach about 8 o'clock, and find shelter for ourselves of the same description as that in which we passed our first night out from Honda, and, except that the fleas were more numerous if possible, and that a hard-looking customer slept under our table, we passed the night in precisely the same manner.

We are now more than seven thousand feet above the sea level, and the chill atmosphere warns us to exchange our linen under-wear for woolen. Thus prepared we take our morning chocolate and commence our last day's march up the mountains. Our saddle mules, as well as the others, have now, either become quite worn out, or accustomed to unskillful riders (though our comrades, born in the saddle, are scarcely more fortunate than ourselves), and it has become a matter of tiresome labor to induce them to keep pace with the pack-train, urged

forward by muleteers skilled in the arts of spurring them to their utmost endurance. Our sympathies for them, so lively at first, are fast on the wane, now that we are compelled to the exhausting labor of spurring them at almost every step in order to induce them to keep up with the pack mules that have to carry far greater burthens. Only yesterday we still pitied the hard lot of our dumb servants, born to spend comfortless lives in scrambling over these horrible roads. But has mine not rested through the night? and has he not had his daily dime's worth of bushy pasturage? So unreasonable a brute surely deserves no further sympathy! Such depraved indifference to our climbing proclivities, which are blandly indicated to him in such patient good humor every two or three seconds of time, through the medium of two cruel spurs, should certainly merit our strongest indignation.

The equinimity of the beast, however, far exceeds our own, and compels us to seek consolation in breathing, not loud but deep, anathemas upon the wretch who has deceived us with these worthless animals. At the same time we summon all our ingenuity to hit upon ways and means of relief from this painful mode of progression. After mature reflection we adopt the expedient of placing our mules under the urging arts of the muleteers as if they belonged to the pack-train, while we represent the humble roll of equipage. This improvement proves to be a success, and having our steady and continued advance thus secured we betake

ourselves to noticing the geological characteristics of the country we are passing through.

The rocks hitherto have been chiefly sandstone formations, with occasional cropping out of schistose slates, all well covered with earth and abundant vegetation except where the path cuts through their corners and high points. As we approach the summit, the conglomerate frequently shows itself, and having at last reached what appears to be the culmination, a huge pile of this pudding stone forms the crowning eminence, the same as in the Rigi-Kulm.

A short and gradual descent soon shows us to be between two ridges, with one before us somewhat higher than the one already passed over, the intervening depression being about one league in width and thickly covered over with alluvial deposits and vegetable mould, much of it cleared lands, furnishing rich pasturage for cattle, and thickly strewn with well rounded boulders, varying from one to two hundred tons weight, all resting in purely alluvial matrices. What an absorbing tale of past geologic ages do we here contemplate? The well rounded forms of these huge masses speak of severe and long continued attrition; their alluvial matrices entirely disconnecting them from the bed rock, together with its great difference in character, show them to be strangers here; their location exclusively or nearly so, between these culminating ridges, of which the inner is highest, points to the conclusion that these

ridges, even after their upheaval, have been covered by the sea and these boulders brought hither by glaziers which after passing the outer have grounded upon the inner ridge, and here melted away, leaving these interesting messengers to tell us this curious history.

Between these ridges we breakfast, about eleven A. M., at a wayside posada, called Agualarga, and get the first sight of wheels we have had since leaving Barranquilla. The slope up the inner ridge from this point is sufficiently gradual for the purposes of a good wagon road which has been constructed, and the cargoes of merchandise for Bogota, leave the packmules at this point and are hence transported on wheels over a zigzag road. The climate is bracing, though the absence of our accustomed amount of atmospheric pressure is sensibly felt, the cheering, gurgling ripple of the mountain rivulets, as their cool, sparkling waters, clear as crystal, rush by us, produce in us very pleasing sensations. We have, for the nonce, forgotten all our cares in the absorbing sensations produced by our surroundings and are in the best of humors.

Notwithstanding we have a good road for the rest of our journey, the stage will not meet us until we pass over the ridge and a league beyond, down into the edge of the great plain or table land, so again in the saddle, the clouds gather and accompany us with a drizzling rain, which, owing to the altitude, is cold and dampening to our spirits.

At twelve M. we are on the Culm, nine thousand feet above the sea, looking down upon the village of Facatativa, the stage station, a league distant, and of some four to five hundred feet less altitude.

TABLE LAND OF BOGOTA.

Strange as it may seem this culminating point is covered with a perfectly black vegetable mould more than two yards in thickness, with a substrata many yards in depth of clay beds. As we descend, the soil furnishes us with a black muddy road, but this strata, which at some remote age had been deposited in some swampy depression as peat-muck, becomes gradually thinner till it disappears a short distance after debouching upon the plain. We notice that the waters of this inner watershed, as they gather into rivulets and rush down by the wayside, have become colored by percolation through this soil and are in strong contrast with the pure crystalline brooks of the other side.

Entering Facatativa through a muddy lane, with mud houses ranged on either side, we soon find ourselves on the public square at a Fonda or Posada with an imposing two story front, and riding through the "Porte Cocher," are inside a deep courtyard with some twenty rooms ranged on both sides of it, dedicated to the lodgement of guests. The stage for Bogota will not depart till next day at 12 M., and these appear to us comfortable lodgings for the meantime.

Our exposure upon the mountains has aggravated the bronchitis contracted by sleeping in a draught of air on that sweltering night of our departure from Barranquilla, and now threatened with an attack of chills we immediately ask to have our apartments assigned to us, and after partaking of tea and toast, prepared to our order, we call for extra blankets and retire to bed.

Under these combined influences the chill is checked and though our head is big with frequent coughing, we are beginning to feel more comfortable, when suddenly a startling suspicion, that gradually develops into a horrible reality, comes upon us.

We have been placed in a room that contains, hidden in secret recesses, a terrible enemy. In almost breathless anxiety we hold a hurried council with ourselves, as this fearful discovery begins to take on the form of certainty. We realize how powerless we are against so formidable an attack. The situation is each instant more thrilling as the inevitable crisis rapidly closes in upon us. We must somehow escape from this horrible place or abide the result of this diabolic encounter. The climax arrives, and with a yell of despair we spring from our couch and flee in terror towards the closed door. Our comrades, still up in adjoining apartments, come rushing in response to our cry of anguish, and eagerly burst open the now unlocked door. What is it? they both demand in the same breath. *A million fleas!* we gasp,

through teeth now chattering again with the returning ague. Like the man who, to escape the onset of a furious bull, jumped into a large hollow stump of a tree, only to find he had got into a swarm of bees that made its home there, so *we* had got relief from shaking our teeth out with chills by aid of a close room and heavy blankets, only to find ourselves beset by more excruciating torture. What is to be done! We must die with chills and fever or be devoured alive by these cruel demons. A council of war is held at which it is decided that we shall have more chances for life with the fleas. Horrible alternative! but we are reluctantly forced to submit to the ordeal. The sufferings of this dreadful night must be left to the imaginations of our readers. No wink of sleep consented to close our agonizing lids till the "wee small hours ayant the twa," when at last a deep slumber crept over our now exhausted body which lasted far beyond the grey dawn. When we awoke we sprang instinctively from that horrible couch and no possible reward would induce us to pass another night in those lodgings.

At midday we take seats in a dilapidated bus to finish our journey to Bogota at the foot of the mountains, seven leagues away across the table land, nearly due east from this point. The bus is adorned on its inside panels with flowers, houses, birds, etc., painted in glaring colors. One peacock is perched upon a two-story house, its gorgeous tail trailing in the street below and its head reaching an equal distance above.

The road is tolerably good only it is now muddy in places at which the horses are unable to drag us, twelve passengers, through, so we now and again are obliged to alight and pick our way through the mud. The plain through the entire course of this road has a heavy cold soil, caused by a substrata of clay, which holds the water in it and ruins it for agricultural purposes, so it is mostly dedicated to grazing. We are told that in some parts potatoes are grown, and on the flanks of some of the mountains wheat is successfully cultivated. Few trees exist here and the eye easily embraces the extent of this plain at a single glance, an irregular oval about twenty by thirty miles in its two diameters.

At five o'clock P. M. on the fourth of December, we have arrived at the Plaza de San Victorino, on the outskirts of Bogota, and find that no carriages are ever permitted to enter the city. So procuring a peon to shoulder our valise we start in pursuit of our lodgings, recommended by our fellow countryman in Honda. Our other equipage has been entrusted in Facatativa to an ox team to arrive next morning.

We have occupied four days in a journey of sixty-three miles, but we afterwards find we have beaten by ten days the telegram that we sent from Honda to Bogota, to announce our prospective arrival.

The great changes in climate and water have worked their usual effects upon our digestive ap-

paratus and our head is big and feverish from now almost incessant coughing, also suffering from a marked chill, we can scarcely drag ourselves to our lodgings, and on our arrival we instantly demand to be shown to our apartments and furnished with hot tea and extra blankets.

Our first week in Bogota has passed in almost constant suffering, most of the time in bed. Our hostess, a very short and stout, giggling, fussy, boisterous woman of fifty-five, never tires of telling us how much all her boarders become attached to her house, and the sharp unmusical voices of herself and maiden daughter ring harshly and frequently through our aching heads and unstrung nervous system, as the two ladies petulantly scold their illgoverned servants.

Our apartments open upon a wooden balcony leading from the parlor to the dining room and kitchen, and when the man-servant, a stout half-breed indian, responds to the frequent calls of our hostess, he always runs along this balcony with a flatfooted splatter with hopskip variations, executed in a style well calculated to "bring down the balcony," if not the "*house*," and greatly disturbs us in our sick and nervous condition.

SANTA FÉ DE BOGOTA

as it was originally called, has dropped its *Santa Fé* and is now plain Bogota. The thermometer ranges between 60 and 65 of Fahrenheit's scale,

and we are assured by the physicians that it does not vary much beyond these limits during the entire year, if we except the months of June, July and August, when the cold winds blow from the mountains. The physicians and people boast that consumption (*Phthisis Pulmonalis*) is unknown here. We soon discover that although the diurnal changes of temperature are very slight, yet there are marked changes in the humidity of the atmosphere, and that our bronchitis sympathizes considerably with these changes.

The houses in Bogota are without chimneys, so there is no way of warming the apartments, which are consequently, at this altitude colder and more cheerless than out of doors. The streets, when the sun shines, being warm and comfortable without overcoat, which we are obliged to put on immediately on entering the house.

