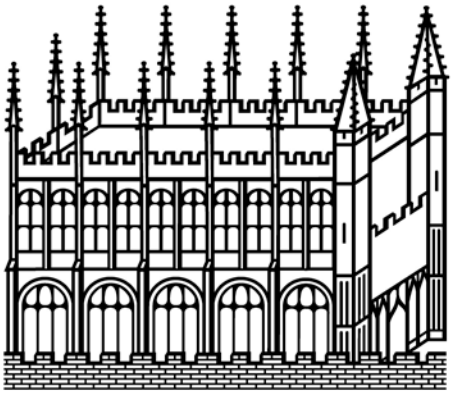

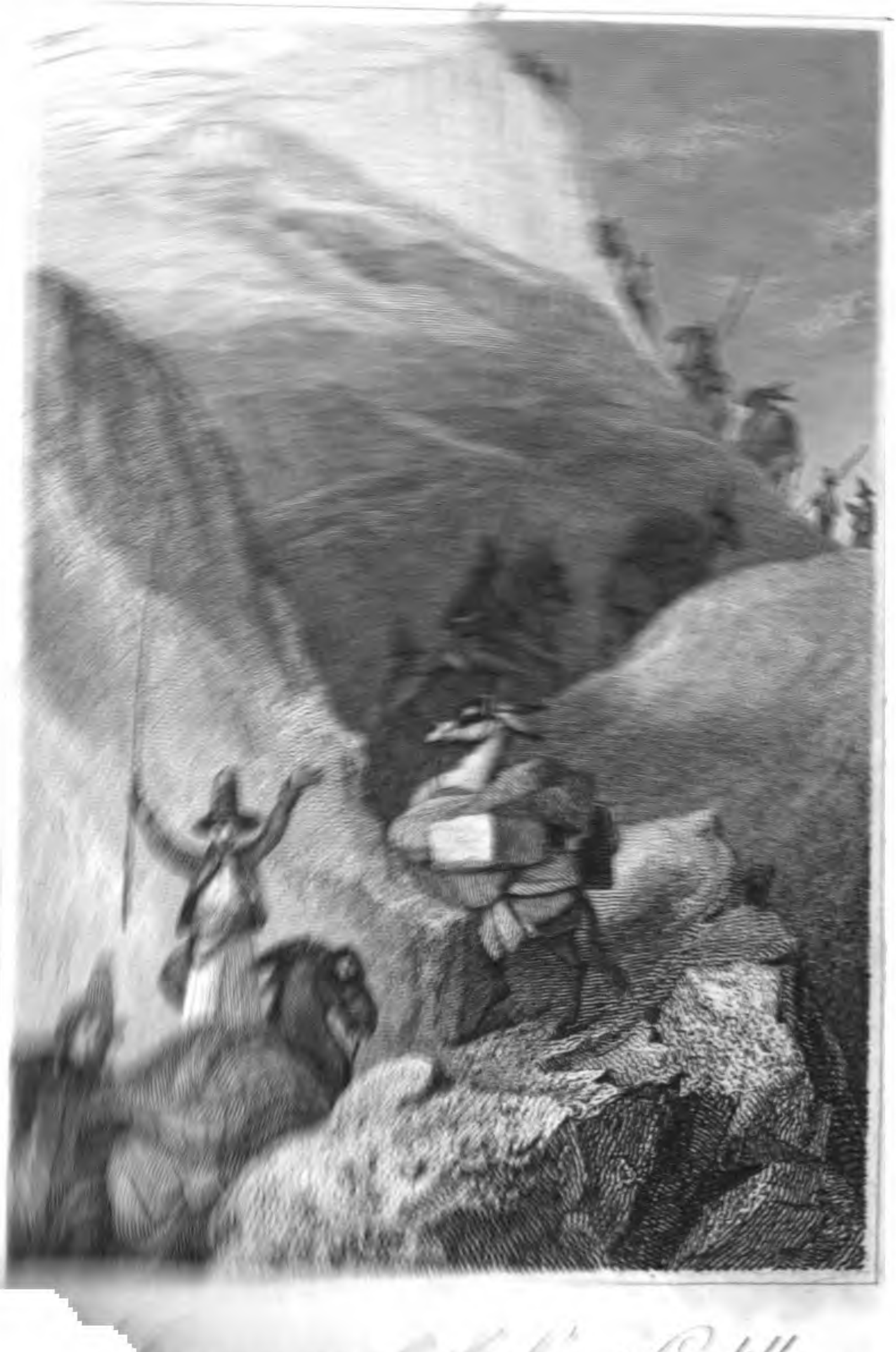

[illegible] across the Great Cordillera.

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TALES

OF

DISTANT LANDS.

"Thou sit'st at home, safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others' harms, but fearest none."

DANIEL.

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A

VISIT TO A FARM IN CHILI.

During the late civil wars in South America, between the European Spaniards and the descendants of their countrymen, who had formerly settled there, some English ships of war were stationed on the coast. The object of the English was, not to take any part in the quarrels of the natives and the Spaniards, but to protect those British subjects who were living in the country. One of these ships was commanded by Captain Hall; and while he was employed in cruising along the coast, he made several little excursions into the coun-

try. Some were upon business, and some were for pleasure, that he might see more of the habits and manners of the inhabitants. On one of these occasions, he visited a farm at some distance from Santiago, the capital of Chili, accompanied by one of the Englishmen who resided in that city, and a young officer belonging to his ship.

It was late in the day before they set off; and, mounted on good horses, they rapidly crossed the great plain of Santiago, which appeared to the travellers like one expanse of flat country; but when they looked back, they perceived that they had been gradually rising upon higher ground, for they saw the city they had left, with its lofty churches, far beneath them.

They crossed the river Maypo, by one of the curious bridges made of ropes, sometimes seen in South America. This bridge was very simple. The ropes were made of tough hides, and the road-way consisted of planks of wood laid across them; the ends

of the planks rested on straight ropes, which were suspended by short lines to a set of thicker ropes, drawn across the stream, from bank to bank. Of these strong supporting ropes there were three on each side: they bore the whole weight of the bridge, and were firmly secured to some large rocks on one side of the river; but, as the opposite bank was low, a high wooden pier had been built, over which the ropes were carried, and then tied to trees, and to posts driven into the bank.

The bridge was more than a hundred and twenty feet long, and it waved up and down, and swung from side to side, in so alarming a manner that the guide advised the travellers not to ride over it, but to dismount and drive their horses, one by one, before them. In this way they crossed it safely; but neither men nor horses seemed much at their ease, until they felt themselves once more on firm ground.

After passing this river, Captain Hall

and his friends approached the lowest range of the Andes; and the road began to wind among large masses of rock, which had fallen down from the heights above, and sometimes it led them through the woods that grew like a fringe along the foot of the mountains.

The day had been calm and sultry; but when the evening closed in, a cool and refreshing breeze began to blow from the mountains. The stars shone out very brightly, so that they had plenty of light, and they rode on till one of the party announced that they were just entering the grounds of a gentleman, who would find them another guide for the rest of the way.

The strangers dismounted at the door, and were shown into a dismal, comfortless-looking room, lighted by one solitary candle, with a mud floor, and a rude unfinished roof. As soon, however, as the master of the house saw who these unexpected guests

were, he begged them to walk into his drawing-room. This apartment presented a curious contrast to the other. The floor was covered with a rich carpet, and the walls ornamented with mirrors and pictures; and, as the travellers entered it, their eyes were dazzled by a glare of light from a dozen wax candles. At one end of the room stood an English piano-forte; and the lady of the house and her daughters, who were seated at a tea-table near it, received them most kindly.

The piano-forte was soon opened, and while one of the young ladies was playing, her sister went out to gather flowers for the strangers, and their parents cordially invited them to stay all night. Captain Hall was so pleased with the kindness of these hospitable people, that he would have stayed most willingly, but they were obliged to go on, and once more mounted their tired horses.

The rest of the journey seemed very

tedious ; the travellers were weary, the horses were jaded, and the road was full of holes. At length they reached the *chacra*, or farm, and found the family they came to see, just returning from a visit to a neighbour, the gentlemen on horseback, and the ladies in a *careta*, or covered cart, well supplied with mats and straw, to make up for the absence of springs.

Their host was a native of Chili, but descended, as most Chilians are, from a Spanish family. He passed nearly all his time in the country, and knew a great deal about farming, the best ways of managing cattle, and cultivating vines ; and these are so different from any thing you see or hear of in England, that I think you would like to know something about them.

In the morning, Captain Hall and his friend saw that the fields were covered with vines and olive-trees, and many sweet-scented shrubs in full blossom. You have always been used to see vines carefully

trained upon garden-walls, but in Chili they are planted in rows, like our gooseberry bushes, out in the open fields, and here and there, as they need it, stakes are used to support them.

It is not the custom in Chili for the family to assemble at breakfast: they seldom meet till the dinner-hour, which is generally before two o'clock; but the strangers found many objects to interest them; and before they had seen half they wished, the heat of the sun drove them to seek shelter in the house.

On account of the extreme heat, the inhabitants admit all the air possible into their houses; and the party sat down to dinner surrounded by open doors and windows, while the wind, in passing through the house, blew the dry vine and fig-leaves from the garden across the floor. In the middle of the day neither bird nor beast was to be seen or heard; nobody attempted to stir abroad; but after dinner the company

dropped off, one by one, to take their *siesta*, or afternoon nap; the general practice of the natives of these countries, where every living creature seems to shrink from the intolerable heat of the mid-day sun.

By five o'clock the siesta was over, and the party gradually reassembled. The ladies set off in their careta to visit some of their country neighbours, and the gentlemen rode out to see the cattle set apart that were to be killed on the following day.

Instead of being kept in fields, as cattle are in England, those of Chili are allowed to range, wild, over the hills and plains. On this occasion the country people had collected a drove together, and hemmed them into a corner, where they raised such a cloud of dust as soon guided Captain Hall and his companions to the spot. The master of the house, accompanied by the chief horseman of the farm, rode into the midst of them; he fixed upon the fattest, and pointed it out to his people,

who soon, by means of their goads, separated it from the others. In this way he chose fifteen beasts, which were surrounded by horsemen, and driven into a *corral*, or inclosure, near the house.

On their way back, their Chilian friend told some of his people to show the strangers the South American method of catching cattle.

This is done by men on horseback ; the instrument they use is called a *lasso*, and consists of a rope made of strips of untanned hide. It is sometimes fifteen, sometimes twenty yards long, and about as thick as a man's little finger. At one end of the rope is a running knot, or noose, and the other is fastened, by an eye and button, to a ring in a strong hide-belt, bound tightly round the horse. The rope is coiled up and carried in the left hand of the horseman, who holds the noose in his right. When about to throw it, he whirls it round and round his head with great swiftness, and by a peculiar turn of

his wrist gives a round form to the noose, so that, when he throws it from his hand, it is kept open till it falls over the object at which he has aimed.

When a wild bull is discovered, and two horsemen undertake to catch him, they set off at full gallop, holding their lassos in the manner I have told you, and whirling them round their heads. The first who comes within reach, takes his aim at the bull's horns, and instantly turns his horse half round, while the bull runs on till the whole cord has run out of the hunter's hand. The horse, in the mean time, knowing what is going to happen, plants his feet firmly on the ground, and, leaning over on the opposite side from the bull, stands trembling and expecting the violent tug which the creature will give, when he has reached the full length of the lasso. This jerk is so great, that if the horse were not to stand thus prepared it would throw him down : the bull is suddenly stopped by it, though at full speed, and often

dashed to the ground. Before he can recover himself, the other horseman gallops by, and, as he passes, places his lasso also over the animal's horns, and then rides on till that too is at its full stretch. The bull is now completely in their power, and, notwithstanding his struggles, is dragged by the horsemen in any direction they please.

If, however, they wish to kill him immediately, one of them dismounts, and, running up to the bull, soon despatches him with the long knife he carries in his girdle. The most surprising thing is, the manner in which the horse, thus left by his rider, manages to keep the lasso always tight: the bull may struggle and rush backwards and forwards, in order to disentangle himself, but in vain; the horse, with wonderful sagacity, alters his place, and prances about so as to prevent the cord from hanging loose for a moment.

You would hardly believe, unless you could see it, the skill of these horsemen in

throwing the lasso; they can place it over the horns, round the neck or the body of the animal, just as they please; they can catch it by two legs, or by one, or by all the four together. The truth is, they are accustomed to it from their infancy; for as soon as a little boy can run about, he begins to lasso all the unfortunate dogs and cats that come in his way; by degrees he learns to catch wild birds, and when he mounts on horseback, which is always at a very early age, he soon gains that wonderful skill, from which scarcely any wild animal can escape.*

The use of the lasso is now almost entirely confined to Spanish America; but we are told that it was known to the ancients, and originally came from Asia. There it was used by a people of pastoral habits, and of Persian descent, eight thousand of whom accompanied the immense army which

* Hall's Journal on the Coast of Chili, &c. vol. i. ch. 4.

Xerxes led into Greece.* Whether that people used their lassos in battle, I cannot tell you; but, during the late wars of South America, it was found a very powerful weapon in the hands of the native horsemen. These countrymen make very bold and useful soldiers; and when they are employed against cavalry never fail to dismount the men, or to throw down their horses.

Early the next morning, Captain Hall and his friends went to the corral, where I told you the cattle had been shut up for the night, and found, on the level space of ground before it, four or five natives on horseback, ranged in a line, with their lassos ready in their hands, waiting till the animals should be driven out. Opposite to them stood another line of men on foot, also furnished with lassos, so as to leave an open space, which extended thirty or forty yards from the gate of the corral.

* Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific, vol. ii. p. 63.

When all was ready, the leader of the horsemen drew out the bars which closed the entrance of the corral ; and, riding in, drove, with his goad, one of the beasts to the opening. He was very unwilling to leave the enclosure; and when, at length, he passed the gate, rushed forward at full speed. But it availed him nothing against the formidable lassos, which, in the midst of dust and confusion, were thrown by the natives over the parts at which they aimed. For one moment the animal was free, full of life and strength, his eyes flashing fire, his nostrils almost touching the ground—it seemed as if nothing could stop his headlong course—the next he was covered with lassos ; his head, his neck, his legs, were all surrounded by these terrible cords, which were hanging loose from the hands of the horsemen, galloping in all directions. In an instant, however, they were all tight, and the noble creature fell, helpless and prostrate, to the ground. He was immc-

diately killed, by a man who stood ready with a sharp knife; the lassos were taken off, the body drawn aside, and another driven out of the corral.

Captain Hall asked, why so many lassos were thrown at once; and he was told, that the first rush of the beast, when it left the corral, was so violent, that few single ones could bear the jerk without breaking. To convince him of this, a furious cow was let out, and only two horsemen were ordered to catch her. The first threw his lasso over her head, and drew it round till her horns almost touched her back; but the cord snapped without stopping her: the other placed his round the fore-part of her body; and that too broke, without materially checking her course. Away went the cow, scouring over the country, followed by two fresh horsemen, standing on tiptoe in their stirrups, with their lassos flying round their heads, and their ponchos, or cloaks, streaming behind them. The cow galloped, and

the horses galloped; and such is the speed of the cattle which are accustomed to run wild, that, at first, the horses had but little advantage. But the ground was covered with shrubs, and full of hollow places and sunk roads, which occasioned many a leap; and though the poor cow was swift, she did not leap so well as the horses, and they soon gained upon her. As soon as the nearest horseman saw her within reach, he let fly his lasso. She was so far off, that the cord was but just long enough to reach her: however, the noose fell over her horns; and the moment the man saw it was fixed, he stopped, and turned his horse, which threw the poor cow violently to the ground. His companion now galloped by, and as he passed, laid his lasso also over her horns; and they trotted back with their unwilling prize in about five minutes after they had commenced the chase.

