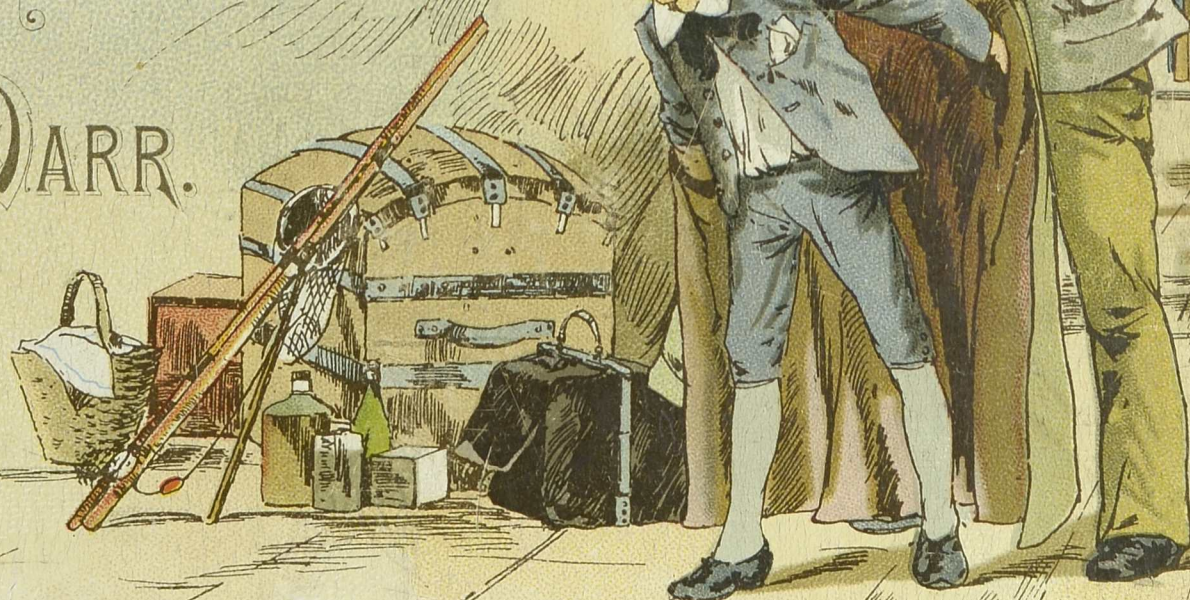


# A JOURNEY round the WORLD

With  
Illustrations

by

CHARLES MARR.

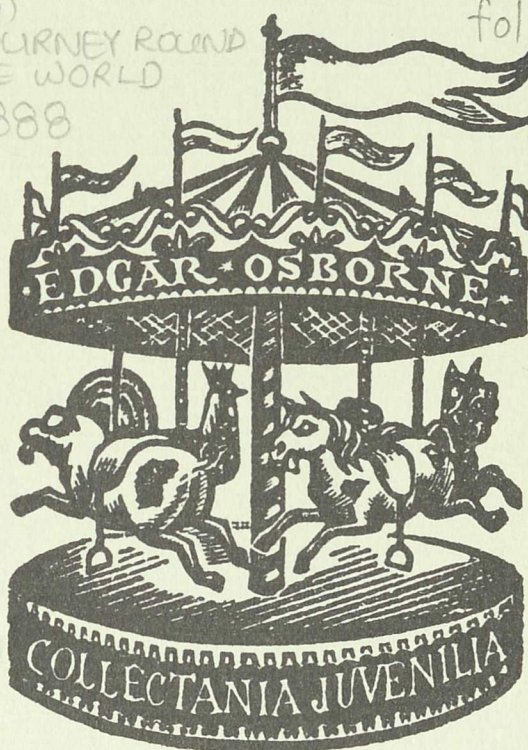


George Routledge & Sons. London, Glasgow & New York.



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THE WORLD  
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# A JOURNEY round the WORLD



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**CHARLES MARR.**

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### The Voyage decided on.

"Well", said Sir John Wrighton, a retired English colonel, "well! as you please, my dear doctor; and when shall the journey commence?"

"As soon as possible", replied Doctor Johnson, the old friend of the colonel's family.

"Listen, Willie?" called the colonel into the next room, out of which suddenly sprang a bright, flax-haired boy of about twelve years of age, who joyfully greeted the well-known old physician with his open countenance.

"Willie, do you hear what Doctor Johnson orders me to do?" asked the father. "He says I am to travel far out into the world, amongst Indians, negroes and cannibals! Is it not so, my dear doctor?"

The physician wiped his spectacles with a smile and nodded his head in confirmation.

"To a warmer climate, my dear baronet", he answered. "The fogs of Old England are delaying the cure of your otherwise trifling complaint. But you must not go alone! Nothing is a greater incentive to recovery than cheerful society, and as this is mostly found in the young. I, as a conscientious physician, recommend you", here he smiled at William, "to look out for youthful travelling-companions."

Here William, who had long ere this understood the friendly old doctor's insinuation, joyfully threw his arms round his father's neck.

"I see, I see", exclaimed the latter with a smile, "you two are in a conspiracy, and I must yield! But where is Ethel?"

Willie, in his joy over the fulfilment of his long-cherished wish, dashed recklessly away to call his sister just as her curiosity led her into the room.

Ethel was fourteen years old, very tall for her age, with a slender figure, and pretty, agreeable features. Her hair fell in full golden locks over her shoulders, and her finely-cut mouth was parted inquiringly. The

baronet's eye rested with pleasure on his beautiful child, who greeted guest and father with modest grace, while the latter acquainted her with the plans of the faithful family physician.

If Ethel did not express her joy in such a stormy manner as William had done, still her feelings were hardly less lively than those of her brother.

Frequent residence in large seaport-towns and intercourse with the widowed colonel's acquaintances, most of whom had travelled a great deal, as well as their favourite books, such as descriptions of travel, of adventures by land and sea, had long ago awakened the desire in both brother and sister to see and know the countries and peoples of whom they had heard so much that was wonderful and interesting. And now the summit of their wishes was about to be attained! Ethel joyfully kissed the cheek of her father, who drew her towards him in a tender embrace. With happy hearts both the children then fled away, to announce to their friends and playmates the pleasure in store for them.

### Preparations for the Voyage.

It was now a busy time in the Hall. Bent over the map by lamplight, the inmates passed their evenings in cheerful excitement, debating and arranging the plan of their proposed journey. Servants came and went with all sorts of travelling-paraphernalia from the neighbouring town. Trunks and boxes were packed. Ethel assiduous and thoughtful, took particular care in the selection of a number of excellent books, intended to instruct the travellers during the outward journey in respect to the places and people they were about to visit. William turned his principal attention to getting ready an astonishing supply of tightly-fitting glass cases, wide-necked bottles and tin boxes, destined for the reception of beetles, moths, and various other natural specimens. He gave himself up to the most exaggerated hopes and expectations as to the gigantic



booty which he meant to bring home, and with which he intended to develop his collection of natural historical curiosities into a veritable museum.

The baronet himself consulted an elderly and experienced naval officer, captain Pittson, about the equipment of the vessel and the choice of the crew. The friendly captain had declared himself ready to undertake the command of the yacht. As both he and the colonel had acquired some knowledge of medical science in the course of their long service, they could reasonably hope to overcome any ills or complaints arising from change of climate without the aid of a doctor. The medicine-chest was thoroughly fitted with every requisite, and was like the doctor's surgery in a large vessel. The colonel had also taken care to provide all the instruments necessary for astronomical and meteorological observations.

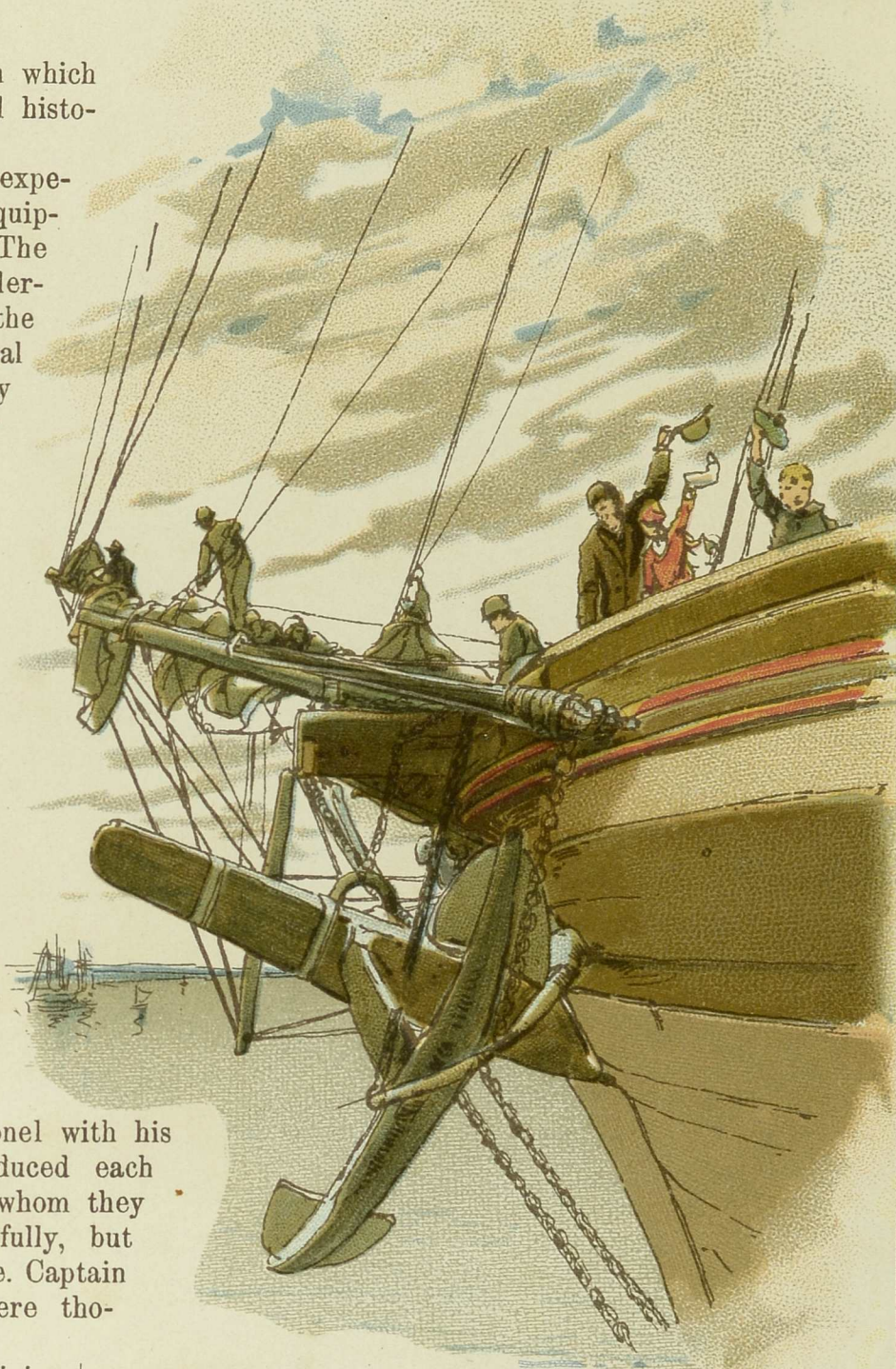
### The Departure.

At the end of about a fortnight all the necessary preparations were completed, and nothing more stood in the way of departure. After a short railway trip, which conducted the travellers from their country-seat to the seaport, the colonel, William, Ethel and the servants went on board the yacht, which the sailors had decked out for the occasion. The captain received them at the foot of the gangway, and a lusty shout of welcome met them as the colonel with his children appeared on board. The captain introduced each member of the crew by name to the owner, whom they saluted in their rough, friendly manner, respectfully, but with that self-confidence peculiar to seafaring people. Captain Pittson had selected for the voyage, men who were thoroughly good, sound sailors, one and all.

While the colonel and his children were examining the different parts of the "Victoria", Patrick, the elder of the two servants, a somewhat simple, but honest fellow, hastily threw his coat and bag into the little berth which had been pointed out to him, and forthwith followed Mr. Smithfield, the ship's cook, in whom he had discovered a former acquaintance. He determined to get into his good graces, and immediately commenced to relate his troubles to him.

"It is nonsense", groaned Patrick, "tapping his old village chum on the shoulder, the greatest nonsense in an old fellow like me to let myself be dragged into this silly journey. We have a good master, Bob, a very good master, that's true — but why does he want to travel? Why don't we stay at home at Greenhall, where we were so comfortable? But, cousin, how did you come into this miserable nutshell, to which we are to trust our precious lives for twenty months? I say it's nonsense, madness, on your part, too!"

"Now, Pat", answered Smithfield, as he filled a glass and passed it to his countryman, "you'll admit



that this is not a bad sea-drink? And look here, our captain, Mr. Pittson, is not such a niggard as to begrudge us something strengthening. I have made three voyages under him, and you can rely upon it, Pat, that this is not the last drop we shall drink to the health of our master and his family, God bless them!"

"Heaven grant we may not be so ungrateful as to forget it!" answered his friend, emptying his glass, and appearing to be in a more conciliatory humour.

Meantime the sailors had weighed anchor, and finding a passage through the multitude of ships which lay in the harbour, the shapely built and graceful craft was soon dancing on the fresh, bounding waves of the North Sea. A shot from the saluting-gun on deck announced the departure of the baron's yacht "Victoria", to the joy of William, who had climbed to the topmast, from which he was hurrahing and waving his cap to his heart's delight.





The Departure.



## On the Sea.

The first days of the journey were favoured by splendid weather. After two days' sailing the yacht ran into the English Channel. As the sea had hitherto been as smooth as a mirror, and the motion of the ship had been very quiet in consequence, the little party had, as yet, no experience of the dreaded evil of sea-sickness. As soon, however, as the coast of the Continent appeared in view, the yacht found herself in the current of the Channel, and everyone on board, from Willie's pet Newfoundland, Nimrod, upwards, succumbed to the painful illness. As, however, they were approaching the rougher waters only by degrees, the dreaded evil did not develop itself to any terrible extent, and our travellers were almost entirely spared by it for the rest of their voyage.

Patrick was not quite so lucky, for acting upon the cook's advice, he endeavoured to combat the evil by a frequent use of the baronet's stock of punch, without, however having any success to boast of. For days together he sat, dejected and inaccessible to comfort, upon some casks and coils of rope near the bowsprit, cursing in the depths of his heart the hour in which he had accepted the colonel's proposal to accompany him. "What nonsense! what madness!" he moaned, "for a sensible old fellow like me! We shall all be lost, bag and baggage! Poor Pat!" In vain did his friend try to console him with his excellent rum. Pat prepared himself for the worst. William expected Spain to supply him with important additions to his collection, so availed himself of the calm voyage to make the necessary studies and preparations.

## Off the Coast of France.

The chalk cliffs of the English coast were already lost to view, when, on the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, the fifth day since the departure, a light breeze sprang up from the south. It was therefore found necessary to get up steam and to propel the vessel by means of her screw. In the evening the children, who had been allowed to remain on deck rather later than usual on account of the warmth of the temperature, had their attention arrested by a remarkable phenomenon.

The sea, resting in the calm twilight exhibited on its surface a strange glimmer, which augmented with the increasing darkness. William maintained that he saw a number of

little glowing points, which flowed together into a glittering streak, and more especially followed the course of the ship in a broad, sparkling stream of silver.

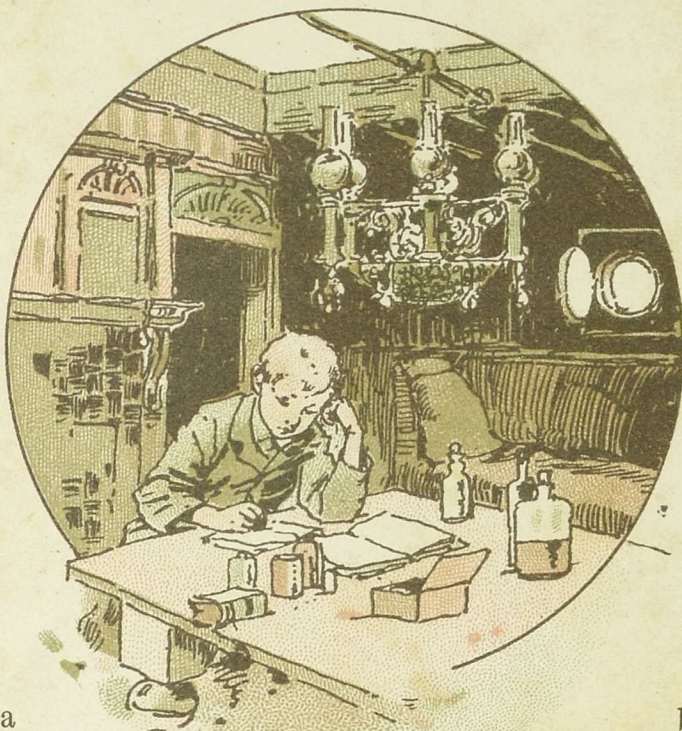
A sailor helped the curious young inquirer to draw on board a bucket full of the luminous water. But, to his sad disappointment, it was scarcely drawn out of the waves, before every trace of its shining splendour had disappeared.

Captain Pittson informed the boy, who was very much disappointed by this discovery, that this glorious phenomenon, which had been observed by him in all latitudes, was caused in our seas principally by microscopically small luminous insects, of which every drop contains thousands, and which collect themselves upon the surface of the ocean, but which, of course, cannot possibly be seen by the naked eye.

Willie at once determined that he would apply his microscope (of which he certainly had as yet but very little knowledge), to the observation of these curious creatures on the very next day.

"Moreover", added the captain, "the southern seas shew this brilliant display in an incomparably greater splendour. There, the phenomenon is caused further by the presence of larger animals, especially medusæ and sea-blubber. These jelly-like, luminous creatures of the ocean appear in myriads in calm weather, all swimming in one direction on the surface of the sea, and also in the sunlight glistening in all the most brilliant hues of the rainbow. The phosphorescent glitter of the small creatures only takes place, when the surface of the water is slightly agitated, and the animals thereby shaken. While taking a sea-bath in India I made the acquaintance of some of the most dreaded kinds of sea-nettles in a manner too perceptible to be forgotten", he added.

"On that June evening the sea must have been covered with an unusually large number of these creatures, for in a few moments I was obliged to make for the land, scarlet as a lobster, and covered with burning stings, and for some considerable time afterwards I could not get rid of a most painful itching, caused by the inflammation of the skin. These delicate creatures, justly called sea-nettles, are armed with numberless tiny needles, which at every touch emit a sharp, acid liquid, with which they benumb their approaching prey. Willie, who had listened very attentively, now discovered in the bucket to his delight one of the small jelly-fish, but on taking it out with his hand he had the vexation of seeing it dissolve immediately.



