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HIS MAJESTY FRANK PENGUIN, KING OF THE BRUTES.

THE ANIMAL DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

IT has been well known for some time in certain circles that a movement was on foot for the emancipation of the brute creatures (so called) from the thralldom of man. For years a correspondence has been kept up between Africa, the Rocky Mountains, the Jungles of In-

dia, and the various Menageries throughout the world; all the beasts were unanimous for freedom.

After deliberation, it was decided that the first blow should be struck in America, while mankind was absorbed in the Presidential election. The next question was what part of America should be selected? The Rocky Mountain

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Scraps from an Artist's Note-Book

AN EARTHQUAKE IN HONDURAS.

ON the 3d of August, 1856, accompanied by our faithful Caribs, Mañuel and his son José, we entered the Criba lagoon. We had a fine wind; so fresh was it blowing that it compelled us, as usual, to make ballast of ourselves by shifting our bodies on every tack. We did this against the expressed wishes of our Captain, who assured us that if she did turn over, he could soon free her of water. This I did not doubt; but previous experiments in the same line had convinced me of the fact that, if they were amphibious, I was not, and, apart from the inconvenience of getting wet, I knew there were a lot of sharks, barracotas, and other species of the finny tribe, who, though they eschew flesh that approaches the negro in texture or color, still have a decided penchant for flesh that is white.

The special object of our voyage here was to visit the ruins of some old British fortifications, which had been erected by the English during the existence of a colonization project on the coast.

We landed at one of the small islands in the lagoon where the ruins were in the best state of preservation, but saw nothing to detain us; and after stopping long enough to regale ourselves in rather a jolly manner, started for the mouth of the Poyas River, where we saw a Sambo settlement.

We stopped on the Point for a view, and for some bananas which were growing there. We took in quite a supply of this fruit, as our journey up the river, from the swiftness of the current, was likely to prove both long and tedious. The scenery at this point is intensely beautiful; the trees and small shrubbery dotting the savanna in a picturesque manner, while beyond

rise the pine-trees, tall and straight as arrows. The red pitch pine abounds here, from which the former settlers obtained considerable quantities of tar and pitch, making these and mahogany the principal articles of export.

We hauled up on the Point to wait for Mañuel, who was dispatched for the bananas; but before he returned we were startled by the peculiar movements of the air. A gust came from the south, and another from the north, and another, and another, carrying leaves and branches torn from the trees in its mad fury; clearly indicating the force and directions of wind.

But when they met, H—— and I began to think if we could get beneath the shelter of some of the neighboring hills our chances of being blown away would be less certain. By the time our Capitan returned the wind had died away, and a stillness and sultriness succeeded; and so oppressive was the atmosphere, I half-believed I was asleep and troubled by a furious nightmare.

Poor Mañuel was frightened enough; and, between his curses and prayers, managed to exhaust himself to such a degree that nature gave way, and he sank to the ground. The birds flew above, uttering wild and mournful notes of terror. The trees were swayed with a

terrible violence, the limbs cracking, and huge boughs were torn from their trunks and carried far over the lagoon, where they hung for a moment suspended in the air, and were then swept away, disappearing among the leaves of the tempest-tossed woods on the distant hills.