While the men were thus employed, some michievous boys perched themselves

on a heap of firewood, close to the corral. Each was armed, in his way, with a lasso, made of whipcord or a small strip of hide; and, as the animals rushed from the gate, they amused themselves with trying to noose them. They generally threw with success, but their slender cords broke like cobwebs. The boldest of the party, however, not content with such child's sport, mounted a donkey which was near the place, seized the lasso belonging to it, and, taking his station so as not to be seen by the men, threw it over the neck of a bullock. The cord proved a little too strong this time, for the moment it became tight, away flew the astonished donkey and his rider; the terrified boy soon tumbled off, but the poor donkey was dragged along the ground till the lassos of the horsemen stopped the progress of his foe.

From the corral, Captain Hall went to another inclosure, one end of which was shaded by a rude kind of roof, made of

trellis-work, and covered with the branches of trees, and long, broad leaves. On one side of the passage by which he entered the court, this covered space was divided into five large cells, by posts and cross-bars; on the other, it was railed off into several compartments of different sizes. Beyond the railings ran a stream of clear water, shaded by a row of walnut-trees, their branches reaching to the ground, which was covered with beautiful flowers: these the Chilians called weeds; but Captain Hall had seen them highly valued in the greenhouses of England.

They had not been long in this cool, quiet spot, before five of the bullocks which had been killed, were dragged in, and one placed before each of the five cells.

Three men immediately applied themselves to each carcass. They first stripped off the skins, which were carried into the open part of the enclosure, ready to be stretched between stakes, and dried in

the sun. As each hide was taken away, the chief horseman cut a thong from it, and tried its strength; if it broke easily he took no notice of it, but if he found it was tough, he ordered the hide to be put by for making lassos. When the animals were skinned, the men carefully cut off the fat and tallow, and then proceeded to divide the carcass into its different parts. They were so skilful in this, that every muscle and joint seemed to slip out of its place at the first touch of the knife; and as every piece was cut off, it was hung up in a particular part of the cell. The fat and the bones also had their proper places; and when all was completed, the leading man of each party went into the cell, and counted all the pieces, to see that none were missing.

The men then seated themselves on low stools, in the different cells, and began the operation of making jerked beef, in which the South Americans carry on an extensive

trade. All the pieces of meat were cut into long strips, like ribbands, exactly of the same size from one end to tne other. Some of these strips were several yards in length, and about two inches wide. The men held the piece of meat they were cutting much as you would hold an apple you were going to peel; and, as they turned it round and round to the knife, the long strip of meat seemed to unwind itself, like a broad tape from a ball, till nothing was left. To do this well requires some practice and dexterity; but it looked so easy, that the Englishmen were tempted to try if they could not do it too; but they found they always cut the strip asunder before it had reached any length. After hanging a little while under cover, the meat is thoroughly dried in the sun; and then, being made up into great bales, and strongly tied round with a net-work of thongs, it is called jerked beef, and is ready for sale.

After breakfast, a riding party was proposed, in order to show the strangers the Lake of Aculéo. Having for some time followed a winding path through the valleys of the Lower Andes, they reached the lake, which was situated among the mountains. Vast flocks of wild-fowl were swimming about on its smooth waters: here and there they could see a cottage, amongst the beautiful groves which fringed its banks, while the lofty ridges of the Andes, covered with snow, rose high above the woods.

The birds were so little accustomed to be disturbed by the presence of man, that they showed no alarm at their visitors, and suffered them to walk up quite close to them; and once, as the party were gazing on the scene before them, they were startled by a flock of wild parrots, which passed just over their heads, screaming most discordantly, while their brilliant plumage flashed in the sun.

Many of the birds were quite unknown

to Captain Hall; but he saw among them wild-ducks, swans, and flamingos.* As this latter bird is very singular in its appearance and habits, I will describe it to you. Its body is of a beautiful scarlet colour, and no larger than that of a swan; but its legs and neck are so extremely long, that when it stands erect, it is more than six feet in height.

The first Europeans who visited America, found the flamingos very numerous and gentle; and, forgetting that they were quite unused to be molested, the sailors called them foolish birds, for suffering themselves to be approached and shot at. If one was killed, the rest, instead of flying away, looked on with a sort of astonishment; and shot after shot was discharged, till sometimes nearly all the flock was laid dead at the feet of the fowler, before one of them began to think of escaping. Experience,

* Hall's Journal, vol. i. ch. 4.

however, soon made them wiser; they have long since abandoned the places frequented by man; and now, the flamingo is one of the scarcest and shyest birds in the world.

When a flock of them disperses over a marsh to feed, we are told that one of them keeps watch, and on the least appearance of danger gives a loud scream, with a voice as shrill as a trumpet, on which the whole flock take to flight in an instant, filling the air with their loud cries.*

The flamingo always builds her nest in a marsh, and its form is as singular as her own. The long legs of the bird would be sadly in the way, and perhaps hurt her young ones, if they were doubled up beneath her in the nest: she accordingly forms a little hillock of slime or mud, scraped up with her claws, wide at the base, and gradually growing smaller towards the top. It rises like a small islet, about a foot and

* Smith's Naturalist's Cabinet, vol. iv.

a half out of the water, and on the summit she forms a hollow, in which she lays her eggs. When she sits on this curious nest, her long, slender legs hang down on each side, and her feet rest on the marshy ground.

I told you that these birds were of a beautiful scarlet colour; and when they are seen drawn up in a long line, some people say that they look like a brick-wall; and others have compared them to a regiment of soldiers, for which they have sometimes been taken. Many years ago, during a war with the French, and while the English were expected to make a descent upon one of their West Indian islands, a negro, looking towards the sea, saw, at some distance, a long file of flamingos, which he immediately magnified into an army of English soldiers. He took their scarlet feathers for red coats, and their long necks for muskets; and ran through the streets of the town, crying out that the English were

come. The commanding officer of the garrison instantly sounded the alarm, doubled the guards, and sent out a party of men to observe the motions of the enemy: for this purpose, he also took a spy-glass himself, and it was speedily discovered, that the invading army was nothing but a troop of flamingos.*

The day after the visit to the lake, the party at the farm broke up, and the old gentleman and his eldest daughter accompanied their English visitors back to the city. On the way, they again called on the hospitable family who had received them so kindly a few evenings before; and the lady of the house took them to see her garden, which, on the former occasion, she had greatly lamented not being able to show in the dark. In this garden she took great delight; and it was unlike any thing you ever beheld; for the good lady had

* Architecture of Birds, ch. 6.

planted all her flowers, and cut the walks and borders in the forms of birds, beasts, and fishes. Not only had she thus displayed the shapes of various animals, but she had taken a great deal of pains to make the resemblance as accurate as possible, by planting flowers of the colours of each in their proper places, so that the spot looked more like a menagerie than a flower-garden.

They reached the bridge of Maypo by noon; and after staying at the post-house, on the top of the bank, to dine, and rest during the heat of the day, returned to Santiago in the cool of the evening.*

* Hall's Journal, vol. i. ch. 4.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE GREAT CORDILLERA.

THE vast chain of mountains called by the Spaniards Cordillera de los Andes, extends through the whole American continent, from the Straits of Magellan to the shores of the Frozen Ocean. In South America, these lofty mountains are everywhere torn and broken by crevices, resembling furrows; and the numerous torrents, which rush down the dark chasms and glens, are the sources of some of the largest rivers in the world. Among the lower parts of the Andes are many pleasant valleys, but the great ridge generally rises in steep and frightful precipices; its lofty

summits, covered with perpetual snow, towering above the clouds.

After passing the Isthmus of Darien, the appearance of this prodigious range of mountains is much altered: they then spread into the beautiful and extensive plains of Mexico, which are raised to the height of six or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; while here and there a volcano, crowned with snow, rises from their bosom to an astonishing height. You may afterwards trace the chain, under the name of the Rocky or Stony Mountains, to the very borders of the Icy Sea.*

Some years ago, an English officer and a party of Cornish miners had occasion to cross the Andes, in their way from Mendoza to Santiago. The object of this journey was to visit some of the gold and silver mines of Chili: their party was eight in number, and they took baggage

* Edin. Gazetteer, Art. America and Andes.

with them, sufficient to load six mules. According to the custom of the country, they were accompanied by the capataz, or head-man, of whom they had hired the mules, and some peons, or countrymen, employed to drive them.

The mules had been ordered at twelve o'clock, but it was four in the afternoon when they arrived; and, impatient to be gone, Captain Head directed them to be loaded and saddled immediately. There were sixteen mules of different colours and sizes; and, though lean, they all looked healthy and strong; but two of them had very sore backs, and when this was complained of to the capataz, he promised to change them as soon as he got out of Mendoza. He did not, however, keep his word; and thus the only two extra mules they had were unfit for use. Captain Head found out afterwards, that the capataz ought to have taken several more, that those which carried burdens might be relieved; but he

did not know this at the time; and the capataz was so cruel and avaricious, that he would have worked his poor mules to death, in order to save a few dollars.

All the baggage being brought out into the inn-yard, the capataz divided it into six heaps, very unequal in size and weight, but suited to the strength of the different mules. One of the peons then caught a great brown mule with his lasso, and tied a poncho over his eyes, leaving his nose and mouth uncovered. Directly the mule was blindfolded, he stood quite still, while the capataz and peon put a large, straw pack-saddle on his back, and girthed it to him so firmly that nothing could move it. They then arranged all the articles he was to carry, placing them one by one on each side, and binding everything strongly together.

While this was doing, the wrinkles in the mule's nose, showed his displeasure at the proceedings of his masters; every move-

ment they made about him in arranging his load, was resented by a curl of his nose and upper lip. He looked vicious and spiteful enough, and the moment the poncho was taken off, began to kick, and try to get rid of his burden; but when he found his efforts were vain, he instantly became submissive, and assumed the patient look of his race.

By the time all the mules were prepared for their long, fatiguing journey, the sun had nearly set, though it was still oppressively hot when they left Mendoza. This city is situated in a plain, on the eastern side of the Andes; and before the travellers had crossed it, they were overtaken by night. At length they reached the first ravine of the Cordillera, and, guided by the sound of a torrent, pursued their journey till they heard the barking of the dogs, and saw the distant light of the post-hut. They crossed the stream, and rode up to it, while the dogs continued barking, and

sometimes biting the mules' tails, till two men, who were sleeping by the fire in the shed, came out to them.

The post of Villa Vicencia is nothing but a wretched hut, with scarcely any roof, no window, and only a bullock's hide for a door. The travellers took up their lodging in the kitchen; and, leaving their mules to stray as they pleased, laid down by the fire, and were soon asleep.

In the morning, a peon was sent to collect the mules, while the miners prepared some soup for breakfast; and they were soon on the way to Uspallata, where they intended to sleep the next night.

The road, on leaving Villa Vicencia, turns up one of the most beautiful ravines in the Cordillera. This glen winds between very steep mountains, where in some places, the rock hangs over the passenger's head, and huge fragments block up his path.

After riding fifteen miles, Captain Head

reached the top of the Paramillo, as the range of mountains is called which is immediately above Villa Vicencia. Here the ground, for a short distance, is level, and then rapidly descends to the valley of Uspallata, which is about thirty miles off. He was alone, having ridden faster than any of his companions; but, after going a little further, he began to wish for their presence. He had heard that there were many lions near Villa Vicencia, and he could see the prints of their great feet in his path; on each side of the road, too, he observed large fungus-looking substances, which in shape, size, and colour, so much resembled lions lying on the ground, that he really could not feel sure whether they were lions or not. He thought it seemed foolish to stop, and so he rode on for some time, until he came to a small vein of copper in the rock. This offered an excuse for a little delay; accordingly he got off his mule to examine it, and waited there

till some of the party came up, when their first remark to him, was, how much the substances round them looked like lions.*

You have probably often seen pictures of lions; or, perhaps, you may have seen one alive in a collection of wild beasts; but these animals are natives of Africa or Asia, and different, in many respects, from the American lions. Although the latter resemble the lions of the old world, in colour, they are very unlike them in form; for they have small, round heads, and are without that thick, bushy mane which clothes the neck of the African species. The American lion is known also by the name of the Puma, or Couguar, and in some of its habits, as well as in appearance, differs from those found in the East. It can climb trees with great ease and swiftness; and, though seldom known to attack man, is a ferocious enemy to the smaller

* Head's Rough Notes.

quadrupeds, often killing more than it can devour, or carry away, and hiding the remains for a future supply.*

Captain Head, and those who had joined him, now passed the silver mines of Uspallata, and with some difficulty reached the post-hut; but the rest of the party had lost their way, and did not arrive till midnight. The Captain's first care, was to get some food for the mules, and finding that the man at the hut had an inclosed field of grass, not far off, he sent him to take them there. The travellers then inquired what he had for them to eat; but to every thing they asked for, the man answered, "No, nothing;" at last, they found out he had some dry peaches, and live goats. A boy, with a lasso, was quickly despatched to catch one of the goats, and in a short time it was roasting on the embers.

Just at this moment, an English lady,

* Cuvier's An. King. by Griffiths, vol. ii.

with three or four children, and a party of peons, arrived at the hut. With no other protection, they had crossed the mountains, and that very day had been riding twelve or fourteen hours, in order to reach Uspallata before night.

The eldest child was a fine little boy, of about seven years old; he had always lived in Chili, and, like the children of that country, been early taught to ride. He had now crossed the Andes on his mule, but his little brothers and sisters were each carried on a pillow, in front of a peon's saddle.

The sight of a countrywoman, with a family of little children, in such a strange, desolate place, interested the Englishmen very much. Captain Head had before heard, that she had passed the mountains some years ago, when she went with her husband into Chili; but I am sure, when you hear what dangerous places our travellers had afterwards to cross, you will

wonder that such little children could have been brought safely over them.

The following day's journey was across a dry, barren plain, which reached from Uspallata to the foot of the highest ridge of mountains. Here they met with an old countryman and two lads, who were hunting for lions. They had several loose horses with them, and the old man was mounted on a very good one; his lasso hung in coils at his saddle, and he was surrounded by a pack of dogs, of various colours and sizes. Some were very large, some quite small; many had been lamed in their battles with lions and tigers, and others were marked with the scars of wounds received from them.

Having found a spot, near a spring, which produced some withered grass, they halted in the open air, some time before sun-set, for the mules were very tired. After the miners had collected wood for a

fire, and cooked their supper, they laid down on the ground to sleep.

The peon was up long before daybreak, and the rest were soon awakened, by the tinkling of the bell carried by the principal mule. They rose in the dark, and prepared for starting. By the light of the fire, Captain Head saw the miners seated on loose stones, round a large fragment of rock, which served them for a table; they were busily engaged with their breakfast. The peons were loading the mules, and some of the party were putting on their spurs. They set off before they could well see; but the mules picked their way very carefully, among the great stones which covered the path, and began to ascend the mountain, following the course of a torrent.

The sufferings of the poor mules now attracted the attention of our travellers. They had come all the way, with but little rest and little food; yet they made every possible exertion to keep up with the mule

that carried the bell. If the load of one of them wanted adjusting, the peon would put his poncho over the creature's eyes, and alter it, while his companions were still going on; but the moment the mule was released, he would set off, trotting and braying, and never stop till he joined the troop.

As the path, up the mountain, became steeper, the number of dead mules, which are seen here and there, all along the road, seemed to increase. Owing to the great dryness of the air, the bodies of these poor animals, instead of becoming putrid, were quite dried up. They all lay with their hind legs extended, and their heads stretched out, as if they had died in the effort of climbing the hill; and it was sad to see the living ones winding their way among the bones and carcases of those which had died of fatigue.