William in his Cabin.



## Visit to Spain.

After a trip of several days, which passed off pretty quietly, the elevations of the Spanish coast, pale purple in the distance, appeared on the horizon. As the baronet, proposed to pay a visit to the Iberian peninsula, captain Pittson directed his course towards Lisbon.

In the port of the Portuguese capital the colonel with the children, Patrick and Maud, the maid, left the yacht, which they arranged, to meet again at Gibraltar. While the "Victoria" after a short stay, resumed her voyage, the little party had a look at the most celebrated cities of the old kingdom.

Although they were struck with the splendid Gothic cathedrals, palaces, and art-monuments, this was the case in a far greater degree with the relics of much earlier times, especially those of the Arabian dominion, the memorials of Moorish art.

Round the gates of Granada was once heard the din of the fiery battles fought between Moor and Christian for the possession of these favoured realms. It is well known that the long struggle was decided in 1492, by the capture of Boabdil, the last Moorish prince. Near the town of Granada, over the mighty tree-crests, even in its ruin a living witness of past magnificence, proudly rises Boabdil's castle, the Alhambra. This mighty fortress of the Moorish kings, under whom Spain flourished in her greatest prime, is still encircled by its outer wall, surmounted by numerous towers, and three miles in circumference. Round

the two enormous courtyards are ranged elegant colonnades, halls and apartments, through which our friends wandered, delighted with the picturesque prospects opened to their view.

After inspecting all the architectural wonders of the place, their guide conducted them to an open court, which commanded a splendid view, and where they stayed for some time.

Before their delighted eyes lay deep groves of orange and cypress, and over the magnificent forest-covered hills and rocky castles, towering up into the deep blue sky, arose the glistening snow-fields of the Sierra Nevada.

After visiting several other towns, of which they found Andalusia's old capital, Cordova, the most interesting, with its magnificent gardens and plantations of oranges, vines and olives, its vast cathedral, the most beautiful in all Spain, and a masterpiece of Moorish architecture, and with a host of new feelings excited by the busy movement and peculiar national life of a strange people, the baron accepted an invitation from Don Rudesindo, captain-general of Seville. This friendly veteran had learnt to know and value the colonel in his younger days, when they were both in Paris, attached to their respective embassies. At that time they were on particularly intimate terms.

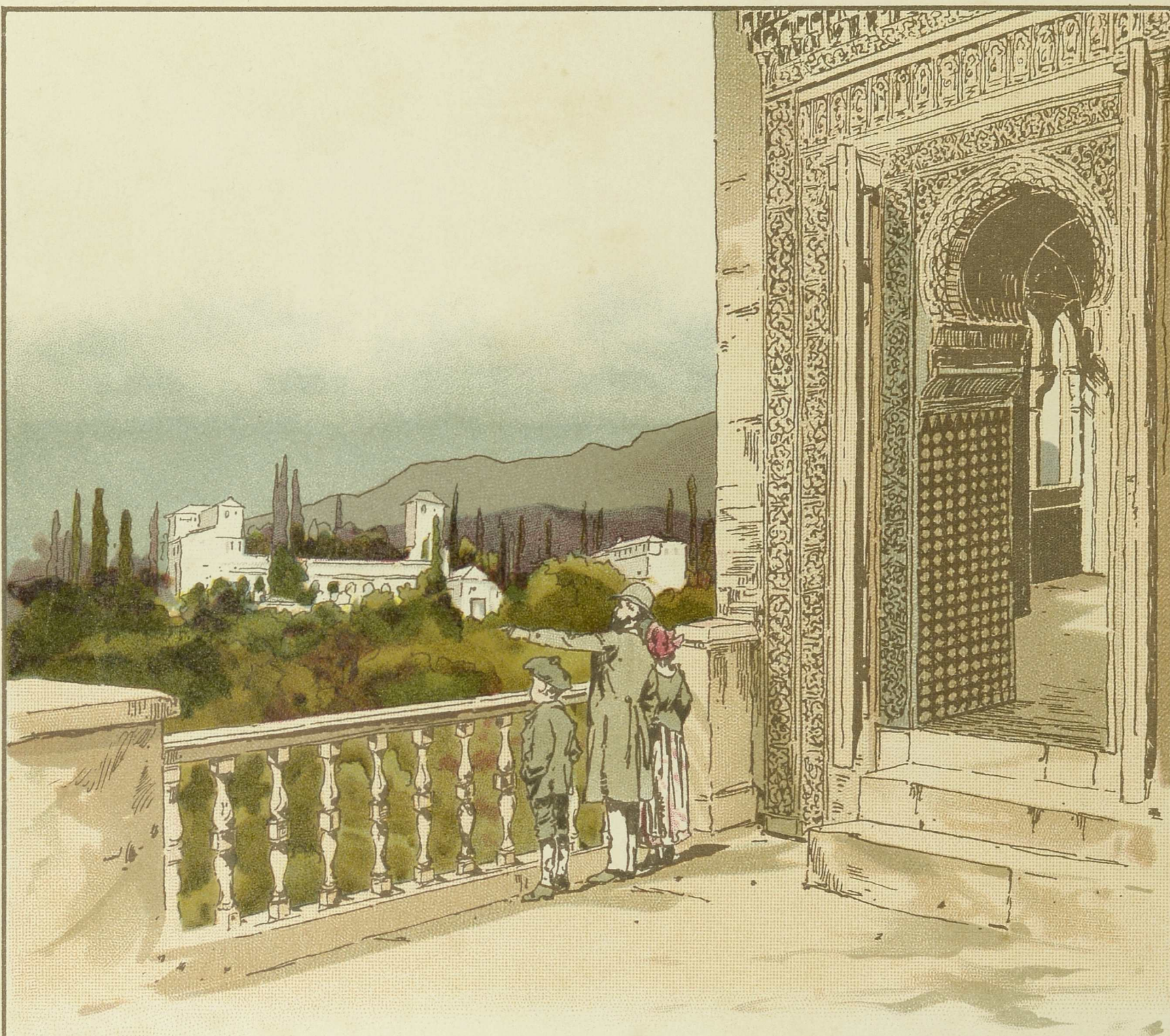
The commandant had hardly heard of the baron's arrival in Spain, before he placed his house at his disposal. His letter was a pattern of true Spanish politeness. The captain responded to the friendly summons all the more willingly, as Don Rudesindo informed him that a grand bull-fight would take place in Seville in a few days.

A day or two afterwards, he was received in the most friendly manner in the general's comfortable little palace, which was surrounded by a deep, shady garden. Our travellers had arrived in the very nick of time. The grand sport of the Spanish people was to take place on the same day. After an excellent breakfast, at which they became acquainted with some of the favourite national dishes, they proceeded, under the general's guidance, to the arena, where they were to witness the performance from their host's private box.

## The Arena.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon — a burning sun glowing over the wide extent of the circus — the grand spectacle commenced. From their box, which was completely sheltered from the sun, they had a perfect view of the broad oval ring beneath, and of the seats, rising tier upon tier, of the open amphitheatre. Our young friends shewed the greatest surprise at the enormous crowd of spectators, dressed in the





charming coloured costumes of their different districts. Their number amounted to about fifteen thousand, and was thus equal to the population of a moderate-sized town. Nearly half of these occupied places exposed to the full glow of the southern sun, in no wise deterred by this circumstance from visiting the spectacle, neither betraying by their movements that it caused them any particular inconvenience.

"You see", said the father in reply to a question of Ethel, "how tenaciously this people clings to its traditional customs, although they may no longer agree with a civilized period like the present. For there can be no doubt that is a cruel and brutal amusement to sacrifice fine, powerful animals, to the superior skill and cunning of men, for no purpose whatever. I cannot deny that the courage of the 'matadores' often commands our admiration, but a courage which exposes the lives of these men to the greatest danger without any worthy object cannot inspire much respect. Look! the

crowd moves! they all rise from their seats! what suspense is depicted on all their faces! the procession is about to commence!"

A single cavalier, dressed all in black, approached the row of boxes, and after he had received the key of the bull's prison from the captain-general, all the bull-fighters stepped into the arena, bowing low before the spectators to shew themselves before giving a display of their skill. Splendid figures they were, with true southern faces.

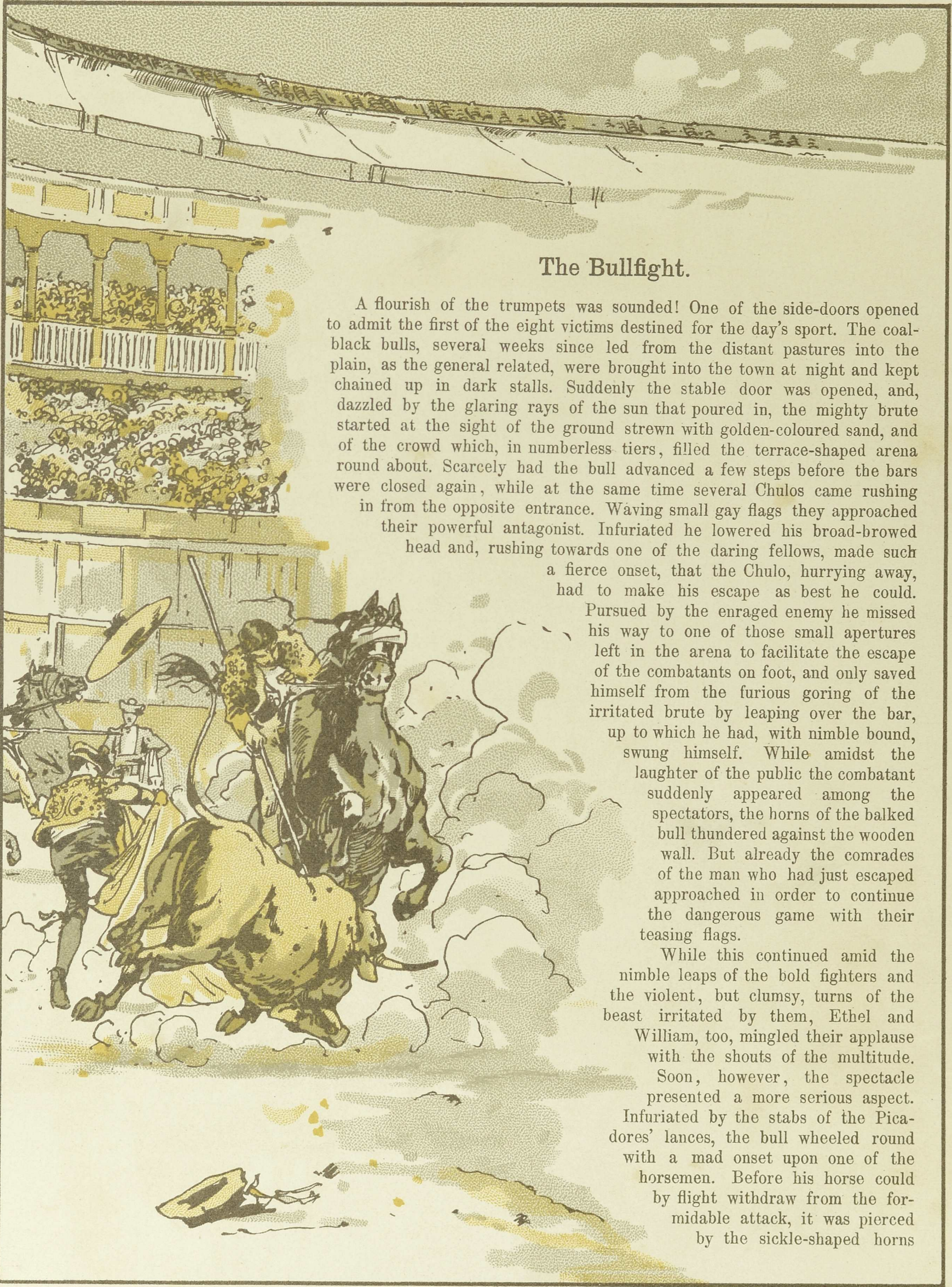
Ethel admired the rich velvet costume adorned with gold and silver embroidery of the two Matadores who marched on in front and were followed in stately procession by the less splendid, though likewise tastefully dressed Chulos, Banderilleros and mounted Picadores. To the sounds of a lively gallop the Banderilleros brandishing their beflagged darts, the magnificent Picadores poising their vigorous lances, reverently bowed to the general's boxes. After the procession they all disappeared again by the exit opposite the boxes.





Street in Seville.





## The Bullfight.

A flourish of the trumpets was sounded! One of the side-doors opened to admit the first of the eight victims destined for the day's sport. The coal-black bulls, several weeks since led from the distant pastures into the plain, as the general related, were brought into the town at night and kept chained up in dark stalls. Suddenly the stable door was opened, and, dazzled by the glaring rays of the sun that poured in, the mighty brute started at the sight of the ground strewn with golden-coloured sand, and of the crowd which, in numberless tiers, filled the terrace-shaped arena round about. Scarcely had the bull advanced a few steps before the bars were closed again, while at the same time several Chulos came rushing in from the opposite entrance. Waving small gay flags they approached their powerful antagonist. Infuriated he lowered his broad-browed head and, rushing towards one of the daring fellows, made such

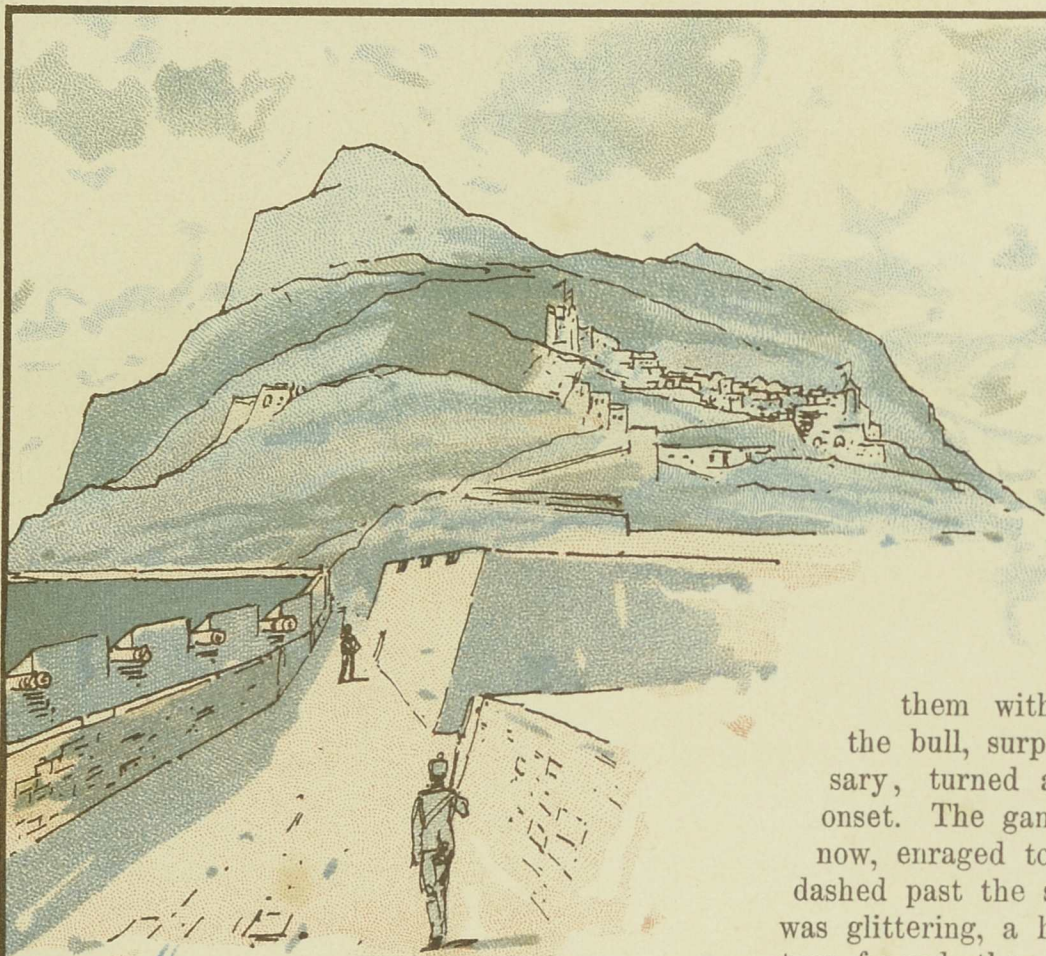
a fierce onset, that the Chulo, hurrying away, had to make his escape as best he could.

Pursued by the enraged enemy he missed his way to one of those small apertures left in the arena to facilitate the escape of the combatants on foot, and only saved himself from the furious goring of the irritated brute by leaping over the bar, up to which he had, with nimble bound, swung himself. While amidst the laughter of the public the combatant suddenly appeared among the spectators, the horns of the balked bull thundered against the wooden wall. But already the comrades of the man who had just escaped approached in order to continue the dangerous game with their teasing flags.

While this continued amid the nimble leaps of the bold fighters and the violent, but clumsy, turns of the beast irritated by them, Ethel and William, too, mingled their applause with the shouts of the multitude.

Soon, however, the spectacle presented a more serious aspect. Infuriated by the stabs of the Pica-dores' lances, the bull wheeled round with a mad onset upon one of the horsemen. Before his horse could by flight withdraw from the formidable attack, it was pierced by the sickle-shaped horns





Gibraltar.

of the exasperated brute. Rearing high in the sudden agony of death it fell into the sand, burying beneath it the fighter, who tried in vain to free himself from the weight of the body resting upon him. A suppressed cry escaped Ethel's lips, while Willie, with lustrous eyes and glowing cheeks bent over the bar.

On the point of now turning upon the horseman himself the bull was surrounded by the comrades of the fallen man and the Banderilleros, who came galloping towards him, waving their small flags. It was towards these latter that the rage of the powerful enemy was now directed. The combat was shifted to another side of the circus. Lame, and bleeding profusely the Picadore rose, relieved by his comrades, to be led out amidst the cheers of the spectators.

Already two more horses had been wounded by the bull, and the Banderilleros had thrust three of their barbed arrows into the back of the beast, when the Espada, the Matadore, appeared on the scene to finish the spectacle. While the two horses, streaming with blood, their bodies having been ripped open, broke down dying, the Espada, with calm step, advanced into the middle of the arena. His right hand bore the broad sword, while with his left he waved a red handkerchief. With staring eye and uneasy movement the bull awaited the dreaded enemy. It almost seemed as if the victim foresaw its impending fate. Chafed into new fury by the Chulos swarming about, the bull fixed his bloodshot, treacherously rolling eyes on the Matadore, lowered his head and rushed upon his antagonist.