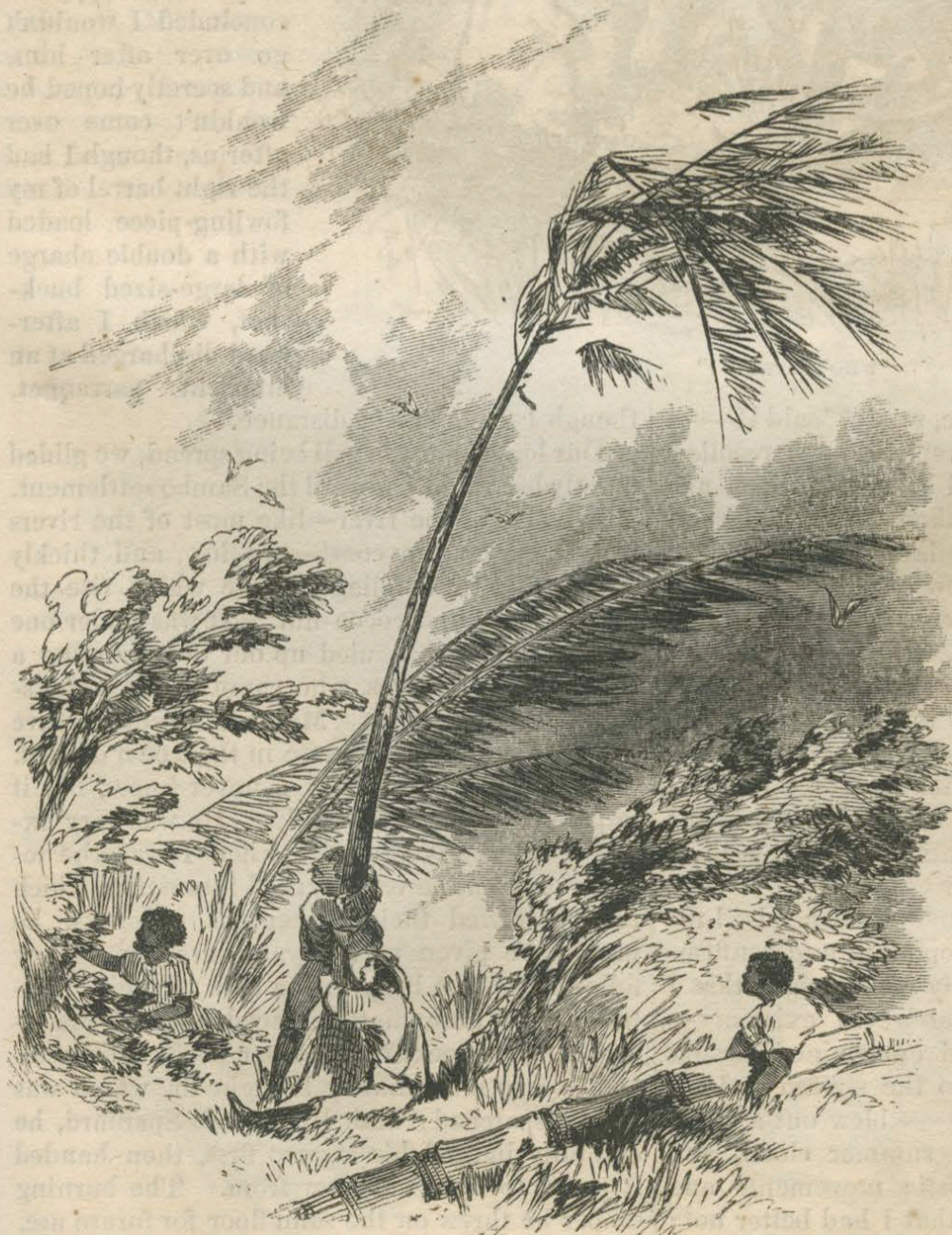
The cocoa-nut trees around us played still more surprising antics. Their long leaves, generally so graceful, were twisted into every imaginable form. For a moment they were horizontal, then their slender points would be directed toward the earth, when, suddenly, the direction of the whirlwind would change, and they would be thrown into the air, their long branches, like giant arms, stretching away toward Heaven as if supplicating for mercy; while the cocoa-nuts were dropping around us, as if with some sinister design on our skulls.

We remained in this agreeable state about two hours, when Nature finally resumed her sway, and we crawled over and looked at each other. Then we lighted our respective pipes and smoked. Then we laughed, and asked, "Who's afraid?" And then Miguel, who was the most frightened of the party, told us, with the utmost effrontery, that "we would get used to such things after a longer residence in the country, and wouldn't mind them any more than *he* did!"