Whenever we neglect to do this, we are very soon reminded of it by a feeling of chilliness rapidly creeping over us. As might be expected under these circumstances, the streets in sunny hours are swarming with people like bees come out to sun themselves.

Since we have been able to do so, we have daily taken long walks through all the streets of the city, around its outskirts and up the sides of the mountain range on the flanks of which it is built.

Directly behind or over the city, on the summits of two of the highest peaks, between which a mountain stream rushes down and traverses the

town, two churches stand out against the sky more than two thousand feet above us. Part way up the sides of these mountains are numerous points from which fine views of the city, spread out over the comparatively even slope of the foothills, may be enjoyed.

From these standpoints, looking west over the city and north and south, the whole table-land is before and beneath us in one extended view, bounded on all sides by mountain ranges, its longest diameter being from north to south, and we are standing upon its eastern edge, opposite to the junction of its southern and middle thirds.

The foothills around this great plain are, as far as we are able to observe, and by information from other sources, formed of clay or are covered by thick beds of it to a considerable altitude, this furnishing material for abundance of sun-dried bricks, the chief building element of Bogota, and also on its southeastern outskirts a porcelain factory is working this material into a fair ordinary quality of these products for home consumption. Before upheaval, clay seems to have covered the surface; after upheaval this has been washed down from the higher altitudes and accumulated in these foothills or flanks of the mountains, and also spread by the waters over the bottom of the lake, formed by these surrounding mountain chains, and leveling it up as we see it before us in the plain. As vegetation spread over the mountains, their rapid disintegration by the rains was arrested thereby and

the wash carried down an increasing proportion of decaying vegetable matter, which spreading itself over the bottom of the lake, now constitutes the soil that covers the surface.

That such washing down and accumulations of clay has formed these foothills is also made plausible by the assurance of an American resident, that he, in attempting to bore a well to supply himself with pure water, passed through many yards of clay, then a strata of vegetable soil and was then baffled by striking into a wooden substance below as of hard stumps.

These waters accumulated until at last finding a weak point in their mountain barriers at their southern extremity, where is now the the falls of Tequendama, they escaped into the tributaries of the Magdalena, leaving these table lands high and comparatively dry as we now find them. Their surface is too level for perfect drainage, and its clay bottom holds the water in the upper soil, preventing its being absorbed into the lower strata. Consequently these lands can never be favorable to the labors of the agriculturist. A very large proportion of the supplies of this market is brought in by the indians who attend on market days (Thursdays and Fridays), and who come long distances from their little crevices among the mountains, each bringing a few reals worth of truck which they have gathered in order to purchase with its proceeds their humble supplies.

It is a curious spectacle to witness the accumu-

lation of these people on market days. Among other truck which they have brought in during this month of December, are most delicious wild strawberries, which we have enjoyed on every market day since our arrival, and are assured they are furnished in abundance every market day in the year.

Flowers are also here in eternal bloom. We have rarely seen such large, fine roses, both white and red, their corollas, when in full bloom, being four inches in diameter by actual measurement.

Having now given our readers some idea of its physical surroundings, we will endeavor to fill out these with a brief description of the town.

Bogota contains about 50,000 inhabitants, has very narrow streets, running east and west up and down the mountain at an angle of about fifteen degrees to the horizontal, and north and south along the mountain's flank, each having a single gutter in the middle, with the waters from the mountain rivulets constantly running through them. At night they are dimly lighted with oil lamps.

The houses, mostly constructed of sun-dried bricks, a fair proportion of them of two stories, are roofed with baked clay tiles in the usual Spanish intertropical style of architecture. Its principal public square is the "Plaza de Bolivar," in its centre a bronze statue of the Liberator on a marble pedestal, enclosed by iron railing, this pedestal bearing on its front the words "Simon Bolivar

Libertador de Colombia, Peru, Bolivia," and each block of limestone composing the other three sides of the pedestal, has the name of some one of his principal battles cut into it, forty-one in all. Represented in military uniform and cloak, with scroll of parchment in his left hand, uncovered head and drawn sword, he stands poised upon his right foot in the attitude of vigilance.

On the upper or eastern side of this Plaza stands the Cathedral, an edifice chiefly noticeable for its imposing size, massive light colored sandstone front, and also for its robust interior columns with their gilded and burnished capitals.

Another church immediately adjoins it on the right as we face it, and some shops occupy the balance of that side of the square, a wide stone platform extending its entire length, furnishes to the people a favorite rendezvous and promenade for the early part of the pleasant evenings. The entire south side of this plaza is occupied by the half constructed National Palace, which when completed is to front on four streets, and will be a handsome structure with doric columns in front centre. The west and north sides are occupied by shops with residences over them.

Bogota has a well ventilated civic hospital of two hundred beds, a Military Hospital of one hundred, and an Insane Asylum, a new edifice for which is in course of construction. It formerly contained many and very wealthy monasteries; but the edifices were confiscated in 1862 and are

now occupied as hospitals, colleges, schools and public offices. That of Santo Domingo now occupied by the various offices of the National Government; that of San Juan de Dios, by Civic Hospital and Medical College; that of San Francisco, by the offices of the State of Cundinamarca; El Carmen, as a Military Hospital; San Augustine, now occupied as Military Barracks; San Diego, as a Poorhouse; La Candelaria, by School of Engineers; Santa Ines, by School of Trades and Arts, and that of Santa Clara, now occupied by the Normal School for the education of teachers for the public schools, are, nearly all of them, enormous and costly edifices, regal and palatial in their interior apartments, court yards, marble fountains and flower gardens, although, presenting an exterior plain even to dreariness. Except the first named of these edifices, which has been repaired by the Government, most of them are showing abundant signs of advancing age.

These are monuments of the pioneers whose wonderful energy and enterprise wins their highest appreciation from those, who have traversed these rugged mountains to this almost inaccessible region.

This appreciation is not augmented by these massive vestiges, which only indicate that they brought with them the device of that period, that of piling up human labor into vast edifices in the interest of an institution, in order to increase its influence with the masses of the population, by creat-

ing in their minds the impression of massive grandeur and power, thus awing them into a sense of their own individual insignificance and dependance upon the invisible grandeur of which these were supposed to be emblematic.

In countries, where education of the masses is very limited, words are powerless to convey to their comprehension the advantage of moral faithfulness to God and to their fellowmen, and to impress them with a sense of moral responsibility; but visible forms of mysterious grandeur produce in them profound sensations, which, if turned to loyal account, justify the employment of this stage trick for beneficent purposes. This is why the Roman creed has been and always will be more acceptable among the aboriginal tribes and the uneducated masses than one adapted to those classes of more intellectual habits of mind. But alas! they have but too generally been degraded by their employment, as the selfish devices of the showman for unholy purposes, those of domination and material profit, and when urged in the interests of these under the guise of pure motives, as a reason against the educational development of the race they become justly odious to every honorable mind.

SOCIETY IN BOGOTA.

Owing to the brevity of our visit, we are unable to say much of society here. We have got the impression, that there is in the capital a large pro-

portion of white blood, some of it unmixed with that of the native and African races. The climate also, on account of the altitude, gives much fairer complexions, than those of lower altitudes.

On account of the isolated position of this capital it is not strange there should be some local customs, that attract the curiosity of strangers. One is that of dressing their boys of ten and twelve years of age in stove pipe hats and frock-coats, giving them all the general appearance of a pigmy race, until the eye takes in the childish faces, then the effect is at first ludicrous, until one is habituated to it. Also boy police officers of twelve and fourteen years of age, sauntering their allotted rounds in soldier uniform, and "Celador," (which in Cuba means police captain) lettered on the fronts of their caps. We are told that all become liable to military duty here at twelve years of age. There are also many local customs, words and modes of parlance, not interesting, however, to English readers.

The fair sex also appear more in the streets, have a more elastic step, more graceful carriage of the body than their sisters of lower altitudes, and, were it not for the ugly black shawl, which they invariably draw closely over the head and shoulders, when in the street, and generally in the churches, leaving only the face peering out, they might be said to present many charming specimens of their sex, though there are many among them, whose flesh tints, the practiced eye of the

profession would not set down to robust health, and this leads us to speak of

BOGOTA AS A SANITARIUM,

because as such it has been frequently recommended on account of its remarkably equible temperature and bracing atmosphere.

One of the first observations we make on our arrival, is that the odor of the closets permeate nearly all parts of the house where we have taken our lodgings. As we become dissatisfied and seek others, we discover that nearly every house we enter is in the same condition in varying degrees of offensiveness, though the occupants, from force of habit, seem quite unconcious of it when it is mentioned to them, or affect to be so. On becoming better acquainted with the peculiarities of the city, we find this condition to be general. Investigation discovers that there is here, no subsoil drainage, the conduits from the closets running superficially under the flagging stones and leading into the surface gutters in the middle of the streets. But with such slight declivity these conduits do not readily free themselves, and their contents gradually soak into and permeate the soil until it becomes so impregnated with these excreta as to taint the air with their effluvia, and is even sometimes perceptible to the olfactories in the glass of water offered for drink. This is explained by the fact that the water supply is conveyed to the hydrants through unglazed clay pipes laid in the surface soil and joined by mortar.

All who know something of the laws of hydraulics know that a current through such pipes will inevitably suck through their pores the juices of the surrounding soil and thus take in the impregnation above referred to. But many houses in the less public streets have no closets on the premises, their inhabitants defiling the street gutters, and so poisoning the atmosphere with vile effluvia as to render it irrespirable except to those whom long practice has habituated to these noxious influences.

Thus this city, surrounded by physical conditions favorable for making it one of the healthiest on the planet; situated over a clay sub-strata of easy excavation for the construction of sewers, and connecting the closets with them by impermeable walls of masonry; with abundance of water from the mountain streams to flow through them in an average declivity, of fifteen degrees thus giving a rapid current capable of carrying the sewage down into the plain far away from the city, where it would become a source of revenue as an appropriate fertilizer of that cold soil; it does not, nevertheless, in its present state, offer the conditions of salubrity suited to the requirements of health-seekers. Reliable sanitary and mortuary statistics have not been accumulated here, but our conversations with medical men of large experience, and queries of the Sisters of Charity in charge of the hospital nursing, confirms our well grounded suspicions that Typhoid fever and Dysentery are endemic and frequently epidemic here, being

by far the most numerous and fatal diseases; the death rate of Bogota, we judge, must be very high. Pneumonia is said to be frequent in June, July, and August, and Bronchitis is by no means such a stranger as the reported absence of Phthisis would lead us to expect. Hepatic affections, formerly unknown here, are now of frequent occurrence. No physician's certificate of the causes of death is required for interment, and one of the three cemeteries is uninclosed, the other two are enclosed by walls of masonry, and during the last two years have kept registers of inhumations, upon which might be based a rough guess as to the death rate, but these registers, being incomplete, cannot be relied on, and we have, therefore, not consulted them.