William scarcely suppressed a loud scream when he

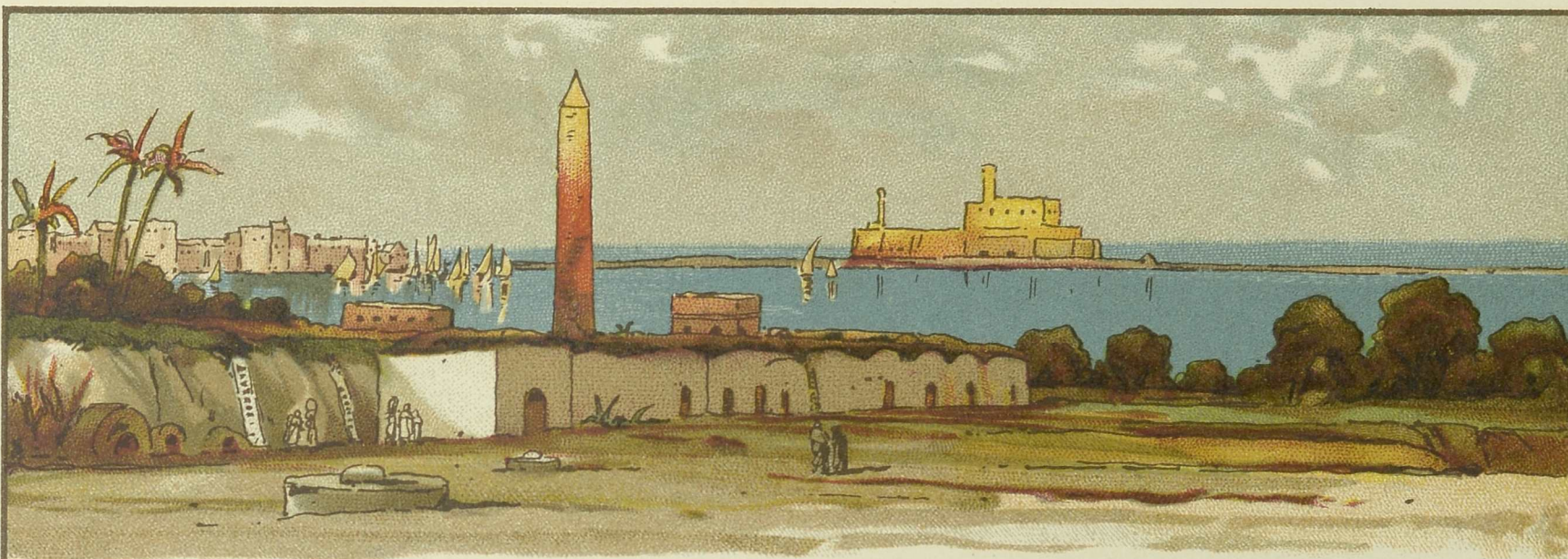
saw the sharp horns of the brute immediately in front of the fighter... one step more... one foot more... and the next moment the daring man must fall to the ground, mortally struck! But a calm, hardly perceptible movement of the menaced man, and beneath the left arm of the Matadore, holding the waving handkerchief, the bull dashed madly through, without hurting, nay, without even touching the fighter who had inclined to the right. Thunders of applause resounded from the stands! Proudly the Matadore gazed up at the people thanking

them with a slight motion of his hand. But now the bull, surprised at not having struck down his adversary, turned again towards him and renewed the mad onset. The game just described was repeated. But when now, enraged to the uttermost, the mighty brute once more dashed past the skilful fighter in whose hand the long knife was glittering, a heavy stab, and the bull plunged a few more steps forward, then stood still as if stunned, while the dark blood oozed down his neck; then he staggered on for a short distance and sank gasping into the sand: he was dead. A flourish

of the trumpets proclaimed the fighter's victory. A jubilant noise arose on all sides. The loud music was no longer able to drown the vociferous homage that was paid to the favourite Matadore. The general, to whom the Espada bowed reverentially, graciously nodded his approbation down from his box. A new storm of applause, such as had been never heard before, arose from all the tiers. Flowers and wreaths were thrown down into the arena. While the Matadore on whom these ovations were bestowed slowly retired, there appeared several carts, each drawn by four mules, to drag the carcasses of the bull and the dead horses at a gallop behind them and out of the circus. Now the cries of the vendors of oranges, ices, wine and lemonade, who offer their wares for sale to the spectators, were resumed.

„Well, how are you?" said the colonel, addressing the children. "Do you still care to go on witnessing the performance?" Much as Willie had admired the courage and skill of the bull-fighters, yet the cruelty of the sport appeared repulsive both to him and Ethel. The latter urgently entreated to be allowed to depart. The colonel nodded assent, and thus the travellers quitted the scene. The Spanish nobleman, whom they thanked cordially for the kindness shown them, endeavoured in vain, by pointing out that the fight would be repeated seven times more that day, to induce them to stay; our travellers' resolve was not to be shaken. Since he could not, as representative of the authorities, quit the sport so soon, and the colonel having fixed his departure for that evening, the friends took leave of one another at the gate of the arena.





### The English Fortress of Gibraltar.

After a short railway journey the small party arrived at the southern point of Spain, the rock of Gibraltar. The colonel determined to visit the fortress. Willie traversed with astonishment the chambers and passages hewn in the hard stone of high arched pieces of rock, rising terrace-shaped. He gazed with wonder at the number of mighty fortifications, forts, redoubts, and ramparts, which were surmounted by 1800 guns. The vaults of the rock, as the father explained, afford accommodation for a garrison of 20,000 men. The colonel related with pride the various sieges of the formidable stronghold, which invariably terminated in the defeat of the enemy, and, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts of the Spaniards and their allies, left the English in possession of the place.

Several days previous to the arrival of the travellers the "Victoria" had already appeared in the harbour, and they went on board of her in the evening of the same day.

For the last time they hailed in the morning the continent of Europe.

### In the Mediterranean.

A strong western breeze, which made the "Victoria" roll heavily, accelerated the passage.

The graceful craft flew under full sail across the foaming waters. Willie amused himself for hours together in watching the wild and variable play of the leaping waves.

At length a flight of sea-gulls, surrounding the vessel, indicated the neighbourhood of land. The same afternoon the lighthouse of Alexandria, rising like a needle above the flat, tawny coast, appeared in view, and our travellers soon found themselves in the oldest historically known country, the land of Egypt.

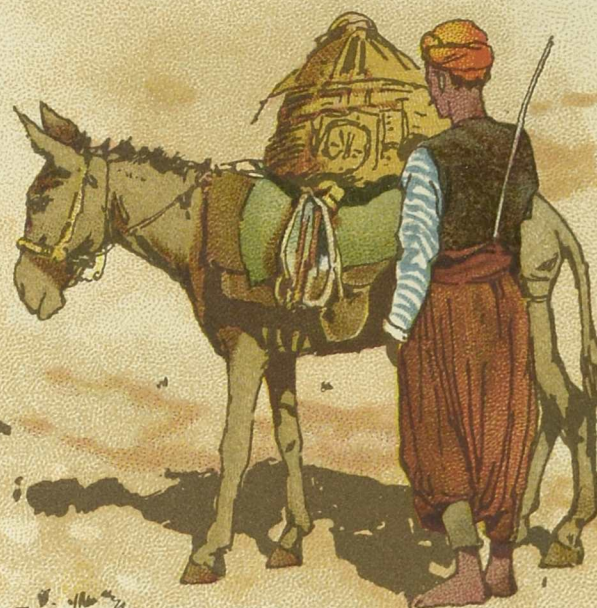
A world of wonders arose in their minds at the sound of this name. They were about to tread the ground which was the scene of the history of God's messenger, Moses, and to enter the city once founded by Alexander the Great, the oldest centre of civilisation of the inhabited earth. They were to visit those temples whose splendour bore witness to the grandeur of the past.

### In Egypt.

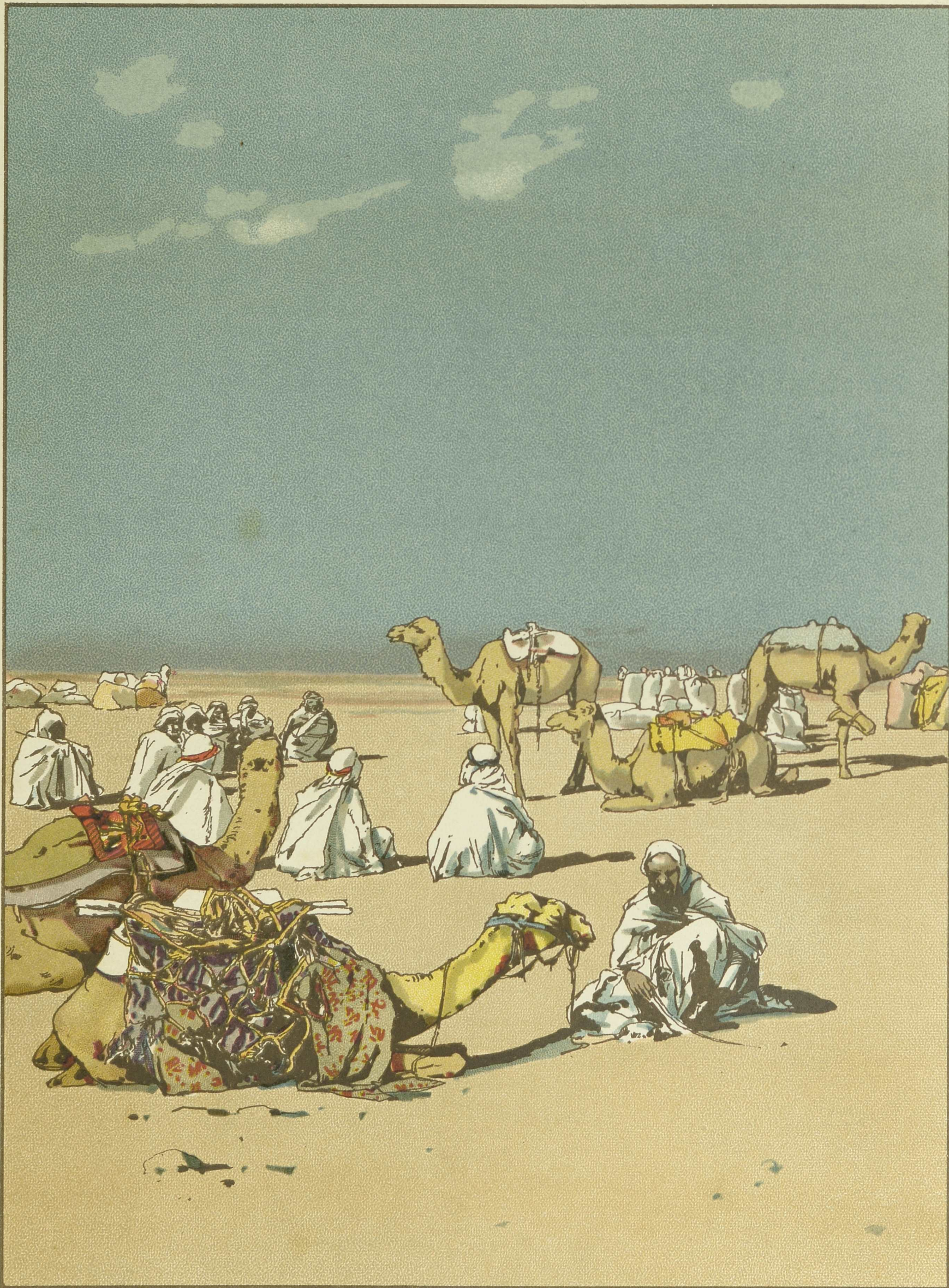
The ship had scarcely reached the harbour, when it was surrounded by a large number of small boats, whose brown occupants, with noisy cries, offered their services of every kind. The sailors, with Pat, had enough to do to keep off the importunate company.

The travellers now strolled through Alexandria. Willie was not a little surprised to find the old Egyptian city built in so "European" a style. The colonel took the children to the top of the lighthouse, constructed of white marble, and consisting of eight stories, and from thence he shewed them the extent of the old town, which was once, next to Rome, the greatest city in the world, and numbered a million inhabitants. At present the number is not more than one-fifth of this, and of these, moreover, 40,000 are foreigners.

While the colonel was making some visits, Pat accompanied the brother and sister to the so-called Pompey's Pillar, which rises from the midst of heaps of rubbish, and also to the world-renowned obelisk called Cleopatra's







In the Desert.





needle. The sister-obelisk, it is well known, now stands in London.

On the third day the party started on an excursion into the interior. The principal object of this journey was to see the pyramids, the greatest wonder of the old world.

The railway took them as far as Cairo, at which point the desert-journey was to commence. Cairo the old city of the caliphs, which once shone in all the splendour of the East, and where science and art once brightly flourished, is still the first city of the Arabian world, and the most populous in Africa. In spite of the many new and remarkable things which they saw, our young travellers were somewhat disappointed in their highly-wrought expectations by the streets, which were, for the most part, crooked, narrow and unpaved. They had hoped to find here something of the fairy splendour and glory of the Arabian Nights. Instead of this, however, they encountered an entirely new world, which warmly interested them. Bill was more particularly struck with the abundance of mosques, many of them splendid, and by the gay, busy life in the coffee-houses, of which Cairo possesses nearly 1200, while Ethel was principally attracted by the numerous bazaars with their rich treasures.

The next day at an early hour, the party assembled in front of the hotel, where the powerful beasts of burden, led by the camel-drivers, were already standing ready for the journey in the desert. The baron mounted the strongest animal, while Patrick took Ethel under his charge, and Willie confided himself to the care of an Arab. Five fellahs, who chattered incessantly, ran by

the side of the animals. It was difficult to imagine how these haggard and evidently poorly-nourished people could so well endure such prolonged exertions.

The last houses of the little hamlet in which they took their first rest now disappeared behind the masses of rock which arose from the sand. As they gradually reached higher ground, distant villages appeared in view, then the Nile's broad stream, prettily reflecting the little forests of palm-trees which fringed its shores. The dawn had quickly given place to a sunrise full of glowing colour. Over the bluish hills of granite rose the sun, and in reverential silence the party contemplated the majestic picture. The Arabian guides, who were all Mohammedans, bent towards the east and performed their accustomed devotions.

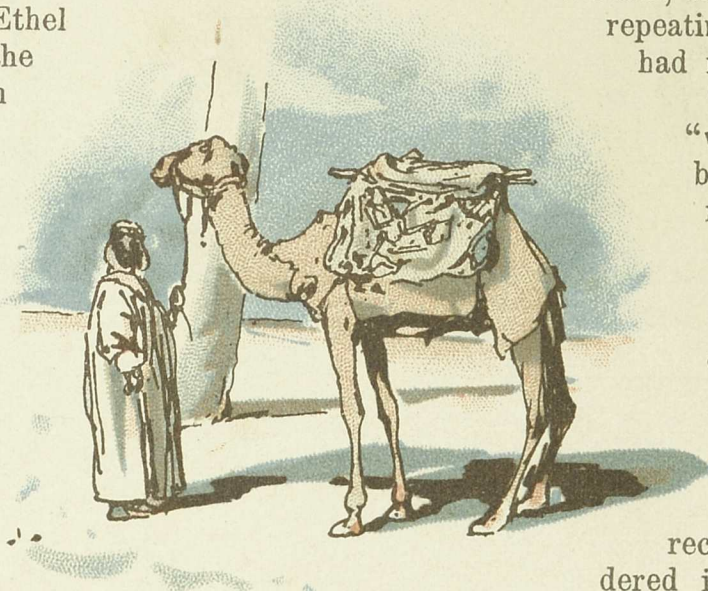
And now, gilded by the morning sun, were seen the summits of the two mighty pyramids, which, with a third and smaller one form a splendid group, and are named after the neighbouring village of Ghizeh. They are the burial-places of the old Egyptian kings Chufu, Chefren and Menkara, whose dominion flourished in these countries 4000 years ago.

William, meditatively and amazedly, kept repeating the figures which the colonel had named.

"A king," explained the baronet, "when he entered upon his reign, began immediately to prepare a resting-place destined to receive his mortal remains after he should have departed this life.

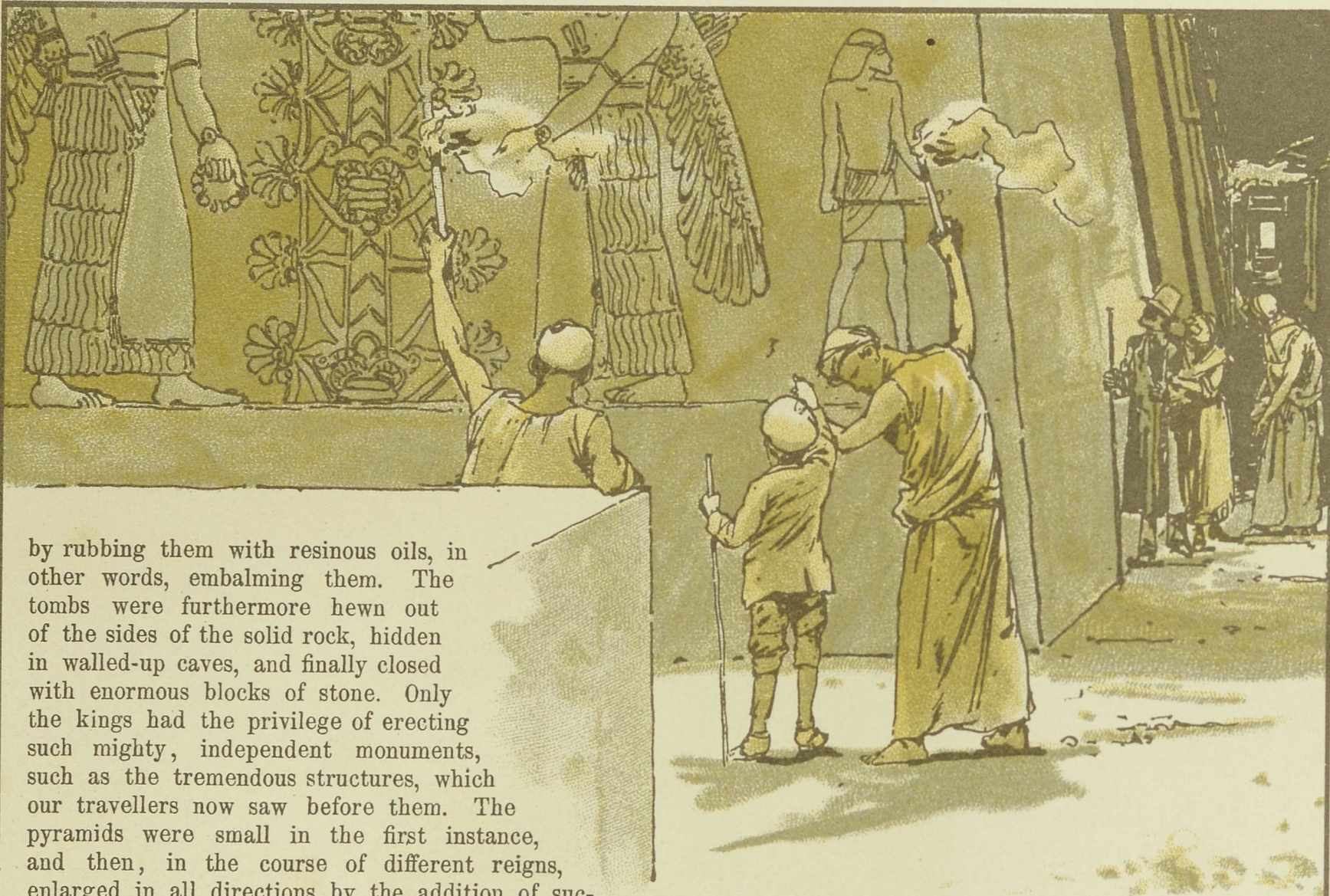
You must know that the faith of this people taught them to believe that the same body, which the soul of a man had inhabited on earth, would arise at his resur-

rection. They therefore considered it of the greatest importance to preserve the dead bodies uninjured



The Pyramids of Ghizeh.





by rubbing them with resinous oils, in other words, embalming them. The tombs were furthermore hewn out of the sides of the solid rock, hidden in walled-up caves, and finally closed with enormous blocks of stone. Only the kings had the privilege of erecting such mighty, independent monuments, such as the tremendous structures, which our travellers now saw before them. The pyramids were small in the first instance, and then, in the course of different reigns, enlarged in all directions by the addition of successive layers of stone. This explains how it was that those kings, who were destined to govern for a lengthened period, were able to erect pyramids of such astonishing size. Nearly all were covered with a layer of polished stone. The great pyramid of Gizeh, which they were now approaching was deprived of this covering by the Arabs in the 14th century.