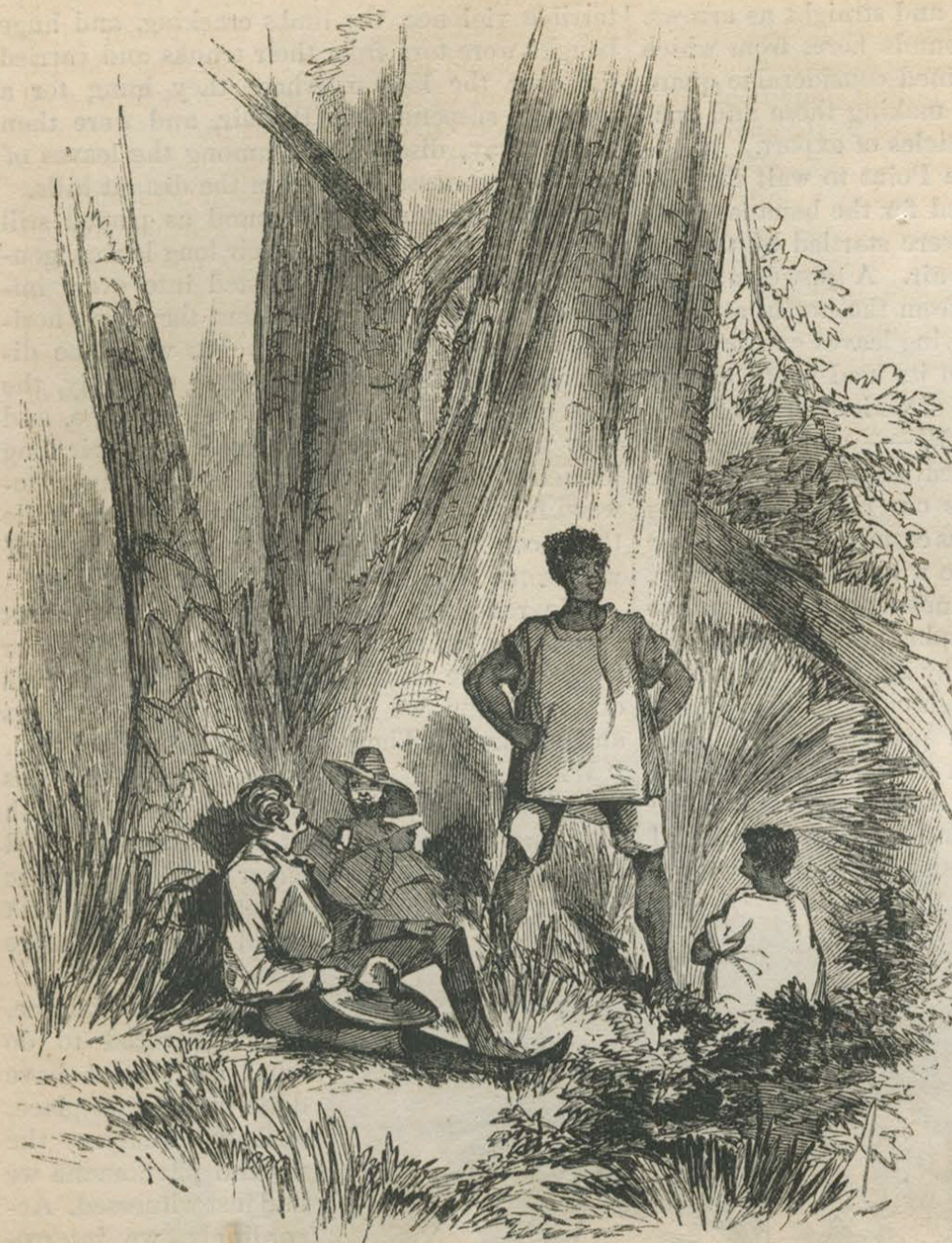
After this assurance, we endeavored to do what we should have done in the first place, namely, analyze the natural phenomena we had just witnessed. Accordingly, we interrogated Mañuel, who replied that he thought it was an earthquake; but couldn't recollect if he felt any shocks or not.

We had felt none either, but certainly fancied we saw some, and were inclined to believe that his terror was the cause. He didn't deign to reply, but turned away his head with a look of offended dignity. He shaking with fear! That might be mentioned during a tornado or an earthquake, but must not be alluded to afterward.

We were both familiar with these things, H—— having frequently met the monsters in the interior, and I on the coast of Mexico; so we put our items together for some definite result.



THE TORNADO.



"WHO'S AFRAID?"

"'Twasn't an earthquake, was it?" said H—. "Don't think it was," I replied. "I recollect being tumbled out of bed by one of them, and don't think I can be mistaken. I should know the first movement—undulatory, horizontal, or perpendicular; made a vow on the occasion referred to, that I would never sleep in another bed in tropical countries, subject to outbursts of this unpleasant character: since the registry of which vow I have slept in a hammock or on the ground. One can't tumble *out* of the ground, and a hammock is the next safest thing. I have been on the watch for *el temblór* since I first stepped into the country, and am positive I should know his first movements."

After delivering the above—which raised me considerably in Mañuel's opinion, and confirmed what he had previously conjectured, that I was the most learned *hombre* in existence—I swelled immensely, and entertained serious thoughts of plunging into the stream and attacking an alligator. H— blew out a whiff of smoke as fleecy as a summer cloud, and while watching its fantastic movements and shapes, quietly remarked that I had better not; that is, he thought so, since he recollected that

though he was out of distance.

Our leg-of-mutton sail being spread, we glided quietly but rapidly toward the Sambo settlement. The banks of the river—like most of the rivers we visited on the coast—are low, and thickly covered by rank foliage, above which rise the stately palm and cocoa-nut. It was under one of these that we hauled up our dory, among a crowd of the natives, who came to the water's-edge to stare at us. Mañuel, however, gave them a lecture on etiquette in their own dialect.