We have been now one month in Bogota and our bronchial affection becoming gradually more aggravated, we resolve, in consequence, to retrace our steps down the mountains to a warmer climate at Honda, and explore the curious table-lands to which we before referred.

On Saturday morning, January 4th, 1878, we take our departure, sleeping the same night at Agualarga. There is quite a party on the road and we are offered a cot in a room with a man, his wife and daughter. Regarding the family precinct as to a certain extent sacred we decline, and are furnished with a pillow on the sofa in the family-room of the proprietor. Here our Smith & Wesson, a handsome weapon, is spirited away

from under our pillow by disloyal hands. (All carry revolver in belt here, and many, a hunting knife.) The ladies whose apartments we had declined are fellow-travelers the rest of the trip, and sympathize in our loss, saying it was a *castigo* for being too modest, as, had we slept in their apartments, it would not have happened. During the rest of the trip our party, which has accumulated to ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen, encamp on cots when we *can*, on the floor when we *can not*, in the same apartment. We will dismiss the description of this return trip to Honda after mentioning one of the most striking peculiarities seen upon the road and which we failed to mention in the narrative of our trip upwards.

We said that all merchandize from Honda to Bogota is transported on pack mules. This rule has its exception. It will be readily perceived that such bulky merchandize as pianos (especially square ones), etc., would be impossible of transportation upon mule back. These are carried up the mountains by men, and women too, who dedicate themselves to this hard service for seventy-five cents per day, finding their own subsistence. Eight of these under a square piano will often occupy two weeks in the journey, each carrying in the hand a crotched stick, on which to rest the burthen after every short stretch of the journey is accomplished. Bulky merchandize within the strength of one to carry, man or woman, as there seems no noticeable difference of potency, is secur-

ed by a strong band over the forehead, and then bending forward so that the body represents about one-sixth of a circle, it is curious to watch these people as they slowly stagger up the mountain, every few minutes backing up against a rock or bank to lean their heavy burthens upon it. And let it not be supposed that it is only the lowest specimens of humanity that we here find dedicated to this toilsome life. Several we noticed among these female peons who, though hardy and strong, were by no means destitute of physical beauty, and were quite sensible of any complimentary notice that was taken of them.

The second day down necessitates a change of underwear from woolen to merino, and on the third, to linen. Arriving in Honda we are politely taken possession of by our countryman, Mr. Hallam, and notwithstanding our modest protestations of unwillingness to impose ourselves for a whole month upon him, having his house filled with a large family of his own, both he and Mrs. Hallam insist upon our acceptance of their hospitality. The extent of our good fortune in this arrangement cannot be properly estimated by those unacquainted with the character of the Fondas in small towns of Spanish America; but we, more experienced, held it and still hold it in the most grateful appreciation. Mr. Hallam, a prosperous merchant and banker, under 40 years of age, and of very cheerful disposition, resides in his own spacious and airy house, well adapted to this heated climate, is

well supplied with horses and mules, (horses travel best on the table-lands), is surrounded by a charming family, and to add to our happiness, the bronchical affection that so persecuted us in Bogota has disappeared with magical suddenness on our descent to these lower altitudes. Here, around Mr. Hallam, is also a small colony of Americans, consisting among others of Capt. Chapman, wife and three daughters, young ladies, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and children. But this is a digression and we have promised to give some account of the geological character of the *llanos* and of the probable mode of formation of the curious castellated mountains.

These llanos, varying in width from one to three miles, extend from Honda, at first in a S. S. W. direction, but in a general southern course very many leagues away. The Magdalena reaching Honda in a short stretch of N. N. W. course, here deflects suddenly to due N., and the Guali, running N. N. E. along the foot of the mountains at the western edge of the llanos, falls into the Magdalena at this point, the two rivers forming the letter Y, both the llanos and the mountains between the arms narrowing down till they terminate in the point. Honda is situated at the confluence of these two rivers, about two-thirds of the town being in the crotch of the Y, the other third across the Guali, the two parts being connected by two bridges, one of wood, now in a dilapidated condition, the other of iron, brought from England and

set up here upon the ruins of one of three arches of solid masonry, of old Spanish construction, shattered by an earthquake about fifty years ago and finally undermined and thrown down by the strong currents in times of raging floods. One of the butments of the present bridge is based upon the prostrate form of one of the central piers of the old bridge, which lies *entire*, not a stone being started from its place by the severe usage it has gone through, and we are told that an attempt was made to get stone for the modern butments out of these fallen piers but was abandoned, because the mortar or cement with which they have been constructed, proved to be stronger than the stone itself. This iron bridge spans the Guali just above its confluence, at an altitude of about twenty feet above the present stage of the water and on a level with the pavement. The floods rise at some seasons from twelve to fifteen feet, but never sufficiently to overflow the narrow streets of the town. Here are the ruins of two large convents, a remaining fragment of one serving as a Hospital, and within the roofless and crumbling walls of the other is the Theatre of the town, where the audience furnish their own seats, or stand during the occasional performance of some traveling players or amateur companies. There are also two churches in good state of preservation and appear to be fully as well attended as in other Spanish countries. The town is mostly composed of mud houses with thatched roofs, though in the principal street the majority have tiled roofing.

The Magdalena, at Honda, has on both sides a narrow strip of plain, perhaps an eighth of a mile wide, which terminate on the eastern side at the bend, and on the western at the Guali. From this plain and from the connecting llanos of the Guali, sandstone mountains rise precipitously from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, those on the eastern side terminating in peaks with higher ones beyond, the strata having a dip of about twenty degrees towards the east, and those on the western side terminating in a vast table land overlooking the llanos, and extending many leagues back to the foothills of the western cordilleras. On this table land we stand upon the same level or altitude as the tops of those curious, isolated, castellated mountains with their perfectly horizontal sandstone strata, many of which mountains are scattered in the llanos below, and the first sight of them from this position clearly suggests their mode of formation. These high plains, formed by the detritus washed down from the Cordilleras, have in some preadamic age extended across and filled the whole valley, and we are standing on the bed of the broad river that flowed over and formed them. As the floods decreased, they were confined to narrower limits, their currents corroding the plain away down to the level of the llanos below us, except at those points where, by greater structural resistance, pieces of it have remained in the forms of these curious mountains.

The soil on these upper plains is better than on

the lower ones, and much of them is unwooded, and occupied for cattle raising.

The soil on the lower plains is sandy, though in some parts fairly covered with vegetable mould, and all, or nearly all, covered by wild grass, interspersed with occasional clumps of trees.

In the Cordilleras, a few leagues to the southwest, is a famous mining district of the old Spaniards, where two hydraulic mines are actually being worked by English companies, of which Mr. Hallam is the banker, and to which he kindly invites us to make an excursion with him. After a few hours of hard riding up the llanos, we plunge into the foothills across the Guali and begin climbing into higher altitudes. We soon find that the geological formations are entirely different in character. Granite, greenstone and slate are now the prevailing rocks, and the soil, of course, of corresponding properties. Here, all is well wooded, and enormous forest trees, straight as arrows, shoot upwards without a limb to great heights. They have grown so close together that the sunbeams have not been able to get at their trunks in order to draw out from them these lateral appendages, and so, these vivifying forces being received exclusively upon their tops, it has led all their developing energies upwards.

Now and again one appears in our path quite dead ; its life crushed out of it in the embrace of those huge vegetable serpents that here abound and prey upon its fellow fauna ; but the vulgar

tangle that usually prevails in this humid and heated climate seems here to be almost entirely smothered out by the larger growth.

Here it is not climbing by sharp zigzags up precipitous ascents as on the trip to Bogota, but up gradual and winding paths under stately timber, with no rocky cliffs in sight. The rise is rapid however, and as we reach successive openings in the forests where some portion of the llanos below comes into view, the eye reaches far away across the valley to the mountain ranges of the other side, and now the higher table land and the castellated mountains both appear as slight elevations in its bottom, confirming the theory of their formation before put forward.

Arrived at the mines, only two hours apart, we are hospitably received by the English employees, most of whom have been mining in California, and who have here introduced the California "Monitor," bringing the water therefor five or six miles by canals. One of the mines, the "Malibar," works two of these monitors, but neither of these are paying dividends to their stockholders. They are clearing out the sluices and melting down the proceeds for the month, at the time of our visit; but we also have the opportunity of witnessing the corroding effect of those powerful streams or jets of water directed against the high bank of gravel from a distance of two hundred feet. Between the nozzle and the bank, the water describes an arc of one-eighth of a circle, and securing a

position opposite to its middle, we, while the stream continues, witness and enjoy a perpetual rainbow.

The night before our visit to the "Malpaso" mine, a tiger had destroyed a valuable horse belonging to one of the employees, and but a few steps from the house; in fact, right among the scattered huts in which the peons live. So audacious a tiger deserves to be hunted down and chastized, but in these dense woods without skillful dogs it would be very much like hunting for a needle in a haystack.

We spent eight days very agreeably in these forest mountains, where the thermometer stands ten to twelve degrees lower than in Honda, being the guest, during two days, of a Welsh gentleman, Mr. Cooke, and sister, he being in charge of the once famous "Bocaneme" mine, now held by an English Company, though not being worked.

This whole district seems to have been upturned by the old Spanish gold seekers. These mountain paths often run through windings and turnings long distances upon sharp ridges not more than two yards wide, on both sides of which are almost perpendicular declivities into hollows from two to five hundred feet deep, their bottoms and sides densely occupied by tall forest trees, which suggest to the mind of the observer, that these paths have been here before the hollows, and that these last have been excavated by the gold seekers till they impinged upon the pathway, which

they have respected and left for the convenience of travel and communication.

We repeatedly suggest this theory of these curious ridges to the natives and the miners, and though they all admit its plausibility, we are not able to extract from them any opinion of their own by any ruse or direct means we are able to devise, they evidently regarding this subject as a matter of no interest. No level foot of land is to be seen in all this region; but a rich soil covers every inch, and whenever we reach a point at which the eye can roam over a large space, it surveys an endless sea of rich foliage of dark green, interspersed with bronze of varying shades of metallic lustre.

From time to time large butterflies of the most gorgeous hues flit by us through the trees to remind us that the tropical sunlight has not confined its charming elaborations to the Flora alone. "Man seems the only growth that dwindles here." Were it not so, this region would soon be filled with prosperous coffee plantations, to which it appears to us admirably adapted.