After passing one or two very rapid torrents, Captain Head and his com-

panions came to a mountain, the side of which was one steep slope, from the top to the torrent below. About half way up, they saw a troop of forty guanacos, which were all intently gazing on the travellers, who wished them any where else than just above their heads; for they were afraid that the timid creatures would take to flight, and, in their scamper, roll down upon them some of the large loose stones which covered the side of the mountain.*

Whether the guanaco is the same animal as the lama, only in a wild state, or a distinct species, naturalists have not yet determined; but it seems to belong to the tribe of small camels, peculiar to America; where the guanacos live in herds, among the elevations of the southern Cordillera, and bound along its steep declivities, with the vigour and swiftness of the stag. †

The capataz now overtook Captain

* Head's Rough Notes. † Cuvier's An. King. vol. iv.

Head, and asked him if he would like to accompany him, as he was going to ride forward to the Ladera de las Vacas, to see if it was passable, before the mules came to it. Accordingly, they trotted on, and in half an hour came to the spot. This is the worst pass in the Cordillera; and, when the snows first melt, the passage is so difficult that no mule can possibly get along. It is a very narrow track, across the side of a mountain which rises almost perpendicularly above it; and below is a steep slope, down to a raging torrent. The path is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad; but the dangerous point is where the water, in its course down the mountain, either washes the path quite away, or covers it with loose stones. As Captain Head rode over it, the rock, on one side, sometimes almost touched his shoulder; while the precipice was just under his opposite foot: but the mules are

so careful, and so sure-footed, that the risk is far less than it seems to be. The capataz said, that it was a very dangerous place for baggage-mules; he knew that four hundred had, at different times, been killed there, and that they might very probably lose one now. He then scrambled down to the water, and waited there with his lasso, that he might try to catch any mule that should fall into the torrent; and Captain Head stood at the end of the pass to watch them go over.

He soon saw the mules approach, one following another; some had nothing to carry, but most of them were either mounted or heavily laden; and he heard the peons singing the wild song which they sing as they drive them.

As soon as the first mule came to the place, he stopped, and seemed very unwilling to proceed. He was the finest mule they had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the

others. His load consisted of four portmanteaus; and in one of them was some of Captain Head's money and his papers, which were of so much consequence to him, that if they had been lost he could hardly have accomplished the object of his journey. He therefore, as you may suppose, watched him very anxiously: and now the peons redoubled their cries, and threw stones at the poor mule to urge him forward. At last he ventured; and with his nose to the ground, as if to smell his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, when the ground seemed unsafe, till he came to the worst part of the pass: here he stopped again; but the peons threw more stones at him, and he walked on, and crossed it safely. Several others followed him, with equal success. At last, a young mule, carrying two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the dangerous place, struck his load against the

rock, which knocked his hind legs over the precipice, and immediately the loose stones began to roll away from under them. His fore-legs were still upon the path; it was too narrow for him to rest his head upon, but he put his nose there, and seemed to hold himself up by his mouth. His balance was soon destroyed by a loose mule, who came up, and, in walking along, knocked his companion's nose off the path, and the poor creature's dreadful fall instantly began. With all his baggage firmly tied to him, he rolled down the steep slope, till he came to a part that was perpendicular; here he seemed to bound off the rock, and, turning round in the air, fell on his back into the torrent, and instantly disappeared. Captain Head thought he was killed, but he rose up, and tried to swim to the bank. The torrent was so violent that all his efforts to stem it were vain;—the eddy suddenly caught the great load on his back, and turned him quite over—down went his

head and the baggage; and, as he was carried along by the current, little could be seen of him but his long, thin tail, lashing the water. Suddenly, however, his head came up again; but the poor mule was now so weak that the eddy of the torrent turned him round and round, and he was carried down the stream, till a corner of the rock hid him from sight. The Captain could still see the peons, who were running along the side of the torrent, with their lassos in their hands; but they presently stopped, looked after their lost mule for a few moments, and then walked back towards Captain Head, who at first supposed that all hope of saving the animal was over; but, in a few minutes, to his great surprise, he saw him coming towards them.

Although much exhausted, and dripping wet, he walked on after his companions; and, in his anxiety to join them, even passed, of his own accord, over the dan-

gerous place. The baggage he had carried, was all washed away by the torrent; and though it had added to his difficulty in swimming, it most likely saved his life in the first instance, by breaking the violence of his fall, as he rolled over the rough stones.

Two hours afterwards they came to a dangerous torrent, which was so deep and rapid, that, notwithstanding the mules are so accustomed to these mountain-streams, they were much frightened. However, the party all passed over it safely. Sometimes they were perched on a high rock, but just covered with water; and the next moment sunk in a hole, so deep that the mules could hardly scramble out of it; and while they were crossing, the peons stood a little lower down the stream, whirling their lassos round their heads, in readiness to catch any person who might be carried away.

On this mode of escape the Englishmen

placed little dependence; for they saw that whenever a box was washed from the mules, by the violence of the current, it was dashed to pieces before it had gone twenty yards; and they thought, if any accident should happen to them, the peon's lasso would scarcely be thrown in time to save their lives.

After passing this torrent the ravines become narrower and steeper, and the tops of the mountains more rugged. The path here was covered with rubbish and snow, washed down from above, which sometimes gave way under the weight of the mules, but they recovered themselves with wonderful dexterity.

They now saw one of the brick huts which are here built, at short distances from each other, to shelter passengers from the dreadful storms they often meet with among the Andes. These storms are so violent that, it is said, no animal can live through them; and the poor traveller has

no warning of their approach, but, all on a sudden, sees the snow coming over the tops of the mountains in a hurricane of wind. Many hundreds of people have been lost in these storms, and several who have taken refuge in the huts have been starved to death.

Captain Head and his party halted for the night at the second hut. The spot was more barren and desolate than any they had yet seen, and there was nothing for the mules to eat, as they were surrounded on all sides by snow.

The capataz told them that, two years ago, ten unfortunate travellers had been shut up in this very hut, by the sudden setting in of winter. When the first violence of the storms abated, a man ventured over the mountains, and found six of the poor sufferers lying dead in the hut, and beside them the other four, almost dead with hunger and cold. They had eaten their mules and their dog, and the bones

of these animals were still lying scattered on the ground.

The huts are all built in the same way. A solid platform of brick and mortar, ten or twelve feet high, is first raised, with a brick staircase on the outside. The object of this platform is to lift the hut, which stands on it, above the snow. The roof is arched, and the walls very thick indeed, with two or three very small loopholes for windows. Of this hut nothing was left but the brick-work; the poor travellers I told you of, for the sake of a little warmth, had torn the table from the place in which it was fixed, and used it for fire-wood. They had even burnt the door that was to shelter them from the weather; and then, at the risk of the hut's falling upon them, taken out the great wooden lintel over the door, which supported the wall. It seemed, from the marks on the mortar, that this had been done with their knives, and it must have taken them many days to accomplish it.

Before daybreak our travellers left this sad abode, and once more mounted their jaded mules, that, while the snow was still hard with the night's frost, they might cross the Cumbre, which is a very steep mountain, covered with rocks and forming the highest ridge of the Cordillera. At the foot of it they passed another hut, without either table, door, or lintel, in which also many people were known to have died.

From the extreme steepness of the ascent, the path was very winding, being one continued zig-zag from the bottom to the top; and all the way the rider was obliged to hold fast by the thin mane of his mule, to avoid slipping off. The turnings were so short that the animal was almost falling backwards; sometimes he would stop for a moment, but his footing was so unsafe that he soon went on of his own accord. As Captain Head looked back he saw all the party following, one by one, in the zig-zag

path, all the riders leaning forward, and every patient mule straining to his utmost, with astonishing perseverance. After climbing in this way for an hour, they reached the top, and, to their great satisfaction, looked *down* upon the snowy peaks of the Cordillera.

It was now extremely cold, and the snow very deep. The constant travelling of the mules had worn a deep narrow path through it; and, as they rode along, the snow formed a wall on each side of them. The mules always tread on the same spot with those that have gone before, and consequently put their feet at every step into deep holes, in which they often sink above their knees. This path was a very painful one to the poor animals, and the snow was much stained with the blood of those which had gone before them.

With great difficulty they descended about a mile, and then, finding the path grow worse and worse, they determined to

leave it and try to ride over the deep snow. For some time it was so hard that it bore them very well; but as they got lower down the mountain, and the heat of the day increased, the mules began to sink, and they were obliged to return to the path. Now and then Captain Head heard the rushing of a torrent under the deep snow, beneath the feet of his mule: once or twice the snow gave way, and threw one of the poor beasts on his nose; but the patient creature floundered through it, and then went on as if nothing had happened.

During this perilous descent one of the miner's mules escaped from his rider, and notwithstanding all his efforts to catch him, managed for some time to keep just out of his reach. When his master ran, he ran; when he walked, the mule walked; and when at last the man, quite tired out, threw himself down on the snow, the cunning animal stood still and looked at him.

In about an hour they had passed the snow, and were again following the course of a mountain-stream. The country was now like that which they had seen on the other side of the Cordillera; and they had to cross many torrents and laderas, as the narrow paths along the sides of the precipices are called.

After giving their wearied mules a few hours' rest, they continued their journey by moonlight, and in the course of the next day arrived at the first town on the Chilian side of the Andes.*

We have now accompanied our travellers through their perilous journey, till they reached a place of comparative safety. How often, in the course of it, did they seem to stand upon the brink of an eternal world, with but a step between them and death! Even in the very huts which the ingenuity and perseverance of man had

* Head's Rough Notes.

erected for their safety, they had seen awful proofs that, unless the Great Ruler of the storms is pleased to restrain their fury, the retreat intended for the passenger's preservation may become his grave. It is to be feared that many who cross these mountains, in pursuit of gain, or in quest of knowledge, little think of that kind hand of Providence which upholds them continually; but how ungrateful would it be not to acknowledge his protecting care; and what a source of consolation and enjoyment do they lose who neither see the goodness of God in their deliverance, nor when in danger confide in that Power by whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered!

THE MORAVIANS IN GREENLAND.

GREENLAND is supposed to have been accidentally discovered about eight or nine hundred years ago, by an Icelander, called Eric Raude, or the Red-headed, who had been exiled from his native country on account of the murder of a chief. Eric is said to have passed the first winter in a pleasant island near the coast; and, having spent the following summer in exploring the main land, to have afterwards returned to Iceland, and persuaded a great many persons to go and settle with him in this newly discovered country.

The adventurers carried over with them, beside household goods, cattle of all sorts,

for they were told the place abounded with pastures, from which it received the name of Greenland. After some time they were joined by other Icelanders and Norwegians, and placed themselves under the protection of the king of Norway.

For a long time the settlers went on very prosperously, but, at length, a severe sickness broke out among them, and a great many died. This was followed by a still greater disaster; they were attacked by a people called Skrœlings, who are believed to have been a tribe of the Esquimaux of Labrador, and to have reached Greenland by crossing Davis's Straits in their boats. The remaining settlers were destroyed by these savages, and from them the present natives of the country are descended; but all that tradition has handed down to them of their ancestors is, that "they were brave seal-catchers, and that they killed the old Norwegians."*

* Rees' Cyclopædia, Art. Greenland.

From this time very little was heard of Greenland, though, now and then, an English or Danish ship visited the coast, until rather more than a hundred years since, when a pious clergyman of Norway, named Hans Egede, induced the king of Denmark to send him there as a missionary.

Whilst a boy, the interest and curiosity of Egede had been excited by tales of the old Norwegian settlers; and, when he grew up, he often thought with pain of the state of the natives, so far away from every means of religious instruction. He wished that he himself could go and carry the knowledge of the true God to these poor, neglected Greenlanders, and, at last, he obtained his desire. In the year 1721, he set sail, with his wife and four little children, accompanied by some people who were sent by the king, to plant a colony in this long forsaken land.

They found the country barren and desolate, and encountered a great many diffi-

culties and hardships; but nothing could turn Egede aside from his benevolent purpose. He took a vast deal of pains to learn the language; and you may easily imagine how much trouble this gave him, when neither he nor the Greenlanders could understand a word that the other said. He succeeded, by degrees, and his children learned it more quickly than himself; but he found the natives very dull and stupid; and, year after year, he went on, trying to teach them, though it seemed to do very little good.

However, they soon felt that Egede meant nothing but kindness to them; and when he went out to explore the country, he was cheerfully received into their huts, and kindly treated. He often went on these excursions, in hopes of finding out a better situation for his little colony. He once had an opportunity of going with some sailors, in order to discover the eastern coast of Greenland; and during this

little voyage, some natives pointed out to him many inlets, where, they said, the ruined dwellings of the old Norwegians might still be seen. They were surrounded by fine pastures and small wood; but Egede had not time to go on shore and visit them all.* Of the eastern side of Greenland little is known; for it is so blocked up with floating ice that ships cannot approach it; and those who live on the western coast are separated from it by impassable deserts and mountains. The natives say, that there is a channel, between the shore and the ice, through which small vessels may pass;† but Egede found it a dangerous voyage; and at one time, he and his companions were so beset with the ice that they could see no end to it. At one place, where they landed to avoid a storm, he saw the ruins of a church and of many dwelling-houses.

* Carne's Lives of Eminent Missionaries.—Hans Egede.

† Rees.

These seem to have been built of stone, and quite different to the huts of the present natives. The walls of the church were six feet thick, and the windows curiously made; the walls also of the ancient burying-ground were still standing, but the graves were overgrown with grass, and the inscriptions defaced by time.*

The story of Egede and his labours in the mean while, was heard by some of the Moravians, who had been driven by persecution from their homes, and were settled at Hernhuth, in another part of Germany. A few of these good men felt a great wish to go and help Egede teach the Greenlanders; and after he had been for eleven years on that desolate coast, he was joined by three of them. You may guess how joyfully he welcomed them, and how readily he undertook to assist them in learning the language.

* Carne.—Hans Egede.

The country looked dreary indeed to the Moravians, compared with theone they had left; for on every side they saw little but bare rocks and cliffs covered with snow. However, they had not come expecting any pleasure but that of doing good; and they lost no time in choosing a spot on the sea-shore for their future dwelling.

They first set about building a Greenland-house, of stones and turf, to shelter themselves and their little property from the rain and snow, until the wooden one they had brought with them could be put up. Although it was the month of May, the cold was still so severe that the turf often froze in their hands as they worked; but their united industry soon completed their habitation, and then they began the wooden house.

The employments, necessary for their support now claimed their attention; and in every thing they found trials and diffi-

culties awaited them. They had bought an old boat of the captain of the ship they came in, and the first time they went out in it, to seek for drift-wood among the islands, a storm came on: it was with great difficulty they reached the land in safety; but, during the night, the wind carried away their boat, with all the wood they had collected for firing.

Their hunting and fishing excursions, too, were very unsuccessful, for they could not follow the methods of the natives, or manage a kajak.*

The kajak, or Greenland boat, is a long, narrow canoe, pointed at both ends, and about three-quarters of a yard wide in the middle. It is formed of thin rafts, fastened together with the sinews of animals, and covered with dressed seal-skins. The top of the kajak is also covered with the same; and a round hole is left in it, which will just

* Carne.—The Moravian Mission.

admit the body of one man. When the Greenlander has seated himself in this singular boat, he ties the seal-skin cover so tightly round his waist that no water can enter the kajak; and thus, if the weather be ever so stormy, it cannot sink. If it should be overset, he can easily raise himself, by means of his paddle, which is broad at both ends; and he does not fear to venture out to sea to catch seals and sea-fowl, when in an open boat he would be almost sure to perish.*

On every occasion Egede was ready to help his Moravian friends, but they were obliged to learn Danish before they could understand him or his children; and this was no small addition to their tasks.†

Only a few months passed away before the small-pox broke out among the natives. Quite ignorant of the best way of managing the sick, the poor Greenlanders suffered

* Rees. † Carne.—Moravian Mission.

dreadfully. In this time of distress, Egede and the Moravians were not idle: sometimes singly, and sometimes together, they went about every where, trying to comfort the people, and to prepare them for death. In many places they found only empty houses and unburied corpses, which, according to the custom of the country, they covered with stones.