What he said to them I never knew, but it impressed them wonderfully. He was very extravagant in his language when I was the topic, and from the very marked manner in which they bestowed their obsequious grimaces, he must have given us a royal character. They followed us in a body to the casa of their "Patron," who immediately placed himself, his cigarros, hammock, etc., at our perfect disposal. Coffee was immediately brought in, which was soon dispatched; and, like a true Spaniard, he carefully lighted his cigarro first, then handed it to us to light our own from. The burning ember he threw on the sand floor for future use, the draught through the hut keeping it alive.

I had but little confidence in the buoyancy of water, and not the first particle of an idea of the art of propulsion as applied to the human figure in that element. I fancied a little manœuvre on a certain "sand-bar" should have given him some idea of my aquatic prowess, so I looked daggers at him; but he only smiled, and said that I would soon "come down"—an expression which he invariably used when he thought I was constructing fortifications or other architectural edifices in the air.

I glanced at the monster, who was performing ground and lofty tumbling, and concluded I wouldn't go over after him, and secretly hoped he wouldn't come over after us, though I had the right barrel of my fowling-piece loaded with a double charge of large-sized buck-shot, which I afterward discharged at an innocent parraquet,

While smoking, the tornado was discussed.

The old Patron suggested earthquakes as being the probable sequel to such atmospheric out-breaks, and continued by telling some frightful tales of those he had witnessed. He spoke of the eruption of the volcano of Coseguina, in Nicaragua, which threw its ashes hundreds of miles. Mr. Squier, in speaking of this eruption, affirms that sand fell in Jamaica, Vera Cruz, and Santa Fé de Bogotá, over an area of one thousand five hundred miles in diameter, and the sea for fifty leagues was covered with pumice; and a captain coasting along shore informed him that he sailed for a whole day through it without being able to distinguish, but here and there, an open space of water.

"By Jove!" said H—, "can this tornado be the result of an eruption of one of the chain of volcanoes on the Pacific? And is it not possible that the dreaded *temblór* may visit us before we reach our homes?"

I thought this was about the season of the year when they were most likely to make themselves known. Then H— told his tales of horror: How a building tumbled upon him, and how he crawled out of his unpleasant quarters, through a small aperture, and was saved. I, of course, had something to say about Southern California, Mazatlan, and Acapulco, in which latter place the cathedral was broken from top to bottom. I expatiated upon the terror of the inhabitants at the destruction of the abode of their favorite saints. Divers other equally interesting and consolatory yarns did we spin to-

gether, getting ourselves into quite a respectable state of excitement. So we took to our pipes again, as usual in cases of trouble, and whiffed, and resolved to start up the river in face of all the "shakers" that might visit us.

Thus, having got our courage up to the sticking point, we stuck to our resolution, and got off. In due course of time we reached the old sugar plantation, about eighteen miles from the mouth of the stream. Landing, we looked about the place for the old boilers, but could not find them. They are probably covered by sarsaparilla, or hidden beneath the flowing leaves of the feathery palm. Bananas abound here, thousands of trees growing spontaneously.

Fort Wellington, like the "Iron Duke," has departed this life, and only enough remains to mark the spot that was destined to be the centre of the "Victoria Province." Here we secured three or four *Alacrás del Monte*—The Mountain Scorpion, so dreaded by the natives. One of them was a royal chap, measuring fully five inches in length, but while securing him, he was accidentally wounded, and immediately stung himself, dying in most horrible agony from the effects of his own poison.

The Rio Poyas may be navigated by small vessels some fifty or sixty miles, and it was our original intention to paddle up the stream as far as the depth of water would allow us, taking *en route* some of the mahogany stations, and enter the country by the truck roads, some of which are fifteen, and even twenty miles in length, well built, and all the streams carefully bridged.



RECEDING OF THE WATER.



MEETING OF THE WATERS.

A good *pit-pan*, manned by half a dozen Caribs, would shoot up the river with astonishing rapidity, but our dory was heavily built, intended solely for the bays and lagoons, and little adapted for the resistance of the swift river currents. Now our Carib was an athletic man, his son a promising boy; but they couldn't stem the current.

For myself, I am rather an active youth, fond of exercise; and having seen the Indians paddle from daylight to dark, thought I might, with some little exertion, do the same. Accordingly I took a paddle, and commenced my labors, in the teeth of all the remonstrances of our *marinero*.

"Amigo Don —," said he, "don't do it; you are an *Americano del Norte*, and really must not. You will lower yourself in the estimation of all the natives on the bank."

"Don't care!" I rejoined. "I shall be raised in the point of muscle, and that is of more importance to me."

"But you will fatigue yourself, Don —."

"Don't care!" I continued; "all exercise, in moderation, that fatigues the body, is conducive to health in the highest degree."