HONDA TO THE COAST.

On our return to Honda, we prepare for departure down the river, having received letters from Cuba requiring our presence in Havana to assist in the liquidation of our interests in that capital. Just here, we find opposed to us one of the principal discouragements of enterprise, after the cli-

mate, which oppress this country, viz. : The difficulty of river navigation. The navigation of the Magdalena is practicable only about four months out of the twelve,—the months of high water. No steamer has arrived at, or gone down from, Honda for nearly two months, and unless by accidental rise of the waters, there may not be a steamer down for two months more. During these intervals in the steam navigation, a canoe or dugout, leaves for the coast every ten days, carrying the mail, but notwithstanding the assistance of the current, it is a trip of fifteen to eighteen days through that immense fever swamp, cramped into the narrow bottom of a dugout canoe, ready to upset on the slightest provocation, to say nothing of having the brains broiled out by the torrid sun, or to be eaten by tigers or alligators if attempting to rest the tired body by spreading the blankets for a night upon the bank.

While in this dilemma a small new steamer, drawing but two feet of water, arrived up the river to within two leagues of Honda, and dispatched its cargo on pack mules and received its return cargo by the same process. But the upper part of the river has many round stones scattered along its bottom, that have been brought down by the strong currents in the months of flood waters, and the little adventurer got several severe thumps upon these stones in coming up. This is a London made boat of thin steel plates brought in sections and put together at Barranquilla, so it was not

wrecked by these thumps, though rivets have been started in one place, and the captain will not risk going down with the same depth of water, because if he gets one going *down* it will be more damaging owing to the swift current of this part of the river, as also it will be more difficult to back out of a tight place against the current. We are however near the Candelaria time, and all agree that there generally is, from some cause or other, a rise of two to six feet in the river at that time, and it is agreed that in case of a rise, which the captain deems sufficient, he is to give us six hours notice before sailing.

There are some ten or twelve passengers in town awaiting such notice, and the river is being watched anxiously from hour to hour, for signs of increasing waters. The Candelaria arrives and we are beginning to believe that all signs fail in a dry time when, lo! there is a stir in town.

Somebody has seen a floating stick come down the river. Everybody is inspecting the water to see if it looks turbid above the Guali, (as the wash from the mines always keeps the waters of the Guali turbid). Yes, at nightfall, the waters above the confluence of the Guali are beginning to be discolored, even more than ordinarily, with sediment. This is a sure sign there have been rains above, and next morning, surely enough, the river has risen one foot and is still rising.

At twelve M., the rise has reached nearly two feet, and notice is received from the captain that

if the water continues to rise till four o'clock P. M., he will depart at that hour.

Over so broken a path with equipage it is a two hours ride to reach the boat, so all is bustle among those who expect to be passengers, getting ready. The consignee has to send down two beeves for fresh meat on the trip down, and assures us passengers that if we arrive on board at five, it will be all right, as the boat will wait for us.

The passengers get together in a cavalcade about three o'clock and start for the boat, our friend Mr. Hallam and the consignee of the boat accompanying us to see us off. Urging our beasts, about half-past four we get sight of the boat under way steaming away from us.

It being a matter of some importance to us that we should reach the coast in time to embark in the French mail steamer of the 22nd of February, for Santiago de Cuba, we had been congratulating ourselves upon our good luck in this rise in the river, and now the reaction from buoyant expectation to bitter disappointment is very trying to our temper, and we halt in silent reverie in our efforts to choke down verbal expressions of our feeling. There are several persons approaching us from the direction of the steamer, which prove to be persons from the town who have sent cargo aboard, and bring to us a message from the captain that he will run four hours, down to Conejos, below which point is deeper water, and that he was obliged to leave us, because if he waited longer he would not

be able to reach that point before dark, and would thus have been compelled to remain over night here, perhaps to find in the morning that the rise had gone by, delaying his trip indefinitely. All who wished, he said, could take canoes and reach him at Conejos before morning.

Sadly we retrace our steps, but resolve to make the attempt to reach the steamer by canoe. At Carricoli, one league below Honda, we find a boatman, but seeing our necessity he will not go for less than eighteen dollars, it requiring three men and all of the next day to get back up stream.

We take in one passenger beside ourselves, and just as we are taking leave of our friends an Italian priest who has been to Bogota, as is rumored as a messenger from the Pope to the Bishop, comes forward and begs we will also admit him into our canoe as he is ill and it is important he should reach the boat.

A NIGHT ON THE MAGDALENA IN A DUGOUT.

With three passengers in all and our equipage, our dug out is so filled that we are obliged to cramp our limbs under us in order to find room to sit in the bottom of the canoe, and the oarsmen will not consent to our sitting on our trunks from fear of our upsetting the craft.

It is quite dark as in this uncomfortable position we push off from the bank into the current and paddle away down stream. There is no moon and

our friends upon the bank soon disappear from our sight in the dark folds of night.

Their hearty good bye and warm parting grasp lingers in our mind and deepens the parting gloom. Downward we speed with the current in moody silence, holding converse with our memories of the friends we have left behind. The stars twinkle in the firmament above us and meet our gaze in seeming sympathy, for they too are silent.

The priest at last, as if the silence was getting painful, makes an effort to draw us from our dreamy quietude into some conversation of a general character, about the novelty of our situation and our prospects of reaching the steamer before morning, both of us with some nervousness, lest if morning should overtake us before our arrival at Conejos, we might find her again departed, and we a long day's journey from our lodgings at Honda. The climate did not agree with him at Bogota and he has been sick with intermittent fever at Honda while waiting for a steamer. He related to us that the physician whom he had summoned to attend him, prescribed for him on his first visit, five drops of Holy Water with five drops of Sacramental Wine, and on remonstrating with him that he was sought for the aid of his medical science and not for that of his spiritual faith, the doctor chided him for trying to usurp in the case an intelligence superior to his physician's and took his leave. The priest not having so much faith in the virtues of Holy Water as the

medicine man, asked for his bill for this visit and was charged ten dollars therefor. The hours tediously move by and it is impossible to remain in so cramped a position of body so many hours, so we occasionally stretch ourselves upon the top of our equipage, to the great consternation of the canotiers, who repeatedly remonstrate with us. Now and again, the hooting of a startled owl or the roar of a wild beast rings out upon the still night air, or the splash of some enterprising fish, as it jumps in pursuit of its frightened prey breaks the monotony as we paddle on.

Towards morning, as we swing round a bend of the river, two glaring lamplights announce to us that we are approaching the coveted steamer, and we are soon taken on board. The captain is copious in his expressions of regret at having put us to so much trouble, and we are forced to admit that he was not without excuse.

Our satisfaction with having our arrival at the coast in time for the French steamer as good as assured, makes us feel comfortable and well satisfied with everybody.

We get through the next day prosperously, though the constant changes in the channels of this river keep the pilot anxiously watching to see where are the most rapid currents in order to follow in them so as not to get upon the subaqueous sandbanks. The second day we are not so fortunate. Eleven o'clock, a. m., finds us in consternation, stuck fast upon a bank less than two

feet under the surface and a rapid current busily pushing us farther into it. We now find we are loaded down to nearly three feet draught of water, and are more than a foot deep in the sand. Our stern wheel in vain is whirled around with the greatest force we can muster, in the attempts to back out of this difficulty, but we remain motionless and the sand will accumulate around us in a few hours to an extent that will make it difficult to extricate ourselves, we are in a position where no breeze reaches us and old sol seems to propose to himself to try to the utmost the powers of human endurance under his most ardent and consuming heat. We launch our only dugout canoe and two strong men with poles to push it up against the current carry a hawser to several snags up stream, but one after another of them prove to be not sufficiently fast to the bottom to resist the force of our steam windlass in its efforts to draw us out of the sand. A huge prop is next projected from our forward deck over the side into the bottom, and our steam windlass brought to bear upon it to push our nose around. This succeeds to get our prow directed across the stream and our boat broadside on the sandbank. Our dugout is now sent upstream with the anchor, having a strong hawser attached, to plant it a good distance above. Three strong men with poles propel this nutshell as it topples along, threatening at every instant to get up a revolution of its own.

Only long practice with such crafts enables

these men to get some distance up stream before this threatening is put into practice, and then the wink of an eye is all the time required to complete this revolution, leaving the canoe right side up again, but nearly filled with water and the men and anchor are in the river. The water where they have fallen in is only four feet deep, but they are violently agitated, throw themselves into the canoe which, half filled with water, sinks under their weight; when seizing it and their poles they commence a most demoralized retreat towards the steamer, dragging it after them.

Their consternation is not relieved until they are safely on board, when they explain that they saw a crocodile on the bank opposite to them, plunge into the water the moment the dugout upset, and as these are fast swimmers they feared to be overtaken before reaching the steamer. They have, however accomplished their mission though they have not carried the anchor as far as was intended, but it takes a strong hold in the bottom and we now begin to tug away at that hawser with our steam wrench or windlass at the same time pushing against the bottom with our prop and pulley thus forcing our prow farther round with this push and pull.

Patiently we toiled till as night approaches, we have our prow pointed upstream and held from settling down stream farther into the sand by a stout hawser secured to the anchor. We also put out our prop to assist holding us and lay quietly

through the night waiting to try our luck at getting off in the morning. The trial comes, putting on a full head of steam, at the same time tugging upon the hawser with the donkey engine we begin to perceive we are moving and are soon climbing towards our anchor at a fair rate of speed. Our anchor reached, we lift it without stopping our impetus and continue up a short distance and tie to the river bank at a favorable place, while our pilot goes down in the canoe to sound for the deeper channel. This found, he returns to the steamer and at the same hour that we grounded on the day previous, we move forward down the river with grateful hearts, feeling we have escaped a terrible captivity upon the sands of this wilderness of river and swamp. We had one steer on board which was slaughtered yesterday and its meat is cut up into thin strips and hung on poles about the deck to dry in the sun, as is the custom here, and from this drying process it is already, in the second day after killing, becoming so tough as to require considerable skill in cooking to give it the semblance and toothsome qualities of fresh meat. As we proceed downward, at many of the hamlets along the banks chickens are offered us at two and three reals apiece, and at these prices the captain is taking in abundance of them for our needs. On the whole we have a very comfortable journey to the coast, where we arrive in good time and embark on the French steamer *Martinique*, for Santiago de Cuba, on the 22nd of February, as we designed.