Upon one of the numerous islands which surround the coast, they found only one girl and her little brothers. They said, that their father, having first buried all the people in the place, had built a grave for himself and his sick baby; and told the girl to cover him over with skins and stones, that he might not be devoured by the foxes and ravens. He said, that he could not part with his little child, but that it must die with him; and he looked sadly round on the empty houses, and the graves of his companions; and then, laying himself down, never afterwards uttered a

moan. The poor girl and her little brothers sat round their father's grave, and cried bitterly for a long time. He had left some dried fish in his hut, for them to eat; and they had lived upon this till they were found by the missionaries, who took them to their settlement.

Besides going about to visit the natives, these good men took as many of the sick into their own houses as they would contain, and nursed them very carefully. Many of the Greenlanders were much touched with their kindness; and one man, who, in his days of health, used to ridicule them, said to Egede, just before his death, "You have done for us what our own people would not do: you have fed us when we had nothing to eat; you have buried our dead; you have told us of a better life." This dreadful sickness lasted for eight months, and between two and three thousand of the natives died. Many fled to distant parts; and when the traders

afterwards went to their huts, they found all the dwellings empty, for a distance of thirty leagues.*

A few years after this, Egede returned to Denmark; but the Moravians, who had been joined by two of their old friends from Hernhuth, still remained. They could not depend on supplies of provisions from Europe, but they had improved in the art of fishing, and could now support themselves. They spent the long winters, when they were almost confined to the house, in studying the language and translating parts of the Bible for the use of the natives.

Like Egede, they were very much grieved to find little disposition among the people to listen to those truths they had come so far to teach; and one or two of them, at last, proposed going home again, but the others would not agree to it.

* Carne.—Hans Egede.

These said, that they still would believe and hope, that the time would come when their exertions would be crowned with success; and, that they were ready to suffer any thing, even death itself, rather than abandon the work they had undertaken.

A time of severe suffering was indeed at hand. Their stock of European provisions was almost exhausted, and their supply, from hunting and fishing, failed, for there was a great scarcity both of game and fish. In their distress, they tried to buy some fish of the Greenlanders; and you would have thought, that now the natives would rejoice to show them some return for all their kindness, during the time they had been so ill. But, no; they were so selfish and ungrateful, that, when they found the Moravians were really in want, some asked twice as much for their fish as it was worth; and most of them, even those they knew the best, would sell them nothing at all. Often, after rowing from village to

village, along the coast, for two or three days, they obtained very little; and when that little was gone, were obliged to live upon sea-weed and shell-fish.

Love to God and to their fellow-creatures had brought these good men to this inhospitable country; and now, though they seemed forsaken by every one, God watched over them, and raised them up a friend in their greatest need.

Once, in a summer excursion among the islands, they had met with a Greenlander called Ippegau, who took them to his house, entertained them, and listened attentively to all they said to him. They had almost forgotten this stranger, when he came suddenly, of his own accord, from a great distance, to ask them again to visit him.

The invitation was thankfully accepted; and they went home with him to his dwelling, which, like the winter-houses of Greenlanders, was built on a steep rock.

It had neither door, nor chimney; a low, vaulted, stone passage, through which it was entered, by creeping on the hands and knees, answered the purpose of both. The windows were made of the entrails of white fish, so neatly sewed together, that no wind could penetrate them; the house was well warmed by fires, and a lamp was kept burning in every room, day and night.

The sea was often heard dashing against the foot of the rock on which the little dwelling stood, and the wind howling round its summit; but within, all was quiet and peaceful: though a great many people lived here together, they spoke little, and always behaved kindly to each other. They sat on benches, covered with skins, and placed round the walls; the women spent their time in sewing and cooking; and in fine weather the men drove out on their sledges.

After staying a month with this kind Greenlander, the Moravians thought that

they ought not to tax his hospitality any longer, and took leave of him, with many thanks.

They wandered from place to place, but found no friend like Ippegau; and, at last, as the scarcity continued, he began to be in want himself, and could give them no more help. The other Greenlanders were as unfeeling as ever, and would spare nothing, even when they happened to have plenty. At one of their feasts, which lasted for a whole night, the Moravians saw eleven seals devoured; while all their entreaties could not prevail on the selfish people to sell them one bit.

Sometimes they ventured out to sea in an old boat, in search of food; and, one day, that the wind drove them on a desert shore, they spied an eagle, sitting on her nest. It was high up on the cliff, and to climb the face of the rock was difficult and dangerous; but they hoped to find eggs in the nest, and at last, reached it,

and obtained two large ones. A battle followed, between two of the starving men, and the enraged eagle; they succeeded in killing her, and found, to their great joy, that her wings would supply them with a great many quills for writing, of which they were much in want.

Only think how sorrowfully these forlorn men must have watched the annual departure of the sun. On the 26th of November, they just saw its faint light, and then it quite disappeared for a long time. In December, it was twilight even at noon: they could not see to read if they stood close to the window, and were obliged to keep lights burning all day long. However, this gloomy season was at last over: about the middle of January, when the weather was fine, the light of the sun was again seen on the tops of the high rocks; and when, at last, it rose brightly, the Moravians began to look joyfully forward to spring and ships.

With the spring a ship arrived, and brought provisions and friends. These were the mother and two sisters of Matthew Stach, one of the missionaries. They soon made the desolate dwelling look more comfortable and cheerful, and entered warmly into every plan for the improvement of the natives. The hunting and fishing expeditions were now again more productive, and the Moravians enjoyed a prosperity to which they had long been strangers.

They still, however, had the sorrow of seeing no inclination among the people to attend to religious instruction; but the time was now near for which they had so long waited in hope.

Hitherto they had talked to the Greenlanders of the perfections of God, of his holiness, justice, and mercy: they had told them that this great and good Being, was always present with them, beholding every action of their lives, and explained

to them what those duties are which he enjoins upon his creatures, and those sins which he commands them to shun: they had told them also of a judgment to come, of the happiness of heaven, and the eternal misery which awaits the wicked. By all this the natives were little moved, and the Moravians at last resolved to change the subject of their addresses, and talk to them of the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ.

A few days afterwards, as John Beck was writing out a fair translation of the Gospels, several Greenlanders came into the house, and seeing the book, were very curious to know what was written in it. He read a little of it to them, and told them how God created all things, and how man had disobeyed God, and brought misery and ruin on himself by sin. They were not touched by this; but another of the missionaries, remembering their late resolution, began to tell them of the love

of Christ in dying for sinners, and to entreat them not to withhold their hearts from him who had suffered so much for their sakes; at the same time he read to them the account of our Lord's agony in the garden. Upon this, one of the Greenlanders, called Kaiarnac, stepped up to the table, saying very earnestly: "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I would fain be saved too." Such words had never been heard from a Greenlander before, and, bursting into tears of joy, the missionary again related to them the history of our Saviour's life and death.

Some of the natives laid their hands upon their mouths, as they usually did when struck with wonder; and surely they had never heard of any thing so wonderful as the love which brought the Son of God from Heaven, to suffer and die for his sinful, rebellious creatures. Several begged the Moravians to teach them to pray, and repeated the words over many times, that

they might not forget them. In a few days some of them came again to hear more about these things, and staid all night with their teachers. Kaiarnac was one of the party, and when they took leave in the morning, he said, he would now go to his tent, and tell his family, especially his little son, what great things he had heard.

Kaiarnac now often came to see the missionaries, and soon showed great affection for them. He was always anxious to learn more, and scarcely heard a thing twice before he remembered and understood it. This man was the first Greenlander who became a Christian; and his family, influenced by his instructions and conduct, soon began to follow his example.

The little settlement, to which the Moravians gave the name of New Hernhuth, in remembrance of the home they had left, was from this time frequently visited

by parties of the natives, who came to hear, as they said, "the joyful news of the redemption;" and Kaiarnac was very useful to his new friends, in helping them when they could not find words to explain themselves clearly to his countrymen.

Few of the Greenlanders remained long at a time with the missionaries, for, depending upon hunting and fishing for a subsistence, they are often obliged to move from place to place. Those who had been instructed thus carried the knowledge of a Saviour to other parts. Kaiarnac was once absent for a whole year, on a distant voyage and hunting expedition; and on his return, brought with him his brother and family, whom he had persuaded to receive the truths he had himself been taught.

The Moravians themselves often went to the distant fisheries, to meet the people assembled there; and as they passed along in their boats, the natives would frequently

come down to the shore, call to them, and entreat them to land, and tell them "the words of God." The missionaries, however, took care never to be all absent at the same time; one always remained at home to teach those who came to New Hernhuth for instruction.

Among these was a son of Ippegau, the kind Greenlander, who had so generously entertained them when every other dwelling was closed against them. Even in those days of distress they had never ceased to try to do good, and some of the words they had spoken in the little hut on the rock had sunk into the heart of this youth, and now he resolved to be a Christian.

The influence of Christianity over the hearts of many of the natives, was shown in their altered conduct: formerly selfish, revengeful, and treacherous, they now became kind and affectionate to each other. We have seen how selfish and unfeeling

their behaviour was during the scarcity; and only two years before this time, they had given a dreadful proof of their treacherous and cruel disposition, in the way in which they had surprised and murdered the crew of a Dutch ship.

A number of Greenlanders dispersed themselves about the deck of the vessel, as if they intended to trade with the sailors, and upon a concerted signal, each drew his knife from under his coat, and stabbed the man next to him. None escaped but the pilot and two sailors, who were below. What but a divine power could change savages like these into meek and gentle Christians?

The improvement in their understandings was no less wonderful. I told you that Egede found them very dull and stupid; but when religion entered their hearts, it seemed to give them new powers of thinking and learning. They soon began to reason and ask questions about what

they were told, with a quickness and intelligence they had never shown before. Many of them learned to read and write; and instead of spending great part of the dark winter days in sleep, men and women of all ages might be seen going over the snow, with lights in their hands, to meet their teachers in the house that served them for a chapel. In their sledges and their boats they talked together of what they were taught; and the voice of the lonely native might often be heard, as he passed along, singing the hymn, or repeating the prayer he had learned.

How happy were the Moravians now! Wherever they went, along the coast or into the country, they were received with affection and respect, and at home all was comfort. They were no longer in dread of poverty and famine, but had rein-deer flesh and fish in abundance, and dried provisions laid up in store for the winter. Their early distresses had made them ex-

pert fishers and hunters; and they now joined the parties of the natives, and sometimes set out alone. Their usual chase was that of the rein-deer, and the walls of their dwellings, hung round with large grey antlers, bore marks of their success. This chase was most productive in the winter, as the extreme cold made the deer less shy; and the Moravians might often be seen, through the dim twilight, following them over the snowy plains, or frozen sea, armed either with guns or native darts, till at last some of them became more skilful hunters than the Greenlanders themselves.

They sometimes joined in the pursuit of the white bear, for the sake of his flesh, and warm, shaggy fur. The fat also of this most formidable of all the wild animals of the arctic regions furnished a large supply of oil for the winter lamps. The natives go out in parties, and take their dogs with them, as it is dangerous for a single hunter

to attack one of these creatures; for if he is not killed by the first shot, he will rush on his assailant, who in such cases often perishes. After having followed the bears over the large plains of ice, where they went to prey upon the dead whales and seals, the combat was often obstinate and fierce, as the great size and strength of the animal enables him to make a desperate resistance, and the Greenlanders are by no means bold hunters when danger is in the way. In very severe winters the bears will come to the burying-grounds and tear the dead bodies from the graves, and even try to break into the dwellings of the natives, allured by the scent of the seal-flesh within. On these occasions the whole hamlet is roused, and the men surround the invaders with their dogs, and attack them with lances and harpoons; but the bears defend themselves so fiercely that several lives are sometimes lost in the fray.

In a short time, many of the more intelligent natives became very useful as teachers among their own countrymen, and shared with the Moravians the task of visiting the scattered hamlets and distant fisheries. More friends and companions also arrived from Europe, and they began to think of forming new settlements.

Matthew Stach, who had been the first Moravian to propose coming to Greenland, went with two others, and took up his abode in Fishers' Bay, where some Danish traders and many of the natives were living. It was a bleak spot, surrounded by rocks and wastes ; and they built their chapel and house in a nook where no one would have thought of looking for a human dwelling ; but, as the snow often rolled down in large masses from the mountain which overhung the settlement, this nook was chosen for safety. The snow here sometimes fell so heavily as quite to fill up all the hollows in the rocky ridges which

surround the place; and one day, as Matthew Stach was out hunting, he was overtaken by a storm, and coming to the edge of a precipice which he did not see, fell headlong into the valley below. Happily, however, he pitched in a snow-drift, and was not much hurt. The teacher who was with him had on snow-shoes, and, like a ship under sail, was driven rapidly along by the wind to the settlement.

Two of the missionaries, some time afterwards, sailed from this place to the south, in search of a favourable spot for another station; and, after a voyage of six weeks, arrived at the island of Onartok. Here they found a warm spring, flowing through a beautiful meadow full of flowers, a most uncommon sight in Greenland. A great many of the natives were living within a short distance, and they fixed their dwelling near the spring, and called the place Lichtenau.

You have heard much of the sufferings

of the Moravians, during the early part of their residence in Greenland; and now I will tell you of a shipwreck, which befel one of those who had the care of this station at Lichtenau, and was going with his wife to visit a distant part of the coast.

Early in the morning, after leaving Lichtenau, a violent wind arose and drove the floating ice-bergs towards the ship. The captain, fearing they would strike against the vessel, got into the small boat with some of the crew, and, landing them on a large field of ice, came back for another party. Before he could return a second time, the shock took place. The rest of the sailors had left the ship with the other boat, and the missionary Rudolf and his wife were the only persons on board. They were standing up to their knees in water, holding fast by the shrouds, and expecting every moment to be crushed to death by the ice-berg, when the captain, at the risk of his own life, came back for them,

saying, "I cannot possibly forsake these good people."

The boats were so heavily laden, and the sea broke over them so continually, that they felt no hope of reaching Lichtenau, which was twenty-eight miles distant, and rowed to the nearest island. It proved to be a rough, naked rock, against which the waves beat frightfully; and while they were trying to land the provisions they had saved, the larger boat broke from its moorings and was drifted out to sea. Some of the sailors pushed off in the small boat, and succeeded in overtaking it; but the fury of the storm baffled all their efforts to regain the landing-place; both the boats were driven among the breakers and dashed to pieces.

All hope of escape seemed now cut off; and the whole crew gave way to loud cries and lamentations, at the prospect of dying of hunger on this barren rock. At night they laid down to rest, without tent or

shelter of any kind. Rudolf covered his wife with part of his own clothes, and tried to give her a hope he did not feel himself. It rained all that night, and all the next day and night also; every one was wet through, and the water ran in torrents down the sides of the rock. The following day the captain and sailors tried to reach the land, by crossing the ice; but Rudolf and Anna were too weak, from want of food, to go with them, and they remained behind, watching the others as they went on from one floating fragment to another, till at last they succeeded in reaching the solid plain of ice.