"Oh, you Americans are just as stubborn as

we Indians. The principal difference between us in that respect is, that not only do you convince us that you are always right, but that we are invariably wrong."

I did not think it necessary to reply to this, because my whole attention was devoted to the management of the paddle, which I understood but imperfectly. My first movement was well planned, but in giving the fancy twist at the end of the stroke, the blade turned the wrong way, and jammed against the side of the boat, with my finger between.

H—, with his usual blood-thirsty disposition, said it was "nothing but a little hydraulic pressure!" He thought I should be discouraged; but I wasn't. I would have paddled *then*, even though I had been compelled to use my hat for an oar; so I continued, and to avoid a repetition of my accident, I held the paddle so far from the boat that the biceps and deltoids were frightfully mixed up. Indeed, I should not have been surprised if my arm had twisted off like a lobster's claw! After struggling awhile, I gave in, dead beat; so we reluctantly turned our bow down stream, and resigned the craft to the management of the Caribs.

Borne along by the swift current we soon neared the little settlement, and the lagoon shortly after opened before us. Just then turning our eyes toward the ocean, we beheld every indication of another row among the clouds. It passed off with a little rain, and as the sounds of the retreating thunder died away, the sun for a moment showed himself, then disappearing behind some heavy clouds, took his departure for the day.

We landed again on the Point, and as if an atmospheric peculiarity was inseparable from this place, we noticed a quietness, not unlike that of our previous visit, pervading every thing with a gloom unpleasant in the highest degree.

Then came a low, rumbling sound, increasing in force as it came sweeping over the land from the south, so unlike thunder that we could not mistake it. The earth commenced trembling violently. Suddenly this changed, and a positive undulatory motion succeeded, that threw us to the ground. The earth rocked from the north to the south like the waves of the sea.

We straightened ourselves to rush to a tree for support, and it was with the greatest of difficulty we succeeded in walking. It seemed as though we were walking in mid-air; a feeling not unlike that which one experiences on ship-board as the vessel plunges into the trough of a heavy sea. The earth would apparently rise and meet the foot with such force, that we were sometimes thrown violently upon our faces. This caused a sickness, or dizziness more positive than that of the motion of the waves.

A cry of alarm from José directed our attention toward the lagoon; but it is almost useless to attempt description of the scene that opened before me. "Was I awake or dreaming?" I asked myself; "was I in the land of the living or in the spirit world?"

Many were the incidents of my past life that crowded themselves before me. I appeared to be looking upon myself from another world. All fear had now gone. I almost enjoyed it! Never can I forget the awful grandeur of the scene. It was no mental or optical illusion. The water was actually receding, leaving the bottom of the lagoon dry.

Away it went far toward the sea. The little island rose in the centre like a conical hill in some vast plain; its rough sides in dark relief against the retreating water. On the top of this little pyramid were a few trembling coconut trees, standing like ghosts nodding to the mighty flood.

All this time the trembling continued at short intervals. We had no thought of the danger that awaited us when the waters should return to find their level, so it came upon us in a moment, with all its fearful reality. The lagoon is here about five miles broad, and a valley was formed from its centre like the passage made for the Israelites across the Red Sea.

From every direction the waters rushed to a common centre, where, meeting, they rose in the air in an immense column, filling the heavens with an ocean of spray. Then falling, they came toward the land with the force of an avalanche, threatening us with instant destruction.



EFFECTS OF THE STORM.



EARTHQUAKE AT SAN JOSÉ.

A cry of terror escaped us, and the *Madre de Dios* of Mañuel fell upon our ears like a death-knell. On came the flood, carrying rocks from the bottom in its mad career. On it came, now all foam as far as the eye could reach, and now an unbroken mass as solid as a rock. Instinct prompted me to climb a tree; but this would have availed us little had we not been on rising ground. I had reached an elevation of about ten feet when the water struck the hill. H—— had followed my example, but Mañuel and his son were too much alarmed to seek safety even by climbing.

The destroyer tore off huge masses of earth in his passage, boiling up over the hill in a perfect whirlpool, in which whole trees, branches, and even stones were tossed about like feathers. Our poor ill-fated canoe made its appearance among the mass, knocked about by the tumbling, crushing waves! All this I saw before I thought of our crew. I presume the common danger by which we were surrounded made me less anxious about their fate than I should have been under other circumstances. Certain it is, that I was much attached to my devoted Carib; and equally certain it is, that when my attention was drawn toward him I witnessed his struggles with perfect calmness.