A hurried narrative of some of the incidents of our ramble in New Granada or U. S. of Colombia is now before our readers; but there may be those among them who expect us to say something more of these people, their moral and intellectual condition and prospects, touching upon the import of the change in their public opinion which has permitted the confiscation of church property, etc. Such confiscations do not in our estimation imply so much change in public sentiment as it at first thought seems. It rather implies that there are some phases of the dogmas and practices of the Latin Church which, unsustained by politico-military power, are unable to maintain themselves on their own merits, in public opinion. While this country was a province of Spain, these dogmas and practices were employed, as in all her dominions, as political instruments in the government of the people; the controllers of the bayonets and those of the awful sanctions of the church, sharing the honors and emoluments of their joint government. "Faithful subjects, not intelligent citizens!" was their mutual motto. But when one of these confederates retired with the bayonets from the country, it was found that the one remaining had no terrors at its disposal, of sufficient influence to compel the acquiescence of the people in face of a strong undercurrent of common sense which was found to have survived, as inherent in nature, through all those long years of this powerful and interested tutelage. Thus

public sentiment, able without danger to give expression to its real convictions, soon began to assert itself, and these dogmas and practices fell into disrepute by sheer weight of their own inverosimilitude. They were essentially and designedly more political than religious; a part of a political system now fallen to decay. Without its necessary military confederate this regimen cannot sustain itself by the force of moral suasion alone.

There is inherent in the human mind a natural desire to imbibe knowledge from those pure unsophisticated fountains of God's truths, his own works, observed through the most careful and systematic methods which the accumulated experience and intelligence of mankind has yet devised, and the incubus of coersive protection being thrown off, this inherent desire is sure to crop out. That still small voice, the reflection of a ray of divine intelligence, however small it may be, cannot be extinguished by either terrorism, cruelty or tutelage, however long continued. Cast down and defaced indeed it may be, but not *obliterated*, it will reappear like the vernal revivals after a long winter of oppressing congelation.

So it is beginning to show itself with this people and is taking shape in organizations for public instruction, an account of which we will let the Director of Public Instruction of the State of Cundinamarca, (the State in which the National Capital is situated) describe in a few brief sentences, which we translate from his Fifth Annual Report to the State Legislature for 1875.

As preliminary information, we will say that on the 30th of May, 1868, the National Congress declared a national inherence in public instruction, in order to secure the following among other objects, viz :

1st. For the support of a National University, created by a law passed on the 22nd of September, in the year 1867.

2nd. For the support of two Normal Schools in each State Capital, for the formation of male and female teachers.

3rd. For the establishment, in connection with each of these Normal Schools, of a Primary Public School to serve the States as models for the creation of the State Schools in order to secure uniform systems.

4th. For the establishment of rural schools of agriculture and cattle raising.

5th. For the formation, publication and diffusion of text books, etc.

Public instruction was organized in the Capital State in 1870, and obligatory attendance of children between certain ages was made a fundamental law of the State and as such incorporated in its constitution.

We now give the promised extract, viz :

“Gentlemen Deputies to the Legislative Assembly of the Sovereign State of Cundinamarca :

“In the present Annual Report, which is the Fifth that I have had the honor to submit to the Honorable Legislative Assembly, I shall limit my-

self to laying before you, with as much precision as I am able to do, the results obtained by Public Instruction, and without reference to what might be termed doctrinal points; nor shall I enter into other abstract considerations, since, by good fortune, in this country and in these times, it is already unnecessary to make further efforts in order that the advantages of popular primary education, the fundamental basis of a republic, shall be duly appreciated. Nor is there necessity for demonstrating that this is the true source from which flows all positive progress in the straight and sure road to social improvement. These are already dogmas in all minds; dogmas which not even the sectaries of ignorance who have so long sustained that anti-civilizing struggle that is to-day in complete discredit, will often contradict. When they do so, instead of gaining proselytes to their cause, they only widen the void between them and sensible public opinion.

“Administrative branches that, like public instruction, exact of its officers and of the citizens, the regular execution of determinate acts ordinarily gratuitous, are the most difficult to establish, because their punctual fulfillment requires the formation of *habits* only to be acquired by the persistent action of the law through long periods of time. These habits, which long education has raised up in other nations, to a level from which we are very distant, have not yet been able to acclimate themselves among our people in

whom the colonial seed has become profoundly rooted.

“But in view of results already obtained we ought not to despair of finally arriving at the desired progressive perfectionment, if we devote our energies to the work undertaken, with *faith, abnegation and constancy.*”

REMARKS.

Such a lucid statement of the necessities and difficulties of public instruction could not be put into fewer words, and it shows the men now endeavoring to direct the developement and destinies of this people to be fully imbued with the true catholic spirit of the age, and do therefore merit the best sympathies of all who take a proper interest in the universal movements of civilization and feel their share of moral responsibility therefor.

In unfavorable contrast with these enlightened sentiments are the doctrines inculcated also by some of the reformed religious sects of our own and other countries. We were strongly reminded of this fact during attendance in Bogota on services in the Protestant Chapel, established by an American Board of Foreign Missions. About fifty persons were present, and the sermon, in somewhat broken, though quite intelligible Spanish, was devoted to the sublime doctrine of Jesus as the great physician to the soul; but inculcated the doctrine of a sudden change of heart and

without which, the utter inefficacy of secular education, for the development of morality and happiness. Without such change of heart secular public instruction, it argued, operates *against* morality, tending to produce smart rogues to prey upon society.

Thus we have some of the reformed sects, teaching the doctrine that humanity's only chance for happiness lies in that emotional religion, known to modern pathologists as a nervous *disease*, or at least as dependant upon nervous debility, an atonic condition of the nervous system, viz. : *Ecstasy*, and ignoring in toto the oft demonstrated fact that individual and social morality is dependent entirely upon the growth of enlightenment in individuals and in society, as to the mutual interdependence of their own interests and those of society.

No emotional ideas of morality, nor those held only as a matter of opinion, ever exercises any permanent shaping control over the actions of men or women. It is only when they have passed through the stage of intellectual inquiry and examination into one of settled and abiding intellectual conviction, that they are efficacious and reliable for moral control.

The change of heart that promotes happiness in men and in society, is of slow growth, keeping pace with other developments; not the sudden emotional changes that the Wesleyans, among others, have proclaimed as the "good tidings of great joy."

This sudden emotional change of heart, springing upon and subduing the deep rooted habits of a lifetime, is so contrary to the teachings of experience that it strikes the logical mind as something incredible, and when, moreover, we consider the very small proportion of such conversions that really influence the subsequent character, does it not justify us in asking a dispassionate reconsideration of the whole subject by all truly religious minds.

Feeling that we had a right to understand the position of the protestant mission, on the question of public instruction, we called upon the pastor, and during our interview submitted to him the following interrogatories, viz. :

Q. Does the protestant mission under your charge lend its active influence in support of Public Instruction as now organized here, and *if* not, *why* not?

A. Oh yes, it has my approval, and I am aiding it as far as I am able.

Q. Did we rightly understand you to inculcate in your sermon that secular general education is not favorable to the interests of society, its tendencies being to create smart rogues to prey upon it?

A. In the absence of religious instruction! My doctrine is that the two must be combined in order to be favorable to society.

Q. Mr. Weaver! We are informed that the line between the *conservative* and the *progressive* por-

tion of this population is sharply defined upon this question of public instruction, general and obligatory, on which side of this line does the protestant mission take its stand?

A. On the progressive side; but our position is somewhat peculiar here. We have to be prudent.

We became satisfied that the general feeling of the missionary is upon the right side on this question of schools or no schools, but we have no doubt that the organization he represents would, if they had the power, force religious books into the secular schools, and it was this spirit of his sect that was reflected in his reference to secular education. So the case really amounts to this, viz.: Though this protestant sect would be more liberal than the older church, in the *amount* of secular education, she is willing to allow, perhaps would consent to unlimited quantity, the state footing the bill therefore, *she too* would enforce religious teaching into the state schools, if she had the means in her power for such coercion, notwithstanding the perfect liberty allowed by the state to religious schools. So much for the present attitude of parties: What about their actual state of civilization? To state this intelligibly, we must first adopt some standard by which to measure it.

What, then, constitutes civilization? Of what essential, necessary and constant characteristic elements does it consist? Is it man's increasing power

over the forces of nature? This is indefinite! Is it the progressive refinements and cunning in the trades, the arts, or of the industries collectively? These are all at a low standard here! Is it constituted, as defined by Guizot, by the increasing production of the material elements of human welfare on the one hand, and a more equible distribution of these elements in society on the other? Such civilization is not here!

But civilization consists of *all* of these and *more!* It is the progressive evolution and organization of society in the direction that most secures and facilitates the highest development of all the faculties and capacities of the greatest number of its individual units, and unites them by the bond of gravitating sympathies towards that consolidating *oneness* of humanity, predicated by Him, who taught us to pray to *Our Father* who art in Heaven; the sublime doctrine of the inspired teacher; the keynote and quintessence of His divine revelation to the race, which has been so frittered away and covered up by speculative theology with unworthy substitutes and irrelevant side issues. Nor is there any communistic ideas or insidious attack upon the family relations, hidden in this claim for society.

As individuals find higher enjoyments in groupings into families, so families by the same necessities of their sympathies find in society a wider exercise of them, and in this, new contributions to their happiness. Are not these mutual sympa-

thies the origin of our ideas of Equity, Justice, Truthfulness and Honor ; to do unto others as we would be done by ; mutual confidence and dependence.

Are not these the qualities we mean when we speak of the christian virtues? The trite maxim "Union is Strength" is nowhere truer in its application then to humanity ; union of interests assures the union of sympathies and greatest power of civilization, as the individual drops of water combine to make up the powerful torrent. Just as the individual nerve cell in its multiple combinations and differentiations of functions through regular gradations from its isolated existence in the lowest forms of animal life, up to its highest degree of combination and differentiation of functions in man multiplies its power in proportion to these progressive degrees of combination, so too the progressive social combinations of individual man increases his power in proportion as society approaches in organization, in blending of individuals and differentiation of functions, the high type above indicated.