On the confines of the Libyan desert there are nearly 40 pyramids, mostly constructed of limestone blocks, and in a few rare instances of black bricks, and of greater or less size.

After a journey of some hours, they at last reached the celebrated pyramids. Willie nearly met with an accident, for in springing too hastily to the ground, his foot caught in a saddle-strap, and he was thrown on to a piece of rock. His father scolded him for his clumsiness, and one of the Arabs extricated him from his awkward position.

The next thing the travellers admired was the figure of the mysterious Sphinx, cut out of rock, and which at the present day raises its head only out of the flying sand, which buries everything. Already the travellers looked no bigger than dolls against this gigantic bust of rock; how would they appear in comparison to the colossal masses of stone which the caravan was now approaching!

Spread out far over the desert plain, their mighty bulk rises high into the clear blue sky. The gigantic limestone blocks, of which these royal monuments are constructed, form a kind of staircase, reaching nearly

to the summit, of which, however, each step is nearly the height of a man. In spite of this, an Arab who was loafing about declared himself ready to climb the one pyramid, to descend it at a run, and then to repeat the performance with the other. "In eight minutes, my lord . . . and all for a franc!"

He certainly occupied twelve minutes in this break-neck performance, but he received his franc, and "backshish" (arstip) in addition. The colonel, however, in view of the difficulties, declined the ascent, although William passionately longed to wave his cap on the top of the most ancient structure in the world. His father, however, had expressed his opinion very decidedly, and he could not venture to set his entreaties against it.

The camel-driver who acted as leader of the little caravan was a Copt, consequently a descendant of the old Egyptians. His flat forehead, large mouth, and small nose, closely resembled the features of the mummies.

The small corpse-chambers are the only interior apartments in the pyramids, and the colonel was of opinion that they should not miss the opportunity of seeing them.

Four Arabs, with lighted, smoking torches, preceded the party. Ethel who courageously followed her father, could not resist a slight feeling of terror, as they entered the low, narrow, tunnel-like passage, whose mouldy atmosphere was not exactly improved by the vapour of the firebrands. In the flickering light of



the ruddy flames the strangely-carved sculptures with which the walls are covered seemed to acquire life and motion. The guides, pointing here and there with lively gestures, chattered away in a language which was supposed to be English, but which no one understood. Now and then they crossed a larger chamber. Then the Arabs sprang into the air, and threw a torch up to the roof, in order to shew the extent of the apartment. Everywhere mysterious, winged images of gods, and the strange picture-

language, descriptive of the deeds of heroes dead for ages, stared down from the smoke-blackened walls upon beings of a period younger by forty centuries. The children were filled with a creeping terror in presence of this great, buried world and its incomprehensible witnesses. Great scholars, however, have lifted the mysterious veil which lay over these monuments, and have found the key to these picture-symbols, and thus deciphered the history of this solemn, earnest people and its mythology.

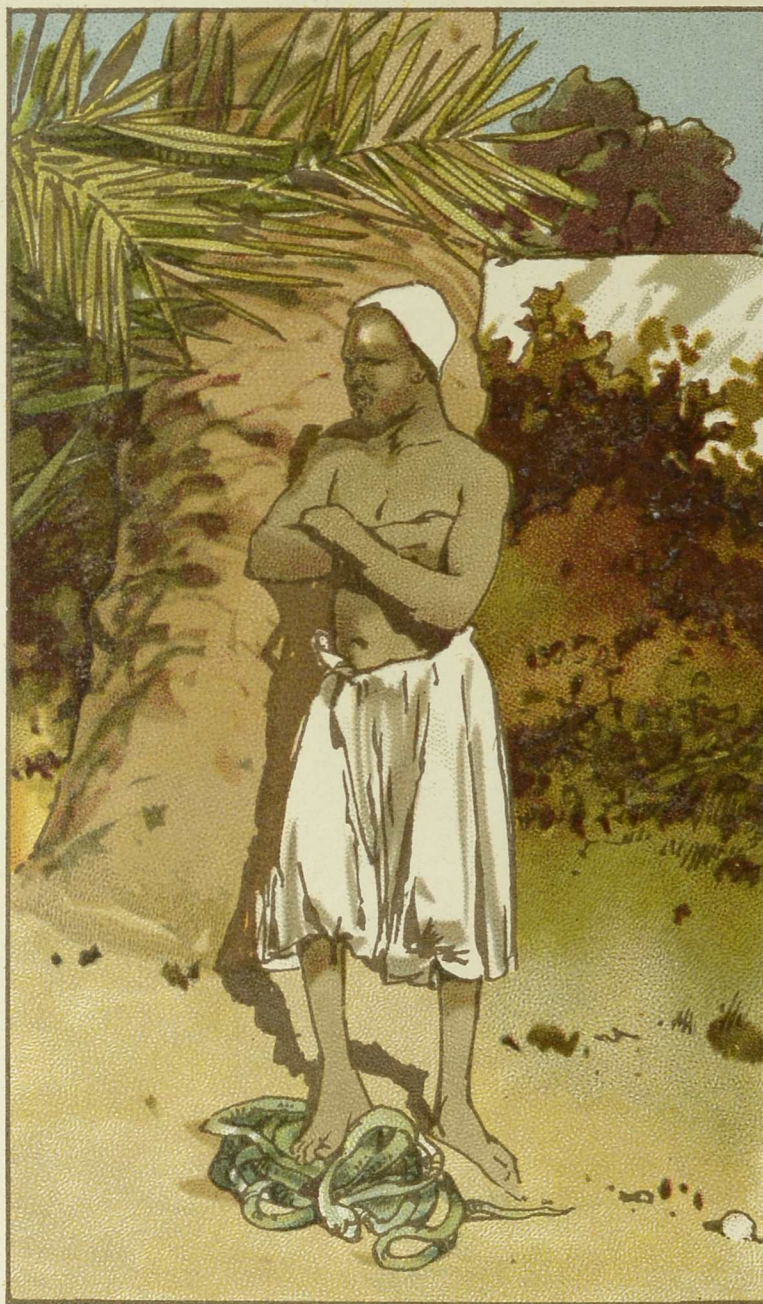
### The Accident in the Pyramid.

Suddenly William uttered a cry. Instead of following his companion's footsteps, as his father had strictly ordered him to do, Bill had examined a dark opening which appeared in a side wall. The crumbling earth on which he had stepped yielded to his weight, he plunged a few steps forward, and his forehead came into violent contact with the stone. The guides, who guessed what had happened, hurried up with torches and helped Willie to rise, and finally succeeded in carrying him out of the hole into which he had fallen. But what a fright for his father and sister! And what unfortunate consequences his fall might have had!

Close to the spot where William had fallen, yawned a deep, black pit, which was only loosely covered with some pieces of stone. The baron now remembered to have read of similar cunning contrivances, which had been used by the builders of these tombs and pyramids, in order to guard the sacred places from later visitors. Stories were told of many intruders, who had disappeared for ever in the depths of these pitfalls. Willie received a severe lecture from his father, and again promised strict obedience for the future.

The party now entered the burial-chamber of the king. The coffin had long been removed, to be preserved in a museum for the benefit of science. However, even in an empty state, the apartments, constructed of huge blocks of granite, with thousands of pictorial representations on the walls, offered plenty to engage the attention.

The young travellers could not conceive with what object such an extraordinary amount of trouble was expended in decorating the hard surface of the stones with sculptures, when every effort was made to withdraw them from the view of posterity. The baron, however, remarked that these evidences of veneration and glorification of the dead were the expression of a deep religious feeling in this extinct people. The guides now recommended a return. Bill's wound, which his sister had bound up with her handkerchief, was not a very serious one, and he now more cautiously followed their brown leaders' footsteps. The torches, however, only afforded very little light, for the air, filled with their smoke, would not let it penetrate, and made even breathing difficult. At last, a small point which appeared in the midst of the darkness, shewed that they were approaching the outlet. All, especially Ethel, breathed more freely. On reaching the entrance, the little party was obliged to remain for a short time inside, for their eyes, blinded by the glaring



sunshine which suddenly burst upon them, to become accustomed to the daylight again.

In Ghizeh, which the little caravan soon reached, William again found cause for annoyance, for which he was himself to blame. Unobserved by his father, he had purchased from an old Arab some small figures, roughly made out of clay, and glazed and coloured, and had paid a pretty high price for them. The seller asserted that he had found these little





On the Coast of Ceylon.





works of art in the sand of the desert, and that they were some of the remains of the idol-worship which had taken place on this spot thousands of years before. What treasures for his collection! And what a happy chance that made him the possessor of such a rare acquisition! What vexation for him, however, when his father, to whom he proudly exhibited his treasures, smilingly explained that he was the victim of a gross imposture. Several manufactories in Cairo supply the inventive natives with these treasures of the tombs and the desert at a very low price. Willie angrily seized his "gods," and, as soon as he reached the Nile, hurled them into its yellow waves, which promptly devoured them.

The next morning the company embarked on board a small Nile-boat, which they had hired for several weeks, while the "Victoria" directed her course from Alexandria to the Red Sea by way of the Suez Canal, that greatest result of human energy and perseverance in our century. The travellers, on the other hand, proceeded towards upper Egypt. A voyage on the Nile is among the most glorious experiences in life. An almost uninterrupted succession of the oldest and most remarkable monuments of the world accompanies the course of the whirling stream. What rich, picturesque variety! Airy groves of palm, from the midst of which arise, solemn and mysterious, the temple-structures of ages long since dead! Between the ruined walls and pillars of cities once splendid, appear the wretched villages of the fellahs.

Suddenly they saw their guides press round a man who dwelt here in a ruined hut, and who enjoyed a

high reputation as a snake-charmer, and whose conjuring tricks also excited the astonishment of our travellers.

The baron urged the necessity of shortening the desert-journey as much as possible, for Ethel's strength, in particular, proved unequal to the exertion. The travellers at last reached the coast of the Red Sea, and joyfully greeted the "Victoria," which was waiting for them in the bay of Tabe according to arrangement. Patrick, above all, rejoiced to have escaped from the "big sand-box," as he called it, and could not understand what his master could possibly want to look for under all those old heaps of rubbish. The waterfalls of the Nile, whose grandeur had filled the baronet with oft-renewed delight, had put Patrick's strength and courage to a severe test when the boats were carried over them, and had quite exhausted his patience. He now slunk immediately into the cabin of his friend the cook, to seek from him comfort and support.

### New Voyage, and a Storm at Sea.

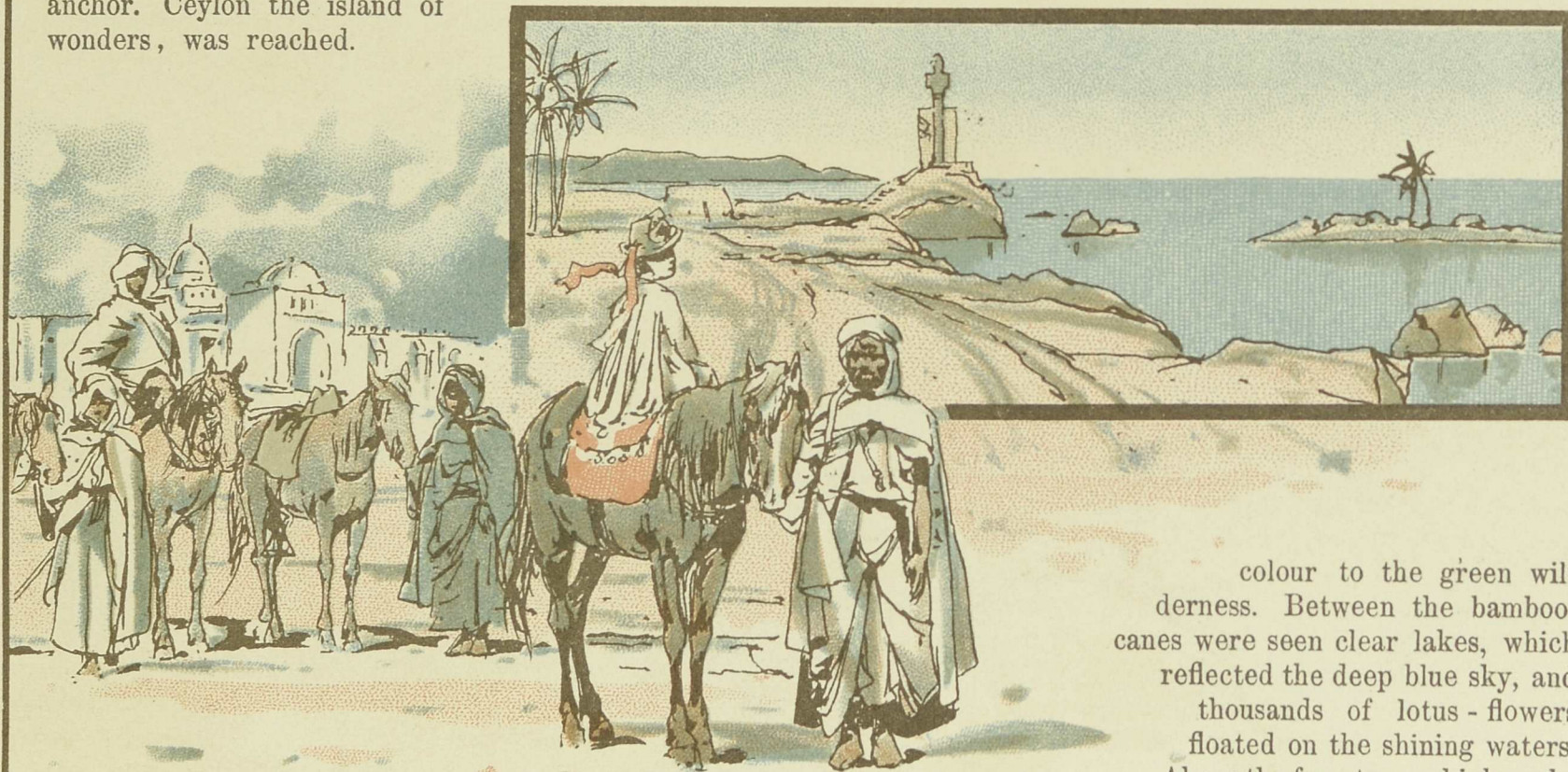
Patrick, though, as we know, no friend to the sea, was nevertheless pleased, after all his hardships, to get again on board of the comfortable ship, and Willie, too, was delighted to think he could now embody his little acquisitions in his collections.

Past the stony and barren coasts of Arabia, on the calm waters the yacht now ran into the Arabian sea. — Already the increasing warmth of the air was felt, and often, indeed, in a disagreeable way during the



hours of noon. The plentiful supply of ice they had taken with them, and with which all beverages were cooled, moderated somewhat the ill effects which the heat of the torrid zone has on the inhabitants of cooler regions. Captain Pittson had the figure-head of the "Victoria", newly painted, so that the British yacht might make a good appearance in the port of Colombo.

In the evening of one of the last November days the lights from the land were sighted. Soon the small guns, one of which William discharged with his own hand, thundered their salute to the ships of all the nations of the earth lying at anchor. Ceylon the island of wonders, was reached.



## Ceylon.

A heavy surf prevented the yacht's entrance into the harbour of Point de Galle, which the "Victoria" had reached after a voyage of several days. The small party at length landed, not without danger, on the narrow and flexible boats of the Cingalese natives. On the following day they prepared for an excursion through the green sea-girt isle, which with reference to its magnificent and luxuriant wilderness of woods is justly called the crown of East-India.

Patrick was in the worst of spirits and thought it a critical omen that a small vessel which bore him with some luggage to the land had, through the clownish awkwardness of the boatmen, capsized close to the beach, so that he, caught up by the sailors, had to be carried ashore dripping wet. The trunks of the colonel, too, had shared this ill fate.

The half naked brown watchman, who brought the travellers to Colombo, the chief town of the island, told them a great deal of the dangers of the primeval forest, which for a great extent occupies the whole

interior, so much indeed that Ethel did not without great apprehension think of the next few days.

The travellers were exceedingly interested on their journey to become acquainted with the cultivation of the spice-plants, above all of cinnamon, which is here particularly attended to.

The road from Colombo to Kandy, the old capital of the native kings, exceeded anything they had yet seen in grandeur and tropical splendour. Wonderfully beautiful forests of giant trees, bananas, mango-trees, and fan-shaped palms bordered the road. Strange creeping plants, luxuriantly blooming, gave life and

colour to the green wilderness. Between the bamboo-canes were seen clear lakes, which reflected the deep blue sky, and thousands of lotus-flowers floated on the shining waters.

Above the forests rose high peaks of rock, down whose sides rushed mighty waterfalls, dashing themselves into sparkling spray beneath. The view was bounded by the strange forms of the "Holy mountain", the "Peak of Adam" whose lofty head towers far into the clear atmosphere.

The baronet called the children's attention to the fact that that very day was Christmas Day.

It is true that joy at the return of this, the most beautiful of all family festivals, was mixed with the painful recollection of the loss of their good mother, who had died five years before, but in such moments the tender band which bound these three together was drawn all the more closely.