José was twined about a tree like a serpent, and Mañuel was breast-deep, battling the element with a giant's strength. The next moment he was torn from his footing, and went floating on the waves like a cork; but still he kept his grasp upon the tree. All at once he

lost his hold—the fury of the rushing water was too much for him. I saw him sinking in the vortex of a powerful eddy! Then my impulse was no longer selfish, and I thought to drop from my comparatively secure position and rush to his assistance; but the absurdity of the idea became immediately evident, and my heart sank within me until its weight became maddening.

But oh! how buoyant my whole being became when he made his appearance but a few feet from me, crawling slowly up a huge cocoa-nut, against which the current had dashed him, which, with the strength of a dying man, he had clasped, and much to my delight raised himself above the water. How I shouted from joy when I saw him accomplish this, I clearly recollect; and the tear-drops that followed each other, one by one, over my cheeks, awoke me to the force of my outburst of feeling, which I know must have been great, by the physical prostration that followed. So weakened was I, that I found my hold gradually relaxing! I was slipping toward certain death.

But desperation nerved my arms, and I laughed at my weakness. I can recollect but little more until Mañuel touched me and brought me to myself. I had been there about two hours—clinging to the tree, unconscious of what had been passing around me, though I recollect when the water slowly turned toward its proper bed with but little less violence than when rushing upon the land. We were then standing knee-deep in the angrily-moving flood. “But

that was nothing," Mañuel said; "only a little dew."

How long I should have remained there I know not, but I found my nails had been dug into the tree, and the blood covered the ends of my fingers in clotted masses. My strength was gone; and H——, suffering even more than myself, looked ready for the tomb.

About dark we discovered our dory firmly lodged among some close shrubbery, which, being supported by heavy trees, resisted the action of the torrent. It was so wedged in that the united strength of the party was required to extricate it. We found it but slightly damaged; but its contents—our guns, paddles, and clothing—were gone forever.

We dragged our dory over the mud to the stream, but left it high on the bank, for the river was still violently agitated—sometimes rushing far up the bank, and immediately receding again to its former level. We made our way to the settlement, but found few of the Sambos had returned, most of them resolving to remain in the hills until all effects of the earthquake passed away.

We remained here several days. Mañuel in the mean time repaired the dory, and made a couple of paddles. H—— and I killed time by wandering over the country, inspecting the ravages made by the flood. In one place we saw several gigantic trees piled one upon the other, many feet above where the water had reached. Its force must have jammed them beneath each other, as it will sometimes crowd ice, cake after cake, over some obstruction. The trees presented a wild heap as they lay together in an inextricable mass. In other spots bushes had been uprooted, and in their stead large pits were formed by the whirlpools. Along the sides of the larger hills huge excavations had been made, resembling the tracks of a mighty plow. Again there would be little pools nearly filled with fish, living and dead. In one place I saw a large shark, in whom life was nearly extinct. He was a fallen foe, but instinct was so strong that that I couldn't help dispatching him.

We retraced our steps to the village, sinking ankle-deep into the soft earth, and found our craft quite ready for the homeward start. Mañuel had succeeded in getting a bag of corn from some natives just arrived from the interior, from whom I purchased a new sail for our little dory. They informed us that the water had swept back into the interior about fifteen miles. Very little of their property was destroyed, as most of the natives build their towns on rising ground. The corn we soon converted into "tortillas," which, with dried meat and bananas, composed our "ship stores" for the journey.

We embarked on our return trip not without some misgivings, when we found ourselves fairly upon the "briny deep." We dropped into several harbors *en route*. Among others, we made a short stay at Truxillo, where they felt the shocks very severely.

They were visited by a similar outbreak dur-

ing the summer of 1855, when most of the inhabitants sought the Plaza, where they remained several days, sheltered by temporary tents of hide and cloth. A friend of mine, a Mr. R. Weed, who was there at the time, says he slept several nights under a table which some of the people had thrown in the Plaza for safety. He was not allowed to retain exclusive possession of it, as two men insisted upon renting the top, the "second story," as he called it, for sleeping purposes. After the earth had ceased its throes, he was the first to enter the houses, much against the wishes of his Spanish friends.

In conversation with some intelligent natives we were led to believe that one of the volcanoes on the Pacific had broken forth, to which they attributed the shocks then troubling us. They expected to hear of the destruction of some of the cities of San Salvador, though many months might elapse before they would receive the information, the postal arrangements between the different parts of the States being very imperfect. Two or three years ago the city of San Salvador was destroyed. It was considered by travelers to be the finest town in Spanish America. The buildings were constructed with architectural elegance, and all the requirements of a large and opulent community were abundant. Civilization had reached one of its highest flights there, and the refinements and education common among its people might be looked for in vain in many of our Northern towns.