For example: The individual in his primitive, isolated condition, is his own carpenter, shoemaker, mason, toolmaker, physician, etc. ; but as he aggregates into society with his fellows, each will limit himself to *one* of these functions, and, as he progresses in social combinations, these in turn are divided into specialties, each acquiring by these successive limitations and differentia-

tions of function progressive refinements of skill, together with cheapening of production, thus superior productions and cheapness becoming by habit, necessities to his wellbeing, and, while it is found that the power for quantity, quality, and cheapness is greatly increased by these social combinations, the individual is blended into society and becomes dependent upon it in exact ratio to its progressive evolution. That the natural development of society, impelled by the inherent necessities of mankind has brought us at last to the recognition of this verity, in spite of the obstacles that meddlesome absolutism has strewn in its path, proves to us how great was the genius, or, if you please, how real was the inspiration of Him, who proclaimed this truth nearly nineteen centuries ago. And in order to realize this more fully, we may consider that the whole traditions of His race were in the direction of the opposite doctrine. For centuries it had been taught that God had made a covenant with Moses, their great lawgiver, constituting it the only inheritor of His kingdom on earth. The belief that they were the chosen people of God was imbibed with their mother's milk, and thus sunk into their minds among their most fixed and enduring impressions. It had become a sacred prejudice of the blood.

True, they had suffered some rude disenchantments. The waves of Assyrian and Egyptian armies had repeatedly swept over the land of Juda and Benjamin, bearing away vast numbers of

them into the most humiliating bondage, also Nebuchadnezzar had twice destroyed their sacred city, the last time razing its walls and carrying its population captives to Babylon, where they were employed in abject slavery upon those gigantic public works which gained for that city the titles of "Glory of the Kingdoms," and "Wonder of the World," the vestiges of which have never yet ceased to command wonderment and admiration. The lamentations of their prophets show how rudely these events had tried their faith; but the rebuilding of the Temple demonstrates that it still survived. Then came the Roman conquest, the arms of Titus again destroyed their sacred stronghold, reducing them all to Roman vassalage.

The conquering power of Rome had made the tour of the Mediterranean, and it was ever its policy to raze and destroy the conquered cities, publicly insult their gods, and carry away and colonize the people as agricultural slaves in entirely new localities in different parts of the empire, in order to break down their spirit, and extinguish all hopes of recovering their lost status and estates. Thus nearly all of the Roman provinces were peopled by a conquered and vassal population, whose gods, which they had supposed capable of rending the heavens, and striking dead with a thunderbolt the intruder in their Sacred Temples, had been carried jeeringly to Rome, and twelve of them were afterwards set up

in the Rotunda, at the entrance of Agrippa's Baths. (This Rotunda is still in existence, known from that circumstance, as the Pantheon, and is the best preserved specimen of ancient Roman architecture, now in the Eternal City).

Thus the world had suffered a fearful humiliation, and nearly all, except the Roman nobles, were partakers of the common lot. Fallen, many of them from a high estate to abject slavery, humanity had suffered a terrible leveling downward, and it felt itself indeed *one* in privation and suffering; *one* in silent and almost hopeless yearnings for relief; and this state of circumstances was sure to soon make it *one* in consoling sympathy. Another circumstance, already referred to above, also contributed to make the similarity of conditions still greater. Their faith in their pagan gods had been utterly destroyed, and it is not in the nature of humanity to be without an object of reverence and worship. These enslaved masses of humanity *felt* this oneness of condition, sufferings, yearnings and sympathies; but no one had as yet interpreted its pregnant meaning to mankind.

The Galilean peasant, rising at once above all the traditions and prejudices of his race, touched the *keynote* of human nature, and it thrilled every human heart that heard it. A luminous ray had flashed in upon his mind like a gleam of sunshine from a brighter world, illuminating it with a sublime conception, which He proclaimed with enthusiasm to those about Him. But the means of

diffusing this revelation were very imperfect. There were no electric telegraphs, no free printing presses in those days. He could only go about in public places, verbally teaching His great dogma, and attracting disciples to His side. A doctrine at once so radically revolutionary against the established faith was sure to meet the prompt persecution of its doctors, and they desired to punish with death the heretic and traitor to the faith of his ancestors. He was duly denounced before the Sanhedrim, but Judea being a vassal province, the Sanhedrim could not impose and execute the death penalty, except after approval of the Roman governor, and they well knew, Pilate would not voluntarily authorize execution for heresy to a faith he himself never shared. The subterfuge of the jewish doctors, that of accusing Him of treason to the Roman State, and the story of Pilate's cowardice in delivering up for crucifixion one whom he knew to be innocent of the charge are familiar to all, and we need not here repeat them. We only mention the trial and execution, to show, how new and revolutionary was Christ's teaching, exciting the relentless fanaticism and persecution of the blind religious zealots; and to point out that the same fanatical and treacherous spirit that murdered its founder in Judea, professed to adopt christianity in Rome, when they found it spreading by the force of its inherent merits, and then, retaining only its name, treacherously dressed it in pagan

robes and mitres, put the pagan crozier and censor in its hands, put into its mouth dogmas it never taught, and entirely contrary to its spirit, has handed this spurious imitation, down to our time insolently proclaiming it to be what it is *not*, thereby deceiving and misleading thousands upon thousands of honest, pure and religiously disposed minds.

A wily politician, Constantine, conceived the idea of turning to his selfish ends, in his struggle for power, the christian party which was fast growing in influence, and to give plausibility to his pretended sudden conversion he proclaimed that a flaming cross had appeared to him in the sky bearing the words "In hoc signo vinces." This ruse succeeded, and when firmly seated in power, vast hords of the pagan population followed his hypocritical example from the same motives, the loaves and fishes, and then the same thing happened, as when England accepted a Scotch king, James I, she did not become Scotch, on the contrary, the *greater* population absorbed the *lesser*, and she remained characteristically England, the absorbed portion adopting her language and manners.

So with Christianity. This fatal gift, an Emperor, may in one sense be said to have produced its dissolution, and certainly the diversion of its name to cover the dumb shows, the robes and other visible symbols of paganism. But its spirit has survived that treachery in its secure refuge

the innermost recesses of the human heart. The everliving, the undying, the deathless principle, "this will resist the empire of decay till time is o'er and worlds have passed away. Cold in the dust the perished form may lie, but that which warmed it once will never die."

In its general and largest sense as applied to the race, intellectual growth and that of moral virtue are one and inseparable.

By the phrase "intellectual growth" we designate growth in conscious knowledge of, and consequent harmony *with* the natural relations and duties of mankind in the universe, of which it is a part. That such knowledge is cumulative, and that such sequence of ineludible perfectionment, or proportionate increase in the aggregate amount of moral virtue in the practices of society are demonstrable facts, and that these spring from inherent qualities, and not from conventional proclamations of supernatural enlightenment, we are solemnly convinced by many years of earnest thought, careful observation and more or less diligent and critical examination of the historic record, with an honest desire to arrive at truthful facts, so far as our imperfect abilities have permitted to us. And here let us answer once for all that oft repeated question, "What is truth?" Truth is the providential purposes of the universe and the omniscient, omnipotent and ineludable laws by which these are gradually accomplished in spite of all shortsighted and meddlesome opposition.

To facilitate a clear understanding of the position here taken, let us also define the sense in which we employ the phrase "moral virtue." We are quite aware of its etymological significance, *mos*, *moris*, *moralis*, denoting custom, or conventional usage; but we must bear in mind the fact that during the course of succeeding years and generations the sense of many words change through imperceptible gradations of meaning, so that our lexicons only profess to give, not absolute definitions, but the usage of the best authorities of the period, in which they are successively published. Keeping pace with growing intelligence, words, in the course of common usage, gradually develop and acquire in presence of the growing necessities of language a far deeper and truer meaning than is attached to them in their undeveloped infancy; meanings, often difficult, clearly and fully to set forth in any scientific definition of them in the lexicon, but which are nevertheless fully conceived and appreciated, when the words are pronounced. So the term morality has become to have a more pregnant meaning than that of conventional usage. A conception far more solemn and forceful upon the conscience is conveyed, when the word morality is pronounced. Its pronounciation awakens a conception of the law of right and wrong, no longer as according to what is for the nonce fashionable, but as according to the natural interrelations inherent in all being; unchangeable laws written by omniscience upon the tablets of eternity. It is our knowledge

of these laws which *changes*, in accordance with our progressive enlightenment, as to our relations and duties in this universe, and also the cumulative perception, in the aggregate consciousness of humanity, that conformity to these duties brings proportionate happiness.

Notwithstanding what canting pessimists may aver to the contrary, we think it is fast becoming clear to all willing to accept truth for its sake alone, that there is in the public conscience and practices a growing conformity to the moral law, a constantly increasing average amount of morality in society, keeping pace with increasing enlightenment, and is dependent thereon. It is not asserted that modern society has yet reached a high degree of moral excellence. It is only claimed that in the aggregate they have reached a comparatively higher degree than that of passed generations, and that the persistent disparagements of it by the generation that has passed the meridian of its existence, does not prove that morality is in decadence but only that accumulated experiences has not borne out their youthful estimates of its prevailing amount and influence in society. Nor is it claimed that in any one division of society, be it political, social, religious or otherwise, this progress has been uninterrupted.

Conceding the utmost good faith in the pursuit of truth to all those divisions, it is yet very evident that the sharpest and most cultivated human intellect is but partial and cannot grasp

the *infinite* truth. One of its most common errors is that of jumping to the conclusion that it has discovered the *whole* truth, embodying it into a formal creed and misleading the masses into a blind faith in that error, enthusing them fanatically in a positive, irreformable conviction that persistently excludes all farther illumination. There may indeed be positive truth in their creeds, but the error consists in believing it to embody the *whole* or *absolute* truth, and that it cannot be contradicted by other truths fully as susceptible of demonstration. *All partial truths may be diametrically contradicted by facts equally true.*

Let us give an illustration : Take the course of the Mississippi river as the truth to be ascertained, supposing it to be at a time, when it was still unknown. Employ for the purpose one hundred of your most cultivated civil engineers, if you please, and limit the observation of each to a separate half-mile section of its tortuous career. No one will doubt the competency of such representative men to determine with positive truth the general course of the section subject to the observation of each of them. But what a variety of contradictions and confusion results from the comparison of these sections one with the other. The flow of some sections of the river would be given as south, some north, some east, some west, with variations towards every intermediate point of the compass, yet *all* be positively true within the limits of each one's section of observation.

Now let each of these engineers jump to the conviction that, if his was true, it could not be contradicted by any other truth, and therefore might be taken as a sure indication of the whole, or absolute truth, and let him be firm and conscientious in his belief and dedicate his life to the propagation of his creed as the only true one, and consequently all others must be errors, thus erecting his into an irreformable faith, and we have a true picture of what is constantly taking place among us.