In their home, stately fir-trees, brilliant with wax-lights, had illuminated the baron's hospitable rooms, while the snow whirled over the fields — here, they rested under palm-trees, here the blooming abundance of the South surrounded them. The following days the heat increased so much that the Baron determined to quit the island sooner than he had at first intended. He purposed still to visit the Indian continent, the sacred stream of the Hindoos, the Ganges, as well as to see some of the primitive sanctuaries of the land.



## On the Ganges.

Immediately on arriving at Calcutta, the capital of the Anglo-Indian empire, the "Indian London", our travellers received letters from home which fortunately brought only joyful tidings. On the western main branch of the Ganges, the Hooghly, the city with its million of inhabitants, lies stretched out. Our friends hailed with veneration the floods of the sacred river. On their drive through the so-called white city, the city of palaces, the baronet and his children were accompanied by an English officer, a distant relation of his deceased wife, and who had just returned from the interior of India. From the midst of the splendour of the wide streets and the palaces he took them to the old, "black city", where they saw a maze of narrow, crooked streets. With difficulty they picked their way between wretched huts of mud and bamboo, ruins, and heaps of refuse. The bitterest poverty here exists side by side with glittering wealth.

The baronet decided to extend his voyage on the Ganges as far as the sacred cities of Benares and Delhi. After a week's journey in a hired vessel they reached Benares, the "Rome of India."

The city, situated on the left bank of the Ganges, and semicircular in form, towers up from the river, its splendid pagodas, mosques, cupolas and minarets gilded by the morning sun. From the quays, with their marble palaces, terraces and flower-gardens, thousands of pilgrims could be seen descending the broad, magnificent flights of steps which

lead to the banks of the sacred Ganges, to perform their prayers and ablutions, and to fill their pitchers with the consecrated water. Ethel was very pleased when she had succeeded, with her father's assistance, in faithfully reproducing some of the features of the strange scene in her sketch-book.

Seated on the broad back of an elephant, which made his way through the confusion with perfect unconcern, our friends could observe this wonderful, unaccustomed spectacle at their ease.

The party continued their voyage on the Ganges the following day, and reached Delhi, one of the principal cities of the Indian Empire, with its old ruins and palaces, which now, like many other places, is transformed into an English fortress, and thus declares the decay of the old Indian splendour in the most eloquent language. Delhi, once the largest city in India, must have experienced the mutability of human things like no other place in the world. The travellers beheld the palace of the Great Mogul, which at one time afforded accommodation to twenty thousand of his retainers, and also the spot where all the sons of the last hoary king of Delhi, almost without exception, died by the hangman's hand after the Mutiny

of 1857. The children wandered through this strange world

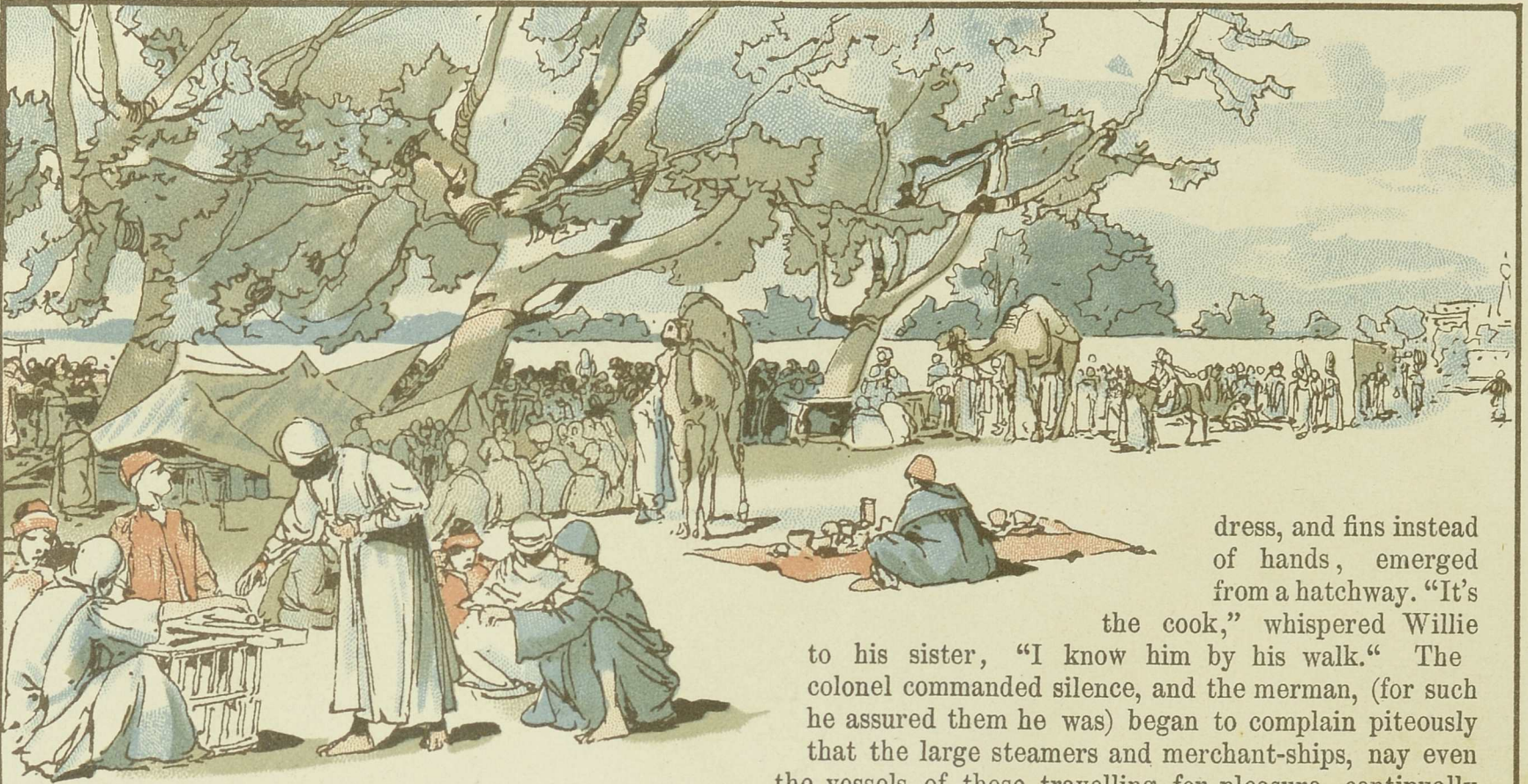






Gold-washing.





of wonders as in a dream. What a stream is the Ganges! Twelve rivers, each one mighty as the Rhine, reinforce it in its course. Majestically it flows through flowery plains, which its overflow turns into rich and fertile fields. These marshy tracts form the rice country, and in this favoured climate there are two, nay, sometimes as many as four crops every year. Here the young people also first became acquainted with cotton and sugar-cane plantations. Great was Ethel's delight on first holding in her hand the sacred lotus-flower, which her new friend, the brown horse-guide, handed to her as they followed the banks of the stream.

After visiting Lucknow, the city of palaces, whose splendour eclipsed everything they had yet seen, they started on the return journey. It was not without a feeling of melancholy that they bade adieu to the wonderland of India. Soon the last peaks of the mainland disappeared in the deep blue of the ocean. The colonel and William utilised the sea-voyage in arranging their collections, which they had greatly enriched in the course of their recent wanderings.

### Crossing the Line.

After a short passage the "Victoria" for the first time neared the equator, commonly called the "line." It had not escaped Willie's notice that, for several days beforehand, mysterious preparations had been going on in the fore part of the vessel, and that they pointed to some surprise in store for the party. One calm afternoon the ship's bell gave the signal for the ceremonial to begin. In front of the seats of honour prepared for the baronet, his children, and the officers of the ship, a gigantic figure in a sky-blue dress, with a long flowing beard of seaweed, a strange head-

dress, and fins instead of hands, emerged from a hatchway. "It's the cook," whispered Willie to his sister, "I know him by his walk." The colonel commanded silence, and the merman, (for such he assured them he was) began to complain piteously that the large steamers and merchant-ships, nay even the vessels of those travelling for pleasure, continually sailed up against the "line," which bounded the world at this spot, and which it was the duty of himself and his companions in the deep to preserve from injury. He earnestly begged the good owner of the ship to avoid the collision with the "line" (which must very shortly follow) by reversing his course and steering back again. The colonel smiled and shrugged his shoulders. A triumphant shout of derision from the sailors followed the humiliating complaint of the merman. This was succeeded by a terrible crash, which shook the whole of the fore part of the ship. The merman declared that the yacht had just "struck against the line." At the same time, from the right and left, two mermen clambered over the bowsprit, and pointed mournfully to a remarkably thick rope, which, they stated, was a piece of the "line," that the sharp bow of the "Victoria" had just burst asunder.

The three mermen exhibited great fear of the anger of the sea-god Neptune, who now made his appearance from the cabin-hatchway. From the shoulders of the venerable god floated likewise a sky-blue mantle, over which picturesquely flowed a long white beard. In a fearful voice he declared that the ship had really "torn his line," and ordered the mermen to repair the damage immediately. In conclusion he said that he knew perfectly well that there were several people on board who were crossing the line for the first time. In justice, these would have to be christened, in order that the further voyage might be sanctioned. Willie looked at the captain in somewhat anxious enquiry. As a novice to the sea, he feared that he, too, would have to undergo the baptism. Both he and Ethel were, however, fortunate enough to escape it, as the sea-god contented himself with sprinkling them with a few drops of salt-water. On the other hand, Patrick, who stood close by, suspecting nothing, and the cabin-boy, did not get off so easily. They were



suddenly seized by the mermen, who held them firmly, while several buckets of water were emptied over them, much to the merriment of the crew. Dripping and angry, Patrick fled from the spot, particularly out of humour that his friend the cook should have offered him such an affront. After a parting word from Neptune, captain Pittson thanked the deities for their friendly visit, and begged them not to despise a little refreshment. The colonel also expressed his thanks in hearty words, and withdrew with his children, while the sailors, with an extra allowance of grog, celebrated the "crossing of the line" until the evening.

## The Indian Archipelago.

The "Victoria" now left the Indian Ocean and steered, through the straits of Malacca, for the Chinese Sea. Singapore, situated at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula, is the most important commercial town of the East Indian waters, and after a day's rest here to take coal on board, our travellers pursued their course towards Borneo, the largest of all the Indian isles, whose fruitful coasts are under Dutch government, while the interior is still inhabited by wild, nomadic heathen tribes.

A distant relative of the baronet's owned an extensive gold-mine in the neighbourhood of Sarawak, which town is under English dominion. Mr. Morrison's settlement stretched some miles from the coast into the interior. The old gentleman, who had formerly been an officer in the Indian army, received his compatriots with stiff politeness, which, however, soon gave place to a cordial welcome. The lightly-constructed country-house afforded a splendid view of the green river-valley and the low hills, as well as an open prospect of the far-sparkling sea. Their host's eldest son, Charlie, who was a little older than Willie, made himself agreeable to our friends in every possible way. Willie received permission from his father to descend the shaft upon promising the strictest caution.

Nervously at first, he wandered through the works and passages of the extensive mine, and descended on long ladders into the depths below. By the light of the miners' lamps he saw how the little grains of gold sparkled in the quartz, and how the stones were broken up and loaded into little wooden carriages, which were then wound up at certain places. On emerging into daylight, they visited the crushing-mill and the gold-washing troughs. At the latter task about forty Chinese were employed, and Mr. Morrison praised them as being remarkably enduring and unassuming workmen.

In a valley near the coast, our travellers beheld a surprisingly picturesque sight in the shape of an annual fair, held under high plantains. The natives of the surrounding country were assembled



Cock-fight in the Phillipine Islands.



here as if for a festival. Besides all kinds of utensils, implements, and articles of ornament, the most luscious fruits, bananas, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, and so on, were offered for sale very cheap. Our friends particularly enjoyed the refreshing milk and the agreeably-favoured kernel of the cocoa-nuts. The rather sickly bananas, on the other hand, they did not much like. They purchased here many interesting things for their collections; pearls, weapons cut out of hard wood, ornaments and implements, as well as stuffs and articles of clothing.

### The Philippine Islands.

The next point in the journey was Manilla. After the solitude of the long sea-voyage, our travellers were agreeably surprised at the rich life and lively intercourse of this seaport. Soon after their arrival, the baronet paid his respects to the Spanish governor. After our friends had refreshed themselves at the governor's house, the latter expressed his willingness to accompany them to one of the fighting games which are

wounded animals sprang forward to separate them and take them under their arms again. Amidst a lively scene of assertion and contradiction the bets were paid, and a new couple of antagonists brought forward. Our travellers pitied the handsome creatures, sacrificed to such a cruel sport.

In taking leave, the attentive governor gave Ethel two beautiful parrots, which had excited her particular admiration.

### In the Tropics.

Willie endeavoured to shorten the passage from Manilla to Hong-Kong by trying his hand as a teacher of languages. Not unsuccessfully he exerted himself to impart some homely phrases to his sister's sage-looking parrots, with their splendid plumage of red and green. One of the birds, especially, proved very docile. His zeal was at last crowned with success. One morning as Patrick was carrying breakfast into the cabin, Dandy, the green and red one, screamed out "good morning!" in a voice so shrill and human, that Patrick, seized



among the favourite amusements of the natives. William had already noticed, while walking through the streets, that many of them carried cocks under their arms. He now learnt that these were fighting-cocks; they are the pets of the people, sharing the rooms with the family, and accompanying the master of the house in his walks. When the party reached the ground, which was enclosed by bamboo-mats, the spectacle had already begun, and a fresh pair of combatants had just occupied the field of battle.

The two stately cocks, their legs armed with sharp spurs of steel, attacked each other with screams of rage, beating each other furiously with their wings, their feathers standing up and bristling like the tail of a peacock. The sand flew round about them, their sharp weapons inflicted deep wounds, but the combatants seemed to feel no pain, and only retreated to gain room for a fresh onset. At last, however, the strength of the smaller of the two gave way. Amidst cries of triumph on the one side, and of disappointment on the other, the owners of both the severely-

with terror, fled precipitately, letting the tray with the breakfast things fall to the ground. "It is the devil!" he cried, and fled into the cook's pantry, where, however, he was heartily laughed at by his friend.

For a short time the "Victoria" travelled in company which it was surprising to meet with in this zone, being followed for several days by a number of whales.

Just as if the gigantic creatures knew that no kind of danger menaced them from the small British vessel, they continued swimming close to it, from time to time lifting their bulky black heads above the surface of the sea and spurting out mighty jets of water.

William regretted very much that there were no harpoons on board to catch these giants of the sea, though indeed they would have been of little use to him.

Gradually the ocean became animated. By discharging their guns and hoisting flags the yacht exchanged the customary salutes with foreign vessels of all nations. Chinese fishing junks appeared in great numbers and finally the ship dropped anchor in the bay of Victoria, Hongkong.





The Temple of Bhudda in Canton.



The life and view of the great city of Canton, which they now entered, appeared to our travellers in the highest degree surprising and original. Captain Pittson was their able guide during the visit.

### The Visit to the Temple.

The Buddha temple, situated on a high hill, which our travellers now visited, afforded a grand commanding view of the city and surrounding country. Splendidly shimmering in the sun, the slender pagoda towers, covered with porcelain, rose from amidst the motley maze of houses. Rising seven and more stories high, they are covered with glazed roofs and cornerpieces of the shape of a ship's prow, from which silver bells are suspended. In the interior of the temple itself, which Ethel was not allowed to enter, they saw a gigantic sitting statue of the divinity, at the frightful ugliness of which William had nearly burst

out laughing. The four arms  
and six legs which the body

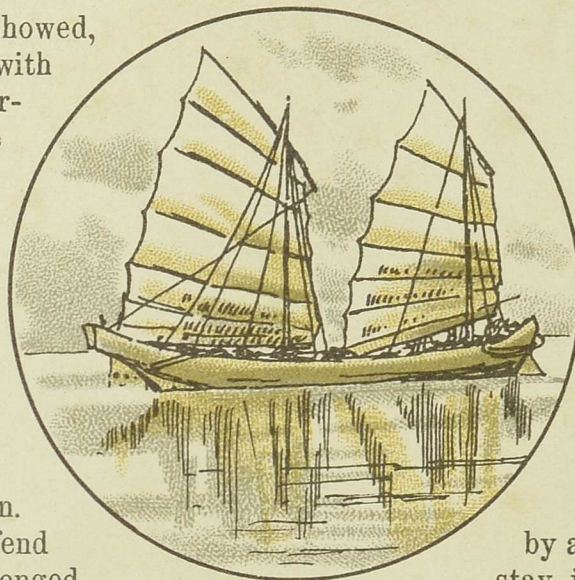
of the idol showed, were painted with shining red varnish, its face and hands, however, were thickly gilt.

The travellers were very desirous of witnessing the sacrificial act about to begin.