Left alone upon the rock, they sometimes wept bitterly, for neither could bear the thought of seeing the other die; but they tried to comfort each other with the belief that God would not forsake them: they felt that their only hope and daily trust was in him, and soon became resigned to his will. When the sun shone they

employed themselves in drying the few things they had saved; but they soon grew too weak to do even this, for they could find nothing to support life, but the fresh water they collected from the holes in the rocks.

Day after day passed, and no one coming to their assistance, they concluded that their late companions must have perished by the way, and gave up all hope of life. At last Anna, happening to raise herself from the rock on which their wasted and feeble limbs were laid, saw two Greenlanders in their kajaks coming towards it and hailing them. This sight seemed to give them new life, and climbing up to the highest part of the rock, they shouted as loud as they could, to make themselves heard. These men were sent by the captain, and had been rowing about the island all day; but, seeing no one, were just about to return, supposing Rudolf and his wife were dead. From them

they received a few herrings, after having been without food for nine days; but as the Greenlanders had no boat with them but their kajaks, they were obliged to remain upon the rock till the next day, when they promised to come back for them.

Weakened by hunger, they watched the boats disappear with a feeling of disappointment and sorrow they could not overcome; and Anna, who had hitherto borne all their sufferings with more fortitude than her husband, now complained and wept like a child.

All the next day they watched for the promised return of the Greenlanders, but it was evening before they came. A large boat then arrived, rowed by the native women, who helped them down the rock with the greatest kindness, and took them to an island, where they found most of the crew. They had also suffered great hardships and were quite emaciated. It was still

several days before they could return to Lichtenau, where they met with the most affectionate welcome.

Many years have passed away, and the good men who laboured so long in vain, and at last, with such joy and thankfulness, watched over the dawn of better times, have long since been receiving in Heaven the reward of their faith and patience. The mission they began, however, still prospers; and their places have been supplied by other Moravians, devoted like them to the service of God and the religious improvement of their fellow-creatures.

New Hernhuth, which is still their chief settlement, stands near the sea; and the mission-house looks in Greenland like a little palace, though it is only one story high, and built of wood. In the centre of the roof is a small turret for the bell, and, beside the large room used as a church, it contains apartments for the missionaries, and rooms for the schools. Under-ground is

their kitchen, bakehouse, and oven. There is a well in the kitchen, which adds much to their comfort, as they were formerly obliged to obtain all their water in winter by melting snow and ice at the fire. Close by is a sheep-cot; and a path leads from the garden in front to a hut on the sea-shore, built to shelter their boats from the storms.

In summer, the tents of the Greenlanders are pitched on the neighbouring plain; and their winter-houses stand on the rocks, ascending from the water's edge on both sides of the chapel, each with its little storehouse behind it. They are built in two parallel lines, so that every winter evening, when lights are in all the windows, New Hernhuth looks as if it were illuminated.

The pleasantest, however, of all the stations is Lichtenau. Being more to the south, the climate is milder here than at New Hernhuth; and cattle, sheep, and goats may be seen feeding in the valleys.*

* Carne.—Moravian Mis.

A CAPTIVITY AMONG THE ARABS OF THE GREAT DESERT.

The immense desert known by the name of the Sahara extends across Africa, from the Atlantic to the Nile, and is inhabited by various tribes of Arabs. Most of these have no settled habitations, but dwell in tents, made of a thick cloth spun by the women out of camel's hair, and move from place to place as they can find pasturage and water. Their most valuable possession is the camel; and without it these sandy wastes would be uninhabitable and impassable. Endued with the power of drinking water enough at one time to serve for many days, and content with browsing

the prickly shrubs of the valleys, this creature seems formed expressly for dwelling in and crossing the desert. Its milk supplies its master with food, its hair with clothing; and when he removes from one spring or valley to another, it carries all his little stock of moveables, bearing fatigue, hunger, and thirst with a patience unequalled by any other animal.

The coast of the Sahara is so rocky and dangerous, that many European vessels have at different times suffered shipwreck there; and when this happens, the unfortunate crews are stripped of every thing, and seized as slaves by these roving Arabs. Many poor seamen have died in slavery, after suffering hardships of which you can form no idea; and a few have been fortunate enough to be carried or sold into Morocco, where they have met with some European merchant who has generously ransomed them.*

* Edinburgh Gazetteer, Art. Sahara.

Some years ago, the crew of an American brig, called the Commerce, were cast upon this inhospitable shore, and seized upon for slaves by some of these wandering Arabs. Mr. Riley, who commanded the ship, has written an account of the adventures and sufferings of himself and his companions, and I think it would interest you to hear something about them.

The Commerce was a trading vessel, and sailed from America for Gibraltar in the month of June, 1815, laden with flour and tobacco. After landing his cargo, and taking other goods on board, Mr. Riley left Gibraltar in August, intending to go home by the way of the Cape de Verd Islands, that he might there complete the lading of his vessel with salt. When they had been four or five days at sea, the weather became so foggy that sometimes they could scarcely see from one end of the ship to the other. No one, however, dreamed of any danger being near, till one night,

about ten o'clock, when the sailors were suddenly alarmed by hearing the roaring of breakers. Every effort to save the ship was vain; the current carried her straight towards the shore, and she struck with great violence. It was with the greatest difficulty that the crew reached the land in safety, with a part of their provisions, after having thrown overboard all the trunks, chests, and every thing that would float.

Their first care was to carry up all their provisions and water out of the reach of the tide, and to make a sort of tent with the oars and a couple of sails. They earnestly hoped that none of the inhabitants might discover them; and intended, as soon as they could mend their boats, which were broken by the violence with which they had been driven on the beach, to take advantage of the first calm weather and put to sea, in search of some friendly vessel or European settlement.

While they were thus employed, they

saw a human figure go up to the things that had been washed on shore by the waves, and lay scattered along the beach for a mile to the westward of them. It was a most unwelcome sight, for they knew too well the character of the natives; and they soon saw this man begin to help himself to some of their clothing. The captain went towards the stranger, making all the signs of peace and friendship he could think of; but he seemed very shy, and unwilling to let any one come near him. The only covering he had was a piece of coarse woollen cloth, wrapped round his middle; his complexion seemed between that of an American Indian and a Negro; his eyes were red and fiery; his wide mouth reached almost from ear to ear; his thick bushy hair stuck out all round his head, and a long, curling beard hung down upon his breast. Altogether Mr. Riley thought he had never seen a more frightful looking being, and though

he appeared to be very aged, he seemed fierce and strong.

He was soon joined by two old women, a girl, and several children, who, I suppose, had seen the wreck from the heights, for they brought down with them a hammer, an axe, and some long knives. They now felt themselves strong, and set about the work of plunder in earnest, breaking open boxes and chests without ceremony, and carrying all the things they contained on their backs up the sand-hills.

Mr. Riley felt that resistance would be vain; he and his party had no fire-arms, and could with difficulty walk through the deep sand, while the natives ran like the wind; and he doubted not, if molested, they would soon call numbers to their aid. He determined, however, to defend the bread and provisions to the last extremity, as they were absolutely necessary for the preservation of their lives; he therefore placed sentinels, armed with handspikes, to

guard them and the tent, while he himself and a few others repaired the boat as well as they could, that they might have the power of retreating in case of need.

In the evening the natives retired, after promising, as near as Mr. Riley could understand them, not to molest them during the night. As soon as it was fairly daylight they came back, accompanied by two young men. The old man held a spear in his hand, and flourishing it over his head ordered the crew off to the wreck, at the same time pointing to a large drove of camels that were descending the heights. They were at last compelled to get into the long boat, and retire to their shattered vessel, from whence they had the mortification of seeing all their store of provisions placed on the camels, and carried off; and their charts, sea instruments, and whatever was useless to the Arabs, heaped into one pile and burnt.

The natives next tried to tempt them

back to the shore, and get possession of their persons. They succeeded in seizing the captain, who only escaped from them by a stratagem, which, however, unhappily caused the murder of one of the crew.

Filled with horror at the thought of falling into the hands of these savages, they determined to commit themselves to the open sea in their boat, hoping to meet with some ship. They had no compass to guide their course, no rudder to steer the boat with, and it leaked so much that two of them were constantly employed in baling out the water, in order to keep it from sinking. The slender stock of provisions they had been able to procure from the wreck was soon nearly exhausted; and after having been several days at sea without seeing any vessel, the only chance of preserving their lives seemed to be regaining the land. In this they succeeded; and, carried on the top of a tremendous wave, passed safely over the rocks, and

when the surf retired were left with their boat upon a little piece of sand-beach.

That part of the coast on which they had now landed was covered, as far as the eye could see, with huge masses of rock; and between them and the surface of the country was a perpendicular cliff. They slept that night on a spot of sand among the rocks, and the next morning set out in search of some place where they might be able to get up the cliff to the country above. They carried the small remains of their salt pork with them, and divided the water that was left, each man taking charge of his own share in a bottle. All day long they continued climbing over the rocks which filled up the space between the cliff and the sea; but they made very little progress, and suffered dreadfully from thirst and fatigue. At night they laid down to rest on a patch of sand, after eating a little piece of pork: Mr. Riley had broken his bottle against the rocks, and had no water

left, but two of his companions kindly offered to let him taste theirs.

The next day they found the desired passage, and with great difficulty climbed the craggy slope, which in some parts was so steep that they were obliged to crawl up on their hands and knees; but judge of their dismay and sorrow, when, on reaching the top of the cliff, they saw before them a barren waste of sand, without a shrub or blade of grass. Some of the sailors threw themselves down on the ground in despair, but Mr. Riley tried to encourage them to go on, saying it would be time enough to lie down and die when they could walk no further.

How strong is the desire of self-preservation implanted in the breast of man! To escape from the natives they had ventured out to sea; when death at sea was inevitable they returned to the land; and now, in the extremity of their distress, they ardently longed to meet with the once

dreaded Arabs, for the fear of perishing by hunger and thirst overcame their horror of slavery. They therefore continued going on along the top of the cliff, but saw no one all day; at night, however, one of the party pointing to the beach exclaimed, "I think I see a light." It was the light of a fire!

At this unexpected sight joy seemed to give new life and spirits to the sufferers; but they were afraid to approach the fire in the dark, lest they should alarm the natives round it, and perhaps be attacked and killed by them. They therefore laid down at some little distance, to wait for the morning; and, worn out with fatigue, all were soon asleep, except the captain, to whom this long night seemed as if it would never be over. He had no doubt that the people by the fire were Arabs, who would make slaves of himself and his companions; and he thought of the sufferings of such a life in so burning a climate. He thought

too of his wife and five little children, whom he had left at home in America, and who depended upon him for support, but would probably never see him again, nor even hear what had become of him. Sometimes he hoped that God, who had preserved their lives from the dangers of shipwreck, would not suffer them to fall a sacrifice to the cruelty of man. He knew that if he pleased he could find means to restore him to his family; but whatever might be his will, he felt that none of his creatures ought to murmur at his dispensations, as every thing that happens is permitted by him for some wise and good reason, though we cannot always see it.

In the morning, on mounting one of the neighbouring sand-hills, they saw a great drove of camels and a large company of Arabs, in a little valley about half a mile off. The Arabs seemed busy in giving water to their camels, but the moment they perceived the strangers, two or three

of them ran towards them with great speed The captain and the two mates went to meet them, bowing to the ground, and trying by signs to implore their pity; but the Arabs began without ceremony to strip them of their clothes. Thirty or forty more quickly arrived, riding on camels, or running on foot; some armed with muskets, and others with scimitars. As these approached, the first Arabs threw up sand into the air, yelling loudly, and a scuffle began for the possession of the prisoners.

Several at once seized upon Mr. Riley, each trying to drag him a different way, and claiming him as his property. They cut at each other with their scimitars, over his head and on every side of him, till he expected to be killed in the fray; but happily he escaped uninjured, though the arms, bodies, and legs of the Arabs streamed with blood from the gashes they received.

After about an hour's fighting, the unfortunate crew were divided among the Arabs, and led towards the spot where the camels were assembled. Mr. Riley and a black man, who had acted as cook on board the Commerce, were given into the charge of two old women, who drove them on with sticks. Naked and barefoot the poor captain could not go very fast; and to excite their pity he showed the women his mouth, which was parched quite white with thirst. When they drew near the well, one of the women called to another, who brought out a large bowl of water, and set it on the ground, making Mr. Riley and the cook kneel down, and put their heads into it like camels. They were then led to the well, the water of which looked black and disgusting; but when it was mixed with a little sour camel's milk, poured from a goat-skin, they thought it delicious. Their new masters seemed sorry that they had no food to give them, but they had

none for themselves, as they lived upon the milk of their camels.

It now appeared that the Arabs were not all going the same way; a company of them separated their camels from the rest, and, taking six of the Americans with them, ascended the hollow towards the face of the desert, and were soon out of sight.

There remained with the party to which Mr. Riley belonged, Mr. Savage the second mate, a sailor named Clark, the black cook, and a boy called Horace. Their masters now began to prepare for leaving the well; and Mr. Savage, Clark and Horace were obliged to assist in drawing water for the camels, till they were all satisfied. A great number of goat-skins were then filled with water, and slung on each side of the camels. Next the baskets, for the women and children to ride in, were put on, and fastened round the bodies of the animals with strong ropes; these

baskets, or panniers, were made of camels' skin, sewed round a wooden rim, and were so contrived that three or four could sit in them with ease and safety, if they took care to preserve the balance. The saddles for the men were small, made of wood, and covered with leather; they were placed on the back of the camel, before the hump, and fastened on tight with a rope.

When all was ready they began to mount the sand-hills: the poor slaves were forced to walk, and to drive the camels, and keep them together. The sand was so soft and deep that they sunk into it at every step nearly to their knees; and the heat of the sun's rays, darting upon their naked bodies, added to their weakness from hunger and suffering, made this ascent from the valley very painful to them. The Arabs only laughed at them and whipped them forward; and they, with the women and children, all seemed to go up very easily; though the

camels appeared to find it almost as difficult to mount the height as the Americans.

When they reached the level of the desert the Arabs made the camels lie down to rest; and, before they again set forward, Mr. Riley and his companions were placed on the backs of some of them, behind the hump. Their masters were very anxious to find out where their captives had been thrown on shore, and having learned the direction of the place from Mr. Riley, each mounted his camel, and taking his seat on the little round saddle, crossed his legs on the animal's shoulders and set off at a great trot, leaving the slaves to the care of the women.

If walking had been painful to these unfortunate men, they soon found that the new mode of travelling was far worse. They had no saddles, and were obliged to keep themselves from slipping off over the animals' tails, by clinging to the long hair that covers the hump. The motion of the

camels was very rough ; and the bare legs of their poor riders were soon so dreadfully chafed, that the blood dripped from their heels, while their backs and limbs, exposed to the intense heat of the sun, were scorched and covered with blisters.

Some of the women were on foot, and drove the camels on as fast as they could run, paying no attention to the entreaties of the Americans to be allowed to get off and walk. At last, being unable to endure the pain of riding any longer, they slipped off themselves, at the risk of breaking their necks, while the camels were going at a full trot. The plain here was composed of hard sand, gravel, and rock, covered with small, sharp stones, which cut their feet to the bone at every step; yet they were forced to run and keep up with the rest. When evening came on, the women, afraid of losing their slaves in the dark, made them mount as before, and then went forward till midnight.

As soon as they halted the camels were milked, and each received about a pint of pure milk, which quenched their thirst and, in some degree, allayed the cravings of hunger. They laid down to rest on the ground covered with sharp flints, without any shelter from the cold night wind, and tried in vain to forget their pain in sleep.

The next morning they were obliged to go forward on foot, and drive the camels; and after some time came to a valley, where they found their masters and many other men.