We continued our course along the coast, feeling occasional evidences of the commotion on shore. Several times our crew insisted upon landing, lest there should be another "rush of mighty waters;" but they did not amount to much, being only sufficiently strong to lead us to conjecture what they might be if more violent. I was informed by a gentleman who endured the whole, that it lasted in one town twelve days, during which time there were no less than one hundred and fifteen shocks, eighteen of which were severe! After we reached our home we felt nothing of them, though the excitement was hardly abated. When we became a little refreshed they told us of the terrible times *they* had had, giving a glowing description of each little *tremble*, never for a moment dreaming of the delectable time we had enjoyed.

I gave them an idea of the "receding of the water," and was almost laughed at for imagining they would believe such "travelers' stories;" and I should have despaired convincing them of the seriousness of my statement, had it not been corroborated by a respectable old Spaniard who had seen a similar occurrence on the coast some years before. Then it was witnessed by many people, several of whom were carried out to sea by the retreating current.

All sorts of odd questions were put to us about the "interesting event." Many wanted to know if we were frightened? To one of these questioners H—— unblushingly replied, No! though he thought the water remained on the land an

unpleasantly long time; that he smoked fifteen pipes full of tobacco while seated in a bend of the tree, and would have gone to sleep but for the subsidence of the water, which relieved him from the necessity. He came down, he said, preferring a more lowly position, but held himself in readiness to ascend his "bedpost" again if necessity required it.

I am in doubt to the present time if the listeners did not place more confidence in the "yarn" than in my statement of "facts."

The shocks were sensibly felt at our house—the "Doctor" described the motion as being throughout from north to south, and undulatory. He said the scenes about the town were intensely interesting. The great, coarse, swarthy *hombre* knelt beside the dark-eyed señorita, mingling his curses with her prayers to "Maria Santissima" for mercy. The streets were filled with these frightened natives at the first outbreak, who continued in their attitudes of prayer until their fear wore off sufficiently to allow them to rise. When the shocks returned they thought but little of the prayers they uttered in their terror. If they did, they probably concluded that San Juan and San Pedro, to whom they appealed, have not the entire disposition of such things; or in case they have, an appeal to them is not always answered at the moment when it is most desirable. Like the natives at Criba, many took to the mountains until the effects should pass away.

The custom-house was so much damaged that they were obliged to prop it, lest it should fall and bury the valuables in the ruins. The tiles were shaken off, leaving large spaces bare, exposing the cane-work frame beneath them. In the centre of the town stand a number of pillars, large and strong, all that is left of a once mag-

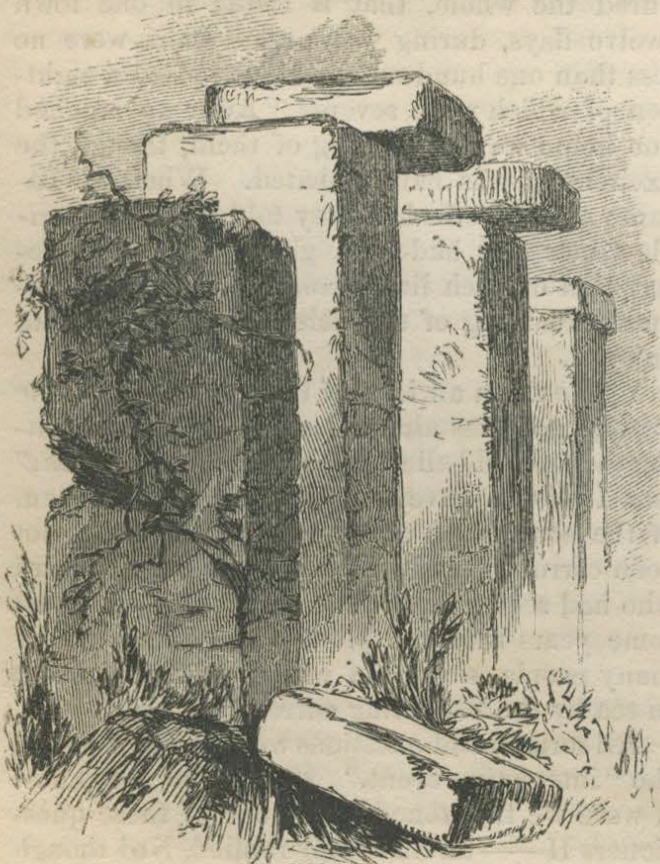
nificent residence. These pillars are between four and five feet in diameter, and some fifteen feet in height. On the top of each was placed a large slab of stone in lieu of a capital. Some of them were thrown over the side, while others were shifted completely off the masonry, which was cracked from top to bottom.