But not to offend unduly prolonged

this holy place, the Baron

gave an ample gratuity to the native cowering at the door, which he, grinning with joy, accepted.



by an  
stay in

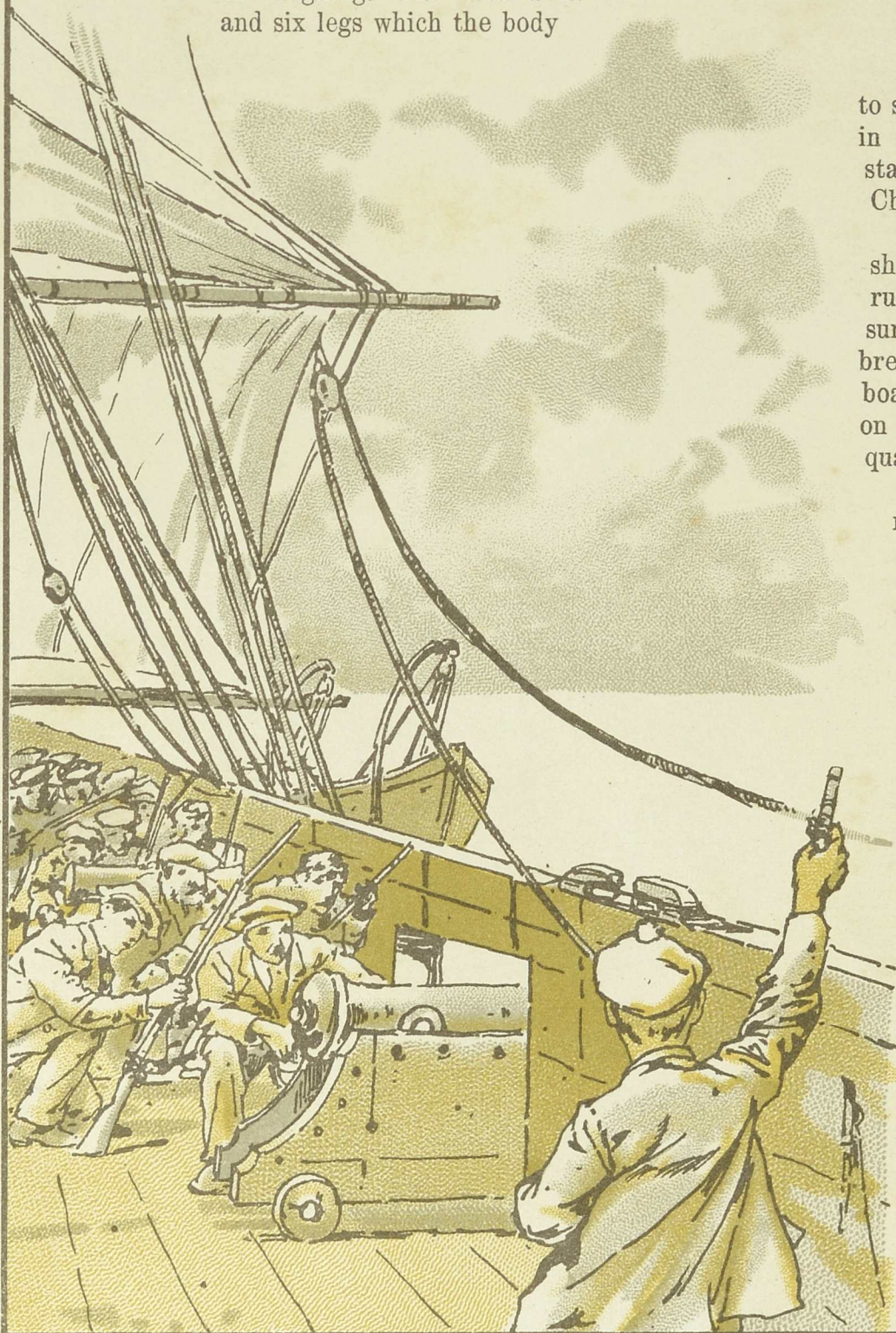
### On the Chinese Sea.

One of the following nights was destined to show how correctly captain Pittson had acted in carefully putting the yacht in a complete state of defence for the passage through the Chinese waters.

From the dark blue sky the southern cross shone down with its brilliance on the scarcely ruffled sea. In long, slowly rolling billows the surface of the ocean rose and fell like the breast of a sleeper. Every thing was quiet on board, except the steersman and the two men on duty, who were pacing the forecabin and quarterdeck.

On her left the "Victoria" had passed a rocky island emerging deep black from the glimmering flood. It excited no special surprise on board that several more junks, such as they had met with by hundreds within the last few days, seemed to lie in the neighbourhood of this island for the purpose of catching fish, even as they slowly approached. Now, however, one of the men on the look-out was struck by the movement which the first of the large boats made towards the yacht, and he hastened to communicate his observation to the steersman.

Without raising the alarm, the captain was awakened, and at his command, the whole crew turned up. In a few moments every one was at his post and ready to await the attack, for there could be no longer any doubt that those junks which now came nearer and nearer, were pirate-boats. Noiselessly the orders of the captain were carried out. The junks had now approached so near that the sailors hidden behind the bulwarks, the masts and cabin-





doors were able distinctly to perceive several figures squatting on deck and holding grapnels.

The baronet and William, too, had armed themselves and joined the sailors.

"Is every thing ready?" asked the baronet, addressing Clive the boatswain, who came slinking along in a stooping posture.

"Yes, sir, it is time too; the rascals are getting ready to throw their grapnels."

William, feverish with excitement, and yet full of pride at being allowed to join the combat, received permission, at the general-command, to fire his pistol too. Now the junk lay barely within 40 feet of the yacht. A suppressed confusion of voices notified that the hostile crew still hidden in their cabins kept ready to throw themselves on the yacht. The captain softly counted "one . . . two . . . three . . . fire!" The broadside of the ship flashed out, the thunder of the three guns whose shot could not miss their aim, was even drowned by the cheers of the sailors, who at the same time discharged their rifles at the hostile bark. A wild howling of the sadly disappointed Chinese answered them. A volley of fire arms cracked without doing any other damage but to tear some splinters out of the ship's planks. No farther attack followed. The three demons who had been just about to throw the grapnels, were lying on deck dead or seriously wounded. A shimmer of light breaking through the cabin ports of the junk showed that one of the shot had caused a conflagration. Undeterred by the loud shouts which now made themselves heard on the three other junks too, captain Pittson sent a second discharge of cannon over to them. Then the engine doubled speed and the "Victoria" soon left her defeated enemies shrieking with fury far behind her.

The baronet expressed his warmest thanks to the circumspect captain, who, however, smilingly declined every acknowledgment. "It is not the first time," said he, "that I have had to deal with this baggage. But where is Willie, our hero? Come, my young friend," exclaimed Mr. Pittson, as the lad came running up quickly, "do you notice the bright sheen yonder? Do you know what that is?"

In the direction from which the yacht came a blood red streak was seen rising from the sea. "Our late good friend, the hostile fishing-junk is all aflame. You, William, have with your pistol set her on fire," The sailors laughed, and so did William. "But now, good night!" said the captain, shaking Willie by the hand. Ethel, full of eagerness and alarm, received her father in the cabin, and was happy to hear such good tidings from him and about our young hero.



### In Japan.

The frustrated attack which now formed the main topic of conversation among the crew was the cause of the baronet changing the plan of his journey and giving up a further visit to the Chinese coasts. The ship's head was then turned in the direction of the Sandwich Islands, and the Western States of North-America.

### Shark-fishing.

"Willie, come here!" cried the next day Clive, the boatswain, who was mending a sail on the after-deck. "Do you see what is following us?"

William hurried up, and beheld above the surface of the water the whitish, jagged fins of a gigantic shark. Captain Pittson and several





sailors also came up. The cook ventured to suggest to the captain that they should catch the fish.

The tedious sea-voyage which succeeded was very agreeably shortened for our young friends by the perusal and study of some richly-illustrated works on China, and since becoming acquainted with this strange people, they shewed the liveliest interest in the instruction thus afforded them.

## The Sandwich-Islands.

In the early twilight appeared above the greenish blue horizon a chain of steeply-rising mountain-cones. These were the Hawaiian islands. The sea ran high and angrily, the surf lashed the black lava-rocks of the island of Hilo, when our travellers landed on a visit to the mighty Vulcan group of the island, Kilauea and the lake of lava. Mr. Lundham, a young resident English merchant, of whom the colonel made some purchases, offered to accompany the party on their intended excursion. The captain also joined them, and Francis was taken as a companion for Ethel. Early next morning the horses stood ready to take the travellers to the foot of the mountains. As the path became impracticable for horses, the riders dismounted and left them behind in charge of the guides.

The fatiguing ascent over, pathless rocks were forgotten in the splendid view of the deep blue bay, surrounded by the dark-coloured parks of the settlement, forests and gardens, from which the white dwellings of the colonists cheerfully peep forth.

The sun sparkled on the crests of the distant foaming waves. Hundreds of little boats enlivened the waters. But over the mountains in rear of the travellers floated a redly-glowing cloud, the burning breath of the gulf of fire which they were approaching. They had now ascended the old crater, which is no longer active, and took a short rest at the simple inn in the neighbourhood, which is called the Vulcan hotel. As they progressed, the increasing heat of the ground became noticeable.

According to Mr. Lundham's account, the crust of earth upon which they were now walking was scarcely a foot in thickness! Beneath it boiled the fiery lava!

After some time, the

ground became more secure. Ethel felt fatigued, and remained some distance behind with the captain and Francis, while the colonel, the merchant and Willie preferred not to rest until they had reached the top of the crater. Willie's curiosity was particularly awakened by a stream of long since congealed lava, as clear as glass, which crossed their path. Several feet down in the glassy lava could be seen the strange lines and twistings in which the glowing mass had once flowed round the rock. These observations withdrew our young inquirer from the company, by whom his absence was at first unnoticed. All at once a large butterfly fluttered up before him, its wings glittering in the sunlight like plates of steel. William in the excitement of sport, followed the sylph farther and farther into the lava-desert, but a light wind drove the insect in another direction. William gazed around him in terror. Where was the path? where the guide? Mighty, torn-up boulders of rock surrounded him. He followed the direction, which he supposed had brought him here, but he had lost it. Everywhere appeared cracks and crevices. Hissing vapours issued from inside the earth. He had lost his way, and was seized with fear and terror. He called out, but there was no answer. Mr. Lundham had told them that unforeseen eruptions of Vulcan were of frequent occurrence all over the summit, and that but few ways of escape then remained open. How hot the ground suddenly became at this spot! Unspeakable

terror came over the boy. Louder and louder he shouted in all directions, but in vain. He climbed to the top of a great block of stone, but far and

near there was no sign of a human being. From minute to minute his despair increased, and faster and faster

came his cries for help. He all at once remembered the many dangers and perils to which his disobedience and foolish obstinacy had already exposed him during this journey, and was filled with the bitterest remorse. In his deadly fear he vowed un-

ceasing obedience to the commands of his good father if he might be spared to return to his side. Was that an echo that he heard? No! no, it was a human voice. William shouted for joy. Between the masses of rock appeared the native into whose charge he had been given, and who had missed, and at last succeeded in finding him after a long

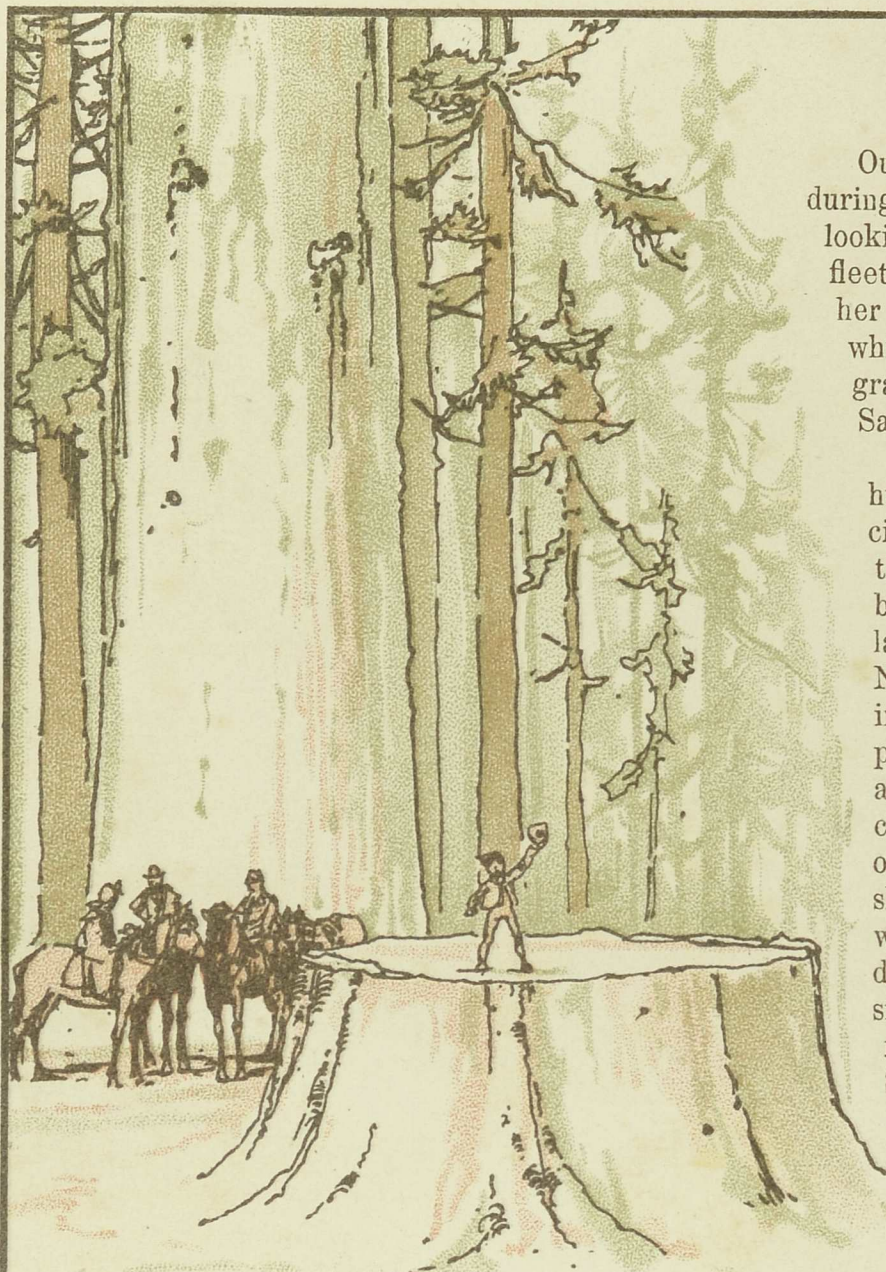






The Fiery Lake Kilauea.





## Off to America.

Our young friends often had no other amusement on deck during the long passage beyond watching the horizon and looking out for a sail. Now and then a strange brig would fleet past, and they would hold a brief communication with her by means of signals. At length the day arrived on which the coast of California emerged from the waves. A graceful sailing-boat darted towards the yacht, and put the San Francisco pilot on board.

Our friends felt nervous and almost uneasy in the hurry and scurry of the streets of this great commercial city. Rapidly and silently, in untiring business activity, the people pass and repass each other, all seeming to be inspired with the same thought — "money? All the languages of the world sounded in the stranger's ears. Negroes, Chinese and Indians started up before them in motley confusion. The façades of the houses, in picturesque variety, exhibited all styles and kinds of architecture. San Francisco is a gay, magnificent business city, teeming with life and movement, which, situated on a tongue of land washed by the sea-waves, everywhere shows traces of its wonderfully rapid growth. All the wealth of the gold-country has here taken up its residence. In spite of this, for practical reasons, the mansions are built entirely of wood, covered with a kind of mortar which gives them the appearance of marble. Splendid parks and public gardens extend in every direction. A gigantic wire-rope railway, carrying close upon 50,000 persons daily, intersects the principal parts of the town, which, however, does not as yet count more than 350,000 inhabitants. After the travellers had inspected the thickly-populated, Chinese quarter with its busy swarms, where they made some purchases, they undertook some excursions into the grand natural parks of the surrounding country.

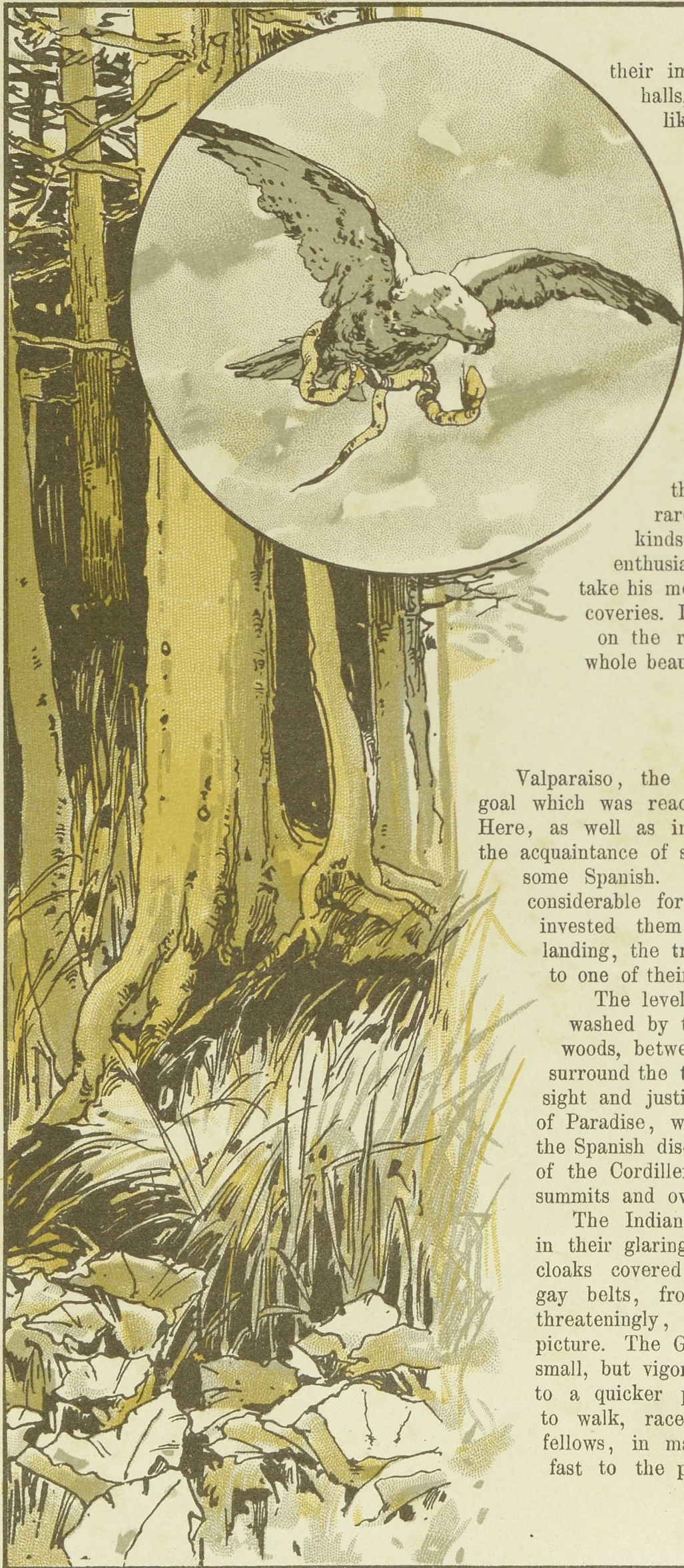
and painful search. They soon regained the path, fortunately before the colonel had missed them. By the edge of the crater they found the rest of the party, who had hurried forward, and had now been joined by Ethel and the captain. What a sight! Beneath them lay the lake of fire. A hissing, red-hot sea bubbled amidst fiery clouds of vapour as in a vast cauldron. The lava-streams broke in spluttering waves against the black precipices. The roar of the waves mingled with the rolling and rumbling deep down in the bowels of the earth. Overpowered by this grand and fearful play of nature, the strangers, even the guides, stood in solemn silence. At length the colonel warned them that it was time to depart. A last look at the terrible beauty of the fiery streams, and then the party started on their return. William took good care not to forsake his guide a second time. In the increasing darkness, the reflection of the fiery lake shone brighter and brighter in the cloud which floated above it, and at the same time the openings and crevices in the earth began to glow. At last they had left the most dangerous part of the journey behind, and the Vulcan hotel received our weary travellers.