Though under the influence of the most honest intentions, society divides into many sections, busily disseminating creeds more or less true, but also more or less vicious or immoral in proportion to the constructive errors, they convey; and these are persisted in just in the proportion, as their devotees are profoundly sincere in their conviction of having arrived at absolute truth.

It is the increasing or cumulative knowledge, disseminated through educational institutions, which is gradually melting away this hard crust of bigotry that has been stifling the natural growth of moral virtue since the race began, and has greatly retarded its providential development.

But let us speak of this bigotry with becoming humility. It is a spirit of conservatism which seems to be inherent in the species, and this fact has been admitted by many as proof of its being a true inspiration from the Creator, therefore a revelation of truth for our guidance. If it is looked at more

critically we believe it will appear more as our *balance wheel* to regulate the steady, onward march of our development,—an inertia, a weight which requires a strong pressure to move onward, and only after the accumulation of constant and preponderating facts that force us forward in the direction of the greatest pressure, thus securing us against a fluctuating unsteadiness in rushing after inevitable tendencies before the aggregate mass of humanity is ripe to receive them.

While these one-sided creeds satisfy the consciences of the masses, the experiences of the race, accumulated in this universal Kindergarten, have so improved our methods of observation, record, collation and generalization of facts that are uniform and constant in nature, that broader and truer conceptions are successfully opening to us and forcing themselves into recognition, and through the consequent growth of philosophical criticism, or intellectual power, it is discovered that all these partial truths are supplemental to each other, because when collated in their due relations all these seeming contradictions are harmonized into a larger, more general and significant truth, just as the hundred half-mile sections of the Mississippi when collated in their due relations to each other, make together not only *no* contradiction but a sum and aggregate of truth of far greater significance than any one of its parts.

In this view, the unity of man predicated by the inspired teacher seems to us to take on a high-

er, a far more inspiring significance and value than any invented by speculative theology. We offer this suggestion with all due meekness as a sincere expression of our humble intelligence, and in no sense as a slur upon any class of men. The subject has too deep an interest to humanity to be profaned by unworthy passions. If we remember how largely the judgment of each individual is formed by his antecedent experiences according to the light these have given, then consider how very small a part this must be of the aggregate experiences of mankind, however cultivated the person; how small a part of the aggregate knowledge of the race can with our present appliances be brought within individual cognizance, and (if it could be so concentrated,) how small a part of infinite truth such a concentration at the present epoch would embrace, then the more we ponder these facts, the more our confidence is shaken, in any individual or society as being able to expound absolute truth, and the more are we disposed to keep our minds free from prejudice of dogmatic creeds, and open to the reception of growing enlightenment constantly seeking admittance through the organs with which we are providentially endowed for the purposes of such development.

Entering through these channels there is more or less of true illumination in every individual mind within the narrow limits of its experience, but this is economized into the general progress principally through, and in proportion as the pro-

gressive unification of the race develops improved methods of gathering up these scattered rush-lights, preserving and concentrating them into the cumulative blaze of civilization in which narrow creeds are destined to be swallowed up and digested. Let us hope the time is not distant when the silly pretenders to the possession of absolute truth which they are providentially authorized to peddle out for filthy lucre and to force its acceptance by the arm of civil power, will become silent for shame and remorse for the sins unwittingly committed.

It is from human experience then, and successively improved methods of propagating and diffusing a knowledge of them to increasing numbers of the race, that we may alone expect increase of christian virtues in the practices of human society, and this in accelerating ratio according to the number and intelligence of observers. A thoughtful examination of the past history of the race demonstrates how futile have been all hopes of attaining these by any other means, and it is a most cheering thought to lovers of truth that so many influential minds have now reached to a full realization of this fact.

Successively improved systems of gathering aggregates, and calculating averages, and the results obtained by mathematical manipulation of these aggregates, are bringing larger and larger sums of intelligent observation within the reach of individual cognition, thus not only enlarging

individual powers of appreciation which are in some degree transmitted by heritage, thus tending, *ceteris paribus*, to improve the natural capacities of the race; but are also gradually enlarging the common fund of ascertained facts which point us with increasing significance to that irresistible unification of human intelligence and interests and sympathies, that progressive drawing together of humanity towards that typical oneness predicated by the sublime teacher, a unity *involved* in the providential nature of our being and destined to be gradually *evolved* through coming time towards a grand and sublime realization.

This is the *new* religion, or rather the *purified* religion which is destined to swallow up all others, and realize to fuller fructification all the *truly* christian virtues. We use the adverb to distinguish from dogmas which have been foisted upon the christian doctrine and are noxious thereto. So individuals and collectivities, social, political or religious, smaller or larger as they may be, are all devoting themselves in different ways to supplementary parts of one grand work, and their seeming discords are but harmony not understood, their partial evils, universal good.

It would be an easy task to skim through the historical record with the reader and trace out abundant proofs of how even the most selfish or egotistical passions have ever operated towards this unification of mankind, material, intellectual, and spiritual, even the mythological satanic ma-

jesty with devious intent, industriously though unwittingly engaged in the same beneficent work. Indeed if we admit him to be a real existence he was undoubtedly created for that providential purpose.

It would be easy to show how the conflict of human passions was one of the legitimate progenitors of the golden age of Greek intellectual development, a vast acquisition to humanity; how the selfish ambitions of Alexander again opened a new world for human instruction, gave humanity that brilliant and copious fountain of intellectual wealth and culture at Alexandria; excited its cupidity by new and till then unheard of commercial elements which ever after have been among the most powerful incentives to the drawing of mankind nearer together in a constantly increasing ratio.

Passing through millions of similar examples we might cite one of the modern ones of pregnant significance, viz. : The ebb and flow of emigration and immigration. What else but selfish motives cause these movements? And yet how fruitful to the unifying process.

If there is any obstacle that more than another has thwarted this beneficent unification, it has been inter-national and inter-sectarian prejudices. The enlightened policy of our own country has, to use a homely simile, converted it into a vast punch bowl into which it has invited all the industrial elements of human society, of whatever

nationality, to flow at will and lose itself and its prejudices in this general and inextricable mixture of interests and sympathies. The resultant society even in these first generations has acquired a flavor far more healthful, generous and agreeable to its fundamental instincts than the narrow minded bickerings of inter-national jealousies. Under these benign influences even the most ancient and indurated sticklers for race distinctions, the Jews, have melted in their first American generation into open organization upon the broad fundamental basis, officially proclaimed by them, of the universal brotherhood of all races in a common humanity, carefully excluding from the laws and regulations of their new society all that could possibly be objected to as dogmatic, or sectarian.

Thus, while these commercial and social blendings are gradually gaining cumulative strength and forcing inter-national relations more and more under the dominion of intelligible rules of universal equity, so under the same influences, the significance of inter-national or political lines is perceptibly fading out, many of the minor ones disappearing, as recently in Italy and Germany, the dominion of the civil law thereby extending its boundaries over territories where heretofore grim visaged war held frequent bloody carnivals of brute force. Ours is not the wild dream of Alexander, Cæsar, Hildebrand, Innocent, and Napoleon, that of uniting humanity by the violent coercion of organized brute force under

the guidance of one human will. Such unity is in no sense desirable ; but unity under the guidance of the fundamental necessities of our nature, keeping step in its development with our capacities, as both are being worked out practically under providential design, and bound fast in fate. This perfectionment then does not tend towards the political disintegrations which the democracy seem to be striving for, nor the absolutism of monarchical domination, but towards the wider and wider subjection of all to more and more intelligent and adaptable civil laws, though these may be reached only through the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity.

Thus it is seen that it is *practice* not *preaching* which has given us these results, this practice is ever induced by selfish motives, and the permanence of these results is secured by the dawning discovery that the interests of individuals and of society are mutual and interchangeable.

Example, not *precept*, has been the potent influence in the christian dispensation of Unity, Fraternity under a common Fatherhood, Docility, Humanity, Loving Kindness, and Mutual Sympathy. There is no room in such a religion for the setting up of inter-national or inter-sectarian boundaries, distinctions, jealousies, enmities and antagonisms. He is blind who does not see that these are inconsistent with christianity and have been the chief obstacles to its diffusion. We fear that its beautiful theories have been too often and

persistently used as a cloak or mask for unchristian practices.

It may be asserted that in such a mixture as ours, of nationalities into one political society, the vices as well as the virtues will be blended, and among them those which American society originally fled the old world to escape, Jesuitical influences which in their origin, scope, tendencies and persistent intentions, are professedly and radically antagonistic to all freedom of the political state to protect its citizens in the enjoyment of such natural blending and evolution as above indicated.

It is indeed true that the same uncompromising spirit of sectarianism which has ever preached the opposite doctrine of antagonism, the Church Militant, has also flowed into our society, and is busily sowing its seeds of discord by every means that the most wily, diligent, and intriguing of all human organizations can suggest ; but we feel sure that although these may indeed retard the general advance, the inherent qualities and necessities of humanity must inevitably overcome all obstacles, and the spirit of investigation and general culture is already far too strong to be dominated and controlled by the adverse spirit. The advantages of general education have become far too widely recognized by public opinion to permit of its ever again being smothered out of a community where a majority of the population dictate the policy of the State.

On the other hand the corporate community which guarantees equal protection to *all* religions, can neither adopt nor favor any *one* of them, or any of their doctrines, in its schools where attendance is compulsory on the children of all denominations.

Nor has the purely political state any right to give moneys to any denominational school, whatsoever, because that would be favoring it, and in violation of the obviously just rule above laid down. The state which is the political representative of the *whole* community, and organized to make and administer laws appropriate to such equal protection, is deeply interested in the diffusion of general intelligence in an economical among other points of view. Not only is the individual much less liable to become an eleemosynary charge upon the state, but is also more capable of developing the elements of welfare in the community, and to secure these advantages to society, is a legitimate object of its political organization.

For this object alone the state establishes its own schools, and attendance in them properly should be compulsory and binding upon *all*, a reasonable portion of the time during suitable school age. It lays no claim to giving *complete* education. It teaches at its own expense what its interests require, without interfering with the rights of others, leaving full liberty to parents and guardians, to supplement at their own expense its teaching with

any other, whether secular or religious, which they in their unlimited discretion may deem necessary and proper to complete it.

The state raises its money by general taxation for the common purposes of the community, and it cannot give a dollar to any school not common to the whole community, without doing gross injustice to its trust, any more than it can enforce in *its* school the teaching of a religion not common to all, or the reading of a religious book, not a common textbook to all, or that might be objected to on the ground of its being of an edition not recognized as a textbook by all denominations.