The old custom of collecting moneys with which to propitiate the saints and induce them to avert a recurrence of the earthquakes or other calamities is faithfully observed here. The procession—for procession it was—was headed by a full-grown señora bearing a cross and plate. The latter she thrust into the doorway of every house, and left when her demands were complied with. She was very generally successful, I noticed, as most good Catholics consider it their religious duty to add their mites together on these occasions. Following this woman are two boys carrying a box in the shape of a cross. This, on the front, is covered by a glass, a cloth being thrown over the whole. When an individual is a little "tight" on the money question, the cloth is removed from the box, and exposed within is a figure of Our Saviour done in clay and rags; the background being covered with little moons and suns, while on the sides there appear whole constellations of stars. When this was exposed to the gaze of the hardened sinner he is expected to relent "sans ceremonie," and produce "*dineros*" by the handful.

Then by another "muchacho" a statue of the Virgin Mary is borne, which, like the preceding figure, is elaborately ornamented, being beautified by patches of tinsel and fancy-colored ribbons. In dressing their saints they remind me of the manner in which the Indians of California dress themselves, by putting on all the trash they own or can borrow. Following these came two boys carrying a large bell suspended on a stick. A third amused himself by beating the bell with considerable vigor. After these came innumerable little boys bearing little bells, which made little noises in comparison to the "Big Tom" that preceded them. Then followed some with candles, as if saints could not see who gave them money in broad day, without the assistance of artificial light!

The whole is swelled and enlarged by all the mob, black, white, and yellow, who sometimes break out into a sort of musical howl, each one on his own responsibility, making altogether the most ear-distracting "pot-pourri" conceivable. In this they use the nose solely, disdaining the usual medium, the mouth, for the issue of their harmonious notes, probably with the idea that, since "life was breathed into the nostrils of man," the most acceptable manner of offering chants is through the same organ.

This "screwing and bowing committee" visit the sinners on the most trifling pretenses. While in Leon, two years since, a party of them were going the rounds of the town, collecting money to offer one of the saints in consideration of his securing a succession of moonlight nights to enable some wandering padre to expedite his



BROKEN PILLARS.

journey to his native town. What miserly old saints they all are: you can only secure their *good wishes* by a liberal outlay of cash!

In Mr. Squier's work on Nicaragua he copies an account of similar proceedings from the narrative of some English traveler: "As a last resort, every saint in the churches of Leon—without exception, lest he should be offended—was taken from his niche and placed in the open air—I suppose to enable him to judge by experience of the state of affairs—but still the ashes fell! Toward night, however, a mighty wind sprung up from the north, and the inhabitants at last gained a view of the sun's setting rays, gilding their national volcanoes. Of course the cessation of the shower of ashes was attributed to the intercession of these saints, who doubtless wished to get under cover again, which opinion was strongly approved of by the priests, as they certainly would not be the losers by the many offerings; but during a general procession for thanks which took place the next day, it was discovered that the paint, which had been rather clumsily bestowed upon the Virgin's face, had blistered from the heat of the numerous candles burned around it, and half Leon proclaimed that she had caught the small-pox during her residence in the city, and in consequence of her anger the infliction they had just suffered was imposed upon them. Innumerable were the candles burned before the 'Queen of Heaven,' and many and valuable the offerings to her priests for the sake of propitiation."

One incident more of the earthquake, and I have done:

While riding along the river, enjoying one of our old haunts, we were much astonished by our beasts coming to a dead stand. Now we knew our mules were sound and true, having been tried on long and fatiguing tramps. They had forded and swum rivers where the current was terrible; but now they stopped, nor would our entreaties, or even a liberal application of the spur, be of the least avail.

Now it was our wish to cross the river at this precise moment, and their determination to move no farther on any consideration, more especially in the direction we desired. They stopped within a couple of hundred feet of the bank. They were planted; and though we indulged in the fond hope that, by wheeling with a sharp turn, they might forget their terror, we wheeled them until we began to tire without effect. This was something new; accordingly we began to think there must be a puma, or some other wild animal, secreted in the bush, and our mules must have seen it.

We were six in number, each armed with a large hunting-knife, and felt proportionately bold.

"Shoulder to shoulder they came down together,
Six sugar-loafed hats and twelve legs of leather;"

and were somewhat surprised to find, instead of a wild animal, an immense crack in the bank—one of the effects of the earthquake. Though but a few inches in width, it extended along the river about two hundred feet; then crossing, we traced its course on the other side, stretching far over the hill, in an irregular course, and finally losing itself in the distance.



COLLECTING MONEY.