## The Sierra Nevada.

They now beheld the "Golden gate," the narrow entrance into the magnificent bay which forms the only entrance into the interior of the gold-country. A journey of some distance brought them to Calaveras county. They halted beneath a group of the extraordinary mammoth-firs, the largest trees in the world. The sight becomes giddy on looking up to their summits. It seems as if a piece from the giantworld had here been transferred to the earth. By means of a ladder, Willie climbed the stump of a tree some thirty feet in diameter, the carefully-polished surface of which had served as a dancing-platform to many a merry company. The colonel explained that the age of these forest-giants was estimated at about 3000 years. Many generations of men had come and gone, nations rose and fell, but these giants are to-day still standing in luxuriant freshness and strength.

The party next visited the famous stalactite caves of the neighbouring valley. For nearly three quarters of a mile the wonderful halls of rock penetrate into the mountain-sides. Never will our young travellers forget





their impressions when, finally, the largest of these halls, illuminated with red fire, opened before them like a fairy palace.

The most glorious excursion, however, which they had hitherto made, was the visit to the Yosemite valley, rich in the most magnificent waterfalls and picturesquely beautiful mountain-forms. Captain Pittson informed them that this valley had been granted to the State of California by the Congress of the United States for a public park.

A waggon, drawn by broad-browed oxen, bore our travellers over level roads through the valley. Pictures of ever-increasing beauty spread themselves out before their eyes. They took their mid-day meal in the midst of a mighty group of magnificent firs, just below the Yosemite fall. The wealth of this valley in rare butterflies, beetles and dragon-flies of all kinds awakened our young naturalist's genuine enthusiasm. He scarcely allowed himself leisure to take his meal before he was off again, bent on fresh discoveries. In glowing colours the sun set when the party on the return trip reached a height from which the whole beauty of the Californian landscape was unfolded.

### In Chili.

Valparaiso, the chief town of the Chilean republic, was the goal which was reached after a voyage of about three weeks. Here, as well as in the capital Santiago, the baronet enjoyed the acquaintance of several distinguished persons, some English, some Spanish. Among these were two who had acquired considerable fortunes in silver and copper mines, and had invested them partially in vast territories. Already on landing, the travellers had found in their hotel the invitation to one of their estates.

The level country dressed in luxuriant verdure and washed by the wide, shimmering sea, the meadows and woods, between which the white cottages of the haciendas surround the town in a semicircle, afford a truly delightful sight and justify the name of Val-de-Pariso, i. e. Valley of Paradise, which was given to this glorious country by the Spanish discoverers. On the other side the mighty ranges of the Cordilleras lifted their dazzling, proud, snow-capped summits and over all extends a deep dark blue sky.

The Indians who had undertaken to guide the party, in their glaring red, wide trowsers, their fluttering round cloaks covered with blue embroidery, and their broad, gay belts, from which knives and pistols peeped forth threateningly, contributed no little to animate the strange picture. The Gauchos, never apart from their horses, those small, but vigorous and persevering animals and accustomed to a quicker pace than the travelling party had begun to walk, raced on, now one, now another of the wild fellows, in maddest gallop in advance, and returned as fast to the party.





Catching Wild Horses in Chili.





## The Horse Hunt.

At the signal of the squire half a dozen Gauchos repaired to the corral. Their task was to capture some of the horses. To every saddle the rider hung his lasso, a stout coil of raw leather which is wielded by the inhabitants with incredible skill.

From the knoll on which the party had assembled they were enabled to have an excellent view of the lively spectacle. The Gauchos put their strong, trained horses into a gallop; the wild horses scampered away at their approach. Soon the Baron noticed, and called the children's attention to the fact, that a gigantic brown steed was the one selected to be captured. One of the riders pursued the prodigious animal that dashed away while the others formed a wide circle. It was a mad chase. At last the Gaucho had come so near the horse he was in pursuit of as to be able to use his lasso. The rider whirled the noose several times round his head . . . the ball unrolled into a fluttering cord, which, with a mighty swing, its end being loaded with a leaden bullet, hissed round the head of the flying horse. Now, however, the pursuer, with a sudden pull, drew his own animal aside — the noose contracted — the steed reared and sank on his knees, being thrown down on the ground by a rapid jerk. But the Gaucho's horse, too, could not endure the violent rebound and sank likewise. Not so the rider: in an instant he had jumped out of his saddle and the next, his comrades, coming on at full speed, threw their lassoes round the hips and legs of the captured horse. Foaming, prancing, kicking about him and biting the thongs with fury, the steed rolled in the sand.

And now the party, too, had drawn near. "Now," remarked Don Cazvajal, "the real difficulty of the taming only begins." With the greatest haste the grooms put a sheep-skin saddle on the back of the bound horse. On to this, one of the most daring riders swung himself. The animal's bonds were

loosened. And now a fierce struggle ensued between the gigantic, untamed horse and the superior man, the skilful, vigorous rider. In a mad gallop the animal dashed away. But suddenly it threw itself down on the ground. Ethel screamed with horror, but Willie galloped briskly nearer. The spiteful horse, furiously as it raged, had found its master. The rider, who had foreseen this trick of the animal, had not fallen with it, but had jumped over its head to the ground. With scarcely conceivable speed he immediately was seated again in the saddle. Whichever way the captured horse turned, whether it threw itself down again or rearing, tumbled head over heels — the unwearied rider knew every one of its tricks and escaped every danger. Thus at length, this exciting struggle ended, the animal exhausted with its useless efforts, yielding to the superiority of the victor and now allowed itself to be guided by him at his pleasure. The guests had witnessed the proceedings with astonishment, and now drew nearer to express to the conqueror their admiration of his achievement.

## The Adventure in the Defile.

After a stay of several days at Don Carvajal's estate the guests returned to the capital. On their way home they had another adventure, which in the clearest manner exhibited to the travellers the rough and stirring doings in these frontier regions. The majority of the





rich proprietors there are not ashamed, in purchasing large herds of cattle from the Pampas, to evade the import duty levied on them by the state. In the greatest hurry the cattle are driven on mountain paths over the frontier to be then stamped at once, i. e. marked as home property at the nearest rancho. Such a transport of cattle it was which our travellers encountered. The party had just turned into a defile. Willie accompanied by a half Indian, rode in advance of the cavalcade while Ethel, at the side of her father, trotted along on her noble spanish jennet. Don Mendoza, who rode on the colonels' left, was just describing, in his measured style, the last struggles of Chili with her warlike neighbours, when several Gauchos galloped up behind them in frontic haste, pointing behind them with signs, cries and excited gestures. Don Mendoza called to the party to quit the pass as rapidly as possible. All spurred their horses and dashed up the narrow ravine. They had scarcely reached a rocky terrace when the pass behind them was filled with an onward rushing troop. Two half-naked Indians galloped in front at full speed on reeking stallions, behind them, madly tearing along, came a herd of buffaloes, their broad heads bent down, their tails raised in the air, and the thunder of their feet shaking the ground. Cries and bellowings filled the air. The horses of the party on the rocky platform recoiled in fear; Ethel's horse reared up high, and it took three servants to hold him. At length the last stragglers passed, followed at a rapid trot by three peons, crying and wiel-

ding pointed staves, then a thick cloud of dust hid the wild train from the eyes of the travellers, who breathed more freely after their deliverance.

A hanging bridge, stretched over an abyss, the passage of which was not without danger, now spared the travellers a long détour. The coarse wicker-work of which this pendent structure was composed was fixed to some gigantic needle-trees, and tottered at every step of man or horse. Ethel hesitated to set foot upon the bridge, but upon the representations of the Spaniard, who assured her that she might trust to her horse, she at length followed her guide. Slowly but surely all the riders crossed the abyss. Only Willie's horse, having caught his foot in a mesh of the wicker-work violently shook the light structure in his efforts to free himself, so that the baron, who had already gained the height, anxiously rode back towards the boy, who, however, reached the other side without further accident.

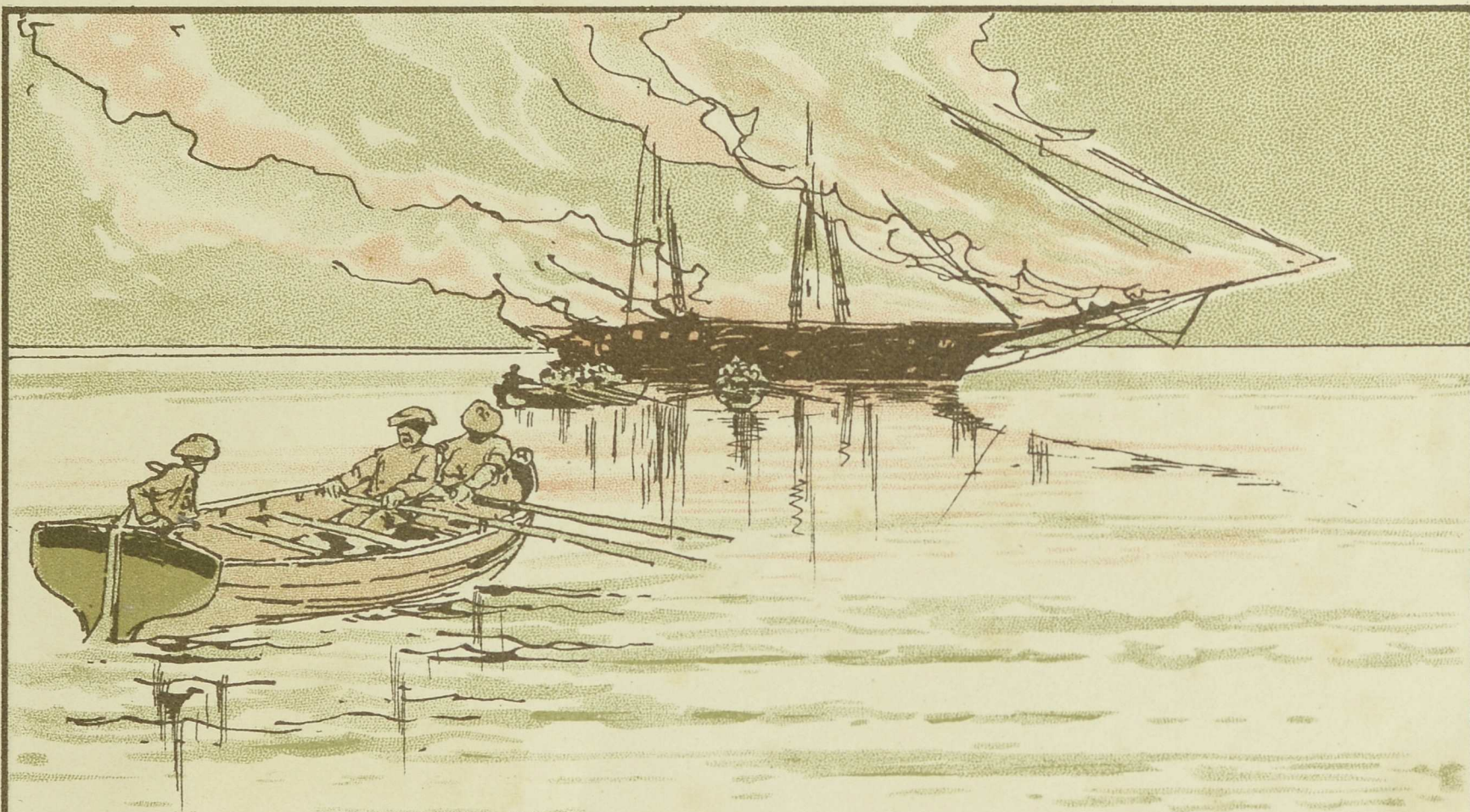
William who, with his companion, again rode in advance, and had left the rest of the party far behind, all at once noticed the horses start.

William beheld a large rattlesnake in combat with a somewhat smaller black snake of another species, the two holding one another firmly in powerful folds. A dead wild pig, which lay not far from the combatants, was evidently the cause of quarrel. With a beating heart, William watched the efforts of the enraged creatures to crush each other to death. Sharp bites and furious blows of their tails accompanied their fearful struggles. The rattlesnake endeavoured to drag its antagonist to the foot of a mahogany-tree, probably in order to gain a firmer hold, but before it could effect this, its enemy succeeded in biting so deeply into its throat, that the strength of the poison-snake visibly gave way, its convulsions soon ending in death.

Soon after its termination, the remaining portion of the com-







pany came trotting up. Willie signed to the gentlemen to draw-near, and pointed to the scene of the late contest. At the noise of their approach, however, the black snake forsook its prey, and vanished in the bush hard by. The Spaniard explained to his friends that the black reptile was not dangerous to man, but was the rattlesnake's deadliest enemy. He had the dead snake placed in a bag and taken away with them.

After some further visits to the country-seats in the neighbourhood, and to a large copper-mine, our travellers took leave of the hospitable Spanish nobles.

### Off Tierra del Fuego.

A light north wind accelerated the further voyage along the Chilian coast. The Victoria was rarely so far from the shore, but that the peaks of the silver-sparkling chain of the Andes could be seen on the horizon. As the yacht neared the Straits of Magellan, a number of the natives' boats appeared. These people belong to the tribe of Pesherahs, and are small, and of a dirty copper-colour. Willie and Ethel shuddered at the sight of these savages, standing on the lowest step of civilisation, and who, as the captain informed them, are still given to cannibalism. Pittson related some fearful stories of unfortunate sailors, whom the foundering of their ships had cast ashore here or on the coast of Tierra del Fuego. Without chiefs, these nomads wander restlessly about the coasts, living on shell-fish, fungi and berries.

The shores of the island of Tierra del Fuego presented a most surprising spectacle. For some hundreds of feet above the sea-shore, the coast was clothed in the darkest forest-green, while immediately above sparkled the mountains in their eternal covering of snow and ice. Shining glaciers, of a greenish hue, stretched

away to the shore, and numberless waterfalls coursed down the wooded heights into the narrow water-way.

In silent horror the party heard, for several nights, the howling of the savages, which sounded across the water from the shore.

Soon, however, they reached the other end of Magellan's straits, and left the nightly watch-fires of the savages in the distance.

### The Iceberg.

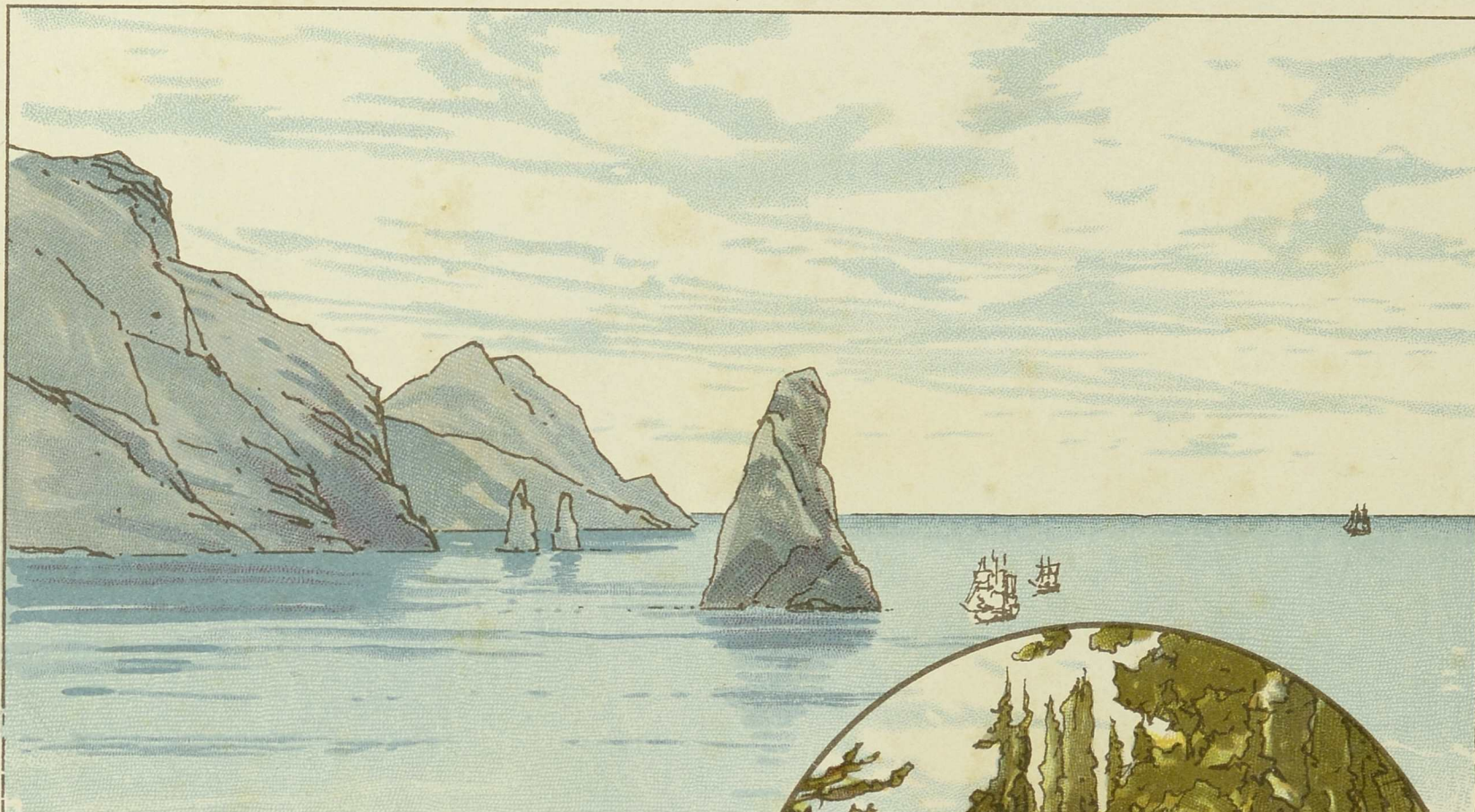
Willie, on looking through the telescope which his father handed to him, saw that a floating iceberg was approaching the ship. After a short time, others appeared in sight. They were all going in a northerly direction, following the current of the sea. The Victoria was now nearing one of the largest. It was a magnificent spectacle to see the sparkling, greenish-blue masses riding on the ocean. All the colours of the rainbow glittered on their jagged, broken edges, and in the blue shadows of their crevices. The sea was calm, and Captain Pittson let the ship lie close up to the floating mountain. The sailors were swiftly at hand, and busied themselves, axe in hand, in chopping off sufficient to complete the supply of the vessel.

### The Burning Ship.

A few days after leaving the Brazilian port of Concepcion, from when the voyage across the Atlantic Ocean was to commence, a remarkable incident compelled the yacht to run again for the coast which she had just left.

Just appearing above the horizon, Captain Pittson to his surprise noticed a strange ship, whose movements were evidently not governed by her rudder. Following the brig with increased attention, the mariners at length remarked several signals, which she was





making with flags. The captain had no sooner made out their meaning, than his thundering word of command called all hands on deck.