Another quarrel followed for the possession of the captives; and for two or three hours they were dragged different ways by different men, till at last it was settled that Mr. Riley's master should keep him and the black cook; Clark was given to another Arab, and Horace to a third. They were employed in driving the camels, and sometimes in gathering sticks for the fires. The little food they received was a drink of milk

at midnight, and, perhaps, a little water in the course of the morning: this just kept them alive, but in a very weak and emaciated state. As they went further from the sea, they found fewer shrubs in the valleys for the camels to eat, and they began to give less milk: the water in the goat-skins was all spent; and, after holding a council, the Arabs turned back towards the well where they had first been seen.

A day or two afterwards, as they were resting in a valley, Mr. Riley saw two strangers arrive on camels loaded with goods, and having dismounted in front of his master's tent, they seated themselves on the ground, with their backs to it. The men were all absent on their camels; but the women went out to see the strangers, and to set up a sort of awning, or tent, to shelter them from the heat; and Mr. Riley soon found out that they came from Morocco with blankets and blue cloth to sell.

By this time our American friend had learned many words of the language, so that by paying great attention he could pretty well understand what the Arabs said, and by the help of signs he contrived to make himself understood by them. He found these strangers were brothers, and that the elder of them, Sidi Hamet, was a very intelligent and feeling man. He took the first opportunity of relating the sad story of his misfortunes to Sidi Hamet; and finding that he had excited his pity, he earnestly begged that he would buy him, and carry him up to Morocco, where he could find a friend to redeem him. To this he consented, and you may guess how happy Mr. Riley felt when he saw his old master paid for him: his price was two blankets, a blue cotton covering, and a bundle of ostrich feathers.

The captain now entreated his new master to buy his men also; and at length he and his brother Seid were prevailed on to buy Mr. Savage, Horace, Clark, and

Burns; they would have bought another of the sailors, but his master asked so high a price that they had not goods enough to pay for him.

Sidi Hamet told Mr. Riley that he had spent all his property in buying them, so that if he had not told him the truth he was quite ruined; that he would carry him and his companions to Mogadore; but when they arrived there, if he found Mr. Riley had no friend to pay the money agreed upon, he would cut his throat for deceiving him. He said they should set off in the morning, as the night before he had killed a camel for provisions by the way. This had been done as secretly as possible; but the hungry Arabs in company with them found it out, and what with begging and stealing, the stock of meat remaining for the travellers was very small.

Soon after sunrise they started; and many of the Arabs went some distance, talking to and taking leave of Sidi Hamet,

his brother, and a young Arab called Abdallah, who was going to accompany them across the desert. I told you that Sidi Hamet and Seid had two camels on which they rode, and they had bought a young one of the Arabs, which was not yet broken for riding. For the two old ones they had pack-saddles, and now put Mr. Riley and Clark on one, and their three companions on the other. Seid and Abdallah took their seats on Abdallah's camel, and Sidi Hamet mounted the young one himself, in order to break him. They then set off at a full, long trot, and proceeded at this pace for three hours, when they halted in a small valley to adjust the saddles.

Here Sidi Hamet pulled a checked shirt out of one of his bags, and gave it to the captain, saying, "Put it on, your poor back needs a covering." It did indeed need one, for it was now one entire sore; and poor Mr. Riley's heart was filled with gratitude to Heaven for this unexpected relief. A

few days before, Clark had got a piece of an old sail which partly covered him; Burns had an old jacket, and the others some goat-skins; and even this miserable clothing was prized in their wretched situation.

They did not stay long, and went forward at a full trot till night, when they stopped by a few thorn bushes in another valley. After they had kindled a fire, their masters gave them a few mouthfuls of camel's meat, which they roasted and ate. The remains of the water found in the stomach of the camel, which had been carefully saved when it was killed, was then equally divided among the party; it was very disagreeable, but as they had no other they were obliged to drink it.

They travelled in the same manner all the next day, and the Americans suffered dreadfully from their sores and the rough jolting of the camels. Sidi Hamet seemed grieved at their state, and said they should

soon come to good water, after which he would not travel so fast.

The following morning they came to what appeared to be the dry bed of a river or arm of the sea, and with some difficulty drove the camels down the steep bank. The bottom of this hollow was covered with a crust of salt, that crumbled like snow under the feet of the camels. After a long search in the bank Sidi Hamet found the spring: it was covered with large rocks, fifteen or twenty feet high; and the only way of getting at it was by a narrow, crooked passage, between the rocks and the bank, just wide enough to admit a man. The water was cool, clear, and sweet; and you may imagine how great was the joy of the poor thirsty travellers in being allowed to drink as much of it as they wanted.

Seid and Abdallah drove the camels up the bank as near to the spring as they could, and then gave Mr. Riley a large

bowl, with which they told him to fill a skin for them to drink out of. It was twenty days since the camels had had any water; and a large goat-skin was filled fifteen times before the biggest of them was satisfied. The men kept crying out, "Has not that camel done yet? He alone will drink the spring dry." However, the water kept slowly running into the rocky basin, and when the camels were content they filled two goat-skins with it before they left the spring.

They then went forward till they found a place where they could again get up to the level of the desert. The upper part of the bank was so rocky and steep that the camels fell down several times, and it required all the skill of the Arabs to drive and coax them up the zig-zag path. When they reached the top, neither rock nor shrub was to be seen, nothing but a dreary, solitary waste; and they thought with admiration and gratitude of the goodness of

Providence in providing such a supply of pure, fresh water to quench the thirst of the traveller and his camel in the midst of this dry, barren country.

That night they finished what was left of the camel's meat; they had no milk, for neither of their camels gave any, and they began to fear they should suffer greatly from want of food. The next day they started very early, riding and walking by turns. About two o'clock Sidi Hamet exclaimed, "Riley, I see a camel." He was greatly rejoiced, and so were the whole party; but it was not till two hours after that any of the Americans could see it, and then it appeared like a speck in the horizon. At sunset they came up with a large drove, and the men who were driving them invited the strangers to go home to their tents with them. They had travelled that day for fourteen hours without any thing to eat; and the poor seamen laid down on the hard ground near the tents, quite worn

out; but, before long, Sidi Hamet brought them some boiled meat and a large bowl full of milk and water; the best and most plentiful meal they had enjoyed since their shipwreck.

The next day they fell in with another drove of camels, and received a similar invitation from their owners, whose tents were pitched in a large valley, where the ground was, in many places, covered with small shrubs and low moss, on which their camels and a few sheep were feeding. They kept in company with these Arabs for two days, and found them a very hospitable tribe; they lived upon the milk of their camels, and at midnight, when they milked them, brought all the strangers more than they could drink.

When they parted with these kind Arabs Sidi Hamet bought a sheep, and, tying a rope round its neck, gave it to Mr. Riley to lead till they came to the next well, where they halted and killed it. Here the

camels were again allowed to drink as much as they liked, and the goat-skins were filled with water.

In the course of the following day's journey the country assumed a new appearance, and the desert became covered with sand. At first they came to little loose heaps, through which it was difficult to walk, as they sunk nearly up to their knees at every step; and the sand was scorching hot. The camels were stopped and they all mounted; but before long the heaps increased in size, and at last they were surrounded by huge mountains of loose sand, stretching on every side as far as they could see. They were now obliged to walk, and the slaves had to drive the camels up and down these sandy steeps after their masters. Beside what they suffered from the burning heat of the deep sand, the wind, which had hitherto been some relief to them, now added to their pain, for it increased in violence, and the

loose sand flew before its blasts, and cut their sore flesh like hail-stones.

For two days they had to journey among these sand-hills, and the Arabs seemed very much afraid of losing their way. On the third morning they became lower, and in some places the sand was blown away, and showed the same rocky and baked soil as before.

Here they met with two loaded camels; and Mr. Riley soon saw with pain that his masters, like most of their countrymen, were addicted to the vice of stealing when a favourable opportunity presented itself. Seid and Abdallah drove on these camels with their own in perfect silence, while Sidi Hamet searched for their owner with his gun cocked and primed. At last he found a man fast asleep on the ground, and, snatching away a bag that lay near his head, walked softly on till out of danger of waking him. They then made the camels lie down between the sand-hills,

and proceeded to examine their loads. The first sack they opened was full of barley; and Mr. Riley's masters filled a large bag of their own with it, and then tied it up again. The bag found by the sleeper's head contained barley-meal, and they hastily poured some into a bowl, and mixing it with water, made a delicious gruel, of which all had a share. They then let the strange camels go, and went forward at a full trot. In half an hour they saw a man running swiftly after them, and hallooing to them to stop. The Arabs knew him to be the man they had robbed, and only pushed on the faster: finding, however, he was resolved to overtake them, they held their guns ready to fire at him, and the stranger came up, asking, "Is it peace?" Sidi Hamet replied, "It is;" and, shaking hands very cordially, they all seated themselves in a circle on the ground. After a long debate the thieves restored the barley, the rest of the meal, and a

small bag, which Mr. Riley supposed contained opium.

Late that evening they heard the voices of men hallooing at a short distance on their right. The Arabs seemed very much frightened, kept all quite still, and finding a deep hollow, drove the camels down the bank and fettered them among some bushes at the bottom. They then bid the slaves follow them; and having crawled up the deep sand-drifts, began the most tremendous howling Mr. Riley had ever heard; one imitating the roar of a lion, another that of a tiger, and the third the yell of a wolf. He could not imagine what their motive could be for this extraordinary conduct; but at last concluded that they were afraid of being robbed in their turn, for they made no noise except in imitation of wild-beasts; and having found a snug retreat made the slaves lie down, and after howling for half an hour longer bid them go to sleep.

In the morning they found their camels safe among the bushes where they had left them; and just as they were setting off saw an old woman and a boy, who were very friendly and gave them the remains of a goat.

As they approached the cultivated country they oftener met with parties of Arabs, from whom they obtained provisions, though in very scanty quantities, and with whom they sometimes joined company. During this part of the journey, which lay along the sea-shore, the captives observed that their masters seemed very fearful; and once they and the Arabs in company with them travelled all night, saying there were many robbers and bad men thereabouts, who would plunder them and carry off their slaves.

A few days after this, the two brothers and the Americans happened to be a little in advance of their companions: they were passing along a narrow part of the

beach, with the sea on one side and huge cliffs on the other; when, on turning a point, four men armed with guns and scimitars sprung from behind the rocks, and formed a line across the path. The two Arabs jumped from their camels and unsheathed their guns. To retreat would have betrayed fear, so Sidi Hamet advanced boldly, and asked if it was peace. One of the men replied "It is peace," and held out his hand; but when Sidi Hamet gave him his, he held it fast and would have shot him and Seid in a moment, but just then two Arabs from the party behind came in sight, running very swiftly towards them, each with a good double-barrelled gun in his hand, ready to fire. When the robbers saw them, the one who held Sidi Hamet's hand let it go, and tried to turn off the affair with a loud laugh, saying he only meant to frighten him; but these banditti followed our little party for some distance, hovering round the slaves, and

trying to separate them from their masters. Finding, however, Sidi Hamet and the Arabs with him too vigilant for this, they set off at full speed along the beach, chasing each other as if in sport, and taking up and throwing large stones against the cliff with such force that they whizzed through the air like cannon-balls, and many were split to pieces against the rock.

At last the travellers arrived at a village within a few days' journey of Mogadore, where they were kindly received by an Arab called Sidi Mohammed. Mr. Riley's master now told him he must write a letter to his friend at Mogadore, which he would carry; and that if his friend would pay the money agreed upon they should be free directly; if not, then the captain must die for deceiving him, and the rest be sold for slaves.

Poor Mr. Riley knew nobody at Mogadore, though he had hoped, if he could reach that place, to find out some one to be-

friend him ; but his master refused to take him with him, and gave him a piece of paper, a reed, and some black liquid, telling him he must write. He therefore directed his letter to any of the consuls or Christian merchants at Mogadore, describing the sad situation of himself and his companions and earnestly begged that the money Sidi Hamet demanded might be paid, as otherwise he should be put to death ; at the same time mentioning the names of some merchants in England and at Gibraltar who he knew would repay it.

Sidi Hamet and their host, Sidi Mohammed, set off on mules for Mogadore with this letter, leaving the Americans under the care of Seid and another Arab, who kept them shut up in a yard all day, and locked them up in a cellar at night, for fear any of the neighbouring Arabs should steal and carry them off. You may guess how anxiously Mr. Riley watched for the re-

turn of his master, and longed to know the fate of his letter.

After dark on the evening of the eighth day, a trampling was heard outside the walls: Seid went out to learn the cause, and came back with Sidi Mohammed and a strange Moor, who, the moment he saw Mr. Riley, called out in English "How de-do, Capetan?" This welcome sound roused them all in a moment; and to their great joy they found that the letter had been received by an Englishman, named Willshire, who had agreed to pay their ransom, and sent the Moor to fetch them, while Sidi Hamet was to await their arrival at Mogadore. This Moor was the bearer of a very kind letter to the captain from Mr. Willshire, who had also sent provisions, shoes, and cloaks for their use on the road.

The next morning they were on the way to Mogadore: they met with some difficulties and delays on the road, and when at last they

approached the place, were reduced to such a state of weakness that they could not sit upon their mules without some one behind to support them.

On the morning of their last day's journey, as they ascended a hill, the longed for city and harbour of Mogadore suddenly broke upon their sight; and among the various little boats that were moving over the smooth waters, they saw a brig lying at anchor, with English colours flying.

They were received with the greatest kindness by Mr. Willshire, who took them into his own house, and supplied them with clothing and every comfort their sad state needed. Mr. Riley remained with this kind friend till he set out on his return to America.

How joyfully did he once more behold the shore of his native country; and thankfully did he acknowledge the goodness of God in preserving his life through so many perils both by water and land. He lost no

time in applying to the American government to repay the money so generously advanced for the redemption of himself and his fellow-sufferers: and not only was this done, but directions were sent to Africa, that if the rest of the crew could be found they should be ransomed also. Mr. Willshire discovered that four of them were still living; and I am sure you will be glad to hear that he took measures directly for restoring them to their country.*

* Riley's Loss of the American Brig, Commerce.

A VOYAGE DOWN THE NIGER.

THE course of this celebrated river has been an object of curiosity and doubt from the earliest times; but the extreme difficulty of penetrating into the distant and barbarous lands through which it flows long prevented travellers from exploring it. The first account we have of the Niger is from an ancient Greek historian, who tells us that some young men, from the northern part of Africa, undertook a long expedition into the interior of the country, where they saw a large river full of crocodiles, which flowed towards the rising sun. He sup-

[illegible]his stream to be a distant source of

the Nile; but the best of the Egyptian geographers said there was no communication between them; but he knew nothing of the real course of this mighty river.

Next came the Saracen or Arabian accounts; and they told that the great river of central Africa flowed to the westward, and emptied itself into the Atlantic. This was believed for some hundred years, till better information led geographers to think that the first report was the true one; and maps were again drawn, representing the Niger running to the east.

Still no European had ever beheld this much talked of river, till about forty years ago, when a celebrated Scotch traveller, Mr. Park, succeeded in penetrating through several of the kingdoms of Western Africa; and, after many difficulties and a long captivity among the Moors, reached Sego, the capital of Bambarra, where he saw the long sought Niger, "glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and

flowing slowly to the eastward." He traced its course for three hundred miles, and then returned to England with an account of his discovery.