While there exists in the community a class of persons who lay claim to being the heaven-appointed possessors and representatives of absolute truth, it is not surprising they should clammer for the obligatory teaching of their dogmas in the public schools; for that is a *logical* sequence from the *illogical* premiss that the *finite* mind has grasped the *infinite* truth.

As we have in our community a variety of such claimants, all hoping for the propagation of their tenets by political intrigue and private finesse, some urging that under our political system the majority-rule may enforce any and every policy, we would most respectfully urge them to reflect that the only way to steer clear of political chaos, is to strictly adhere to the farseeing policy of the founders of our constitutional laws.

These guarantee to all citizens *some* rights that

are inalienable ; that are inviolable by majority rule. Among these is the right to the full enjoyment of religious tenets, whatsoever these may be, and all who would interfere with this sacred right by the majority rule, are urging doctrines directly subversive of both the spirit and letter of our system, and dangerous to the general welfare of the community. These are errors of judgement from limited intellectual vision. Omniscient power has foreseen these weaknesses and perversities of imperfect humanity, and has bound its gradual perfectionment fast in fate, whatever may take place in our time and country, for, as we have seen, he has made these very perversions and imperfections, such as enmity and jealousy, incentives to unification, though clashing in sheer wilfulness of wickedness, and passion. But in this explosion of passion, the moral atmosphere is thereafter more healthful, as is the physical atmosphere after two dense clouds charged, one with positive, the other with negative electricity, explode in the terrific thunderstorm. The contact has discovered to each points of sympathy ; each has something to excite the others cupidity ; a desire for exchange succeeds the enmity, and in this is the birth of commerce. Commerce necessitates roads, bridges, etc., to facilitate transportation and communication ; improved methods of locomotion follow ; the arts of production of the elements of trade are progressively developed ; the sciences germinate and lend their powerful stimulation and

assistance ; the evolution of social organisms goes on, and thus every thing tends irresistibly to bring mankind into more and more intimate relations and exchanges. This constantly increasing intercourse is weaving the material interests of all more and more into an inextricable web, and the threads of human sympathy are so utterly inseparable from those of their material interests that their constantly increasing confluence is *inevitable*.

Thus the progressive prevalence of the sentiments of humanity and the other christian virtues, characterizing modern civilization, spring spontaneously from the conquests of advancing intelligence through its social combinations, and the selfish and material interests of the individual units of society are and always have been the chief excitants to these beneficent evolutions.

Therefore morality has increased and is becoming habitual, because it is, in the growth of general enlightenment, demonstrating itself to be inseparable from the prosperity of individual interests, thereby justifying Dr. Franklin's foresight, when he declared that, if rogues only knew the advantages to be derived from honesty, all the rogues would be honest with roguish intent.

Thus we have the teaching of the accumulated experience of nearly two thousand years farther on in the progress of humanity, coming out at the same point as the Galilean peasant, and proving the grand truth, which he proclaimed to be verily one of God's sublime truths. And farther, that

humanity, in spite of its imperfections and perversions, has inherent in its constitution the inevitable necessity of working out by its intellectual growth the demonstration to itself of this truth. And this intellectual growth is the moving power of its civilization.

CONCLUSIONS.

With this conception of *civilization*, and we believe, our general definition of it will be generally acceptable, we may apply this measure to any and all countries or sections of the world to see wherein they have developed towards this standard, and wherein they are still deficient.

Man in his primitive state is a hunter, seeking his livelihood by the chase. As his game becomes scarce, he betakes himself to the raising of food animals, gaining his subsistence by tending his flocks, which roam about in search of theirs. His life is nomadic. As population increases, the allotment to each of a given district is necessitated, and when these allotments are insufficient for the support of the increasing population, then agriculture is forced upon him to increase the amount of food for animals, and also, in the differentiation of crops, a larger proportion of vegetable food is added to his own diet. Whether he originally has willed it or not, these growing necessities crowd him into more intimate society with

his fellows, and the evolution of social combinations goes forward towards the progressive blending of humanity into one common body with identical interests.

Whether these unifying tendencies will or will not be fully ultimated in the unforeseen future, no human authority can decide; but what is already accomplished, we are bound by every right and duty to recognize. "The past at least is secure."

That the progressive unification of humanity, commercially, morally, socially and politically is, drawing it together in accelerating ratio, towards that significant *oneness*, foreshadowed by the wonderfully inspired prophet of Nazareth, is now become a living fact of such magnitude, as to be impossible of further hiding or denial to those who have any knowledge of human antecedents.

That many obstructions of this beneficent development have been made with honest belief, that these were in the service of right and duty, we are quite willing to believe, and that by force of tradition and long habit of a positive irreformable faith, persistence in these errors may be consistent with upright intentions, we can also believe, because minds are thus closed against accumulating light; but the widespread disidence from them, cropping out everywhere, even in places where they had become most strongly rooted, show to modern minds how deeply and broadly the growing enlightenment has penetrated the agglomerating mass.

Thus every sane mind to-day plainly sees, and many are bold enough to acknowledge openly, that there are general causes inherent in humanity, acting upon its aggregated masses and its individual units, silently and irresistibly carrying it forward to changed conditions of amelioration in the direction we have above indicated.

And when we consider the fact that human experience is necessarily cumulative, and thus successive steps forward in refinements, and amelioration in the arts, trades, sciences, modes of communication, and in fact in all the collective elements of civilization, and that these successive modifications grow up naturally in presence of the realized facts, and their relations to the necessities of the race, we may comprehend how irresistibly the sum of civilization increases towards the fulfillment of the moral law, made inherent in mankind by omniscient wisdom.

Nor is it relevant in this view to discuss *methods* of original creation; whether in six days, by supernatural means, or by the persistent action of fixed laws through long ages of time, upon the mutual elements of all matter; whether Genesis was completed according to the biblical record, or is still going forward. But whether the *government* of the world is by successive providential or supernatural interferences, or by fixed and ineludible law, is a question already too well settled to require further discussion. *Wunderglaube* is to-day almost universally associated in sensate

public opinion with gross credulity and imposture. We may fairly suppose an author of the laws, natural and moral, which govern the universe, and speak of this Author as the Omnicient Creator. At least this, in our present stage of development, will facilitate our cumulative intellectual progress till a more advanced stage is reached, and is therefore expedient.

Now, at what stage of this progressive civilization is the country we have just visited ?

Evidently the stage of cattle raising with division of lands, we find little beyond that stage, here. Agriculture, even in the rare places where it exists at all, is in its most primitive stages of rude development, unworthy the name of culture; the same may truly be said of the trades and arts.

We saw no road worthy of the name, except that from Agualarga to Bogota, and one from Bogota to Quipaquirá a few miles in extent, and no bridges except at Bogota and Honda. The schools have not yet had time for much beneficial effect, and the masses of the people are in squalid misery and ignorance, notwithstanding the bounteous natural productions of mother earth. True, the few schools of the Capital have been doing a good work in raising up a small class, many of which have completed their education abroad, and these are the men who are striving to lead the nation forward.

European and American commerce has its agents stationed at Barranquilla, Honda, Carthagena and

Panama to gather up natural productions, and have established lines of communications to its coasts and on the river to facilitate transportation; but commercial enterprise is mostly confined to strangers. Occasional evidences are met with, of the country's having enjoyed a greater degree of prosperity under the old Spanish domination; but it is claimed to have been the product of forced labor of the native Indian tribes which were then numerous and are well known to have been much more docile than the savage North American tribes. But their numbers have greatly dwindled under Spanish sophistication and mixture.

It may be urged, as it is frequently urged by Spaniards themselves, that the peculiarities of their race are not favorable to the progress among them of the liberalizing and leveling arts of civilization; in other words, that the tendencies of their race are to mount a proud aristocracy to dominate by brute force the lower classes which they purposely depress in order to live upon their productions. The frequent complaint of the Spaniard is that the tendencies to education will eventually leave Society without servants. But those of our readers who are aware of just what *race* signifies in actual fact, will readily discover that though the influence of climate has had something to do with these aforesaid peculiarities, they are nevertheless here, very largely the product of the "colonial seed;" the results of long domination of

mistaken political and religious systems obstructing and tampering with the natural course of human development in their efforts to guide it; or in other words, in their efforts to "teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule."

This is to be said in kindness rather than in reproach, for these are the misfortunes rather than the faults of a people, and reproach is not calculated to encourage them to overcome their aberrations from the true course. The present leaders of this people are fully committed to a course of reform in both of these particulars. Those from whose systems they have separated may point the finger of scorn at the sorry figure they cut in their new role, but this is egotism.

For those who love and cultivate truth because of their confidence in the omniscience and unswerving beneficence of its Great Author will rejoice that they are shaping themselves rightly for a new departure, and will wish them Godspeed!

Nor can it be expected of them in one nor perhaps in ten generations to reach the same level of development as that of the most advanced ranks of civilization, because the capacity for appreciation of its varied lights and shades is of slow growth through innumerable, almost imperceptible gradations in a continuous course of evolution through many generations, in the same manner as the most cultivated human eye has been evolved or developed up to its high powers of appreciation of delicate shades of color, form, symetry and expression.

That these improved capacities are, through the laws of heredity, transmitted in various degrees from sire to son, is proved by common experience, and thus become characteristic of each race according to its antecedents.

The strong conservative antecedents of the Spanish race have retarded or held back the natural evolution of civilization among them in every direction except that of outward forms of social intercourse in which they excell; the spirit of their institutions compelling cultivation of the art to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning."

He who seeks justice must know "*how* to ask for it," says one of their axioms, which means he must not *demand* it, for its rights are secondary to forms of authority.

We have resided many years with this race in one of its chief cities and have to some extent to both this and the Anglo-Saxon race been in the position of teacher to pupil, and according to our experience the ready appreciation of principles and the practical tact of the Anglo-Saxon is seldom met with among the Spanish races. This shortcoming also in the productions of their arts and trades is strikingly apparent to the common perceptions, and it is the object of frequent remark among strangers, that this race with the exception of the Catalans, who as a class, are more developed, seems as insensible to the nicer perceptions and refinements of the mechanic arts as the blind

fishes of the mammoth cave to light, and for the same reason, viz: Their capacities have not yet reached the stage of evolution required for these perceptions.

“Den Geist bekummert um den Norden,
Das Herz dem Süden zugesehnt.”

With grateful acknowledgment of the many kind attentions bestowed upon us during our visit we now bring our trip to a close. If it has afforded any degree of entertainment or information to our readers, our object has been attained.