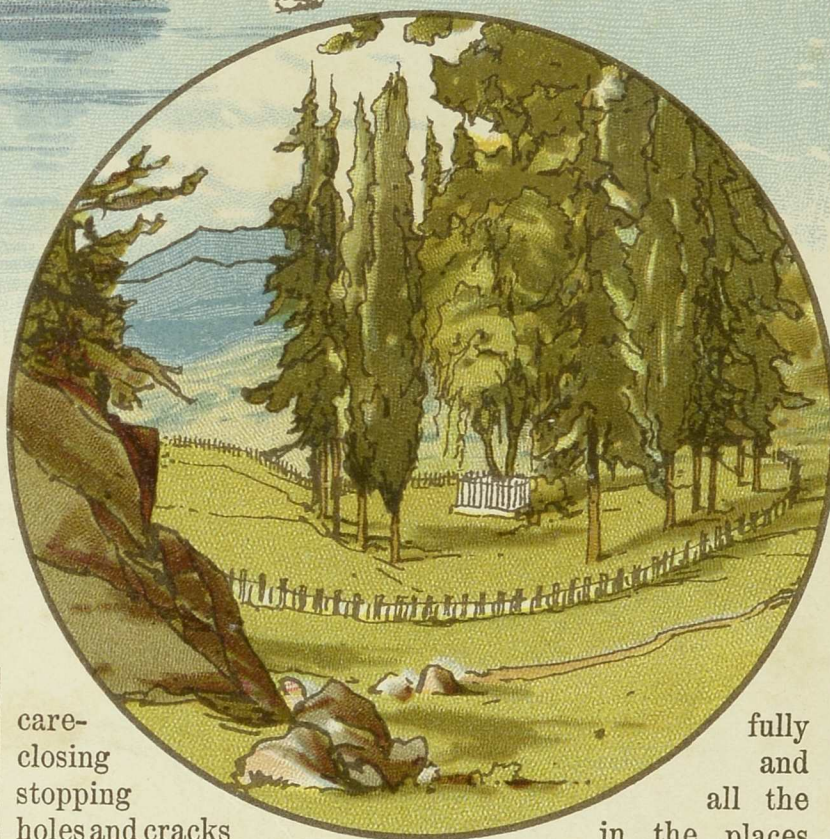
"Put on more steam! Full speed ahead! Boats ready!" All hands were busy.

The brig's signal meant "ship in distress."

The colonel and Willie took an active share in getting out the boats. Ethel begged her father not to leave the ship, and he granted her request. He remained behind with only one or two sailors and the children.

On board the strange vessel, which the boats were now quickly approaching, nothing extraordinary was as yet noticeable. Soon, however, the captain discovered the reason of the signals; a light vapour, followed by volumes of black smoke, appeared above the deck. It could now be seen that the whole of the crew were crowded together on deck. Loud acclamations welcomed the Victoria's boats. The whole of the crew and passengers, consisting of about twenty persons were brought off by Captain Pittson in the boats, which, with rapid strokes of their oars steered again for the yacht. The unfortunate people had managed to save the articles of greatest value.

The rescued people consisted of several Spanish merchants with their families, whose vessel, freighted with coal, was bound for Rio de Janeiro. Captain Megada informed them that the dangerous cargo had taken fire spontaneously in the hold, and for several days past the stifling smoke had driven everyone on deck. It was impossible for them to reach land on account of the prevailing calm. All they could do was to prevent the access of air as much as possible by



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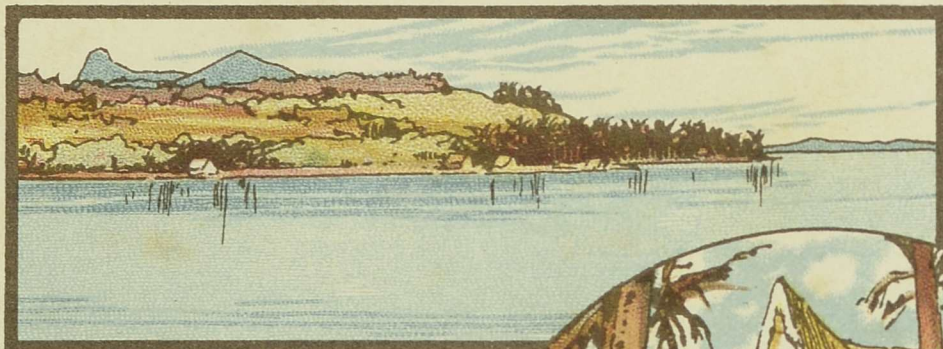
in the places where the coal was stowed. Without the opportune arrival of the English, however, the ship with all its inmates must have been unavoidably lost in a very short time. Every hour they expected to see the flames burst out from the hold of the vessel.

In the meantime, the carpenter of the Victoria had bored holes into the brig, through which streams of water poured into the hold. On board the Victoria, the rescued people watched the battle of the hostile elements, which was now raging in the doomed ship. A fearful crash took place — the confined gases forcibly released themselves, bursting the deck in their explosion. Yards, sails and casks were hurled far over the surface of the ocean. A burst of fire followed the explosion. As the smoke cleared away, the ship could be seen sinking. The ship was whirled round once or twice by the surging waves, and then went down with a dull roar.

Bitterly the rescued ones lamented the loss of



their goods, but soon embraced each other and expressed thankfulness for their good fortune in being safe on board a friendly vessel. The colonel spared no pains to provide the poor people with every comfort, and Willie and Ethel gave the children a warm welcome in their cabins. The rescued crew were landed at the nearest port, and took leave of their deliverers with assurances of lasting gratitude.



### St. Helena.

A steep, forbidding rock, this island rose from the waters before the travellers eyes. A grey mist, which made the proportions of the rocky isle appear gigantic, gave the reef the aspect of an enormous walled and buttressed fortress. Everything here looked dark and solemn. The gorges and ravines descended right down to the shore. No cheerful verdure gladdened the eye, and with solemn feelings our party stepped upon the only landing-place in the island and entered Jamestown, above which towers the frowning and apparently impregnable British citadel.

Upon this desolate and melancholy rock the Emperor Napoleon, conqueror of half the world, closed his existence. Guided by an officer, our friends ascended to the upper plateau of the island, and reached Longwood, once the abode of the great captive. Willie and Ethel were astonished at the narrowness and poverty of the apartments, in which the once mighty ruler was obliged to spend the last six years of his life. The travellers also visited the grave, situated beneath tall trees and distinguished by a simple stone monument. As is well

known, the mortal remains of the emperor were afterwards removed to the church of the Invalides at Paris.

The mist now dispersed, and a warm ray from the sun played over the grave. Strangely moved by the fate of the mighty man whose will once ruled the world, our friends took leave of this remarkable historical spot with feelings of deep emotion.

### The West Coast of Africa.

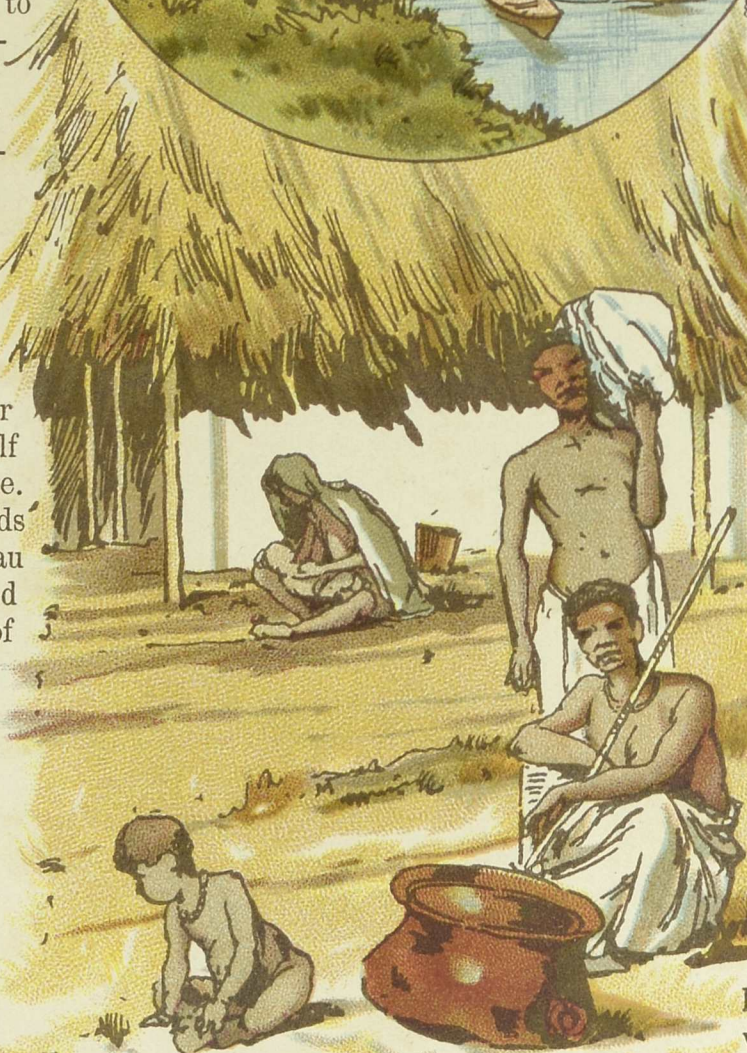
After a run of a fortnight, the yacht neared the African coast, where the baronet purposed to visit one of the Portuguese possessions.

The water now lost its deep blue tint, seagulls fluttered round about the ship, and various vessels, both of trade and war, appeared in sight.

They soon reached Benguela, a settlement in Portuguese possession, situated in a fertile tract of coast.

The colonel had his arrival immediately announced to the Portuguese governor, and readily agreed to the genial old gentleman's proposal to make an excursion in his company and under military escort, to Bilhaloston, the residence of the negro-king Boha.

This extensive negro-village stretches picturesquely along the banks of a small river. Shady groves of cocoa-palms overshadow the low huts, which are constructed of posts covered with mats, and wicker-work, and which are scattered in picturesque disorder amongst little palm-forests and fields of maize. Situated some little distance apart, the king's house was only distinguished from the rest by a high roof and a somewhat more roomy interior, and further by a pathway bordered by wheel-shaped stones, which led from the river to the palace. The governor called the party's attention to a three-cornered signal-flag, which waved merrily from the roof of the palace; this was the distress-signal of a Portuguese vessel which had been stranded close by, and had been hoisted by the native king as a mark of majesty. Willie discovered a further symbol of a similar nature, at which he could not help laughing heartily; this was a very old chimney-pot hat, stuck



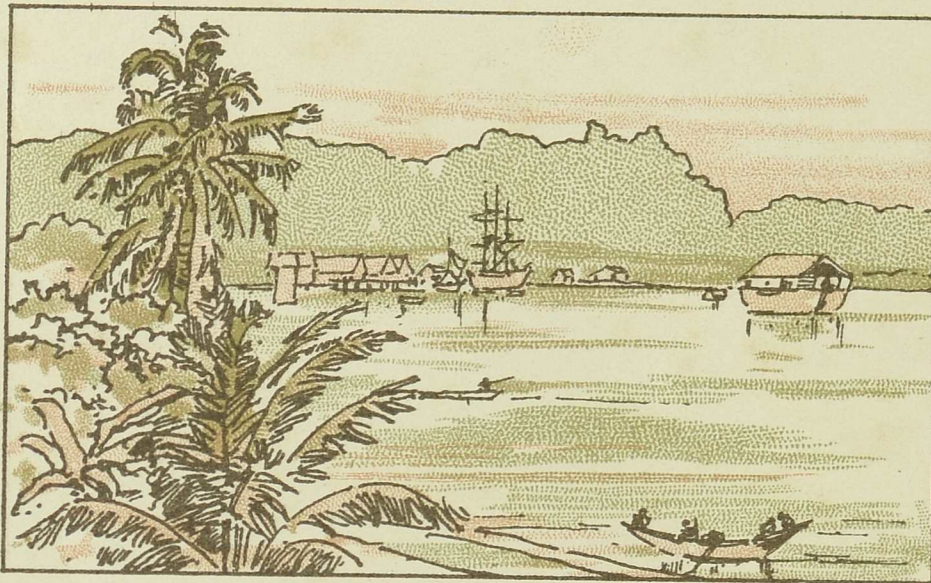


upon a gilded pole in front of the entrance, and tied with a red silk ribbon.

The arrival of the travellers was announced to the village by a far-sounding noise, produced by the striking of a staff on an iron vessel.

A deputation from the negro-prince appeared with the information that a visit from the English lord and the representative of the Portuguese Government would be welcome.

Willie, in spite of his father's impressive warning not to laugh at anything which he might see, could not help doing so on entering the "throne-room." The negro-king, very fat and strangely adorned, was seated upon a very old cushioned chair, covered with blue plush, his possession of which was evidently due to a shipwreck. Willie vainly tried to suppress a fit of laughter, but the monarch, instead of taking it as an offence, looked upon it as a friendly salutation, and laughing heartily himself, he beckoned the young Briton to approach and shook him firmly by the hand. But when Pat, at the baron's command brought the presents and laid them before the black potentate, his features assumed the friendliest of grins; the gifts con-



sisted of powder-horns, drinking vessels, cotton cloths, daggers and hunting knives, all of them bright and new, and therefore suitable to the childlike tastes of these people of nature. The monarch touched and examined the presents with the greatest satisfaction and nodded his head in acknowledgement.

The travellers at length quitted the prince's house, having received his permission to visit the village, accompanied by some of his councillors. In the meantime, the sailors had brought from the ship two chests containing presents and articles for barter, and soon all the inhabitants of the place were gathered round them in the hope of profiting by the strangers' generosity.

Late in the evening the travellers arrived back in the Portuguese settlement. After completing their supplies of coal and water, they took leave of the officers who had so kindly acted as their guides. Soon after, a cannon-shot announced the weighing of the anchor, the screw was set in motion, the yacht turned round, and steamed slowly out of the harbour.

Friendly salutes were exchanged between the ship and the shore, in the midst of which a strange noise vibrated in the air; this proceeded from the negroes, who had gathered in large numbers on the beach, and at a signal from the Portuguese governor saluted the departing bead-dispensers with shouts of exultation. A light breeze favoured the voyage, which was undisturbed by any incident.

### The Canary Islands.

The yacht, with the wind full astern, at length reached Funchal, the port of Madeira.

The port is surrounded on every side by luxuriant gardens, and the mountains are clothed to their summits with shady parks and





rich forests, while the vine is cultivated in the plains. Under the tendrils drawn along the reeds flourish sugar-canes, coffee and rice. Above the forests of chestnut a belt of laurels winds round the mountain-slopes, and above these a tree-shaped species of the erica-plant. The climate is like a perpetual spring, and is sought by invalids of all countries, who come here to find health and healing. "The ancients" remarked the baron, "justly called these the "happy isles," on account of their fertility and their splendid, healthy climate." Captain Pittson, however, did not omit to indicate the shady side of the picture; such as hurricanes and tempests in winter, scorching winds from the Sahara, and the oft-recurring swarms of locusts which so frequently devastate these favoured islands.

The traveller's principal object, however, was to visit Teneriffe, the largest of the Canaries, and to make the ascent of the still active volcano called the Pico de Teyde, which is the largest mountain in the whole group.

As the ascent requires two days to perform, the captain had the mules packed with a portable tent and the necessary provisions. The party made the journey on horseback. A wonderful prospect soon spread before their eyes; the island with its jagged bays and promontories and further out at sea the remaining islands, looking as if rocked on the glittering waves of the ocean.

The road, however, soon became rougher. Blocks of lava and pumice-stone testified to the former devastating activity of the volcano. The path now became impracticable for horses, and



Captain Pittson had the tent pitched in a conveniently-situated little valley, where they intended to pass the night.

The guides and muleteers encamped somewhat apart, while, in the tent, Pittson and the colonel talked of the remainder of the journey. The children sat on a block of stone in front of the tent, lost in contemplation of the sun, sinking on the distant horizon, the gently and calmly undulating sea, and the stars which now began to appear like golden points in the sky.

It now became quite dark. In the black-blue vault of heaven glittered hundreds of thousands of the golden lights. The snow-covered summit of the peak still shone like a silver crown; but soon this lustre also paled; a deep, dark silence overspread the earth, broken only by the soft rustling of the forests which encircled the base of the mountain.

The next day the travellers ascended the cinder-cone of the peak. Everywhere, from the crevices in the earth, issued light clouds of smoke.

From the lofty rocky height the glances of the wanderers once more swept over the measureless sea, the islands, and the distant shores of Africa. With this grand and beautiful panorama they bade adieu to the island and to Africa; they were now to conclude their long travels and to return to their dear native country.

The yacht was awaiting them in the harbour of Santa Cruz, and there, on the evening of the next day, the anchor was weighed, not to be cast again till they reached the port of Plymouth.

At length the Victoria sailed into this harbour of their native country.





Relatives and friends of the family, as well as those of the crew were here gathered to welcome the long-expected travellers on their return. The majority of the ships also, which were lying at anchor in the roads, hoisted flags of welcome as the Victoria slowly passed in between the mighty stone piers. To the children's great delight, they were welcomed by Bob and Harris, two old servants of the family, who were waiting amongst the crowd on the quay, and had been expecting the ship's arrival for some days. They reached their home the next day, and friends and playmates soon arrived to greet them after their long absence. What joy it was for the children to display their own and their father's collections, and to relate all that they had seen and experienced! But the greatest treasure for which they had to thank the long sea-voyage was the baronet's complete recovery, which the faithful family physician was able to confirm with sincere pleasure. Patrick thanked his Maker when he felt the safe ground of home beneath his feet, and was rewarded with the profitable situation of lodge-keeper for all the terrors he had undergone. Francis, who had proved his trustworthiness during the voyage, was made the baronet's valet, in which post he enjoyed his master's fullest confidence. Willie, having received a cabinet from his father for the preservation of his collections, displayed from this time such an eager desire for learning and knowledge, that we may hope one day to hear his praises as a distinguished naturalist.

Our young friends had already, as children, seen and marvelled at those things of which many others, from books, scarcely acquire a knowledge in the course of a long life. They had imbibed all this as a rich, pictorial treasure and an unalienable possession. Before their inner perception, as before that of few others, shone, rich and radiant, the wonderful world of God's creation.

When, on beautiful summer evenings, the baronet and his children sat together in the verandah of the mansion, which afforded a cheerful prospect of the broad meadow-valley, and with ever-renewed delight passed in review the most brilliant parts of their voyage, their reflections always ended in the opinion, that their native land of hill and dale was, after all, the most beautiful and desirable as a permanent dwelling-place; and the happy consciousness that they, as children of a noble and cultivated people, were growing up under the mild influence of a sun which affords the freest growth and the healthiest and most energetic development to all the powers of man, filled them with fervent gratitude for the goodness of God, whose love had appointed them such a home.