This story excited greater curiosity than ever on the subject; and it was thought so remarkable that such a large river should rise on the western side of Africa, and flow *from* the sea, that many enterprising men set out at different times to discover its termination. Some believed the Moors, who said that it ran into the Nile; and some were inclined to think that it was lost in unknown lakes and swamps of the desert. Many of these travellers perished from the unhealthy climate of the countries they had to pass through, and others were murdered by the natives. Among the latter was Mr. Park, who had undertaken a second journey, and again succeeded in reaching the Niger, where he built a boat, and embarked with five other Europeans. For a long time nothing was

known of his fate, till some recent travellers learned that he had proceeded down the river as far as Boossa, where his boat was attacked by the natives, and the whole party either killed or drowned in the river.

One of these travellers, Captain Clapperton, afterwards visited Boossa, crossed the Niger a little below that town, and proceeded further into the interior of the country; but he was shortly after attacked by one of the disorders so fatal to European visitors of that climate, and died. His faithful servant, Richard Lander, attended him on his sick bed, performed the last offices for him, and then returned by himself over-land to Badagry, on the coast of Guinea, from whence they had set out.

The English government now formed the plan of sending back Richard Lander, accompanied by his brother John, to follow the course of the river below Boossa, and thus decide the debated question of its termination. These young men were suc-

cessful in their perilous undertaking; and it is at length known that, after flowing through a great extent of country in an easterly direction, the Niger turns towards the south, and empties itself into the Gulf of Guinea.*

It was in the month of January, 1830, that the two brothers sailed for Africa; and, landing at Badagry, they followed the old track of Captain Clapperton to Boossa. They reached this place by the middle of June, and were very kindly received by the king and queen; but were detained a long time before they could accomplish their object of embarking on the Niger. After the consent of the king was obtained, they met with many delays and much trouble in procuring canoes; then, just as they hoped to set out, the king insisted on sending a messenger to the king of Rabba, the next large city down the

* Edin Gaz.—Art. Niger, and Int. to Lander's Journal.

river, to give him formal information that the white men intended to visit his dominions; and, much against their will, the Landers were obliged to wait for the man's return. These delays were not the only trials the travellers had to encounter; for, since their landing at Badagry, first one and then the other brother had been attacked by the fever of the country, and that more than once; but happily they had never both been ill at the same time.

At last, on the 20th of September, they and their attendants left Boossa in two canoes, accompanied by several natives who were to escort them as far as Rabba. They had heard much of the dangers of the voyage, yet they embarked in good spirits; and when they and their people were all fairly afloat on the Niger, together returned thanks to God for their past deliverances and entreated that he would be with them and crown their enterprise with success.

They proceeded down the river, occasionally landing at some of the towns and villages they saw on the banks, or in the islands formed by the stream, to sleep for the night, buy provisions, or change the canoe-men who paddled the boats. Their progress was very slow, for their guides, like the rest of the natives, were fond of delay; and though Rabba was said to be only four days' journey down the river, it was sixteen before they saw the smoke of the city rising in the distance.

They slept that night on an island in the river, and the next morning a grand personage, calling himself the king of the Dark Water, came, with a retinue of twenty canoes, to meet and conduct them to an island opposite Rabba, called Zagozhi, of which he was chief, and where they were to remain during their visit.

The canoe of this water-king had a decorated awning of mats in the centre; on the front of this hung a large piece of

scarlet cloth, upon different parts of which bits of gold lace were stitched by way of ornament. In the stern sat a number of drummers and a trumpeter; and among the attendants were some little boys, very neatly dressed as pages. The young men also who rowed the canoe were equally decent and respectable in their appearance. The king himself was a fine looking old man; his complexion was quite black, his figure commanding, and he was dressed in a large Arab cloak of coarse, blue cloth, beneath which he wore a tobe, or shirt, of figured satin, country cloth, and rich crimson damask all patched together.

Thinking it might be of service to them to make as gay an appearance as the king and his followers, the travellers hastily made an awning of their sheets, above which they elevated a slender staff, with the colours of England floating from its summit. Richard Lander put on an old naval uniform coat, which he kept for state

occasions; his brother made himself as fine as possible, and their attendants were all dressed in new white tobes. When they left the island his sable majesty politely gave the precedence to the Englishmen, and their canoe moved off first, and led the way down the river to Rabba.

The king of the Dark Water, however, having placed himself on the top of his awning that he might see and be seen, soon overtook them; and when he was a few yards a-head his canoe-men lifted their paddles out of the water, and his boat fell back to its former place. This was done repeatedly, while his musicians performed on their various instruments, and about twenty persons sung at intervals, keeping excellent time with their paddles. The weather was remarkably fine; other canoes joined the procession as they passed along, and never did the British flag lead a more extraordinary squadron.

From Zagozhi they sent presents to the

king of Rabba, who was very friendly, and protected them from a neighbouring chief, who wished treacherously to detain them until he could extort a greater present than that which he had already received. Here they paid and dismissed their Boossa guides, and exchanged the two canoes for a larger one belonging to their host. This did not prove a very good bargain, as they were obliged to give ten thousand cowries in addition to their own canoes, and after all had the vexation to find the large one was patched and leaky.

A new guide from Zagozhi was to have accompanied them, but when the day fixed for their departure arrived he did not appear; so after waiting till they were tired, they took leave of the king of the Dark Water, who had treated them with the most attentive hospitality, and embarked with only their own attendants.

Zagozhi was soon out of sight, and they paddled cheerfully along, past many towns

and villages, till five in the afternoon; when their people complained of being tired, and they determined to land for the night. They sought, however, for a landing-place in vain: all the villages they saw after this hour were situated behind thick morasses, through which it was impossible, to penetrate. They could see the houses distinctly enough, but no passage could be found to them through the bogs and sloughs which here extended along both sides of the river.

In this way three hours were spent, and it was now past sun-set. The day had been very sultry, and the sky threatened a coming storm; the wind whistled wildly through the tall rushes, and darkness soon overtook them. More anxious than ever to reach the land, they made many attempts; but although they saw lamps burning in the huts, and got so near to them that they could hear the voices of people talking, they were every where stopped short by the fens and morasses.

After vainly trying for a distance of thirty miles to find a spot of firm ground to land upon, they were too tired to exert themselves any more, so they wisely tried to bear what they could not avoid, and made up their minds to pass the night on the river. A little cold rice and honey, with water from the stream, furnished them with a frugal supper, and giving up rowing, they suffered the canoe to drift down the current. But presently they were assailed by a new and unexpected danger. An immense number of hippopotami rose up near them, and came splashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, at the imminent risk of upsetting it. Hoping to frighten them away, our travellers fired off a shot or two; but instead of having the desired effect, the noise only seemed to call up from the water and the fens, a still greater number of these monstrous creatures, and the boat appeared to be more closely beset than before. The

poor Africans who accompanied the two brothers, and had never in their lives been exposed in a canoe to such formidable beasts, trembled and wept with fear; while their terror was increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which now rolled over their heads, and the thick darkness that prevailed, broken only by flashes of lightning.

Soon after they had left this herd of hippopotami a little behind, the Englishmen saw a bank on the side of the river, and proposed landing on it for the night; but the terrified natives would not consent, insisting that if they did, the crocodiles which infested the shore would kill them before morning. In the meanwhile the storm increased, and the wind blew so furiously that it swept the water over the sides of the canoe, and it was in danger of filling. At length they gained a little shelter near a bank, and catching hold of a thorn-tree, against which they were

driven, contrived to fasten the canoe to its branches. Worn out with fatigue, the travellers wrapped themselves in their cloak and laid down to rest, though the boat was so small that, for want of room, their legs hung half over its sides, and in spite of the storm John Lander slept soundly. At midnight the wind ceased, and the rain poured down in torrents, accompanied by the most awful thunder and lightning; they were all completely drenched, and two of the men were obliged constantly to bale out the water to keep the canoe afloat. The terrible hippopotami often came snorting near them, but, as they did not touch the canoe, did them no harm: and at last, to their great joy, the storm passed away, and they saw the stars again twinkling over head.

As they could now see their way, they proceeded on their course down the river, and after some time reached an island where they landed. Large fires were soon

lighted to dry their wet clothes, and they sat down under a tree to breakfast, as they had supped, on rice and honey. While thus employed they were joined by their guide from Zagozhi, who had followed them in a canoe of his own, and like them, had been on the river all night. The hippopotami had alarmed him in the same way as they had our travellers, but he had also escaped unhurt from their company.

At Zagozhi they had been advised to visit a large trading town, called Egga, and on the third day they saw it on the bank of the river behind a deep morass. Several little inlets or creeks led through it up to the town, and they rowed up one of these to the landing-place. When the Englishmen were conducted to the presence of the chief, he looked at them with surprise from head to foot, telling them that they were strange looking people, and well worth seeing. As the news of their arrival spread through the town, the people came in crowds to gaze

at the white men, and they were obliged to blockade the door-ways of the hut they lodged in, before they could obtain any rest or quiet.

The old chief was very anxious that all his people should see these wonderful strangers; so the day before they left the town, the two brothers walked up and down before their hut for two hours, and the people were very orderly; those whose curiosity was satisfied going away to make room for others. The Landers had given the chief a pair of silver bracelets with the arms of England engraved on them, and his subjects were almost as much delighted with them as himself; hundreds went to look at them on his wrists, and many of these simple-hearted people came and thanked the strangers for their kindness to the old man.

The men who had been engaged to accompany our travellers on their expedition, were so frightened by the stories they

heard at Egga, of the dangers of the voyage, and the fierce and cruel people who dwelt lower down the river, that it was with the greatest difficulty they were persuaded to go any further. The Englishmen did not give so much credit to these tales; but at the place where they spent the next night they heard the same things. Here the brother of the chief entreated them to wait two or three days, till some canoes could be got ready to accompany them as far as Bocqua market; saying that the natives of both sides of the river, until they should reach that place, were peculiarly savage and formidable.

The Landers, however, had seen so much of African delay that they would not consent to wait, but determined to proceed at once, and pass the most dangerous place in the night. They accordingly embarked at four in the afternoon, having first implored the Divine protection amidst the lawless barbarians through whom they would have

to pass. They also adopted the precaution of loading all their muskets and pistols ready for use; and having made every preparation they could against an attack, did their best to encourage their timid attendants. The men seemed to take new courage from their masters; and the little vessel was impelled swiftly along by their animated exertions. They carefully avoided all the towns and villages they saw on the banks of the river; and, after the evening closed in, pursued their way by the light of the moon and stars. Every thing was still and pleasant; the canoe glided smoothly down the current, and no sound was to be heard but the noise of their own paddles, and the plashing of the fishes, as they now and then leaped out of the water.

About midnight they found themselves close to a village: they could see the lights in the huts, and hear the people dancing, singing, and laughing in the open air. They hastened to cross over to the other

side of the river; and fancied at first that they were pursued by a light, but the trees soon hid it from their sight. After the moon went down it became very cloudy, so that they could not see their way clearly: owing to this they were caught in an eddy, which carried them out of the main stream into a little channel beside it; and it cost them two hours of hard labour before they could get out of it.

The next morning they saw the banks of the Niger were free from morasses and well wooded. The river here ran over a rocky bottom, and in one place a huge white rock rose twenty feet high in the centre of the stream. This rock was shaped like a dome, and covered with such multitudes of white birds that they named it the Bird Rock. Just as they were passing it they were very nearly lost in a whirlpool; and it was with the greatest difficulty they saved the canoe from being turned round and dashed against the side of the rock.

Not long afterwards they landed on the bank to rest; and as the appearance of the sky threatened a storm, set up an awning of mats, under the shade of a palm-tree. The spot where they were was cleared of trees and grass, and bore marks of having been used as a market or fair: they saw the ashes of many fires, and broken calabashes and pieces of earthen vessels were scattered about. While some of the men were straggling about, searching for firewood, they came suddenly upon a village, and went to one of the huts to ask for fire. Only a few women were within, and they looked terrified at the sight of strangers, and ran off to the woods; so quietly taking up a few burning embers, the men returned to their masters and told of their discovery. The Landers immediately sent their interpreter with two others, to buy a few yams; but he soon came back, saying he could not make the people understand him, and that they had run away like the first.

As nothing could be obtained from the village, our travellers lighted their fires and laid down to sleep on their mats, for they were all weary with the exertions of the night: but their rest was soon disturbed, for in about twenty minutes one of the men cried out, "War is coming! O, war is coming!" The Englishmen started up, and saw a party of men running towards them, almost naked, but well armed with muskets, bows and arrows, spears, and cutlasses. To escape was impossible; so desiring their servants to follow them with the loaded muskets and pistols, the two brothers walked calmly forward, and unarmed, to meet the chief who was a little in advance of his people. It was a critical moment—the old chief held his bow and arrow in his hand, and was on the point of shooting, when one of his own men rushed forward and seized his arm. The next instant the two Englishmen stood before him, and held out their hands. At the

sight of their white faces all the people trembled with fear; the old man fell on his knees at their feet, with every sign of terror, and eagerly taking their offered hands, burst into tears.

Peace and friendship followed: the travellers raised the old chief from the ground and led him to their encampment. The armed natives gathered round their leader, and watched his looks: as soon as they saw that peace was made they raised a shout of delight, rattled their quivers, fired off their muskets, and laughed, danced, cried, and sung like a troop of madmen. When this burst was over, and the chief seated on the turf between his new friends, an old man was found who could act as interpreter. Through him the Landers learned that their party had been seen as soon as they landed at the market-place; and that the natives, taking them for enemies, immediately prepared for an attack; and would certainly have killed them had they not

been so frightened at their calm behaviour and white faces. The hearts of our travellers were lifted up in gratitude to Heaven for their providential escape; and they rejoiced not only that their own lives were spared, but also that they had been saved from shedding the blood of these poor people; for their guns were all double-loaded, and their men ready to fire at the first arrow that should have been discharged from a native bow.

Our party now learned that the place at which they had landed was Bocqua market; and were told that the muskets they saw among the people were obtained from other natives who dwelt near the sea-coast, and brought European goods to the market, where they exchanged them for slaves. It was added, that in ten days they would reach the sea. This intelligence gave the travellers hopes that their arduous journey was nearly over; and the next morning they left Bocqua in high spirits.

On the following day, as they were passing a large village, they were hailed by a little black man, dressed in a soldier's jacket, who called out as loud as he could, "Holloa, you Englishmen! you come here." As they paid no attention to the shouts of the little man, they were quickly pursued and overtaken by a dozen canoes; and the people in them said they must turn back, for they had forgotten to pay their respects to the king. So they turned back to Damuggoo, as the village was called; and the first person they saw at the landing-place was their little friend in the red jacket. He proved to be a native of Bonny, who had been sent by his chief to Damuggoo to buy slaves. One of the Africans who had accompanied our travellers through their long journey was a brother of the king of Bonny; and, upon landing, to his and their great surprise, they saw many of his countrymen, who were partly dressed

in European clothes, and had all picked up a little English from the Liverpool ships that came to their country to trade in palm-oil.

The king soon came to see the strangers, bringing with him a goat and provisions as a present, and invited them to stay a few days at his town; which they the more readily promised to do as they found that the chief of Bonny's messenger would then be returning to the sea, and that five Liverpool vessels were then at anchor in Bonny river.

The travellers were led through dirty streets of mud to a small close hut, plastered with clay, where they were to sleep. As soon as the news of their arrival spread through the village, hundreds of people came to see them; and their little hut was so crammed that they were almost suffocated. Having tried in vain to keep off these troublesome visitors themselves, they at last despatched a messenger to the king,

to beg that he would interfere; and he sent them word, that if the people would not go away when they bid them, they should fire upon them, and kill as many as they pleased. Neither principle nor feeling would allow the Englishmen to adopt such a plan, and they requested the king to send some of his own people to disperse the assembled crowd. Some men soon appeared, armed with large, heavy sticks, and used them so unmercifully that the hut was soon cleared, and our half-stifled friends able to breathe freely again.

The king, who had never before seen a white man, was much delighted with his guests, and very curious to learn where they came from. He had not even heard of the countries and cities the travellers had visited higher up the Niger; and listened with wonder to the story of their adventures. They were treated with the greatest kindness all the while they staid at Damuggoo; and the king sent them every

morning a present of provisions that would have served for fifty men. He also made great rejoicings with his subjects on the occasion. An incessant firing of muskets was kept up from six in the evening till twelve at night, after which the people paraded the town till morning, dancing, singing, and making merry. Understanding that this was the greatest mark of respect that could possibly be shown them, the Englishmen waited on the king the next morning, to return him thanks for the honour; upon which his majesty said, that the great white king would be pleased to hear he had treated his subjects so well, and that they might inform him of his riches and power.

The Landers had, during their journey, met with so many kings and great men, that their stock of presents was almost exhausted, and they were vexed that they had nothing suitable to give this hospitable chief. However, they promised, if he

would let some of his people accompany them to the ships at Bonny, they would send him a present back by them; and to this he cheerfully agreed. Accordingly, when they left Damuggoo, some of the natives of that place went with them, as well as the Bonny people.

The party filled two canoes, and at first every thing went on prosperously; but on the second day they met with a great disaster. Soon after they had passed a large market, called Kirree, they saw a fleet of fifty large canoes coming up the river towards them. Three long bamboo canes, with flags flying from them, were fixed like little masts in each of these canoes: as they came nearer, Richard Lander saw that the people in them were partly dressed in European clothes, and among the flags he could distinguish the colours of his own country, whilst others had figures on them, representing a man's leg, tables, chairs, de-

canters, glasses, and all sorts of strange things.

He was overjoyed at the sight, for he felt sure that these people must come from the sea-coast; but his joy did not last long. When the first canoe came up, signs were made for him to approach; but seeing all the men in it were well armed, he did not feel much inclined to obey. The next moment, however, he heard a drum beat, and saw several men mount a platform, and level their muskets at him and his little party. It was impossible to escape, and equally out of the question to fight with fifty war-canoes, each of which had a long gun fixed in its bow, and carried forty men, armed with muskets, swords, and boarding-pikes. Richard Lander's canoe was soon plundered of its contents, and his own gun, jacket, and shoes, snatched from him; but seeing that the people in the other war-canoes took no part in the affair, he hoped to find some friends among them, and de-

termined fo follow the robbers to the market of Kirree, where he supposed they were going, and try to recover his property.

As his people were exerting themselves to keep up with the thieves, a man in a large canoe called out, "Holloa, white man, you French, you English?" "Yes, English," he replied; and his new friend said, "Come here, in my canoe." He gladly complied with the invitation; and the chief, for such he was, put three of his men into the plundered canoe, to help to row it to the market.

In the mean time John Lander and the rest of the Bonny and Damuggoo people, who were a great way behind, saw a sheep and goat, which they knew belonged to their advanced party, in a strange canoe, and gave chase to it. The robbers pushed for the market, and took shelter among the canoes assembled at the landing-place. John Lander's party followed, and to his

extreme surprise, as he approached the market, he saw what appeared to be European flags fixed to poles, and flying over the various canoes. These he soon discovered were only imitations, but very neatly executed. His surprise was not lessened, when, on landing, he found most of the people with some article of European clothing, and many of them speaking a smattering of English, others of French. After a great dispute he recovered the sheep and goat, and was again proceeding on his way down the river, wondering how his brother could have suffered these people to take them from him, when he met the fleet of war-canoes.

In one of these he saw his brother, and supposing that he was coming back to demand the restoration of the stolen animals, he thought of no danger, till he was suddenly hemmed in and attacked. In the scuffle his canoe was upset, and, on finding himself in the water, surrounded by fierce-

looking savages, he swam towards a large canoe in which he saw some women and children, hoping to meet with some pity from them. One of the men in it seized him by the arm, dragged him out of the water with a jerk, and let him drop into the bottom of the canoe, without saying a word.

When he came to himself, he expected nothing but a cruel death; but looking up, he saw his brother in another canoe at a little distance, who, when he caught his eye, raised his arm and pointed up to heaven, as if to encourage him to trust in God. Stripped of every thing, and in the power of these fierce barbarians, what hope of deliverance could they have but in his providence? and endeavouring to resign themselves to his will, they calmly awaited the event.

In the struggle for a share of the plunder, three or four of the large canoes were upset at once, and the scene of confusion

that followed was greater than can be described. Men, women, and children were struggling in the water, trying to save their floating property, and screaming for help; while their cruel countrymen, as the poor drowning creatures tried to get into their canoes, beat them off, striking their heads and hands with paddles. When this confusion was nearly over, John Lander, finding himself close to the canoe in which his brother was, jumped into it, thinking it would be some comfort to be together; but he was seized by a powerful arm, dragged back, and commanded by furious gestures to sit still at his peril.

The war-canoes now repaired to the market, and there the Damuggoo and Bonny people, who like their English friends had lost all their property, followed, to make their complaints. Several canoes from Damuggoo had arrived to attend the market; and the people who came in them were highly indignant at the manner in which

their countrymen and their late guests had been treated. Many others were found to take the part of the strangers, and a council of war was held, which lasted all day.

At length it was decided that the man who had begun the attack should lose his head, as a punishment for his offence; that every thing belonging to the Englishmen, that was not lost in the river, should be restored to them; but that they themselves must for the present be considered prisoners, and be carried to Obie, the king of the Eboe country, whose will concerning them would then be known. This intelligence was received with delight by the two brothers; and they returned heart-felt thanks to their Heavenly Father for their signal preservation on that eventful day.

A voyage of three days brought them to the Eboe country; and after threading their way, by a narrow channel, through an extensive morass, they got into clear water in front of the town. Here hundreds of

large canoes were lying; and as they came up, two or three tall, powerful-looking men asked them in broken English how they did, at the same time shaking hands most heartily with them. The chief of these said his name was Gun, and told them that his father and brother were kings in the Brass country, and that a vessel from Liverpool was then in Brass river.

The canoe was drawn a considerable distance over ooze and mud; and then the strangers were led to a clean, comfortable looking house, having a verandah in front, supported by wooden pillars, and the floor spread with mats for their accommodation. An hour or two of repose on dry soft mats greatly refreshed the travellers, and then they were summoned to the presence of the king.

Passing through the outer yard of the palace, in which there was nothing remarkable, they entered by a wooden door into a second, which was very cleanly swept and

ornamented on each side by an excellent portico. This led to a third enclosure, which had likewise its porticoes, and in one of them a number of women were weaving native cloth, of cotton and dried grass. Opposite the entrance was a low platform, covered with coloured mats and red cloth, and at each corner was placed a little clay figure. Here the Englishmen were desired to wait till the king came, amidst a crowd of half-dressed armed men. Among these they found their friend Gun, who quickly claimed acquaintance with them. He talked amazingly fast, laughed aloud at every word they said, and by way of encouragement, slapped their shoulders with great energy. They tried in vain to obtain the information they wanted from him, for his only answer to all their questions was, "Oh yes, to be sure!" and this he repeated so often, and with such a ludicrous grin, that they could not help being much diverted in spite of their disappointment.

King Obie appeared, and his mild, open countenance and sprightly manner gave no indication of the ferocious character the travellers had heard ascribed to him. He received them with a smile, shook hands very cordially, and took his seat on the clay throne. As they looked at him, they thought he might have been called 'the coral king,' for they had never seen such a profusion of coral ornaments on any one. On his head was a cap in the shape of a sugar-loaf, so completely covered by pieces of broken looking-glass and strings of coral as to hide the material of which it was made. His neck, wrists, and ancles, were encircled by numerous strings of the same beads; and the better to display them, some inches were cut off the bottom of his trousers and the sleeves of his coat. Both these garments were made of red cloth, and almost covered with coral; his coat was also ornamented by gold epaulets, and his singular dress was completed by a

string of small brass bells tied round each ancle.

As soon as the king was seated, the Bonny messenger who had accompanied our travellers from Damuggoo, related the whole story of the assault at Kirree. This man's speech lasted two hours, and seems to have been a fine specimen of savage eloquence. He made a visible impression on his hearers; and though the Englishmen did not understand his language, they could not help being struck with the power and energy with which his words were poured forth, and his natural and animated gestures and tones. At the conclusion of his address, the king offered the strangers some refreshment, and put off hearing more till the next day.

At the council, or great palaver, (as it was called,) that was afterwards held, there were great disputes between the Bonny and Brass people, each party wishing to conduct the strangers to the sea by the way

of their own country. The men of Brass, however, proved the stronger party; and after four days' discussion, it was settled that king Boy, the elder brother of Mr. Gun, should take charge of the Englishmen, upon giving king Obie the goods he demanded for their ransom; they on their part agreeing, that if he would take them and their attendants to the Liverpool ship then in Brass river, they would, on reaching it, repay him for what he gave king Obie, and also reward him for the trouble and expense of the voyage.

During their stay at Eboe town the travellers had been half-starved, for they had no longer the means of buying provisions for themselves. The king sent them every morning one fowl and a yam or two; but this was poor fare for ten people: no one else would give them anything; and they gladly left this inhospitable place.

The Brass-country canoe in which they now embarked, was fifty feet long, and

made out of the solid trunk of a tree: it was so heavily laden that only two inches were to be seen above water, and they were terribly cramped for room. The canoe was furnished with two speaking-trumpets for the issuing of orders; and the officers, as they called themselves, were so fond of using them that there was scarcely an interval of ten minutes together from their deafening noise during the whole day.

King Boy's allowance of food was not much more liberal than king Obie's; for it was only half a small yam a day to each of them; and in addition to all these inconveniences, both the brothers were ill.

At seven in the morning of the third day they left the main river, and entered a narrow channel leading to Brass-town. The sides of this creek were thickly bordered with mangrove-trees, which formed a complete arch overhead; while a sickly, offensive smell arose from the decayed leaves and muddy banks. All night they

continued going on through these gloomy passages, except when they sometimes stopped for a few minutes to disentangle the canoe from the hanging boughs of the trees. The next day they arrived at Brass-town.

In all their travels the Landers had never seen such a miserable, filthy place. The inhabitants looked wretched and sickly, and half-starved dogs and goats were running about the dirty streets. The country all round was covered with rank, impenetrable thickets of mangrove; not a spot of cultivated ground was to be seen; but the people subsisted on fish and the yams they imported from Eboe.

When king Boy left Brass-town with Richard Lander to go to the English vessel, he would not let him take more than one servant with him; saying that his brother and the rest of his people must stay at the town till the captain had paid him the sum agreed upon, and that then he would return and fetch them.

Brass-town is about sixty miles from the mouth of the river. The first part of the voyage was through creeks and channels, much like that by which our travellers reached the town; and the country, as the canoe passed along, appeared covered with swamps and mangrove-trees. The ship was anchored in the main branch of the Niger, which is called by the natives the First Brass-river, and is known to Europeans by the name of the river Nun. Soon after they again entered the main stream, Richard Lander saw with delight two vessels lying at anchor at some little distance. The first they came to was a Spanish slave-ship; and he learned from the captain that the river was very unhealthy, and that almost all his crew were ill; indeed they looked more like skeletons than living persons, and could scarcely move about the ship.

With mixed feelings of joy and doubt he then went on board the English brig,

and found that four of the crew were just dead of fever, the other four sick in their hammocks, and the captain himself very ill. The traveller went to the bed-side of the captain, told him who he was, and explained his situation ; at the same time showing the paper of instructions he had received from the British government, as a proof of the truth of his statement. He then asked him to redeem them, by paying king Boy's demand ; assuring him that he might depend on being repaid by the English government. To his utter surprise and dismay, the captain flatly refused to give him a single thing ; declaring, with the most dreadful oaths, that he did not care for his bill. Shocked at his conduct, Lander went back to king Boy, and begged that he would take him to Bonny river, as many English ships were there, and he doubted not but that he should find friends among them. But king Boy very naturally replied; " No, no, dis captain no pay,

Bonny captain no pay; I won't take you any further."

Our poor friend again applied to the captain, telling him that he had left a brother and eight people at Brass-town, who would be starved or sold as slaves if he would not ransom them. To this the captain only answered, that if he could get his brother and men on board he would take them away, but that he would give him nothing. It was with great difficulty that king Boy was persuaded to go and fetch them, without first receiving his goods, on the promise of being paid some time or other. Lander sent his servant back in the canoe to his brother, with some shirts he obtained from the cook, and a little beef and rum the captain gave him, who grew rather better humoured on hearing that some of the traveller's attendants were seamen; for he thought that as so many of his own crew were dead they would be useful to him. This man also carried a

note to John Lander from his brother, telling him of the sad disappointment he had met with, and desiring that he would give the Damuggoo people an order on a Bonny captain for the present they had promised to the kind old chief.

Left alone with the captain, Lander tried by degrees to bring him round to his wishes. He related to him the story of his travels; told him how king Boy had redeemed them from slavery at Eboe, and represented to him what a bad opinion he and his people would have of the English if he were not paid. The captain listened attentively, till Lander repeated his request of payment, but then he flew into a passion, and again profanely swore he would give him nothing; adding, in the most unkind manner, that if his brother and people did not come in three days he would go without them.

How anxiously did Richard Lander now watch for the appearance of his brother!

He felt sure that if left behind he must perish, for they had both had several attacks of fever since they reached Eboe; and beside the danger from the unhealthy climate, he knew that three shipwrecked white men had lately been cruelly stripped and starved to death by the Brass people.

The three days passed away, and he did not come. The unfeeling captain refused to wait any longer; but on the fourth morning the sea-breeze blew so strongly, and raised such a surf, that the vessel could not get out to sea, and was thus detained till the next day, when John Lander arrived. The captain persisted in his refusal to pay king Boy, and replied to his just demand with such violence that the terrified chief jumped into his canoe, and was seen no more. The British government have since sent out orders for his payment; but it is most probable that he and his countrymen will long remember the unjust treatment he met with from the English.

These people have, themselves, the character of being treacherous and cruel; but can we wonder at such conduct in heathens, when those who call themselves Christians, set them so sad an example?

The two brothers were grieved and mortified beyond measure. In their long journey they had been treated with great kindness by the natives, had always been able to make the presents expected from them, and up to this time maintained the character of keeping their promises; but now, from the misconduct of the captain, they were obliged to leave the country under the imputation of being, as poor king Boy called them, "thief men," who had cheated him out of his goods.

The Liverpool captain set the Landers on shore at a small British settlement in the island of Ferdinand Po; and they were rejoiced to quit his ship; for though their people had been of the greatest use to him in managing the vessel, he had done all he

could to teaze and torment them. This unhappy man came to a melancholy end. A few weeks afterwards he returned to the island, thinking the two brothers would take a passage with him to England; but this they declined, for they knew him too well to put themselves again in his power. Most providential it was for them that they did so; for just after the ship had sailed, a large vessel was seen in pursuit of her, and the people on the island saw several guns fired, to compel her to wait till the pursuers came up. This vessel was believed to be a pirate; and it was supposed that the people on board of it plundered the Liverpool brig, murdered her crew, and then sunk her; for the unfortunate captain and his ship were never heard of more.

After remaining many weeks at Ferdinand Po, waiting for a vessel, the travellers returned to England by the way of Brazil, and reached their native land in

safety, after an absence of a year and a half. Can we better close our tale of their varied dangers and escapes, than in the words which they themselves adopt in speaking of the protecting care of the Almighty; "He hath delivered our soul from death, and our feet from falling; and preserved us from any terror by night, and from the arrow that flieth by day; from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and from the sickness that destroyeth at noon-day."*

* Lander's Journal.

THE END.

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